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VOL. 46—No. 1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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THE FIRE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

IN consequence of the rapidity of the Fire, considerable Loss has been incurred by the Orchestra, the Chorus, and the other Employés of the Theatre.

A FUND is being formed to reimburse, as far as possible, the loss sustained, and the following Gentlemen have undertaken the distribution:—

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A list of contributors will be shortly published.

ARTHUR TALBOT SMITH, Hon. Sec.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA PROPERTY FUND.

THE late serious and lamentable Fire at Her Majesty's Theatre having totally destroyed the valuable Library, Properties, and Dresses, belonging to the Lessee, the Friends and Patrons of the Theatre have determined to invite Public SUBSCRIPTIONS to a Fund to replace the Property of the Lessee so destroyed, in order that he may be enabled to give Italian Opera Representations during the forthcoming season at some other establishment, and to furnish Her Majesty's Theatre when rebuilt. Subscriptions (lists of which will be published in the *Times*) will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Hamilton, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall; Messrs. Claude Scott & Co., Cavendish Square; the Bank of England (Western Branch); and Messrs. Ransom, Rouverie, & Co., Pall Mall; and by the Musicsellers—Mitchell, Sams, Bubb, Leader, and Chappell.

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EXETER HALL.—Christmas Oratorios.—"ELIJAH" (the last of these performances), next Wednesday, January 8th.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.—MR. SANTLEY'S only appearance in the "Elijah" this Christmas.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, MR. G. W. MARTIN.—"ELIJAH," Wednesday next. Commence at half-past Seven. Mr. Santley and other eminent artists. Organist—Mr. J. G. Boardman. Band and Chorus, 700. Tickets, 2s., 3s., Stalls, numbered and reserved the whole evening, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s.—Offices, 14, 15, Exeter Hall (first-floor).

THE FIFTH BALLAD CONCERT.—MR. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce the FIFTH of the LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Wednesday Evening, January 8th, at Eight, at which the following popular artists will appear:—Madame Sherrington and Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Banks, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Pianoforte, Mr. Harry Sanderson. The St. Cecilia Choral Society of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. In addition to numerous part-songs, glees, duets, etc., the following favourite songs will be sung:—Madame Sherrington will sing "Away to the Mountains Brow," "My Pretty Gazelle," and a new song by Mr. Molloy, entitled "Ringing the Flower Bells;" Mdlle. Liebhart will sing a new song by J. L. Hatton, entitled "Kirtle Red," "Within a Mile o' Edinbro," "The Singing Lesson" and "Robin Adair;" Miss Banks will sing "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" and "The Captive Greek Girl;" Miss Jenny Pratt will sing "The Lady of the Lea" and "The Storm;" Madame Sainton-Dolby will sing "Caller Herrin'," "Auld Robin Gray," and a new song by Virginia Gabriel, entitled "Somebody's Darling;" Mr. Nelson Varley will sing "My Pretty Jane," "Maid of Athens," and a new song by J. Lemmens, entitled "Mary Dhu;" Mr. Lewis Thomas will sing "The White Squall" and "The Lass that Loves a Sailor." Tickets, 1s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; to be had of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," at the Hanover Park Rooms, Peckham Rye, January 7th, 1868.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. WALLACE), at Isleworth, Jan. 9th.

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MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing Benedict's admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Metropolitan Free Hospital Concert, St. James's Hall, January 23rd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her own admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Barnsbury Hall and Freemasons' Hall, January 6th; Brentford, 8th; Windsor, 20th; and Myddelton Hall, February 7th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from Offenbach's "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Mr. John Wilson's Concerts, Brixton, January 9th; Guildford Institute, 13th; the Manor House, Hackney, February 5th; the Islington Institute, 6th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing Wallace's celebrated "SONG OF MAY," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Isleworth, on Thursday, January 9th.

MISS FANNY HALDANE will sing "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," accompanied on the Harp by Mr. Frederick Chatterton, at Christ Church Schools, January 6th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing Guglielmo's admired Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," during her Tour in the North next week.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her Favourite Song, "CHERRY RIPE," with Variations (composed expressly for her), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Northern Counties, in January.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her New Song, "SONGSTERS OF SPRING," expressly composed for her by Alfred Carder (Words by B. B. Stevens), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Northern Counties, in January.

MISS BERRY GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elij," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in January.—Address: Miss Berry Greening, care of Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on Wednesday next.

MR. SANTLEY will sing the new song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE," composed by Henry Smart (the Poetry by John Latey, Esq.), at the Monday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, January 6th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of Balfe's popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing Mr. G. B. Allen's new song, "THE BRIDE OF A DAY," at Newport, January 6th; and St. James's Hall, 22rd.

MR. CHARLES HALL at HOME (199, Euston Road, N.W.), where he will be happy to resume his Instruction in the Art of Singing for the Concert Room and the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having returned to London, will be glad to receive his Pupils for the Pianoforte and Harmonium at 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing Blumenthal's popular song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Town Hall, Birmingham, This Evening (Saturday), January 4th.

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SIGHT-SEEING IN GERMANY.

(Concluded from p. 884.)

The two last letters of this phantasmagoric correspondence having been rescued from the waste-paper basket, where they may very justly be said to have found their proper level, the order of our sight-seeing has been somewhat disturbed—that is to say, the description of it. Three weeks ago we were at Ghent, on our road home, when suddenly, perhaps much to the reader's surprise and disappointment, we returned to Wiesbaden, Leipsic, and Dresden.

There's a story told of two North country men, who had left their native hills, and were journeying southward. They had travelled some distance together, when one of them woke the other in the middle of the night by crying out, "Sawnie, I've had an awfu' dream." "Aye, man, what was it?" replied Sawnie. "Eh, Sawnie, I dreamt we were gaun back agen!"

Sawnie re-assured his friend, and I likewise re-assure the readers of the *Musical World:* we are not "gaun back agen." The two last letters were intended to have been the first of the series, but somehow or another got mislaid. This explanation, moreover, is necessary, in case any one, having had the curiosity to trace our route upon the map, has got confused by doing so.

There will be no more "harking back." It only remains to be told what we saw in Antwerp, Calais, and Boulogne, and our sight-seeing will then be at end for this year, or rather last year, at any rate.

We travelled by the "home-made" railroad from Ghent, crossed the Schelde in the Ferry steamer, and found ourselves on the quays of Antwerp, surrounded by porters insisting to carry luggage we hadn't got, importunate cabmen, and touts in general. Refusing all the offers of assistance, noisily made us in a language sounding very much like our own, we determined upon finding our way to the Cathedral and Picture Gallery on foot. It was not a prudent course to adopt, as experience proved. A cab would have saved us much trouble, and added no little to our comfort. Wandering about a strange town, the principal streets of which you don't know when you see them, is seldom amusing. Ask anyone for Lombard Street in the City, and the chances are you will be laughed at for your ignorance. So it was with us in Antwerp when we asked for the Place Verte. Of course everybody knew the Place Verte and how to get to it; we, who did not, were looked upon as facetious foreigners wishing to crack a joke at the expense of the innocent natives, who were not however to be taken in. "Will you tell me the way to the Place Verte," I asked, addressing a dirty-looking *blouse*. "That's good," said the fellow, turning to a friend; "they want to know the way to the Place Verte." "Ha, ha," replied the friend, enjoying the joke. We went on, and presently came to a more respectable-looking man. "Will you tell me, &c.;" but the respectable-looking man was deaf, and answered my question by pointing to his ears. At length a perky little officer passed by. "Will you tell me," said I, putting the old query as politely as I could, and this time with success. The officer bowed to the ladies, who had lost all patience—though, to tell the truth, they had insisted upon walking instead of riding—and kindly informed me we might take any turning we pleased, they all led to the Place Verte, which was but a short distance off. We returned the officer's salute, and trudged along. "There's the Cathedral," said one of the travellers, pointing to a tremendous steeple, which appeared to overhang the lane in which we were. It was a cheering sight, but we were in a labyrinth of lanes, and, as misfortune would have it, took the wrong turning, so that we were longer in getting to the Cathedral than the officer led us to expect we should be. Our destination was reached at last, and we stood in the Place Verte gazing at the massive walls of the sacred edifice with all the heartfelt gratitude and admiration of weary pilgrims. It was a walk to be remembered. We had come through the worst quarter of the town—a sort of Continental Wapping—where cabs are unknown, and the inhabitants of the waterside ways and bye-ways of Antwerp indulge in those dirty habits which are peculiar to their class all over the world. Into the Cathedral, by paying one franc each. The sacristan was a man of business. The church doors were locked. He came to open them, but refused to admit us until we showed him the cash. A better door-keeper never lived. He would be invaluable to any theatrical manager. The pictures, it being All Saints' Day, were unveiled, and the sacristan feared we should see them for nothing, as we could have done had we come into the church during service. But the service was over, and he was anxious to recoup the receipts which had been lost in the morning.

The great attraction in the Cathedral is Rubens' *chef d'œuvre*, "The Descent from the Cross." It hangs, very much too high, in the south transept. Without the aid of opera-glasses it is almost impossible to judge it, and opera-glasses not being among those things you generally take to church with you, the effect of the picture is lost. The composition is said to be borrowed from an Italian print. Its greatest peculiarity is the contrivance of the white sheet on which the body of the Saviour lies: to obtain the contrast between the colour of the linen and that of the dead flesh was very likely what induced Rubens to adopt the composition. Any other painter would have been afraid of the linen hurting the colouring of the body but he well knew what effect could be produced by such a contrast.

As Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "None but great colourists can venture to paint pure white linen near flesh; but such know the advantage of it."

It seems presumptuous, nay, ridiculous to criticise a work such as this of Rubens', which has been the admiration of the world for ages, but I confess I was disappointed with it in some degree. The expression of all the figures in the picture is hardly consistent with the scene that is represented. They show no signs of grief nor any sympathy with what is going on. Their features are almost, without exception, in a state of repose, but it is not even the repose of affliction. Then again, the brilliant effect which the colouring undoubtedly once had, is lost in a mist of varnish which appears to be mildewed. Though seen at a great distance, the Christ seems to have been retouched, which may have been the case with the faces of the other figures, and their expression thereby destroyed. The historical anecdote relating to this picture says that it was given in exchange for a piece of ground belonging to the Guild of Arquebusiers on which Rubens built his house, and that the agreement was only for a picture representing their patron, St. Christopher, bearing the infant Christ on his shoulder. Rubens who wished to surprise the Guild by his generosity, sent five pictures instead of one. All the pictures were intended to refer to the name of their patron Christo—pher. The work was undertaken in 1611 and set up in 1612. While it was in progress, and during the absence of Rubens, the picture was thrown down and received serious injury in the fall. Vandyck, the most skilful among the pupils in Rubens' studio, was chosen to repair the damage, and succeeded so well that the master on his return declared that he preferred his scholar's work to his own. There are other splendid paintings in the Cathedral by Rubens. The "Elevation of the Cross" and the "Assumption of Virgin," which latter hangs over the high altar of the choir, being the most important.

After nearly staring our eyes out at these miracles of Art, we left the Cathedral and proceeded to the Picture Gallery. We had come to Antwerp to see pictures, and there were certainly enough to occupy us. Vandyck, Teniers, Rubens, Jordaens, Quentin Matsys, and other mighty masters, all natives of the city, have left treasures in their birth-place which lend a lustre to its name now that its ancient glory has departed. "The 2,500 vessels which in the days of Charles V. crowded its river—the 500 waggons loaded with merchandise which daily entered its gates, the 500,000,000 guilders annually put into circulation from its mint, and the 5,000 merchants who met twice a day on its Exchange," are all past away, and but few traces remain of the former opulence of the city. The pictures are almost its only riches at the present day indicating the splendour of times gone by, and they indeed shed a light around them—the light of genius which never fades away.

The Gallery is not large, but every picture is a gem. Rubens reigns supreme. His pre-eminence is disputed by Vandyck, who asserts his superiority by some marvellous productions. It is a contest of giants, and the spectator is at a loss to know to whom the palm of victory shall be awarded. There are also some capital Teniers in the collection. It is interesting to observe how cold and feeble a modern work by one Van Bree looks in the company of such gorgeous colouring as that of Rubens and Vandyck. It represents the death of Rubens, and is very popular, as, in fact, is everything connected with the great painter. His chair is kept

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with the greatest reverence, and the house in which he lived and died is shown as one of the most interesting sights of the city. In the garden stands the pavilion where he painted, and the stone table at which he sat.

From the Picture Gallery to the Church of St. Jacques to see his tomb, which is covered by a slab of white marble let into the pavement of the church. It is situated exactly behind the high altar. In 1793, according to the guide-books, when every other tomb in the church was broken open and pillaged, this alone was respected. Thence to the Church of St. Paul to see a representation of Calvary, which is put up, like a set scene, outside the walls of the building. It is constructed of slag or rock work, and a greater outrage upon common sense was never perhaps attempted. On the summit of the artificial eminence is the Crucifixion, at the bottom is a grotto, copied, it is asserted, from the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The body of Christ is seen inside, while near the entrance is a recess representing Hell, with its glowing flames painted on boards, in the midst of which are figures and faces bearing the expression of agony. The approach to Calvary is studded with statues of prophets, angels, saints, and patriarchs. In a city so celebrated for its encouragement of art as Antwerp, it is strange that such a discreditable work as this should be allowed to exist. We entered the church as it was being decorated for some great service that was going to be celebrated. The pew-openers, very shabby-looking women, were dressing up the figures of the saints. One, whom I watched with curiosity, was busily employed in sticking a jewelled crown on the head of a doll, which she pulled and knocked about in the most irreverent manner. A lofty canopy with black hanging drapery, suspended in the transept of the church, had a very imposing effect, and was well worth studying. There is a wonderful picture by Rubens, "The Scourging of Christ," in St. Paul's Church. It is disagreeable to look at by reason of the faithfulness with which the stripes are marked. There are also other good pictures, and the wood-work round the pulpit and in the side chapels is very fine.

By the time we had gone through all this sight-seeing in Antwerp we were tired and hungry. As may be supposed, the Gallery, churches, and Mount Calvary made altogether a very hard morning's work. The next and most important consideration was where to dine. The Hotel du Nord looked inviting, and there, accordingly, we rested and ordered dinner. The hotel proved remarkable for nothing but its waiter. The cooking was moderately good, the wines were not bad; but the waiter was the sharpest young rascal I ever met with. When paying the bill, I observed that the wine was charged very much more than the price at which it was in the *carte*. "How's this?" said I to the waiter, pointing to the discrepancy. "Quite right, sir," was the ready reply; "your bill is made out in English money, the *carte* in French." "That explanation is not quite satisfactory," I answered; "you charge eight francs fifty here, and only six francs in the price list." "Just so, sir, eight francs fifty are English money." He stuck to it, and I had to submit to the swindle, which was amusing from the effrontery with which it was perpetrated. After dinner we had to hurry back to the river side to catch the steamer. This time we took a cab, but should have done better had we walked, for we had learned the way, and the cabman who drove us had forgotten it. He had been celebrating All Saints' Day after his own fashion, and was more or less confused. The lives of many foot-passengers were endangered by his furious driving; but we caught the boat, and consequently the train on the other side of the river. We reached Ghent in due course. That night I had but little sleep. A *carillon* in the belfry tower sounded merrily every hour. Notwithstanding the cheerful tune it played, the effect was not agreeable, and I longed for the wind to change to blow the *carillon* into another quarter.

The day after our visit to Antwerp we left Ghent for Calais. It is, I believe, generally supposed that on foreign railroads trains go at a snail-pace compared with the speed kept up on English lines. I thought so once, but have had good reason to change my opinion on the subject. I have driven a steam engine between Manchester and Liverpool with Tamberlik as stoker. We went then as hard as the professional driver, whose place we had usurped, would let us. I remember Tamberlik handing sovereigns to the man to let us go *più presto*, and Cruvelli, who was in the train, putting her head out of the window, terrified at the speed. That was something like flying through the air, but it was nothing to the pace at which we travelled on some parts of the road between Ghent and Calais. There was some special reason for it, I fancy, for such speed can never pay if kept up constantly. While we were tearing on as though the engine had broken loose and defied control, the guard walked along the train, passing from carriage to carriage to collect tickets, as unconcernedly as possible, though by one false step he would have been dashed into eternity.

We alighted at the Railway Station Hotel, in Calais, where, fortunately, I had ordered rooms. It was late at night when we arrived, and the demand by numerous travellers for beds, very largely exceeded the possibility of supply. I had telegraphed for three, but the waiter politely informed me they never kept more than two for one family (!), I must go to an hotel in the town if I wished to sleep anywhere. Thanking him for the information, I hastened to secure a lodging for the night. Many other travellers were "left out in the cold," and crowded round the Restaurant fire, waiting for the Dover boat to start, or until some present occupant of a bedroom vacated his quarters to go on board, and a room was to be had for half the night.

The next day we proceeded to Boulogne.

The pleasant little town so gay in summer time looked dismal enough enveloped in an autumnal sea fog. The Etablissement was partly closed; the bands had ceased to play; the bathing machines were huddled together high up on the strand. The Pavilion Hotel was deserted; its excellent cook had departed and taken up his winter quarters at the Imperial. Some of the summer visitors still lingered on, unwilling or unable to leave the hospitable shores of France. A few of these had formed themselves into sociable *coteries*, and frequented the different *tables d'hote* of the town together. Either from the force of circumstances, or by nature, these agreable people are simple in their habits. They devote but little time or attention to intellectual pursuits, their chief occupation being eating and drinking, observation of the weather, watching the steamers, and gaining as many threepenny points as their skill and good luck will allow them every evening. Whist is an institution at Boulogne, and seems to be the only power invoked to drive dull care away, although as a means of excitement its strength is very much reduced.

The few days I remained in Boulogne a fair was going on, by which the dullness of the winter season was somewhat enlivened. I went to the fair, and found that several French Richardsons had opened their booths, and were giving theatrical representations in the style of the popular English manager. There were giants to be seen for a few sous; learned pigs; and a genuine Dulcamara sold his patent medicines, to the sound of drum and fife, from the box-seat of his travelling chemist's shop.

On one booth, which was unfortunately closed, I observed an announcement of the performance of what must have very nearly resembled a Miracle Play. The subject of the drama was an incident in the life of Moses, taken from the Old Testament. I inquired why the booth was closed, and was answered by the manager in person. He replied, in very harsh language, that it was not his fault, but that of Moses, who had drank so much the previous night as to be quite unfit to appear before the public. The manager requested me to walk round the booth, and to convince me of the truth of what he said, showed me Moses—a man with a splendid head and beard, who was lying in a state of torpor on a bag of shavings. And now, if you please, we will step on board the Folkestone boat, our sight-seeing on the Continent being at an end.

WALTER MAYNARD.

CHELTENHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Cheltenham Harmonic Society gave a highly succes-ful performance of the *Messiah* on Friday evening at the Assembly Rooms. A very large audience testified its approbation by frequent and hearty applause. The choruses and some of the solos were remarkably well sung, indeed, the former could scarcely have been excelled in precision; and Cheltenham has reason to be proud of possessing so good a society, and ought to come forward liberally in its support. Nothing tends to do more good than the cultivation of sacred music. We should like such performances oftener. Great praise is due to the conductor, Mr. Brereton, who showed both tact and ability, and is doing good service in the town by promoting a taste for the "beautiful" in music. May so excellent an institution as the Cheltenham Harmonic Society go on and prosper.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The temporary cessation of the Crystal Palace winter concerts, and the close of the first half of the series, invite a retrospect which neither we nor our readers are at all indisposed to make. Probably no musical enterprise whatever and, certainly, none having to do with orchestral works, so well repays attention as that over which Mr. Manns presides. The history of the Saturday Concerts has now come to be valuable not only for its individual but also for its representative character. In some sort it indicates the progress of the art in this country, and is tacitly accepted as a standard by which that progress can best be judged. So far, we may consider ourselves fortunate because no other country can boast such performances, or an audience of amateurs so unique in numbers and enthusiasm. But before reviewing the whole of the past, it may be as well to notice more particularly the closing concert of the year, which was thoroughly representative in the character of its programme and the interest it excited. The works selected for performance were the following :—

Overture, *Le Siège de Corinth*	Rossini.
Cavatina, "O come, Rapida" (*Il Crociato*)—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington	Meyerbeer.
Song with chorus, "Nazareth"—Mr. Lewis Thomas and the Crystal Palace Choir	Gounod.
Air, "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*)—Miss Julia Elton	Mendelssohn.
Air, "If with all your hearts" (*Elijah*)—Mr. W. H. Cummings	Mendelssohn.
Hymn, "Hear my Prayer"—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and the Crystal Palace Choir	Mendelssohn.
The Choral Symphony—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir	Beethoven.

Rossini's brilliant overture to *Le Siège de Corinth* need not detain us longer than is necessary to say that it was brilliantly played and loudly applauded. On the contrary, much might be written of the exquisite psalm in which Mendelssohn has wedded the most pathetic of music to the most pathetic of words. That music is now almost as well known as the plaintive cry of the old Hebrew poet, "O that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest;" but it is none the less welcome—a fact proved by the profound attention paid to it on this occasion. Mendelssohn could have had no more suggestive subject, and into it he poured all the deep feeling of a sensitive nature. The result is inexpressibly touching, and affords one of the finest examples of the power of music that the whole domain of music can supply. Of the performance we can speak generally in terms of favour. Madame Sherrington's rendering of the solo was obviously marked by an anxious desire to bring out all its meaning, and the chorus was sufficiently precise and careful. The band, of course, left nothing to be wished for. The chief interest of the concert, however, was centred in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the most gigantic and most difficult of its kind. For the performance of this extraordinary work extraordinary preparations had been made. The band was specially augmented, the chorus thoroughly drilled, and the services of Madame Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas secured for the vocal solos. No work could have been presented under greater advantages, and none could better repay the time and attention spent upon it. It is not always, however, that adequate results follow elaborate preparations; and everybody felt relieved from more or less of anxiety when the closing bars of the "Choral" marked the achievement of a genuine triumph. Every movement in the work was well done, the band most distinguishing themselves in the *scherzo*, playing it with infinite taste and delicacy; the chorus doing their portion, if not with refinement, at all events without giving cause for offence (this negative statement is positive praise in the case of the Ninth Symphony), and the principal vocalists discharging their honourable but ungrateful task with all necessary skill and judgment. The audience, who sat out the sixty-five minutes' performance with most exemplary patience, were unanimous in praise of the work and its execution. We shall hardly be expected to enter into a description of the Symphony itself, because in the first place, it is well known, and, next, because the theme is so vast and suggestive that to do it the barest justice requires all our space. The work will ever stand alone and unapproachable—a thing in the shadow of which men feel the feebleness of speech. We cannot resist, however, making an extract from the book of words, which every admirer of the great musician will read with interest :—

"The original MS. of the Choral Symphony is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Like the originals of most of Beethoven's works, it is a rough manuscript, with many a blot and many a smear; not smooth and clean like those of Mozart, Schubert, or Mendelssohn. But it does not appear to contain any after-thought of importance such as those in the MS. of Schubert's Grand Symphony in C, mentioned in last programme. Neither the well known oboe passage in the trio, nor the chromatic bass at the end of the first movement—so wonderfully personal and characteristic of the composer—nor any other of the many individual points in the work, have been interpolated. Each appears in its place from the beginning. Here and there a date or a note of place or circumstance is scrawled on the margin, every one of which has its interest; and it is greatly to be wished that these could be inserted in an edition of the score for the advantage of those who love every trace of the great musician, and desire to connect his person with his works down to the minutest detail. One fact appears hitherto to have escaped notice—namely, that in the original MS. the trio is written, not in 4-4, as it stands in the printed scores, but in 2-4. This is hardly very material, but it is interesting and worth recording In the MS. copy, carefully corrected by Beethoven himself, and containing the dedication to King Frederick William III., the time is altered and appears as printed."

The rest of the programme calls for but a passing notice. Mr. Lewis Thomas did all that was possible with Gounod's monotonous "Nazareth;" Miss Julia Elton's "O rest in the Lord" made a trifle less than the usual impression on the audience; and Mr. Cummings gave the air from *Elijah* with his customary carefulness and effect.

Glancing now over the works performed at the fourteen concerts, of which that of Saturday was the last in order, we find a catalogue unequalled for interest and value. At the head of the record appear eleven symphonies, viz. :—Beethoven's Nos. 4, 5, 8, and 9, Haydn's "Oxford," Mozart's in G minor, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and "Reformation," Schubert's in B minor and C, and Schumann's in B flat. Following these come twenty-three overtures and orchestral pieces, of which six belong to Weber (their names need not be mentioned), one to Auber (*L'Enfant Prodigue*), one to Bargiel (*Prometheus*), two to Beethoven (*Coriolan* and *Leonora* No. 3), one to Cherubini (*Anacreon*), one to Gade (*Hamlet*), two to Mendelssohn (*Meerestille* and *Trumpet*), two to Mozart (*Le Nozze* and *Il Flauto Magico*), two to Rossini (*Semiramide* and *Le Siège de Corinth*), one to Sullivan (*Marmion*), one to Gounod (*Entr'acte* from *La Colombe*), and two to Schubert (*Alfonso and Estrella* and the *Marche Militaire*). The concerto and instrumental solos, eight in number, come next, the more remarkable being Mendelssohn's No. 1. in G minor, his new *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for violin. Lastly of sonatas and other choral works, the list contains six, chief among which are *Acis and Galatea*, the *Walpurgis Night*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The soloists, vocal and instrumental, who have appeared in the course of the season are thirty-two in number, and comprise many of the most eminent in their respective departments, as well as some (it must in justice be said) whose pretensions to be heard at the Crystal Palace were by no means apparent. This record speaks for itself. The energy and sound judgment of the management, and, no less, the immense value to the art of the winter concerts, need no other exemplification.

But, satisfactory as is the retrospect, the prospect is even more. A simple enumeration of the works promised during the remaining fourteen concerts will suffice by way of proof. The symphonies will be ten in number, and include Beethoven's Nos. 6, 7, and 9, Mozart's "Jupiter," Haydn's in B major (first time in England), Schubert's No. 4, "Symphonie Tragique" (first time in any country), Mendelssohn's "Reformation," Schumann's No. 2 in C, Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," and Sullivan's No. 1. in E minor. In addition to these works, the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be repeated, Handel's Cecilian Ode will be given at the opening of a new organ in the concert-room at the end of February, and last, not least, Schubert's *Rosamunde* music will be performed entire for the first time. Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* is also announced, and the names of Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, and Herr Joachim appear among the engagements. Increased attention is promised to the solo vocal department, and every assurance made that the enterprise shall be carried on with more and more completeness. After this there is nothing wanted but adequate public support, to withold which would be to court public shame.

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DILETTANTEEISM IN MUSIC.*

In no art is dilettanteeism more hurtful, and, at the same time, more—indispensable than in music: more hurtful, because it everywhere penetrates deeply into the whole life of the art, to which it imparts a wrong tendency; more indispensable, because its active co-operation has become one of the most important facts in musical matters. Many causes have contributed to its over-extension: the capability of musical talent for development, a capability far greater than aught found in any other reproductive art; the social applicability of music, by which the latter has become a universal means of culture; and, lastly, the love for art itself, a feeling which we would not value lightly, though not more highly than the two grounds first adduced.

In a poem which gives us a splendid and imperishable picture of German domestic life at the end of the last century, in *Hermann und Dorothea*, there is a significant scene, most plainly showing how and why dilettanteeism has taken the upper hand in music. The host of the Golden Lion, enraged at what he considers the boorish notions of his son, specifies the qualities necessary for his future daughter-in-law: he does not require that she shall be able to draw, or paint his portrait; he does not suppose she will be acquainted with the great authors of her native-land, and able to read their works to him; no, he says distinctly: "I must have her play the piano!" and he immediately gives his reason. "I want the best and most fashionable people of the town to meet in my house, as they do at my rich neighbour's, whose daughters sing so nicely." Music, in fact, is that art which may be turned to better advantage socially than any other; a man cannot sit down and paint or write something for the company, but he can always sing and play to them. The result is that a number of friends never assemble without such as are at all musical being immediately called upon to play or sing something, and this, strange to say, occurs most frequently where less enjoyment is derived from the music itself than anywhere else: in what is called fashionable society. In such society—except there exist certain feelings of consideration for the performer, considerations entirely independent of his performance—a song or a pianoforte-piece is, as a rule, the signal for general and loud conversation, instead of the isolated observations, spoken in a low tone, in which the company have previously indulged.

To this abuse, introduced by dilettanti, the professional musician is, unfortunately, compelled to submit, unless he enjoys so great a reputation that the company listen quietly to him in consequence, or unless favourable circumstances have rendered him perfectly independent of them—and even in this case he will be able to avoid them sooner than compel them to be attentive. If we reflect how inseparably social relations are mixed up now-a-days with the public position of an artist, especially if he be a virtuoso, we shall perceive how hard an ordeal must be undergone by a musician entertaining high ideas of art, what sacrifices he is obliged to make to dilettanteeism, unless he can resolve on practising an amount of resignation at variance with artistic self esteem; can we suppose that such a man will give way to one beneath him, because the latter understands better how to satisfy the claims of society? He must do violence to his better feelings not to relinquish the contest—of the question of gain, and the miserable details connected therewith, we will not say a word.

If we now descend one step, or some two or three steps, out of the region of tea parties and coffee parties into that where beer is drunk, we come to the *Liedertafeln*.† We trust our readers will dispense with our offering any observations upon this branch of dilettanteeism; all that was to be said on the subject has been said—without any effect. The Dresden Sängerfest with its deficit at least taught the members of *Liedertafeln* not to climb too high, and thus did more good than all the æsthetical articles and artistic protests in the world; the criticism of figures is often the most disagreeable criticism.

It has been satisfactorily shown how dilettanteeism degraded music into a mere source of amusement. We will point out, at some future period, the means for nullifying, to some extent, its injurious influence; at present, we will devote a few words to describing its *better* influence, and to showing how it has become indispensable to art.

That the dilettanteeism of the Princes and Noblemen of South Germany in the last, and at the commencement of the present, century was the principal support of instrumental music, is a well-known fact, but so far not affecting musical matters at the present day as high-born dilettanti who made *sacrifices* for art (and not merely for their own amusement) have now become myths. On the other hand, art has to thank dilettanteism for an increase, which is decidedly very large, of *co-operative* forces in executing works of more than ordinary magnitude. In *most* towns of Germany, it would be physically impossible ever to hear an oratorio, were it not for the existence of the *Gesangvereine* (Vocal Unions), the members of which devote themselves with zeal and love to this class of composition in preference to any other. Without such dilettanti associations we should be deprived of the enjoyment of listening to works which may be called the exclusive property of the German spirit of music. In France, Oratorio will never be at home, because Romanic nations generally will never listen to religious music out of their churches, and because it is repugnant to their nature to hear an action narrated, without seeing it represented. Handel's Oratorios, as well as even Bach's Passion-Music and Motets, which rest upon a strictly Protestant basis, may, at some future time, be produced in Paris, because everything is tried there—but in Paris they will never find a home. For the present, however, even a mere trial of them is out of the question, because there is no choral society which would undertake it. In England, Oratorio is greatly fostered, but more on religious than on musical grounds; there are a large number of families in easy circumstances who attend only sacred concerts, and the grand musical festivals, got up in various towns, owe their origin to ecclesiastical objects, and are not conceivable without a preponderance of church music. It must, also, be mentioned that Bach's Oratorios and Motets are not at all known, while Handel's *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*; and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the Psalm, "As the hart," are looked on as the common property of all vocal dilettanti. Nor must we pass over in silence the fact that in England many persons not professional musicians charge for singing in the chorus, because the concerts are not got up by musical societies but always by persons who undertake them as money speculations. It is only in Germany, therefore, that we can find that dilettanteeism which is always ready to exert itself for art, and which as a whole does not shirk sacrifices; which appoints excellent musicians as directors; which pays numerous expenses; and even makes up deficits out of its private means. Though many motives in addition to those of an artistic nature may have to do with its efforts and undertakings, what the musician has more especially to acknowledge is the thankworthy result. If it is now a very difficult task, even in the case of exceedingly celebrated musicians, to decide whether their everlasting concert-playing, their travelling to and fro in all directions, and their frequently repeating the same programme four times in one week, is the result of inward artistic impulse, or whether other motives do not predominate—why should we blame the dilettante for gratifying a little vanity, by taking part in an oratorio by Bach, without feeling any particular predilection for such profoundly serious music, but merely in order to pay homage to a prevalent current? It is highly necessary that professional musicians should correctly appreciate the advantages of dilettanteeism, so that they may, with some prospect of success, combat its disadvantages. This is certainly very difficult, as we have already hinted, when taking a hasty survey of the matter. Musicians must, above all things, have a clear idea of their own position and of their own intentions, as well as of the path they ought to pursue; they will then, supposing they really strive after what is good and beautiful in their art, soon arrive at the conviction that in reality only the *small* circle of those who truly love music and those who understand it, combined with the great mass of the public, are the tribunals to which they must appeal for judgment, in other words, that the concessions we have already described as made to society conduce little to *fame*.

The road to fame, and especially to gain, is perhaps a much more difficult, or at anyrate more wearisome one when it runs only through the first two classes just mentioned, and not through elegant society as well, though it leads perhaps with more certainty

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† For the benefit of such of our readers as do not understand German, we may state that *Liedertafeln* is the plural of *Liedertafel*, the name given to a vocal society whose members combine the gratification of their love for art with that of their predilection for refreshment.

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to a permanent goal. The musician must not despise dilettanteeism, but endeavour to meet it where its judgment is not taken as the standard by which to go. With regard to the directors of the *Vereine*, or Associations, their position, in an *artistic* light, is a far easier one than that of the virtuoso; in Associations the inclination for good music really predominates, and the members are mostly industrious and willing. It certainly is not easy to induce them to study new, that is to say, *living* composers, though Brahms, Bruch, and Kiel, succeeded in overcoming their shyness, and owe a part of their reputation to the Associations of dilettanti who have executed with love and artistic zeal their choral works. The greatest difficulties the conductor has to surmount are often of a social nature, and cannot, therefore, be taken into account here.

Summa Summarum: dilettanteeism is injurious, *very* injurious when artists do not clearly understand their own position; it is exceedingly useful when it subordinates itself of its own accord to artistic ends.

—o—

OPENING OF THE MEYERBEER HALL.

On the last night of the old year the Meyerbeer Hall, Hardman Street, Liverpool, was formally opened by Mr. Henry Edward Hime, of Church Street, who spoke an address written for the occasion by Mr. H. W. Pearson. The hall consists of a spacious suite of rooms, and would in every particular admirably serve the purposes of a "club." However, it is not with this view that it has been erected, but rather to meet the want of a private concert and ball-room. For this service the hall has been specially fitted up. The inauguration was the occasion of a concert in aid of the fund for the relief of the Jewish poor in Liverpool. The ladies and gentlemen who gave their services were Mrs. Reis, Miss Tobias, and Miss Annie Patti Berrick; Mr. Bolton, Mr. E. Nelson, Mr. H. Lawson, Mr. Haddock, and Mr. H. Rensburg. The concert opened with the National Anthem by Mrs. Reis and Mr. Bolton. The following is the address, delivered with great applause by Mr. H. E. Hime:—

Seedtime and Harvest! Oft do poets show
How the gold corn is reap'd 'neath Autumn's glow—
How busy toilers scatter tiny seed,
Which rises strong despite the gaudy weed,
Which rises lordly above neighbouring tares,
And seems to ripen almost unawares.
We meet to night—poor toilers at the best—
In a strong cause, the cause of the distress'd;
We wield no sickle, plough no stubborn soil,
But yet we fain would work, with hearts would toil,
To shield the weak, and help with willing hand
God's chosen people in a stranger land;
To soothe the aged's few expiring years,
Or find a genial course for sorrow's tears;
To put a smile upon poor downcast faces,
And lead their footsteps into pleasant places.
This temple to MEYERBEER, the King of Song, we rear,
Whose brows are bound with bays no time can sear—
One of our people, who will Memory keep
Warm in our thoughts whilst lesser singers sleep.
To him we dedicate our first endeavour—
We, the poor sowers, who would keep together.
Thus we proceed upon our young career,
Now on the threshold of the coming year:
We sow our little seeds of good to-night,
And friendly wage in this a goodly fight,
So may our little seedtime prove to be
A harvest worthy of stout husbandry;
Like grains of corn that 'neath the Summer sky
Spring to new life and kindly multiply,
That after all is garner'd gleaners may
Even take little sheaves of good away.

A ball followed, and dancing was kept up until long after the new year had been toasted in.

Liverpool, Jan. 2.

BLACKBURN.—Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Christmas Eve for the benefit of the funds of the Infirmary, principal singers Mdlle. Gilliess, Miss Fanny Heywood, Madame Heywood, Messrs. Herbert Bond, Haydn Corri, and Henry Corri. Miss Fanny Heywood's tasteful rendering of "How beautiful are the feet," gained for this promising young artist the honour of an encore. The hall was fashionably attended.

"HUMBUG" AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Your critic in noticing my comedy of *Humbug* mentions the character of the Duke of Cliffborough as "acted by Mr. Fairfield in a style which suggests the belief that he has formed himself on Mr. Hare, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre," alluding, no doubt, to Mr. Hare's Lord Ptarmigan. Had I been in your critic's place the similarity, I must confess, would have struck me as forcibly as it has struck him, and therefore, as the author wishing to do justice to a rising young actor, I think it but fair to say that Mr. Fairfield's delineation of the old Duke is a consistent development of my idea; and, further, that the notion of such a character occurred to me after seeing, not Mr. Robertson's Lord in *Society*, but MM. Barrière and Capendu's M. Vertillac in *Les Faux Bonshommes*; so that these two stage noblemen may after all have a common ancestor in the *ancien notaire* of the French comedy.

—I remain, Sir, yours,

F. C. BURNAND.

*** Mr. Burnand's reasoning, as far as we understand it, is curious. The character of the Duke of Cliffborough was taken, not from Lord Ptarmigan in Mr. Robertson's comedy, but was conceived or derived from the French before the author of *Humbug* had seen *Society*. Mr. Fairfield's delineation of the Duke was a consistent development of Mr. Burnand's idea—argal, Mr. Fairfield did not form himself on Mr. Hare. Such is the reasoning. Obtuse as we are, we cannot deduce the conclusion from the premises. No doubt, many an author's idea was consistently developed by (say) Messrs. Harley and Keeley, yet nothing could be more distinct than the manner in which these two eminent comedians performed any one part. The relation between the actor and the author is quite different from that between the actor and another actor, else every part would be played in precisely the same way by all save mere blunderers, and the development of individual talent would be impossible. To prove that Mr. Fairfield did not form himself upon Mr. Hare, Mr. Burnand should have shown, not that the notion of the Duke of Cliffborough occurred to him before he had seen Mr. Robertson's *Society*, but that Mr. Hare had never been seen by Mr. Fairfield. Mr. Burnand's zeal to do justice to a rising young actor is laudable enough, but against what injustice or even objection, just or unjust, does he defend him? Mr. Hare is the very best actor in London of certain small, strongly-defined parts, and when undertaking similar parts, Mr. Fairfield only showed his judgment if he chose so good a model. Altogether, looking at the general purport of the letter, one is inclined to surmise that Mr. Burnand is not so much defending Mr. Fairfield against an injustice that was never committed, but that he is vindicating himself from a suspicion that his own Duke is a copy of Mr. Robertson's Lord. This suspicion has never been expressed by us—but, now it is forced upon us, we cannot help remarking the French proverb, *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*

ABERDEEN.—The second Saturday Evening Entertainment given by the Aberdeen Choral Union was quite as agreeable as the first. Miss Anna Hiles was the principal lady vocalist. It was her first appearance before an Aberdeen audience, and she may congratulate herself on the decided success she met with. All her songs were received with favour, especially the Jewel Song, from *Faust*, and Mr. George Perren's "Cuckoo" song. The fair vocalist was recalled after both these songs, and was warmly applauded after Bishop's "Tell me, my heart" and Balfe's "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." Mr. R. Cooper was the gentleman vocalist. Though an amateur Mr. Cooper is a capital singer, and he was deservedly encored in a pleasing little song, "Green Leaves," but instead of repeating it he sang "The Flower of Ellerslie." The choir, consisting of about forty members, under the conductorship of Mr. Latter, sang a number of glees and part-songs with care and precision, especially "When winds breathe soft" and "Sweet and low." Mr. Laing played a "Battle March" on the organ, which was encored, and the orchestra played several pieces with commendable spirit.

CORK.—The public will agree with us that *Il Trovatore* last night was a very creditable performance. Mr. Parkinson as Manrico acquitted himself satisfactorily. One of his characteristics is that he knows the powers of his voice, and employs them to advantage. Further than this, perhaps, it would be hazardous, with a due sense of propriety, to go. He satisfied his audience, and more than that one cannot effect. Mr. Durand's "Tempest of the Heart" was one of the gems of the evening. Madame Florence Lancia (Leonora) seemed to surpass herself. Verdi's music is fortunately suited to her compass, and this, combined with her perfect knowledge, contributed in a great degree to the satisfaction which her vocalism gave. She aims at nothing which it is not in her power to accomplish, and, if some of the company would follow her example, much of the harshness which grates upon the musical ear occasionally would be avoided. To overlook Miss Carlotta Zerbini (Azucena) would be neither complimentary nor justifiable. Her execution of the part was faultless. Of her acting so much cannot be said, but time and practice will remedy her defects in this respect.—*Daily Herald*, Dec. 31.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6TH, 1868,
(NOT INCLUDED IN THE SUBSCRIPTION),
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Nazareth"—Mr. SANTLEY ... ... *Gounod.*

PRELUDE, COURANTE, and ALLEMANDE, in C, for Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Signor PIATTI ... ... *Bach.*

SONG, "Wake, Mary, Wake"—Mr. SANTLEY ... ... *Henry Smart.*

SONATA, in A minor, Op. 42 (No. 1 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ ... ... *Schubert.*

PART II.

TRIO, in E major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... ... *Mozart.*

SONGS { "The Appeal" ... ... } Mr. SANTLEY ... *Schubert.*
{ "As o'er the Alps he ranges" ... }

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 64, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

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DEATHS.

On the 21st December, 1867, Sir GEORGE CLERK, Bart., chairman of the Royal Academy of Music, aged 79.

On the 27th December, 1867, MARIA, COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON, formerly Miss Foote, of the Theatres Royal, London, aged 70.

On the 30th December, 1867, Miss SARAH BOOTH, formerly of the Theatres Royal, London, aged 75.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOX.—"Des brigands de la Calabre arrêtent un pasteur protestant, et l'ayant conduit dans leur caverne, veulent, après une orgie des plus échevelées, le forcer à leur faire la lecture.—Mais, messieurs, objecte le saint homme en montrant sa bible, je n'ai que ce livre, et je crains. . .—Allez, allez, toujours, répond le chœur des brigands de la Calabre; quand il faudra vous *gazerez!!!*" These are the words of "De Retz" of the *Ménéstrel*; but they convey but a faint notion of the peculiar humour of M. Vivier.

SHOHO! SHOHO!—"We were honoured with a Shoho war-dance after dinner last night, which said a good deal more for the agility and impudence than for the inventive genius of our gallant allies. It consisted in the monotonous repetition of one line, chanted—or rather screamed—in a tone harsh enough to strike terror into the heart of any enemy with the faintest notion of music, accompanied by an equally monotonous shuffling movement of foot and knee. Every now and then one man rushed out from the group, leaping and gesticulating round the camp fire, poising his lance and brandishing his sword in our faces with a gallantry which, if he carries it into the battle-field, must make him a formidable foe indeed. The ceremony, being Shoho, naturally ended in a request for money. There was throughout a grimly humorous look in the faces of the principal performers which made me think that they were not altogether such fools as they appeared, and on a liberal present being given the bullet-warriors went off whooping and happy to bed, or drink, as their tastes inclined." That is the passage as it stood in the letter of the "Special."

F. M. C.—The editor of the Paris journal, *Le Monde Artiste*, is M. Gourdon de Genouillac.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

AN institution of old standing is Christmas music, beginning with the *Gloria in excelsis*, which startled certain shepherds 1867 years ago. Remembering who were the singers on that occasion we are bound to assume that the first anthem of the Nativity was also the best. But there can be no question as to the zeal and constancy with which the angelic example has been followed up. Christmas has always had so much of distinctive music that it is now the musical feast *par excellence*, the greatest occasion on which Art and Religion go hand-in-hand. To separate the two at that season, or even to be content with their ordinary relations would be to violate one of the most binding clauses in society's unwritten law, as well as to disregard the instinctive promptings of the "second nature" due to long centuries of usage. Christmas is a time, therefore, when the land, over its length and breadth, becomes musical. No village choir, let it be ever so rude, neglects to make some special effort whereby to mark the season; for weeks painfully practising the anthem which, is to please the rustic ear as much as the holly bedecked church will please the rustic eye. In these days of religious revivals, carols are coming to hold their ancient place in the programme and to be duly sung about the streets after the ancient fashion. There is no objection to this beyond what may be urged on sanitory grounds by those who consider "making a night of it" so, rather a dangerous pastime, or by those who love unbroken sleep more than they do the suggestive music of the carollers. With all due respect, however, to the old Christmas ditties, it is to be wished that our friends who emulate the angels would sing something better. If they must disturb us let them not "add insult to injury" by torturing our ears with the silly and childish stuff which passed current centuries ago. There are some ways of showing a regard for the *temporis acti* perfectly unobjectionable, but no man has a right to annoy the public with the bad music of 400 years since, any more than he has to make himself offensive by copying the uncleanliness of the period. To be old is not even synonymous with to be harmless much less with to be desirable, and the ancient carols are a case in point. But there has lately come upon a large party among us "an exposition of antiquity," of the most undiscriminating sort where religious music is concerned. They have discovered some peculiar holiness in the stiff melodies and barbarous progressions which were the advanced art of bygone times; or else they are the subjects of a blind retrogressive zeal, most decidedly a "zeal without knowledge." At any rate they labour to take religious music back some centuries, firmly convinced, no doubt, that they are doing the Church substantial service thereby. Christmas, in common with all other "festivals," has had a share of attention, and the result is only too apparent in the prevalence of resuscitated carols such as did well enough during the term of their natural life, but are most unfit subjects for the ecclesiastico-musical resurrection men. If the people in question would rest content with a private enjoyment of their queer favourites we should have no ground for complaint, however much we may wonder at their doings. But, so far from this, they bring them into the streets, and, latterly, into the churches, treating worshippers of taste to doggerel rhymes and music at which one hardly knows whether to be amused or irritated. Even this is not all,

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for the books containing the rhymes and music aforesaid are got up in the style of a long-gone age, and entitled in some such fashion as "Carols for ye Merrie Tyde of Christemass."

What ridiculous affectation is this? It is the "make believe" of children carried on in connection with the most serious concern of life, a veritable game at "old times," in the shadow of the sanctuary, with this difference, that the results are not quite so harmless as are those of childish sport. The rubbish which religious antiquarianism is forcing upon us has nothing to recommend it beyond the quality of age—a quality which would equally belong to organs played with the flat of the hand instead of the fingers. Against this doubtful attribute we need only put the positive affront and injury done to public taste, in order to make the matter one for serious reprobation. We apprehend, however, that it is of little use to rail against this musical folly. The thing is one of the absurdities into which men are prone to fall, and which go through their various stages with the regularity and certainty of scarlet fever. We must, therefore, endure to see otherwise sane people striving to carry religious music, in some of its noblest applications, back to the time when Art was an infant, fancying that He who demands the best offering is most pleased with a miserable parody of the worst. This we can do all the better knowing that the movement will run its course and, by-and-by, be consigned to the limbo of its order, For the speedy advent of that time everybody wishing well to religious music ought to pray. Let carols flourish for ever; let also every age have its own, or, at any rate, be allowed to enjoy those which do not affront its intelligence.

But there is Christmas music other than that connected with the great event Christmas is meant to celebrate, and this requires a notice, because this, too, is hardly what it should be. Some things have come to be accepted among us which, when looked at critically, make us wonder at their toleration. For example, he who goes to see a Christmas pantomime may have a perfect and very justifiable horror of the foolish or indecent songs now springing up in such rank profusion from the hot-beds of the music-halls but he must be quietly prepared to submit to hear those "popular melodies" during three or four mortal hours. Ask him why there should be any necessity for this, and he is surprised to find society has stood the infliction so long. It has somehow come to be accepted as a pantomime canon, that the music of the popular Christmas entertainment shall be as vulgar as possible. Hence the arranger or adapter has to descend into the streets, and, still lower, into the regions of the "Great Fance," and the "Jolly Hash," after themes to put, it may be, before a cultivated audience. Is there anything in the "eternal fitness of things" to make this compulsory? Could not the Princess Pettitoes receive her fairy patron (through the wall) to another tune than "Pal o' mine?" Would it be impossible for the Giant Gryndumsmall to come to grief otherwise than to the strains of "Not for Joseph?" And, finally, is it imperative to celebrate the triumph of innocence with the blast of "Champagne Charlie?" In certain cases we can conceive the expediency of picking up tunes in the gutter. With such music some audiences are more familiar than with any of a higher order, and find it more congenial to their tastes. But in other cases there is fairly room to suggest that the rule would be honoured by being broken, no less than the pleasure of the public would be enhanced. Take, for example, the pantomime—an excellent one, with scenery worth a journey to look upon—now running at Covent Garden Theatre, would any one think the worse of it for the absence of some half-dozen repetitions of "Not for Joseph," and the presence of music really adapted to illustrate the progress of the story? On the contrary, would not the people frequenting that house come away better pleased? Those may answer who, during the transformation scene have had their ears charmed by the really excellent music accompanying the progress of the "Fleeting Seasons." Let us have such music all through the chapter, and not the hash of most vulgar ingredients it is now the fashion to present.

Singularly enough both in the church and the theatre Christmas music tends to coarseness and vulgarity. Wherefore, some may say, it is in harmony with Christmas observances generally—with gross feeding, boisterous mirth, and free manners. We leave such to establish both their premises and conclusion, only expressing a hope that the artificial retrogression of the religious and the slow advance of the secular art, as they have been neither lovely nor pleasant in their lives, so in their deaths they may not be divided.

T. E.

MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.—The compliments of the season, to begin. The Festival Choral Society's second concert was given Dec. 26th, when the *Messiah* exercised its unfailing attraction and brought together a large and appreciative audience. To name three out of the four principal singers would be sufficient guarantee for excellence in the solos, and it would appear almost superfluous to say how incomparably Mr. Sims Reeves gives utterance to the tenor music, the tender feeling of "Comfort ye my people," the touching pathos of the "Passion" music, or the overwhelming energy of "Thou shalt break them," being all long familiar to the musically inclined throughout the kingdom. The steady and continued improvement of Madame Patey-Whytock was particularly noticeable in the soothing air, "He shall feed His flock," which was sung with such tone and unaffected expression as to win an encore hearty and unanimous. Mr. Patey also honourably acquitted himself in the bass music, and, now that poor Weiss is lost to us, will probably take a more prominent position before the public than has hitherto been accorded to him. I have purposely reserved all mention of the lady who undertook the soprano music until the last, not that this seeming neglect should indicate the order of her merit, but rather that I wished to make her the subject of a separate paragraph, this being her first appearance in Birmingham, and (as I am informed) the second time that she has sung in the *Messiah*. Miss Poyntz, the young lady in question, appears to possess certain very necessary qualifications for the profession she has chosen. In the first place she has that absolute and too rare essential, a good voice, nice and even in quality, equal throughout the register, very sympathetic and without being remarkably powerful, quite sufficient to make every note heard in every part of the Town Hall, which, upon this occasion, contained some 2,500 people. If Miss Poyntz has yet something to learn before she can aspire to the highest rank in music, fortunately she has nothing to unlearn, her method being remarkably good and showing clearly that she has been well and carefully taught—as must always be the case with any one who is a pupil of Signor Schira, eminent among the eminent of vocal professors. In "Rejoice greatly," Miss Poyntz sang the florid passages with a fluency that much more experienced singers might envy, while throughout the oratorio her correctness in time and tune was by no means her least recommendation to the favourable consideration of her audience. It only remains for Miss Poyntz assiduously to continue her studies with the same care and earnestness she appears already to have bestowed upon them, and an encouraging if not brilliant future awaits her. The chorus sang with wonderful vigour, "For unto us a Child is born" being repeated in obedience to general demand; but I cannot, without flattery (closely allied to untruth), say that the band was as good as the chorus, much more frequent practice being required to bring about even a remote approach to perfection. A dense fog of London consistency and Birmingham flavours, a darkness that might not only be "felt" but tasted, filled the hall, and when it is difficult to breathe how much more must it be to sing.

Birmingham, New Year's Day. VENABLES OF VENABLES.

MR. TOLHURST'S "RUTH."—A new oratorio by a new composer, the libretto founded on the biblical story of Ruth, is to be produced, for the first time in England, at the Store Street Concert Hall, on Wednesday, 29th January, with Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Helen Hayes, Madame Sauerbrey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas as principal vocalists. Mr. James Turner is to be conductor.

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REVIEWS.

Zwei Entr'actes zu dem Drama, "Rosamunde," für das Orchester. Componirt von FRANZ SCHUBERT. Partitur. [Wien: C. A. Spina.]

THESE *entr'actes* have been performed at the Crystal Palace with so much success, and were so freely commented upon at the time, that any description of them must appear superfluous. Musicians will assuredly be glad of the opportunity to form an intimate acquaintance with their merits. How great those merits are, the most cursory glance at the gloomily magnificent "B minor," or its graceful and beautiful companion, will suffice to show. The whole of the *Rosamunde* music has now been brought to light, and will soon be given at Sydenham, on which occasion the *entr'actes* will again have the advantage of a perfect rendering. Let those of our readers who do not expect to hear the performance get the book and study. Let them, at all events, not omit going to the Crystal Palace, or to Novello, Ewer, & Co.—or to both

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

Two numbers of this already successful musical serial are now before us—one an "extra" for Christmas, the other "No. 3" for January. The issue of the former might have been anticipated, since magazines and journals of all kinds, newspapers alone excepted, feel called upon to assume that everybody wants to read all through the Christmas holidays. The publishers of *Hanover Square*, however, have the credit of presenting a little variety. They do not offer the public a batch of stories all more or less bigamous, or murderous, or in some sort or other criminal, but rather do they give a restorative much called for by the reading of the period. Their "Christmas number" consists entirely of dance music, and contains a waltz by Signor Arditi, a polka mazurka by Gung'l, a quadrille on old French airs by H. W. Goodban, another waltz by Charles Godfrey, and a galop by C. de Mazières. Its influence, therefore, is of a cheerful sort, and well adapted to get rid of the depression certain to follow a course of Christmas reading. We are not going to criticise the pieces just named: with as much propriety might we listen in a fault-finding mood to the Christmas joy-bells. Enough that they are fit for any place "where youth and pleasure meet," and that the price of the "extra"—one shilling—makes it possible for any gay and festive scene, however modest its resources, to have the pleasure of their company.

The number for January contains, as usual, two pianoforte pieces and two songs. Of the former the more serious is a *barcarolle*, "Felice Notte," by Ernst Pauer. This composition is marked by considerable grace and skilfulness of treatment, atoning thereby for an incessant repetition of one idea, which otherwise would have been monotonous. It is not difficult to play, is written for the instrument with the technical skill one might expect from the composer, and will, no doubt, be very acceptable to large numbers of subscribers. The companion piece, "Twelfth Night," a *valse de salon*, is by Mr. Brinley Richards, and its merits will therefore be taken for granted. It displays all the composer's command of fluent and pleasing melody, is agreeably varied, and altogether a charming thing of its kind. The first song, "A Voice from the Sea," by Mr. J. L. Hatton, is ballad-like in its simplicity, as well as in the absence of very noticeable features of any kind. Ladies with contralto voices, and in want of "something easy," will no doubt look favourably upon it. The second is a setting by Herr Reichardt of some words translated from the German by Mr. Wellington Guernsey. If the subject—it concerns a ghostly maiden who can only visit her lover in his dreams—be a little unsatisfactory, there can be no doubt as to the merit of Herr Reichardt's music. The "King's Daughter" is equal to any song by the same composer.

Little Willie, and other Poems on Children. By MATTHIAS BARR. [London: Longmans, Green, & Co.]

THE poet of childhood needs peculiar gifts. It is not enough that he have technical skill, or the perceptive and imaginative powers which suffice for ordinary subjects. He who would sing of children must possess all these and more. He must, first of all, love the little ones, and then be able to feel a hearty sympathy for the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of child life. In such respects, and judging solely by the examples before us, Mr. Barr seems well qualified for his task. He writes of childhood with a fondness one feels to be real, and, moreover, with a tender grace and beauty than which nothing could be more appropriate. He has evidently a quick susceptibility where children are concerned, and it is no less clear that he possesses the ability to give utterance to his feelings in the language of true poetry. We cannot make an extract from "Little Willie" without injury to the whole, but the smaller poems give us a fair chance of illustrating Mr. Barr's powers. Thus the parents of a dead babe recal her memory:—

"She nestled here, our precious Dove,
Upon the green boughs of the heart,
And well she played her little part
In singing songs of Hope and Love."

Thus, too, they comfort one another:—

"And we shall get so near one day
That we shall hear our darling's feet
Upon the starry pavement beat,
For joy that we are come that way.

"And we shall fold and clasp again,
In arms of love, the love we miss,
And end all greetings with a kiss
That shall seal up the gates of pain."

One more fortunate sings in the following strain of the child-treasure:—

"Curly, curly locks of gold,
Little eyes of blue,
Ruby lips and dimpled cheeks
Rose and lily hue;
Restless feet, whose patter makes
Music for the ears;
Lisping tongue that babbles forth
Tiny hopes and fears.

"Tears and sunshine all in one,
Like a summer's day
Dull and bright, as passing clouds
Come across its way.
These are precious, these are mine,
These the joys I prize,
Than all else this world can give
Dearer in mine eyes."

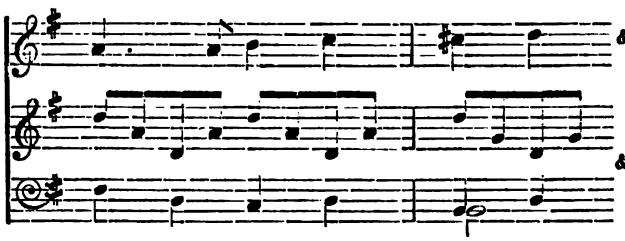
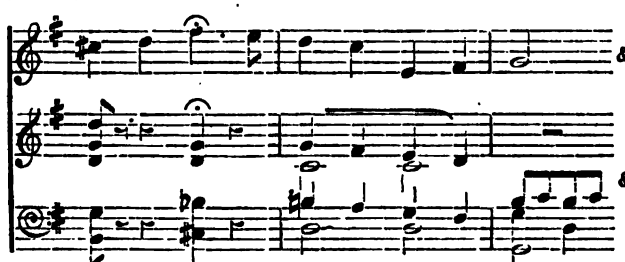
In "The Mother's Moan" there is so much of beauty and pathos, that we cannot resist another extract:—

"And I wake and I weep to the wondering stars,
And I cry, in my bitter sorrow,
My Beautiful, lean out of Heaven and smile
In the dawn of a golden morrow;
Lean out till I feel thee a-glow in my heart,
And my spirit leaps up to meet thee,
Like the blood to thy virgin lily cheek
When the love-kiss of Christ doth greet thee.

"Ah! Darling, I know thou art waiting for me,
And watching in silent wonder,
And looking with joy in each happy face
That comes from the bleak world under,
And yearning and longing with outstretched hands,
And pausing to hark and listen
For the sound of my voice; while up in thine eyes
The old thoughts rise and glisten."

Extracts like these will commend Mr. Barr's little work to every lover of pleasant "numbers" and to every sympathetic heart.

See the rivers flowing (Give.) Words by Miss ADELAIDE PROCTER; music by J. B. WALDECK. [London: Joseph Williams.]

THIS is a song in G major, dedicated to Miss Rosetta Worsley, who, we hope, will not be sufficiently flattered to fall in love with such a passage as this—

and this—

If this be Mr. Waldeck's Op. 9, what is likely to be his Op. 20?

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The Village Curfew. A Twilight Carol. By CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE well-known characteristics of M. Gounod are by no means absent from this little work. There is a good deal of poetic feeling in it, and the subject is effectively treated notwithstanding the extreme simplicity which was, so to speak, forced upon the composer. To admirers of M. Gounod this song will be welcome as a good specimen of their favourite writer.

MADAME PAREPA IN AMERICA.

(*From the New York "Sunday Times."*)

Mr. Maretzek may thank his lucky star for his ability to contract through Mr. L. F. Harrison for the services of Madame Parepa-Rosa for a limited number of nights, for to the presence of this favourite artist is due the crowded house that graced the *Don Giovanni* night on Friday, while her popularity has retrieved the pecuniary fortunes of the week. It was indeed pleasant to see such an audience present. The ladies looked charmingly in their rich and variegated evening dresses, and every one seemed in excellent humour, although the tempest roared, and the night was one of the coldest of the season out of doors. The opera was cast with the full strength of the company, with Madame Parepa-Rosa as Donna Anna, Miss Hauck as Zerlina, Miss Ronconi as Donna Elvira, Signor Baragli as Octavio, Bellini as the Don, Signor Ronconi as Leporello, Barili as the Commendatore. Rarely has the opera been so well represented, the chief features of the occasion centering in the Donna Anna of Madame Parepa and the Leporello of Signor Ronconi. Of the former, it may be credited as one of the most able efforts of this lady's professional experience in this city. To the *role* she gave the best culture of her vocal resources, sustained by a presence and bearing at once impressive with the dignity of the part, having the full sympathy of the audience from first to last. In the trying scenes in the opening act; in the long and difficult *scena* and *aria* following, comprising the letter song as well as in the concerted pieces, she gave the best of her vocal powers, which responded to her will with a remarkable purity of intonation, and freedom of delivery—characterised by that facility to execute any difficult phrase without any apparent effort so often and proverbially remarked of her, eliciting the heartiest kind of applause and the most complimentary remarks from every one present.

COMIC OPERA IN LONDON.—The management of the Strand Theatre contemplates devoting that place of amusement to the performance of *opéra bouffe*. The notion was probably suggested by the failure of *La Grande Duchesse* at the large house. M. Offenbach's works, presented here as in Paris, will never, unless we entirely mistake the English public, succeed in this country. Mr. Frederic Clay, well known among amateurs, musical and theatrical, is writing the new operetta for St. George's Hall. The libretto is by a Mr. Reece, the author of a slightly comic opera brought out during Mr. E. Galer's management at the New Royalty Theatre.

A HANDSOME silver tea and coffee service, designed and manufactured by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, has just been presented to Mr. J. J. Carrodus of London, by the inhabitants of Keighley, and bears the following inscription—viz.: "*Presented to Mr. J. J. Carrodus, of London, by the inhabitants of Keighley (his native town), this silver service as a token of respect for his high attainments as a violinist. Nov. 22nd, 1867.*"

HERR FASS's concert took place at St. George's Hall on Wednesday week; among the performers were La Signorina Luigia Leale, Madame Sauerbrey, Herr Stepan, Mr. Pelliser, Mr. Otto Booth, Herren Lehmeyer, Sauerbrey, and Schultz, Mr. Parker and Signor Catalani. The programme was "turned topsy-turvy," but the audience were pleased with many things they heard, especially an *aria* from *Torquato Tasso*, very well sung by Signorina Leale, an Irish ballad, "O come to Glengariff," sung by the same accomplished young vocalist; "The Minstrel Boy," excellently given by Madame Sauerbrey; and a German *Lied* by Herr Stepan. The hall was not so full as might have been wished.

Impromptu.

People say, to my surprise,
"To see the Sun get up they rise;"
Lazily I lie in bed,
The Sun sees me get up instead!

AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.

Shaber Silver across Pantomime.

From seventy to eighty original theatrical criticisms, reports, or whatever they are to be called, appeared in Friday week's morning papers—say ten in each of the seven. What an immense number! And if out of the seventy or eighty critiques seven or eight were really good, I should still say, with Martin, the friend of Candide, "What an immense number!" I have looked through several dozen of these notices of new pantomimes, from which it is satisfactory to find that every pantomime is precisely what it should be, and that (as was also the case last year) every transformation scene is finer than every transformation scene that was ever displayed before. For this is the happy Christmas time, when no one has a right to find fault with anything. Mr. E. T. Smith, who has always held that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, offers his friends and patrons three transformation scenes, besides four clowns, all sorts of pantaloons, several harlequins, male and female, we forget how many columbines, five sprites, and precisely two "exquisites." With all these harlequins, columbines, clowns, pantaloons, exquisites, and transformation scenes to provide for, one story would, doubtless, not have been enough; and the author of the Lyceum pantomime has taken for his material and has skilfully knitted together, *Fortunatus, The Three Wishes, The Three Bears*, and *The Little Man who wooed the Little Maid.* But I observe that this year scarcely one pantomime writer contents himself with treating a single tale. At Covent Garden the *Babes in the Wood* is, through the wood, brought into connection with Robin Hood's band. At the Surrey the *Fair One with the Golden Locks* is made to inhabit *Davy Jones's Locker.* At Astley's, *Little Jack Horner, Goody Two Shoes, Oranges and Lemons*, and *Three Men in a Tub*, are somehow rolled up together. At Sadler's Wells, the not very dramatic subject of *Baa, Baa, black Sheep*, is joined to the more promising one of *Little Red Riding Hood.* At the Marylebone, Jack the Giant Killer is the hero and Little Bo Peep who lost her Sheep the heroine of the pantomime. Robin Hood, who figures at Covent Garden in company with the Babes in the Wood, is seen at the Pavilion with Ivanhoe and Rowena, and at the New East London with Henry II. and Fair Rosamond. "The more the merrier" seems to be the principle on which the writers of pantomimes select and collect their subjects. M. Clairville, the well known author of *vaudevilles* and fairy pieces (at least our original dramatists *ought* to know him) produced some years ago an ingenious *féerie* based on Mother Goose's tales, in which one hero was changed—often with much appropriateness—into another, one heroine into another, one villain into another, until at last the whole collection of stories had been gone through. There was some fun and some philosophy in this notion; but many of the unions and sequences that have been brought about this year in our own Christmas pieces are neither natural and harmonious nor yet so utterly and designedly incongruous as to be laughable. Several of the authors, too, seem to take a wilful, wanton pleasure in altering the well-known stories when no alteration is necessary, and when the slightest departure from the original is bitterly resented by the children for whose special entertainment pantomimes are got up. There were no less than twenty-seven theatres open on Thursday evening, at nineteen of which new pantomimes or extravaganzas were performed, while at almost every one of the remaining eight some novelty, more or less recent, was played.

Shaber Silver.

EDINBURGH MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In the *Musical World* of last Saturday, at page 891, you give a *critique* on the Monday Popular Concert, extracted from one of our local papers; but a mistake has been made as to the source from which it is taken. The notice appeared in *The Scotsman* of the 19th inst. (the morning after the concert), and not in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, of the 24th. This is, perhaps, a matter of very little consequence, but as even in small matters it is as well to be accurate, I have taken the liberty of calling your attention to the inaccuracy.—I am, &c.,

A READER OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

Edinburgh, Dec. 30, 1867.

MUSIC AT "THE OXFORD."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—People who frequent the more fashionable concert-rooms of this metropolis are apt to imagine that only inferior talent is to be found in the music-hall, where the payment of one shilling admits vulgarity to its congenial entertainment. Doubtless the low comic and nigger business occupies a large share of the programme at most of these resorts. The *Tomahawk*, which scalps us all, made, not long ago, a favourable allusion to Evans's. I cannot help thinking that the Oxford might have been allowed a share of complimentary criticism. Excellent selections from standard operas are there nightly performed; and if the Company would provide more comfortable boxes with gauze

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screens to conceal the inmates and keep out the smoke, I feel certain that the fair ladies who honour Evans's with their presence would favour the magnificent music-hall in Oxford Street with a visit.

The object of my present remarks is to call attention to a fair ballad singer of exceptional merit, who, as leading star, reigns at the Oxford. It is not very long ago since a high journalistic authority alluded to her as "the young mezzo-soprano with an extraordinary compass." The manager of the Oxford does well to secure the services of this most talented artist, who may truly be said to be a host in herself. *Pathos* and *bathos* are both at her command, but her most remarkable merit is that of being able to feel and express the *heroic* sentiment. This is, perhaps, the highest effort of genius; and it has been remarked by more than one philosophic writer, that those who have a deep appreciation of what is grand and sublime in moral action always have more or less of the heroic in their own composition.

It is not merely in the *pathetic* ballad that Miss FitzHenry—such is the name of the young lady to whom we render this most willing tribute—displays her great and exceptional talent. She must be heard in the stirring songs which tell of noble achievement, bold enterprise, or patriotic devotion. In lyrics of this kind her power, while almost unrivalled, is truly electric. Let those who have any doubts on the subject pay the Oxford a visit and observe the enthusiasm which she excites in a mixed audience.—Your constant reader, C. C. C.

[*Cœlum pulchrum, sed pulchrior cœli fabricator.*—A. S. S.]

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

Sir,—People have been ordered to go to bed at a fixed hour so persistently, by the meddling of law-givers, from the days of the curfew until now, that they shut themselves up in their bedrooms during certain hours, whether sleepy or not, and however much their services may be required elsewhere. The ordinary Englishman, and still more the ordinary Englishwoman, considers that there is absolutely something discreditable in being out of bed after twelve o'clock at night. One of the silliest of our many silly proverbs tells us that all healthy sleep is obtained before midnight. Physicians, as usual, do their utmost to maintain popular prejudice, and have got hold of a wonderful theory that a kind of fever sets in about that hour which is extremely injurious to health and longevity. They calmly refuse to take account, however, of the notorious fact that actors and statesmen—not to say musicians, though Haydn, Cherubini, Clementi, J. Cramer, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Auber, &c., might be cited—the most serious and exciting part of whose work is performed entirely by night, are amongst the longest-lived of civilized beings.

Clergymen have also something to say on this subject. Not long ago a popular preacher astounded the travelled portion of his congregation by the unexpected announcement that all the nights and days upon earth had been arranged in such a manner as to allow a sufficient amount of darkness for sleep and repose, just as if sleep and repose had anything whatever to do with darkness, or as if they could not be quite as well enjoyed by daylight, and if not whether it is not the easiest thing in the world to create artificial darkness by the simple process of closing the shutters.

Nature certainly had nothing to do with this queer clerical dogma; for in some parts of the world it is never dark for many months together; and the inhabitants of those regions must be constituted very differently from what they are if they could remain awake for so long a time. The simplest and most reasonable rule for health appears to be to take upon an average from seven to eight hours' sleep in the twenty-four; but when or how it is taken signifies very little. Nervous persons often find it difficult to sleep by night, though they can slumber calmly and easily by day. The large number of people afflicted with hypochondria are apt to be seized by horrors when left in solitude and darkness. Circumstances often quite unconnected with disease—such as anxiety, watching, attendance upon the sick—render sleep by night impossible; and Mr. Dickens tells us, in one of the most thoughtful of his essays, that he cured himself of a most obstinate fit of sleeplessness by rising in the middle of the night and walking till he felt tired.

The truth is that sleep is entirely involuntary. We cannot command it any more than we can order hunger and thirst to conform to our whims.—I am, Sir, your frequent reader,

Somniloquentissimus Drone (M.D.)

Signor Guglielmo, the well-known professor of singing, and the composer of the popular songs, "The Lover and the Bird," "The Three Homes," &c., intends, we are given to understand, to retire from private teaching, and to confine his services to schools and classes. This will doubtless cause regret to many of Signor Guglielmo's patrons; but, no doubt, the majority of his private friends will rejoice at his being able to take a step that goes far to prove the financial success of his professional career as an artist who has so well deserved the patronage of the public for the last quarter of a century.

Mr. Otto Booth gave an evening concert at the Westbourne Hall on Wednesday week, which was well attended. The concert-giver's playing on the violin, and that of his brother, Mr. Ferdinand Booth, on the violoncello, were greatly admired. Both gentlemen were recalled after their solos. Herr Lehmeyer assisted them on the pianoforte in a trio, and also played two short compositions by Mr. Otto Booth of considerable merit—"L'Absence" and "Le Retour." The singers were Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Sauerbrey and Mr. Alfred Hemming. Mdlle. Liebhart was encored in Mr. G. B. Allen's "Little bird, so sweetly singing," and in Signor Traventi's ballad, "If thou wilt remember." For the former she substituted the old ballad "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" and for the latter, "Jenny of the Mill." Madame Sauerbrey gained much applause for her delivery of "In questo semplice," and Herr Liebich's song, "Lullaby." Mr. Hemming was encored in "The Death of Nelson," when he gave instead, "Alice, where art thou?" He also sung a MS. song by Mr. Otto Booth, called "The Love-Star," and joined Madame Sauerbrey in a duet. Mr. G. B. Allen and Herr Lehmeyer were conductors.

Brighton.—Mr. Archer recently gave his first "Organ Recital" in the new Concert Hall. The organ is not yet quite finished, but Mr. Archer was enabled to play Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *andante* movement from the same composer's Fourth Symphony, and several other pieces with effect.—Mr. Fulford's Promenade Concerts are drawing to a close. As a pecuniary speculation they can hardly have been successful. Mr. Fulford, however, deserves the thanks of the public for the enterprising spirit he has shown in their inauguration. Miss Berry Greening, Mr. George Perren, Miss Mabel Brent, Miss Julia Derby, Mr. Viotti Collins, with Mr C. J. Bond as conductor, are announced for these concerts.—The Sacred Harmonic Society have given their second concert this season in the music room of the Pavilion. Romberg's *Lay of the Bell*, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* were the works selected. The room was well filled, and the performance went off satisfactorily.

Edinburgh.—The English Opera Company—principal singers Mdlle. Ida Gilliess, Miss Fanny Heywood, Madame Heywood, Messrs. Herbert Bond, Haydn Corri, and Henry Corri—have commenced a short season at the Operetta House. The houses have been good.—The Choral Union have given their annual performance of the *Messiah* in the Music Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss Edmonds, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Signor Foli. Mr. Henry Blagrove was chief violin; Mr. Hewlett, organist; and Mr. Adam Hamilton, conductor. Mr. Cooper gave the music assigned to him with musicianly correctness, and the great air, "Thou shalt dash them," with remarkable energy. Miss Edmond produced a great impression, particularly in "Rejoice greatly," the florid passages of which she executed with remarkable neatness. Miss Julia Elton was especially good in "He was despised." Signor Foli's fine bass enabled him to do thorough justice to all the music allotted to him. It was his first appearance here in oratorio, and judging by the impression he created, he is likely to be heard often.

New York.—(*From a Correspondent*).—A fatal affray took place in the streets of this city on the 11th of December, between the managers of two rival minstrel *troupes*. Messrs. Kelly and Leon, the proprietors of the theatre, hearing their name, coming from a *matinée* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, were met by a Mr Sharpley, the manager of a rival company. Sharpley addressed Leon on the subject of some damaging remarks made by the latter, and words led to blows, which resulted in a general row. In the course of the fight, Kelly shot Sharpley's brother dead, and Sharpley in return fired at Kelly wounding him in the head. Great excitement prevailed in New York as both parties were well known, but there seems a fair probability of the matter being hushed up as Sharpley is at liberty and Kelly on bail for 5,000 dollars. —The sale of Dickens's tickets has been ill-arranged and has given great dissatisfaction to a number of people here.

Pips from Punch.

After the Fire.—"Why are policemen stationed at all the doors of Her Majesty's?" asked Somebody.—And Somebody replied, "To prevent the fire *breaking out* again, I suppose."

The Power of Sound.—We know several fellows who declare that they feel themselves to be better men since they heard Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" at the Crystal Palace.

New Parisian Pieces.—*Robinson Crusoe*, as a comic opera, by M. Offenbach. *Gulliver's Travels* also at another theatre. The Drury Lane pantomines of the last twenty years will probably furnish the French librettists with subjects for some time to come. In many of their spectacles in Paris, they have used our transformation scenes, sent direct "this side uppermost," which have been greatly admired by travelling Cockneys who returning say, "Ah, you don't see this sort of thing in England." This may be the right sort of thing to *say*, but it isn't the fact.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office.—Why is a Lord in Waiting at Court unsuited, by his professional duty, for joining in a quadrille set of eight?—Because he's always dancing *a-ten-dance*.

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MUSIC OF NATURE.

No. 9.—"The Banshee Wail."

The Rev. Charles Bunworth was rector of Buttevant, in the county of Cork, about the middle of the last century. He was a man of unaffected piety and of sound learning, pure in heart and benevolent in intention. By the rich he was respected, and by the poor beloved. He was the friend and benefactor of the surrounding country. To him, from the neighbouring town of Newmarket, came John Philpot, Curran, and Barny Yelverton for advice, previous to their entrance at Dublin College. Young, indigent, and inexperienced, these afterwards eminent men received from him, in addition to the advice they sought, pecuniary aid; and the brilliant career which was theirs justified the discrimination of the giver. What, however, extended the fame of Mr. Bunworth, far beyond the limits of the parishes adjacent, was his performance on the Irish harp and his hospitality and kind reception of the poor harpers who travelled from house to house about the country. Grateful to their patron, these itinerant musicians sang his praise, to the tinkling accompaniment of their harps, invoking, in return for his bounty, abundant blessings on his white head, and celebrating, in their rude verses, the blooming charms of his two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. It was all these poor fellows could do; but who can doubt that their gratitude was sincere when, at the time of Mr. Bunworth's death, no less than fifteen harps were deposited on the loft of his granary, bequeathed to him by the last members of a race which has now ceased to exist. Trifling, no doubt, in intrinsic value were these relics, yet there is something in gifts of the heart that merits preservation, and, it is to be regretted that, when he died, these harps were broken up, one after the other, and used as firewood by an ignorant follower of the family, who, on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Bunworth may be doubted by some, but there were, twenty years back, many credible witnesses who declared their authenticity, and who could have been produced to attest most, if not all, of the following particulars:—

About a week previous to his dissolution, and early in the evening, a noise was heard at the hall door resembling the shearing of sheep, but, at the time, no particular attention was paid to it. It was nearly eleven o'clock the same night when Kavanagh, the herdsman, returned from Mallow, whither he had been sent in the afternoon for some medicine, and was observed by Miss Bunworth, to whom he delivered the parcel, to be much agitated. At this time, it must be observed, her father was by no means considered in danger. "What is the matter, Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth; but the poor fellow, with a bewildered look, only uttered, "The master, Miss—the master—he is going from us," and, overcome with real grief, he burst into a flood of tears. Miss Bunworth, who was a woman of strong nerve, enquired if anything he had learned in Mallow induced him to suppose that her father was worse. "No, Miss," said Kavanagh, "it was not in Mallow ——." "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, "I fear you have been drinking, which, I must say, I did not expect at such a time as the present, when it was your duty to have kept yourself sober. But I will speak to you in the morning, when you are in a fitter state to understand what I say." Kavanagh looked up with a stupidity of aspect which did not serve to remove the impression of his being drunk, but his voice was not that of an intoxicated person. "Miss," said he, "as I hope to receive mercy hereafter, neither bit nor sup has passed my lips since I left this house; but the master—we will lose him, we will lose him!" and he wrung his hands together. "What is it you mean, Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth. "Is it mean?" said Kavanagh. "The Banshee has come for him, Miss, and 'tis not I alone who have heard her." "'Tis an idle superstition," said Miss Bunworth. "May be so," replied Kavanagh, "but as I came through the glen of Ballybeg she was along with me keening, and screeching, and clapping her hands by my side, every step of the way, with her long white hair falling about her shoulders; and I could hear her repeat the master's name every now and then, as plain as ever I heard it. When I came to the old abbey she parted from me and turned into the pigeon field next the *berrin* ground, and folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by the lightning, and began keening so bitterly that it went through one's heart to hear it." "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, who had listened to this remarkable relation, "my father is, I believe, better, and I hope will soon be up and able to convince you that all this is but your own fancy; nevertheless, I charge you not to mention what you have told me, for there is no occasion to frighten your fellow-servants with the story.

Mr. Bunworth gradually declined; but nothing particular occurred until the night previous to his death. That night both his daughters, exhausted with continued attendance and watching, were prevailed on to seek some repose, and an old lady, a friend of the family, remained by the bedside of their father. The old gentleman then lay in the parlour, where he had been in the morning removed at his own request, fancying the change would afford him relief; and the head of his bed was placed close to the window. In a room adjoining sat some male friends, and as usual, on like occasions in Ireland, in the kitchen many of the followers of the family had assembled. The night was serene and moonlight, the sick man slept, and nothing broke the stillness of the melancholy watch, when the little party in the room adjoining the parlour, the door of which stood open, was suddenly roused by a sound at the window near the bed. A rose tree grew outside the window, so close as to touch the glass. This was forced aside with some noise, and a low moaning was heard, accompanied by clapping of hands, as if of a female in deep affliction. It seemed as if the sound proceeded from a person holding her mouth close to the window. The lady who sat by the side of Mr. Bunworth went into the adjoining room, and in the tone of alarm inquired of the gentlemen there if they had heard the Banshee. Sceptical of supernatural appearances, two of them rose hastily and went out to discover the cause of these sounds, which they also had distinctly heard. They walked all round the house, examining every spot of ground, particularly near the window from whence the voice had proceeded. The bed of earth beneath the rose tree had been recently dug, and the print of a footstep, if the tree had been forced aside by mortal hand, would have inevitably remained; but they could perceive no such impression, and an unbroken stillness reigned without. Hoping to dispel the mystery, they continued their search anxiously along the road, from the straightness of which, and the lightness of the night, they were enabled to see some distance around them; but all was silent and deserted, and they returned surprised and disappointed. How much more, then, were they astonished at learning that the whole time of their absence those who remained within the house had heard the moaning and clapping of hands even louder and more distinct than before they had gone out, and no sooner was the door of the room closed on them than they again heard the same mournful sounds! Every succeeding hour the sick man became worse, and as the first glimpse of the morning appeared, Mr. Bunworth expired.

B. B.

Death of Lady Harrington.—The death is announced of Maria Countess of Harrington, which took place on Friday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, at her residence in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, after a short illness, from bronchitis. The Countess, previously to her marriage to Charles, fourth Earl of Harrington, in April, 1831, was one of the most popular actresses on the stage. She was the daughter of Mr. Samuel T. Foote, a descendant of the celebrated Samuel Foote, and was born at Plymouth in June, 1798, consequently the Countess was in her seventieth year. Her father was in the army, but after selling out he became manager of the Plymouth Theatre. He married a beautiful and accomplished woman, a member of a family of fortune and high respectability. At the early age of twelve—namely, in July, 1810—Maria Foote made her *début* on the stage at her father's theatre at Plymouth, in the character of Juliet. In 1814 Miss Foote made her first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden Theatre as Amanthis, in *The Child of Nature*. Her success was extraordinarily great. By her marriage with the Earl of Harrington, who died in March, 1851, she had an only son, Charles, Viscount Petersham, who died in 1836, in his fifth year; and Lady Jane St. Maur Blanche, married to the Earl of Mount-Charles.

The Wandering Minstrels—conductor, the Hon. Seymour J. G. Egerton—give a concert at the Carlton Rooms, Southampton, on Tuesday next, the 7th inst., in aid of the fund for relieving the distress occasioned by the late hurricane at St. Thomas's. The concert is expected to be very successful, and we heartily hope that it may prove so, and the result exceed anticipation. The subscriptions already received by the fund amount, we understand, to £2,600, including a donation of £200 from Her Majesty.

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MISS ELLICE JEWELL will play at the Russell Institution, Wednesday next, January 15th, SCHUBERT'S IMPROMPTU No. 2, and the Pianoforte Part in BEETHOVEN'S TRIO (in B flat), Op. 11, with MESSRS. H. BLAGROVE and AYLWARD.—2, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Metropolitan Free Hospital Concert, St. James's Hall, January 23rd.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing on the 13th January, Guildford; 21st, Croydon; 22nd, Leeds; 23rd, Swaffham; 29th, Store Street Rooms; February 5th, Hackney; 6th, Islington; 10th, London Institution; 11th, Newbury; 12th, Stroud; 17th, Newcastle; 18th, Durham; 19th and 21st, Newcastle; 24th, Lancaster; 27th, Vauxhall; March 5th, Croydon.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and MR. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Guildford Institute, January 13th; the Manor House, Hackney, February 5th; the Islington Institute, 6th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her own admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Windsor, January 20th; and Myddelton Hall, February 7th.

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MISS BERRY-GREENING will sing GUGLIELMO'S admired Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," during her Tour in the North next week.

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MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHIRA'S admired valse song, "IL BALLO," at Sittingbourne, January 20th; and Sheerness, 21st.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE WHERE ART THOU?" at Guildford, February 3rd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing the Duet from "Lischen and Fritzchen," "I'M AN ALSATIAN," with Miss Stocken, at Dover, January 20th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Dover, January 20th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing "MY QUEEN" (BLUMENTHAL), "DEATH OF NELSON" (BRAHAM), and the Tenor Part in BALFE'S Trio, "I'M NOT THE QUEEN," at the Russell Institution, Wednesday Evening next, January 15th.

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S song, "THE MESSAGE," and ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Birmingham, January 11th (THIS DAY); and at Plymouth, Thursday, January 16th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing BLUMENTHAL'S popular song, "THE MESSAGE," on Wednesday Evening, January 15th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BALFE'S popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first concert of the new year and the eighth of the present season took place on Monday night. There were three novelties in the programme, which was otherwise of remarkable interest, as containing one of the most important string quartets of Beethoven and a pianoforte sonata by Schubert. The quartet was the second of the celebrated set of three inscribed to Prince Rasoumowsky, a distinguished musical amateur, and an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven's music. As it had not been heard in St. James's Hall for four or five years it would have been welcome on that account, as well as on account of its many and great beauties. Although Mendelssohn used to say that the opening movement of the first of the Rasoumowsky quartets and the whole of the No. 11 (in F minor) were most strongly marked with Beethoven's individuality, we cannot but think that the *allegro* of the quartet in E minor is just as manifestly his, just as full of that independent thought and luxuriant fancy which place him at the head of all the instrumental composers, as either of the others. The leading theme alone, the first two bars of which, after a pause, are immediately repeated in another key, proclaims the daring originality of which he has given us a multitude of examples; but the entire movement is as utterly unlike anything else, even by Beethoven, as it is intrinsically admirable. Then the *adagio*, the *adagio* of the late Ernst's especial predilection, a movement which in pathetic earnestness has few equals; the *scherzo* with its quaint accentuation throughout on the second beat in each measure; the trio belonging to it, for the theme of which, as for the *finale* of the quartet in F, its direct predecessor, the composer has taken a simple Russian melody; and the last movement, a *presto* of unflagging animation—one and all are striking exemplifications of a genius that never repeated itself, because it had always something new ready at hand. The vigorous theme upon which the *presto* is built has, like the leading motive of the first movement, its peculiarity, though a peculiarity essentially different from the other. It opens boldly (to be technical for once) in the major key of C, then subsides at the cadence into E minor, the key of the quartet, and then immediately returns to C major; so that wherever this theme occurs we seem to be going repeatedly from C major to E minor, and *vice versâ*. All, however, comes right in the end; the legitimate key is established, and the movement is a perfect organic whole—which, indeed, may be said of the quartet itself. The most exacting worshipper of Beethoven's chamber music must have been satisfied with the performance on Monday night, by Herr Straus, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to speak highly of the playing of Herr Straus we have never had occasion to do so in more unqualified terms than now. His reading was as legitimate as his execution was faultless.

Among the novelties—by which is meant pieces introduced for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—were three movements by J. S. Bach—"Prelude, Courante, and Allemande"—gathered, we presume, from the *Sechs Violoncellsoli ohne Begleitung*, the only work of the sort mentioned by Forkel, Bach's first biographer, and by Kirnberger, his pupil, or referred to in the comprehensive catalogue which forms not the least useful part of C. H. Bitter's valuable work, *John Sebastian Bach*, published about three years since in Berlin. Compared with the six sonatas for violin without accompaniment these violoncello solos are light and unpretending. Nevertheless, they are interesting, if only because they are Bach's. The first and last (in C major) are little better than exercises for the acquirement of mechanical facility, more suitable to the studio than to the concert-room, for which they were clearly never intended; but the second (in G minor) is melodious and replete with sentiment. In what masterly style they were executed by Signor Piatti will easily be understood; tone, phrasing, accent, manipulation more absolutely perfect could not well be imagined. In no matter what school he may exhibit his powers, this gentleman is conspicuous as the greatest of living professors of his instrument.

The sonata by Schubert was the one in A minor, marked in the catalogue of his printed works as "Op. 42" and ostensibly given out as his first composition of the kind, though evidently on no good grounds, inasmuch as it bears the impress of his ripest experience. Like all Schubert's longer instrumental pieces, this sonata is irregular in construction, defying plain analysis, in short; but, like all of them, it shows genius in every movement, originality in every phrase. The first movement, entirely built upon two very concise themes, which are intermingled in a manner altogether without precedent, as if they were not so much two themes as component parts of one, is, while seemingly the most incoherent, really and truly the most coherent of pieces. Only genius would have conceived this movement, which must have been written *currente calamo*; for it never could have been sedately planned, seeing that it has no definable plan at all. The *andante* with variations is exquisite; the theme is simplicity itself, but graceful and melodious as it is simple; the variations are every one of them piquant and full of character. The *scherzo* is one of Schubert's happiest, the trio to the *scherzo* one of his most ingenious and charming melodies. Perhaps the weakest movement of the sonata is the last, a *rondo* in quick time, a sort of *moto continuo*; but even this is so different from ordinary things that it can hardly fail to interest. The sonata was played by Mr. Hallé with that extreme care and finished neatness by which his performances are invariably distinguished; but even Mr. Hallé may be asked his reasons for taking the trio of the *scherzo* so slowly. The *scherzo* is marked *allegro vivace*, which means very quick, the trio *un poco piu lento*, which means a little slower; but though he gave the first at the indicated speed, he gave the last as if it had been an *andante*. The applause that greeted his performance was hearty and general.

The second "novelty" was, in a musical sense, far more interesting than the first. This was Mozart's Trio in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played, and admirably played, by MM. Hallé, Straus, and Piatti. The Trio in E, the sixth of eight compositions of the kind which Mozart has left, was composed in 1788, three years before his death, the same year which brought forth the immortal symphonies in E flat, G minor, and C (the "Jupiter"). It is one of the freshest and loveliest of his compositions for the chamber. That as a piece of musical writing it is wholly irreproachable may be well credited. Music was the natural language of Mozart, from his earliest youth; and he composed with an ease and certainty unparalleled, perhaps, in any other musician except Handel. Not to enter into detail, the second movement of the trio—*andante grazioso* (which was unanimously encored)—is in its way unique, a gem of primitive melody, set with infinite art. It is long since Mr. Arthur Chappell has "revived" a piece more genuine, or more certain to become a permanent favourite, than this trio from the same pen that traced *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*.

The third and last "novelty" in the programme of this interesting concert was a quartet by Haydn, in C major, which two movements alone—an *allegretto scherzando*, with variations, and a *finale*, that, as Schumann said of one of the quartet-finales of Cherubini, "sparkles like a diamond when you shake it"—would suffice to stamp as one of the happiest works of its class from one of the greatest and most prolific of all composers. This quartet which was played in perfection by MM. Straus, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti, should be repeated at some future concert, and placed at the beginning instead of the end. Monday night's selection was longer than usual, and it is hardly fair to the father of instrumental music, the genial and always pleasant "Papa Haydn," to put his best works invariably in an unfavourable position. He is quite worthy at times to have the foremost place assigned to him; and he is pretty sure to do as much honour to it as any, even the most illustrious, of his rivals.

There was only one singer, but that singer was Mr. Santley, who gave M. Gounod's "Nazareth," two beautiful songs by Schubert (with excellent English versions of the words by Mr. Campbell Clarke), and a new song by Mr. Henry Smart, in his very best manner. Mr. Smart's song, "Wake, Mary, wake," a serenade composed to words (by Mr. John Latey) that at once convey a poetical idea and lend themselves readily to music, is one of the most graceful and expressive he has written. It could not have had a fairer chance, Mr. Santley, like all genuine artists, being as conscientious as he is gifted. Better singing never introduced a new song to the public, nor could heartier applause have been bestowed. How this, as well as the other vocal pieces of the evening, was accompanied by Mr. Benedict it is unnecessary to say.

For the next concert Schubert's magnificent Ottet, for string and wind instruments, is announced, together with Mozart's Trio for pianoforte, clarionet, and viola (Madame Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Lazarus and H. Blagrove), and a pianoforte sonata in B flat, by the same composer, new to the Monday Popular Concerts (Madame Goddard). Mr. Sims Reeves is to be the singer, and Beethoven's "Adelaide" one of the songs.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN VIENNA.

Sad and numerous were the forebodings to which many writers on the press, and, influenced by them, a great number of the public, gave way, when Sig. Salvi retired to make room for Dr. Dingelstedt at the Imperial Operahouse. Since, however, the Doctor has succeeded to the managerial throne, there certainly has been exhibited a greater amount of energy in the whole manner of carrying on the establishment of which he is the chief. Whether this additional energy is due to Dr. Dingelstedt himself, to Herr Esser, his *Capellmeister*, or to some subordinate official, it is impossible for anyone not behind the scenes to say, and, after all, it does not much matter, as far as the public are concerned; what is wanted are measures not men. The great question is: Are things at the Imperial Operahouse done better now than they were under the reign of Sig. Salvi? There can be no doubt that they *are* better done. It is to be hoped that this amelioration in the management may not prove a mere spurt, for it is high time that the Viennese should have better operatic fare than that on which they have too long been kept, or rather starved.—A lady of the name of Von Voggenhuber has appeared lately in several leading characters, and produced a far from unfavourable impression. Dr. Dingelstedt might do worse than offer her a permanent engagement. The character she chose for her first appearance was that of Fidelio in Beethoven's immortal work, and though she was extremely nervous, and unable to do herself justice, she did quite enough to prove that she was no common artist. She was well supported. Herr Draxler was an admirable Rocco; Herr Beck, a good Pizarro; and Madlle. Benza, a highly pleasing Marzelline. The second part in which Madame von Voggenhuber appeared, was Margarethe in M. Gounod's *Faust*. In this opera she was even more successful than in *Fidelio*, though Mr. Adams did not make the most seductive of lovers. In *Die Afrikanerin* she was far from being bad, but did not make a hit. In fact, neither the music nor the part seem to suit her. By the way, it may be mentioned that Madame von Voggenhuber is still young, good-looking, and comes from Bremen. On the anniversary of Mozart's death, *Don Juan* was performed, the part of Zerline being sustained by Mdlle. Tellheim, who made her first appearance after an absence of several months. She sang and acted pretty well, but her singing is still marred by the *tremolo* which distinguished her from the first. Elvira was ably represented by Madame Wilt. Don Juan, Don Octavio, and Leporello were entrusted to Herren Beck, Walter, and Draxler respectively.—Mdlle. von Edelsberg has paid Vienna a visit. She has appeared in M. Gounod's *Faust*, and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, sustaining the part of Margarethe in the one, and that of Fides in the other. She has made a highly favourable impression. Not so the new ballet, or, as it is termed in the bills, the "choreographic drama" of *Nena Sahib*, written, if a ballet *is* written, by M. H. Desplaces, with music by Herren Panizza and Strebinger. There were strong marks of disapprobation during the performance, and the ballet —"choreographic drama," we should say (*pardon*, M. Desplaces) —was saved wholly and solely by the last scene, which is magnificent. But it is not destined to enjoy a long run, despite all the splendour with which it is mounted.

It was mentioned in the *Musical World* of Nov. 23rd, 1867, that Herr Strampfer had resolved to make an experiment and see if he could not revive sterling comic opera in Vienna, or, at any rate, at the Theater an der Wien, and that he had, in consequence, produced *Des Teufels Antheil*. It did not prove a success. But then Herr Theodor Formes made a highly inefficient Raphael. Herr Strampfer continued his "experiment" by bringing out, after a considerable interval, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. M. Roger was Edgardo, and, on the first night, acted and sang magnificently. But, alas! no one can defy Time, whatever efforts he may make to do so. At the second performance, M. Roger's voice was not equal to the work it had to execute, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that the veteran singer was able to get through the opera. He will, probably, not attempt the part again; at any rate, not for some little time, especially as Herr Strampfer's "experiment" of giving his patrons a higher class of amusement than that to which they have been of late accustomed bears all the marks of turning out, if persisted in, a decided failure. At the first performance of *Lucia*, the house was only respectably full; it certainly was not overcrowded. At the second performance it showed a beggarly account of empty boxes. Herr Strampfer's patrons are evidently more partial to M. Offenbach than to Auber and Donizetti, and, therefore, exemplifying the French proverb:

"On revient toujours,
A ses premières amours,"

to M. Offenbach Herr Strampfer will, probably, without loss of time, return.

There has been no lack of concerts. The Schiller Association, called from the poet's celebrated poem, "Die Glocke," gave a concert, of a mixed character, on the poet's birthday. The concert was exceedingly well attended. An elegant copy of Schiller's works, in all the pride of the typographer's and bookbinder's art, was presented to each of thirty pupils, selected without distinction of creed, from different "Volksschülen" (public free schools), in Vienna; a collection was made for the Schiller Monument at Marburg; Ziehrer's excellent band performed various overtures by well-known composers; Mdlle. L'Allemand, a pupil of Madame Gabillon, the actress at the Imperial Burg Theater, spoke two poetic effusions very charmingly; Herr Witt, a young man, possessing an agreeable tenor voice, who will shortly make his *début* at the Imperial Operahouse, sang a song entitled "Mainacht" composed by a talented amateur, Herr F. von Filek; and, lastly, Herr Findeisen gave some recitations that were tumultuously applauded.—Herren Joachim and Brahms have been giving concerts together. Here, as everywhere else, does the great violinist demonstrate the power of genuine high art, and prove his right to the first place among his contemporary brothers of the bow. At his first two concerts, he played, among other things, Tartini's "Teufelstriller;" J. S. Bach's E major Sonata; Schumann's "Abendlied;" and Paganini's "Capricen." He took part, also, with Herr Brahms in Schubert's "Rondo Brillant" in B minor, and Beethoven's G major Sonata. It is scarcely necessary to say that all Joachim's playing was applauded to the very echo. With regard to his fellow concert-giver, Herr Brahms, he will not yet efface Liszt, as a pianist, in the estimation of the Viennese. They allow that he possesses talent, but say that he lacks feeling. As a composer, Herr Brahms experienced a chequered fortune; some of his compositions were well received, but he endured a sad defeat at the second Gesellschafts Concert, when some fragments from a *Requiem* by him were performed. One novelty about it is, that it is written to German words—passages from the German Bible. This alone would be sufficient to prevent its adoption in the Roman Catholic Churches of Vienna, even were the music not a failure. The first two movements went off pretty well, but the third occasioned quite a conflict, the result of which, however, was never for a moment doubtful, between the partisans of the composer and the great body of the audience. The applause, faint though it was, of the former provoked the indignation of the latter, and caused them to manifest their disapprobation more emphatically and more unmistakably than, in all probability, they otherwise would have done. This was rather a serious check for Herr Brahms, but he can of course console himself by thinking his work too good for the Viennese, whose fathers, as he will scarcely fail to remember, did not, at first, value very highly a certain production entitled *Fidelio*. The programme of the same concert included Schubert's music to the drama of *Rosamunde* produced in 1823, at the Theater an der Wien. The words were written by Madame von Chezy, who indited also those of Weber's *Euryanthe*. There are eight numbers, which are all charmingly written, and which were all rapturously applauded. The third number, the ballet-music, was repeated; the audience would take no refusal, so Herr Herbeck, the conductor, had to yield. But to return to Joachim. His last concert was the greatest success of all. The principal piece was Herr Brahm's sestet in B flat major, already successfully produced in Vienna two years ago by Herr Hellmesberger. It was executed to perfection, and, at the conclusion, both Joachim and Herr Brahms were tumultuously recalled. The concert room was crowded. —The first of Herr Hellmesberger's Quartet Concerts this season was exceedingly interesting. The programme included Mozart's Quartet in D minor—one of the six quartets composed at Vienna in August and September 1773—a new Quintet by Herr Grädener, junr., and Beethoven's "Harfenquartett," as it is

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called, Op. 74. At one time, Herr Grädener's Quintet appeared likely to prove a success, but it was unfortunately marred by a bombastic, stupid *finale*. At the conclusion of Beethoven's Quartet, Herr Hellmesberger and his colleagues were vociferously recalled.—The blind pianist, Herr Labor gave a concert, which was attended by a select and appreciative, if not numerous, audience. Herr Labor lost his sight when he was very young, and he is said to possess so surprising a musical memory that, in order to play the longest composition correctly, he only requires to hear it executed once by his sister, who, likewise, is an accomplished pianist. It was thus he rendered himself conversant with the whole range of pianoforte literature. The pieces selected by him at his concert were Beethoven's Trio in D major; the same composer's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3; Schubert's Impromptu in C minor; Schumann's "Ende vom Lied;" and Prelude with Fugue, by Bach. In addition to performing the above, he took part with Mdlle. Joel in some original Variations of his own for two pianos. The vocalist was Madame Passy-Cornet, who sang songs by Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others.—There have been many other concerts given, but none demand an especial record.

THEATRE ROYAL, CORK.—The opera company was distinguished by the production, last night, of an opera new in Cork—*Un Ballo in Maschera*. The performance was entirely successful. The opera undoubtedly contains some of Verdi's most brilliant music; and all the artists engaged in its production went at their work with a will and ability which elicited numerous encores, several recalls before the curtain, and a termination of the opera amidst enthusiastic plaudits. The *finales* to the several acts have been most carefully worked out, and each was, in its particular style, a delightful musical treat, skilfully and effectively rendered. The difficult concerted piece, ending in the refrain, "'Tis now agreed we all shall meet," at the end of the first act, was the first of these that attracted the attention of the audience. This was sung with great spirit by Miss Cole (Edgar), Mr. Parkinson (Richard), and Mr Durand (Renato), with what was, on this occasion, a really well-drilled and effective chorus. The Choral Hymn at the end of the second act, and the delightful quartet and chorus at the end of the third—with its mocking refrain of the jeering conspirators, "This tragedy now into comedy turned," were other striking examples of this. Full effect was given to this scene by the admirable acting of Madame Lancia as Adelia. Mr Parkinson, in the character of the chivalrous, though unthinking Prince, who leads the lady into her difficulties, but who subsequently pays so dearly for his thoughtlessness, was also highly applauded, and sang with alternating tenderness and power. Miss Zerbini gave every satisfaction as Ulrica, the sorceress. Mr. Durand was as satisfactory as ever. Miss Blanche Cole sustained the part of Edgar the page. This much is certain that, while doing nothing in particular, Edgar has the most captivating music in the opera to sing, the prettiest dress to wear, and—to crown all—did both last night, in the person of Miss Cole, with a success which seemed to have bewitched the house. The first encore was that bestowed on her (or his) song, "She reads the stars above," and the most tumultuous re-demand of the night was that made for the fascinating little ballad, "With Love's young dreams," also sung by her. Miss Cole is a very young, but already a very accomplished singer. Her voice is fresh, clear, and penetrating, and is trained to a very high standard of perfection. With time and the evident adaptation to her art she displays the warmest anticipations may be formed of her success. The audience last night, glad to welcome so much nascent talent, gave her one of the most cordial receptions we have ever seen any *débutante* receive. She, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Durand—everybody, indeed, on the stage at the end of the second act—were recalled, amidst the greatest enthusiasm; and, at the end, there was a demand for the re appearance of all the leading artists, which stamped the entire performance as an unmixed success. Only one oversight was committed by the audience, in not insisting on the appearance of Herr Lutz, the accomplished conductor, to whom only those familiar with the trouble and pains devolved on that officer in the production of a new opera, know how much was due. So successful a production of this opera, as a whole, is extremely creditable to the company. There was a well-filled house, who showed appreciation of the best points of the opera throughout.—*Cork Paper*, Jan. 7.

GENOA.—Meyberbeer's *Prophète* has been most successfully revived at the Teatro Carlo Felice, where it had not been played for several years. *Le Favorita* was to be the next opera produced.

COBURG.—The operatic company have left for Gotha. The season has afforded much gratification to the public.

WIESBADEN.—M. Gounod's *Romeo und Julie* has been produced, but does not seem likely to become very popular.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

No. 10.—FROG MUSIC IN BRAZIL.

A few years back I was in the city of Albuquerche, in the upper provinces of Brazil, above Paraguay about 2,000 miles from the mouth of the river La Plata. A party of us were riding for days before with a guide from Fort Olympia, an old Spanish fort built on the first settlement of these parts by the Spaniards, on the frontiers of Brazil. Our guide, Patricio, on our last day's journey hoped to be able to bring us across the Serra, so as to reach Albuquerche the same evening. We arrived at a place called Belem, in a deep glen. As the pass was so wild, and bore so bad a name, we asked him if the keeper of the *venda* close by was to be trusted; he shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Every married man was warranted honest in this country," but he could say no more for him; we however pushed on, and left our disappointed hosts with a very dark scowl on their countenances—and a most cadaverous and repulsive group we never looked at, consisting of an elderly man, his wife, and two sons. We resolved rather to pass the night travelling, than in the den of a bandit's family. Our guide, Patricio, with his usual sagacity wound his way with unerring instinct, and long after dark brought us safe to the *venda* of Albuquerche. It is a large establishment to accommodate the concourse of passengers who make it their place of rest after months of riding on mules across the country.

Through the large area of the house there ran a limpid stream, whose gurgling sound was very pleasant, and we hoped it would lull us to repose when we lay down. But the moment everything was silent the most discordant music burst from the stream, which continued all night. This proceeded from the multitude of frogs which made their abode there, and, like the *ranæ palustres* of Horace, completely averted sleep. The noise in this place was the third distinct diversity of sound we had heard from these animals: the first proceeded from the ferradors, or smiths; the second from the assobiadors, or whistlers; and, now, from the grassadors, or croakers. It was a very loud, deep bass, that caused a sense of vibration in everything about us. This extraordinary variety in the sound made by animals, in every other respect the same, argued a singular diversity in the structures of the muscles of the larynx, which would be a nice and curious subject of investigation.

After passing the night without any rest, from the infernal croaking without intermission, I was made aware that the Brazilians possess the descendant of the very cock that crew when Peter denied his Master. I was surprised at day-light by a very extraordinary sound, which proceeded from a yard not far from the *venda*, which I discovered was the crowing of a cock. It was the lifting up of an extraordinary figure, immensely tall, almost all legs and thighs, with a very small body, and when he erected himself to crow, was as long as a crane; but he was particularly distinguished by his song. At the conclusion of his crow, when other cocks ceased their note, he prolonged it into a most dismal note, which had a very monitory sound. One of my Paraguyan servants then informed me that it was the breed of the cock that crowed to Peter, and that this lengthened and dreary sound was intended as an additional warning and reproach to him for what he had done.

B. B.

DRESDEN.—At the grand concert given in celebration of the King's birthday, among other pieces performed was Herr W. Westmeyer's *Visions of Napoleon I. at St. Helena*, a work dedicated to the Emperor of the French, who has rewarded the composer with the large gold Imperial medal. The composer hitherto belonged to the conservative school, but in this instance he has followed, for the first time, the path pursued by Berlioz and Liszt. He has drawn up a programme conveying to us the visionary train of thought passing through the mind of the Imperial captive. It runs something to this effect: It is evening. Plunged in melancholy reflections, the Emperor is sitting alone at his favourite spot in the island. His thoughts wander back; pictures of his great past glory, splendour, and power flit before his mind. His mother and son appear to him; the hosts of his faithful warriors defile before him. At length his melancholy is dispelled by the voice of his good Genius, who says: "You have given the history of the world a new direction, etc., but your race shall not perish; it shall continue to flourish with greater magnificence than ever." The work was admirably executed and well received.

HANOVER.—Shakspere's *Julius Cæsar* has been performed with all Dr. Hans von Bülow's music.

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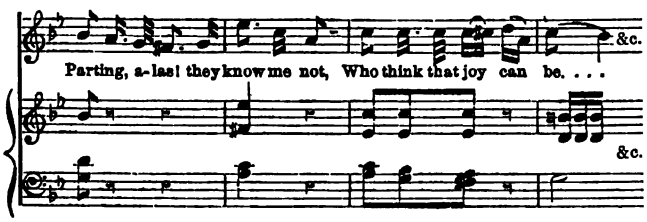
REVIEWS.

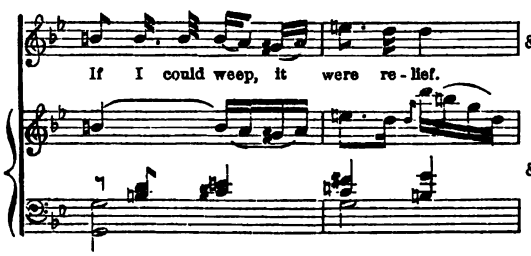
Little Pickle's Quadrille. Composed for the Pianoforte by STEPHEN GLOVER. [London. R. Cocks & Co.]

A PARTICULARLY lively set of quadrilles, with a well-executed portrait (in colours) of Little Pickle as a frontispiece. Judging by his expression and surroundings, he must be an amiable and harmless youth.

The Parting (*La Partenza*). Song. The words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY; the music by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS song is one far above the common order, as might be inferred from the name of its composer. But Mr. Benedict himself, graceful and scholarly as he always is, has seldom written a fugitive piece so classically conceived and carried out as the one before us. It abounds in touches which bespeak the hand of a master, and which give to it a charm even for the most exacting taste. The key is G minor, and the character of the melody can be gathered from the opening bars :—



From this, to what we may call the second subject of the song, its expression becomes more and more passionate. Ending on the dominant chord, a smooth passage of tenths in the accompaniment leads to the following charming theme, which in the tonic minor has already served for an introduction :—

In this more hopeful mood, each verse of the song ends, happily expressing by such means the feeling of the words, which are not unworthy of being associated with music so elegant.

The Fairy Boat (J. H. TULLY). Transcription for the Piano by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THIS is a very simple and easy pianoforte arrangement of a popular and pleasing melody. Mr. Richards has done his work with the skill and good taste he invariably displays, and the large class of performers on the "household instrument," whose powers of execution are limited, will thank him for a useful addition to their stock of music.

Studies for the Piano, consisting of exercises in all the various keys, by D. STEIBELT. Edited by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE issue of these excellent studies in a form and at a price which makes them generally accessible is an event whereat earnest students of the pianoforte should rejoice. Those who know them will need nothing to be said in their praise. Those who do not, we advise to make their acquaintance as soon as possible, because, in addition to being admirably adapted for the attainment of certain specified ends, they make toil a pleasure by the interest they excite. The name of Mr. Benedict sufficiently guarantees the carefulness of the editing.

The Moss Rose. Song. Words from the German; music by E. BUNNETT, Mus. Bac. Cantab. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE subject of this song is the pretty German legend, which accounts for the moss thrown around the moss rose, by stating it to be the grateful gift of the angel of the flowers to whom a rose tree had afforded shelter. Mr. Bunnett's music is appropriate, and written with good taste as well as skill. Altogether the song is an acceptable one.

The Pilgrim Bird (*L'Oiseau du Paradis*). The words by LOUISA WHELAN; the music by MARC BURTY. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE words of this song—a not particularly successful translation from the French—tell of a bird of Paradise which had wandered to earth, but which resisted all invitations to remain with the parrot-like answer, "An Eden bird am I." There is nothing in the music specially calling for either praise or blame.

"I once had a Sweet Little Doll, Dears." Words taken from Professor Kingsley's *Water Babies;* music composed expressly for the Pembroke College Concert 1867, by WILLIAM BOYD. [London: Schott & Co.]

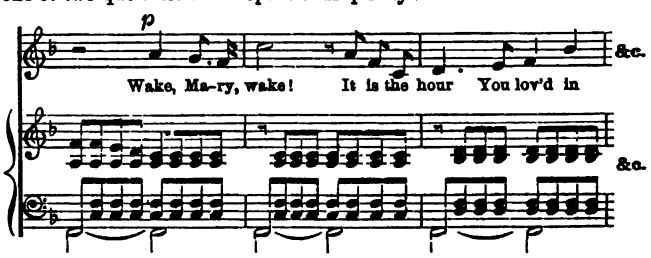
A BABY song, set to music appropriately babyish, and "dedicated to E. S. C. and J. H. F., without permission," because, we presume, the owners of those initials are babies, and not able to give it. But was the Pembroke College Concert of 1867 attended by babies? Seriously, why should composers feel bound to give the childish nonsense of eminent men a musical dress, unless they intend it for the pages of a nursery ballad book. The song before us is, undoubtedly, very good of its sort, and the compiler of such a book would give it a hearty welcome.

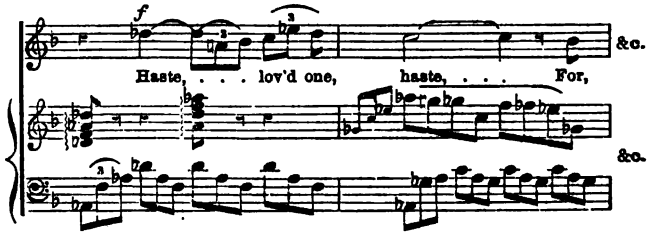
Bond Street: A Magazine of Popular Music. No. I. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

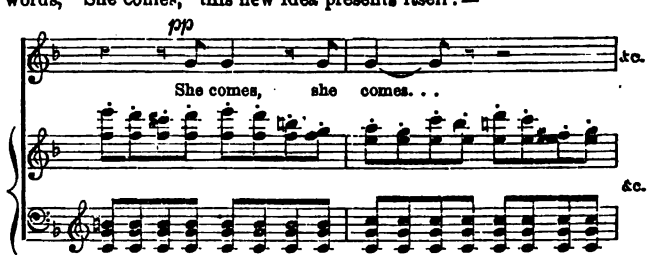
FOLLOWING in the wake of the publishers of *Hanover Square*, but appealing to a very different class of subscribers, Messrs. Hopwood & Crew have now issued the first number of their magazine. No doubt a great many people will be pleased with it, and pronounce it—in the words of the comic song it contains—"awfully jolly." It is prettily got up. *Chose qui plait est a demi vendue.*

Wake, Mary, Wake. Song for a Baritone Voice. The poetry by JOHN LATEY; the music by HENRY SMART. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS song was sung by Mr. Santley at the last Monday Popular Concert with unequivocal success. The result was due to the excellence of the music and words not less than to the perfection of the rendering they received. Mr. Smart, in composing the former, by no means restricted his fancy by a determination to write down to what is considered to be the popular taste. As a consequence, he has given us a song of more than ordinary pretensions, and having decided claims upon serious attention. Its character will, perhaps, be best shown by one or two quotations. It opens thus quietly :—



The first section of the verse ending in the dominant key, an abrupt transition leads to the following :—

in which more energetic style the verse continues to the end. The second verse presents in its first section a little variety upon the preceding, but, like it, closes on the dominant. At that point to the words, "She comes," this new idea presents itself:—



and is carried on for some time, after which a vigorous *coda*, abounding in triplets for the voice, brings the song to an end. We need not say that Mr. Smart has done something worthy of his reputation in writing "Wake, Mary, wake." The words are good enough to rank among real poetry, and do Mr. Latey very great credit.

PRAGUE.—A comic opera, *In the Well*, by Professor Blodek, has been successfully produced at the Bohemian Theatre.

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"MUSIC IN ENGLAND."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I don't expect you will put this letter in your paper, but I shall send it to you all the same, for, "Without a trial there's no denial." Do you want to know why I don't expect? This is why—because I stopped Egg from making fun of me in the *Musical World*. How he went on about my sayings and doings was all unbeknown till our curate let it out by chance. "No more o' that game for me, Master Egg," says I, and you know how I kept my word. Of course you're savage, and will throw what I write into the fire. Never mind, the loss will be yourn.

I have got something to say about what I read in a magazine that Mr. Cope let me have, called the *Contemporary Review*. A Mr. H. R. Haweis have been a-writing there upon "Music in England," and surely 'tis funny stuff. The gentleman puts me in mind of a bird we call in these parts a "tom-tit." The tom-tit, you must know, is a very little bird, with very peart, saucy ways of his own. He don't stop long in one place, but keeps a-hopping from twig to twig, and on every twig he says "chirp." I fancy as how Mr. Haweis must be something like the tom-tit. When I looks at the title "Music in England," I thinks to myself—well, now then, I shall get some notion of how things be a-going on, but I never was so took in in all my life afore. All I could see was Mr. Haweis a-hopping from one thing to another and crying "chirp."

He begins his chirping, however, just as if he was tuning up for a concert of nightingales. "England is not a musical country—England is not an artistic country," says he. That's his text, and I thought as how he would go on and prove it by deep argyment. Not a bit of it, for he backs up one saying by another. Here's a string of them: "Music in England has always been an exotic." "The Elizabethian music was all Italian, the Restoration music half French and half German." "Pelham Humphreys is as really French, as Dr. Sterndale Bennett is really German." Then he says as how Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, Morley, Ward, Wilbye, and Purcell "were composers in England, not English composers;" and winds up so: "The music of the people was low ballads—the music of the people is still low ballads. Our highest national music vibrates between 'When other lips,' and 'Champagne Charlie.'" What do you think of that, Mr. Editor? Pretty well, ain't it? Now I be not a-going to argy with Mr. Haweis because I don't pretend to any learning, but, somehow, I feels as how he is all wrong; or if not exactly all wrong, as how the reason can be made all clear without putting England down below every other country in the world. Besides this, Mr. Haweis hisself, as soon as he begins to hop about and chirp, lets us see that we English have got some music in us arter all. He says as how we pay more for music than anyone else, and, if so, we must love it, I fancy, besides which he observes: ". . . let a music seed of any kind at once take root and it will spread with amazing rapidity," and then goes on to show how scheme after scheme for the good of music have growed up natural. And yet music be an exotic, be it? After that I ought to plant one of my fields with pine apples. But, as I said afore, Mr. Haweis don't argyfy, he only goes a-twittering. You shall see how he twitters:—

Mendelssohn set the ball of music a-rolling in England, he says; and its running on can be judged by the people's fondness for orchestral music. He likes to see a lot of folks round the German bands in the streets, because it's a sign of a taste for better stuff, like eating penny ices and drinking ginger-pop. The immortal Mons. Jullien was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, and had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. He had grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, over-looking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps. Happy hours! he remembers them in the days of his youth. Bottesini filled the world (of the Surrey Gardens) with a new wonder and delight; Sivori inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician (Paganini), without a spark of his demoniac fury; and Levi and Wieniawski were instrumental sensations. Mr Manns is the finest classical conductor in England. He makes his orchestra play Beethoven's symphonies, as Charles Hallé plays Beethoven's sonatas. Signor Bottesini has tact and genius, wields the bâton with grace and power, is the first contra-basso in the world, and the third best billiard player in Europe. Herr Strauss is a strange new figure, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and moustache. He is now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments, then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow down on his own fiddle strings. He dances, too, and is an inexorable "Pied piper" (What's that, Mr. Editor?). Dr. Bennett has not the same qualities as Mendelssohn and Costa, but he is full of refinement and quiet power. Mr. Sullivan has splendid original gifts, and can be, as a composer, almost anything he chooses, but he does not yet know his good writings from his bad. Mr. Cusins got on well during the last Philharmonic season. The opera is in every sense an almost unmixed evil, for music and dramatic action cannot agree. Mozart wrote opera because the influence of Italy was then dominant in Germany. Schubert failed in it, so did Spohr, Mendelssohn avoided it, Weber was successful for a wonder, Wagner's despair drove him into wild theories, Schumann would have nothing to do with scenic effect, and Beethoven wrote *Fidelio* merely to prove that he could do anything. Opera is only popular because the public are children, and are led like children. (Our curate agrees with this, but then opera is sour grapes to him, you know.) Mr. Costa is the most popular conductor in England, and the only man capable of managing a Handel orchestra. *Israel in Egypt* is the only oratorio worth performing in the centre transept, and Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is like a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey ("and the enemy said!"). The music-halls are undergoing a happy change, and members of cathedral choirs sing in them. The penny gaffs and public-house concerts, if coarse, are moral. No one should despise the Christy Minstrels, for the negro is more really musical than the Englishman. His songs on the Ohio river are akin to those sung by the waters of Babylon. The St. James's Hall entertainment bears the impress of its romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. Stringed quartets are the most intellectual form of music—they are a musical microcosm. The great quartet writers were Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Mendelssohn always strove after orchestral effects, and one expects to hear the roll of the kettle-drum in his compositions for strings. Joachim is the greatest living violinist, Ries is masterly and unobtrusive, Blagrove adorns the post of *primo tenore*, and Signor Piatti is the only violoncellist people care to hear. For a shilling any one can get a seat at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Our curate calls what I have just writ "a summary" of Mr. Haweis's chirpings, and says 'tis fairly done. So I think. What is your notion, Mr. Editor, of a magazine (price half-a-crown) which puts in such gossip as a serious article about "Music in England?" I baint a tom-tit—rather too big round for that—but more like a turkey-cock gobbling about the homestead. I shall now think about sending my gobblings to the *Saturday Review*.—Your humble servant,

Benjamin Bodger.

Bullockton, Jan. 6, 1868.

New York.—The entertainment given by Mr. Kennedy at Steinway Hall, in aid of the library of the New York Caledonian Club, was most successful. There was a crush at the door to get in; a crush inside for seats; a crush down stairs, and a crush up stairs. The hall was filled to the door. Mr. Kennedy on entering the hall was received with enthusiasm by the audience, which numbered over two thousand persons. He was in excellent spirits, and sang with more than his usual animation. Every song was warmly applauded, and he was compelled to extend his programme to satisfy his admirers. The receipts form a handsome donation to the funds of the Caledonian Club library, for which Mr. Kennedy is entitled to the thanks not only of the members of the club, but also of all Scotsmen who may hereafter enjoy the benefits of the institution he has aided.—*New York Herald.*

Breslau.—The annual Christmas concert of the Sing-Academie took place this year under the direction of Herr Schüffer. The programme included: "Nun freu't euch, liebe Christen g'mein," by J. Euart; chorus from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio of *Christus;* contralto air from J. S. Bach's first *Christmas Cantata;* two Christmas songs: "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein," and melody of the 14th century, arranged for four parts by Boden Schutz (1608), and "Stille Nacht," by Mich. Haydn; "Festgesang *a capella*" (six-part), by J. Euart; "Salve, Regina," by Guiseppe Bernabei; "Ave Maria," by Mendelssohn; and *Cantata on the last Sunday in the Year*, by J. S. Bach.

Turin.—*Don Carlos* has proved a hit at the Regio Teatro.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Gourdon de Genouillac, of course. Misnia was dear to Pergamus. Consult Galen—or, better, John Oxenford.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.—Guastavinius recites it of Censorinus ("*Mens erit apta capi tum quum lætissima rerum, ut seges in pingui luxuriabit humo*"). Consult Thaddeus Egg.

DEATH.

On the 2nd inst, at Manchester, Dr. MARK, the leader and manager of the well-known "Little Men."

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

GERMAN COMIC OPERA.*

IT is a strange phenomenon that, while German instrumental music can show a mass of compositions which may be denominated humorous, German comic opera has no real existence. In Dittesdorf's productions known as *Singspiele*,* we find undoubtedly an unmistakable foundation, on which German comic opera might have been developed, but that is a process it never underwent. Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze* is a work bearing in every respect the stamp of divine genius, but the words of the more serious airs are not in accordance with the spirit of our own times; in the *Zauberflöte*, as in the dramas of Shakspere, the most elevated sentiments advance hand in hand with the comic element; and, finally, *Figaros Hochzeit*—we make the assertion at the risk of being branded as heretics—is an *Italian* opera, written in the style of *the period* † by the greatest of German operatic composers.

After Dittesdorf, the class of composition which might be termed German comic opera continued to grow flatter and flatter, sinking into the *Singspiel*, and eventually the farce, where music merely existed on sufferance to accompany the refrain. Shenk's *Dorfbarbier* may, in its day, have been considered entertaining enough, but, for originality, character, masterly colouring, and artistic application of available resources, it cannot for a moment be compared with Dittesdorf's *Doctor und Apotheke*.‡

What Kauer composed for *Das Donauweibchen*, and what Wenzel Müller wrote (more particularly the music in Raimund's farces), was simply ballads of a higher order than usual, permeated, it is true, by a touch of almost poetic sentimentality,§ but not sufficiently robust or vigorously national to take permanent root. The pleasing tunes: "So leb; denn wohl, du stilles Haus," "Brüderlein fein" (at which even Heine used to go into ecstasies, as he could truly do when he chose), and the song of the Dustman, so popular in their day, their popularity being equalled perhaps only by Gellert's poems in the last century, are forgotten! They modestly retired before the coarse farce-music, which, saucy and brazen, appeared in the wake of Nestroy's muse, and that of his successors, and which in its turn is now displaced by the productions of the present period. *Perhaps*, had Wenzel Müller collected his pleasing and agreeable little melodies in a comic *opera*, instead of scattering them with a lavish hand about the farces of Raimund and others, he would still be at home in many theatres whence "grand" opera, and low opera have not yet driven away everything else; but his music disappeared with the *pieces* for which he wrote it.

Perhaps Lortzing might have been the man to elevate German comic opera, if, in the first place, his miserable circumstances had not prevented his ever developing his powers; if he had not been too much of a dilettante as regards his treatment of form; and if his worthy colleagues, the respected *Kapellmeister*, had not, instead of encouraging, looked patronizingly down upon him, though most of them were unable to write ten bars of music like that which sparkles all through his *Waffenschmied*, and *Czaar und Zimmermann*. (The biography of this composer is one of the saddest leaves in the history of German musicians!) Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber* is indisputably the best thing in the way of comic opera that has been composed in Germany during the present century, but it is the production of an eclectic, influenced by noble aspirations, and striving gradually to get rid of the impressions produced

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

* If we allude to Hiller's *Singspiele* only in a note, it is not because we do not properly appreciate the merit of that admirable composer, but because we do not find prominently marked an individual and yet at the same time genuinely national style, such as that which, for instance, in Dittesdorf's *Doctor und Apotheke* even at the present day exerts an absolutely overpowering effect, though, of course, only on those who have still a sense of style. (N.B.—*Singspiele* are light pieces with songs interspersed.—TRANSLATOR.)

† Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* is written in the same style. We must look for the difference in the matter rather than the form.

‡ The air, "Der Wein ist ein Specificum;" the women's duet in the second act; the *finale* of the latter; and the concerted piece, "Ich bin von der Polizei," in the last act, must indisputably be called classic.

§ "Half-and-half poetry is dangerous to real poetry" as Grillparzer admirably observes in his poem on Vienna, the "Capua of the intellect."

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by the Italian school. After the *Lustige Weiber*, Flotow's *Stradella* and *Martha* must be considered as very successful comic operas; but the music is not German music; it is an eclectic specimen, put together with great taste, of all kinds of styles. The best numbers in both operas have a decided leaning to French models. What has since been offered by Herr von Flotow and others to the German public scarcely, with a very few exceptions, and those not exceedingly brilliant ones, deserves the name of vocal music, far less that which its composers claim for it! Of the mere imitations of Parisian models we will not say a word.

How is this phenomenon to be explained? The nation which asserts that it is the only nation possessing genuine humour; nay, the only nation understanding it, has for thirty years produced no national comic opera!

If we would examine into the reasons, we are nearly always told: no book that was anything like respectable could be procured, and, therefore, no good comic opera could be composed. Let us grant this reason to be a valid one; how is it that the humorous nation *par excellence* did not possess a truly comic author who could write such a book? To what class do the *Possen* or farces belong, of which a fresh one starts up every week, and for which there is so large a consumption of "music?" Among the authors of these farces, among the representatives of "superior imbecility," as it has been termed, is not there one, who, once in a way, could put a little common sense in sprightly verse? Let us cast a glance on our much reviled neighbours, the French, in whom many rigorists among us deny the existence of aught like "high natural gifts" in the way of music, or anything like "profound" intelligence, and whose comedies and comic operas, they assert, are not suited to the German character. In the first place, the French can boast of comic operas such as *Le Maçon*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Jean de Paris*, which have been acknowledged to be in every respect models by all musicians and lovers of music who do not stand up for tragic opera only (this is a point which we will discuss more at length presently); in addition to these, their composers have produced, moreover, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *La Part du Diable*, and *Le Domino Noir*, which are admirable works, though they may not be entitled to the appellation of classic.* But this is not all; even the last twenty years, so utterly unfertile in Germany, have in France given birth to many *very* meritorious works of the class we are discussing. We will not dwell upon the small *genre* pictures: *Bon Soir*, *Monsieur Pantalon*; *Monsieur et Madame Denis*, and *La Chanson de Fortunio* (in *our* opinion the most successful operetta Offenbach ever wrote), because they are sufficiently known in Germany; we will speak of a three-act opera by Reber, because it affords in its entire plan, that is to say, in the words as well as in the musical treatment, the most brilliant proof that, without frivolity, without immorality, and without certain piquant additions, to which we will not allude more nearly, as our doing so would, at the present moment, be attended by no advantage, it is possible to produce an excellent opera, and because, despite the admirable things it contains, and the great success with which it met thirteen years ago in Paris, the opera in question is *utterly* unknown in Germany. It is called *Le Père Gaillard*. In the first place, the subject has been admirably chosen, and is taken entirely from every day life. A wine merchant,† possessed of a small estate in the country, and the author of some merry little songs, lives most happily with his wife, and on good terms with all his neighbours. He is well off, thanks partly to his own labour and partly to the liberal payment he receives for a foster-son, sent in his tenderest infancy mysteriously to him. A Paris Savant, who often flies from the turmoil of the capital, and seeks renewed health and amusement at Père Gaillard's, takes a particular interest in the boy, and on remarking that the latter, as he grows up, and the young daughter of his host, are fond of each other, on his death-bed appoints Père Gaillard his executor. The action begins at the moment the relatives of the deceased come to Père Gaillard's, for the purpose of being present at the reading of the will; they include an old military man and his wife (*a lady in whom Gaillard's wife thinks she perceives a striking likeness to her own foster-son*); a gentleman somewhat reduced in the world, etc. The two men, finding from Gaillard's account of his connection with the old Savant, that the property in all likelihood is not left to them, resolve, from a spirit of revenge and envy, to excite Gaillard's suspicions as to his wife's fidelity. They prove to him that, as he has himself long believed, his foster-son is the son of the old Savant, and that the visits of the latter, before the birth of the boy, to Gaillard's house were intended not for Gaillard himself but for his wife. By means of malicious allusions, and perfidious interpretations of little incidents, perfectly harmless in themselves, but capable of a certain significance when spitefully made to bear upon one another, they pour poison in the honest man's heart. Thus, when, on the will being opened, he is found to be the principal heir, and when, moreover, a sealed letter is discovered, addressed to Madame Gaillard, and to be handed to her alone, Gaillard is convinced of the lady's guilt, without seeing that this public act of confidence in him is a proof of the contrary. When, lastly, his neighbours, who have made arrangements to give him an especial testimony of their respect, assemble at his house, and begin whispering together mysteriously, he fancies he perceives the proof that his domestic misfortune is already generally known, and suddenly declares to the relatives that he will not accept the inheritance. He forbids his daughter to think of a union with his foster-son; after previously persuading his man servant to marry the maid, he induces him to give up the match; and introduces disunion and confusion into the entire household. His jealousy and rage at last burst forth on his meeting his wife at the moment she is holding the mysterious letter in her hand. He wants to see it. She refuses to let him do so, on the ground that it concerns a third person, a lady, without whose permission she dare not let even *him* know the contents. He insists, and a passionate scene ensues, but, at the right moment, he awakes to the consciousness that a man who has lived for twenty years happily with his wife, ought not to yield to contemptible suspicion, excited by those who are envious of him, and thus all at once destroy his domestic happiness; nay, he himself gives the letter to the lady—to the wife of the old officer, a lady whose confidence was enjoyed, in days of misfortune before her marriage, by the old Savant. The letter contains certain information which the reader will easily guess. Père Gaillard is once more himself; with light and joyous hand he arranges what he has thrown into disorder; and his neighbours and friends, wishing to pay him a particular mark of distinction, appoint him (unless we are mistaken) mayor, but he thankfully declines the honour, begging them still to bestow their friendship on him as an independent man.

We have purposely gone into the book at such length because it belongs to that class of work for which there are plenty of subjects in Germany; because it enters so thoroughly into the feelings and life of the middle classes, and because the point more especially to be proved was that we, who boast with justice of a higher kind of life among our middle classes than is to be found among those of other nations, have not understood how to profit by it, as well as the author of the French libretto has understood to profit by that of his country.

* We must here again expressly state that we leave out of consideration the absolute partisans of the Cothurnus.

† It is now thirteen years since we heard the opera in Paris, and we speak from memory only.

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Of the music, we cannot speak at equal length, because our doing so would lead us from the object of this article; we will, therefore, merely remark that it is conceived in a fresh, simple strain; that it contains many felicitous bits; and that it is worked out in a masterly manner.—Let us now return to *German* comic opera and endeavour to discover why it is so utterly prostrate.

(*To be continued.*)

MADRID.—A project has been set on foot to encourage national serious Spanish opera in Spain. "The end in view," says *La Espanale Musical*, "is neither more nor less than to show other nations that we know as much about musical art as they do; that we are quite as capable as they of producing beautiful musical compositions; and, lastly, that we have no need to beg of them a gift which, from peculiar circumstances, is especially our own." The following are the conditions as set forth by those who started the movement:—1. A prize of 6,000 reals will be awarded to the best opera; 2. a prize of 2,000 reals will be awarded to the second best; 3. and 1,000 reals will be awarded to the third best. 4. Should two operas be considered equally good, the sum awarded will be divided between the two. 5. The operas may be in two, three, or four acts, but not more. 6. Besides the three prize operas, other operas of merit will be selected for production, and for forming a stock of national works. 7. The librettos must be in Spanish, and it is desirable that the subjects be taken from national sources. 8. None but Spanish composers will be allowed to compete. 9. The operas must be in full score and accompanied by another score for piano and voice. 10. They must be accompanied by their librettos. 11. No composer must forward more than one serious opera, but he may add a comic opera. 13. The operas must be forwarded, by the 15th September next, to Antonio Romero, Madrid. Each score must be headed by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the composer. 14. The opera which obtains the first prize will be produced first, etc., etc.

HERR HAUPTMANN, late organist of the Parish Church, Tenby, has been appointed organist of St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON AND MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON, the vocalists, have just lost their father after a lengthened illness. He died on the 5th inst.

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been made a Knight of the first division of the Order of the White Falcon by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.—A public meeting was held on Monday in the Town Hall, Brecon, for the purpose of taking steps to secure the holding of the National Eisteddfod in that town, for the year 1869. It was very largely attended, and presided over by the Mayor. A committee was appointed to carry it out and communicate with the Council of the National Eisteddfod.

DEATH OF DR. MARK.—We deeply regret to notice the death of this gentleman, so well known for his exertions in popularizing music among the young. For many years Dr. Mark has annually given concerts in Edinburgh, which were highly appreciated by parents, and crowded with delighted juveniles. From the last report of Dr. Mark's College, we learn that "during the past twenty years he has given no fewer than 9,586 concerts and 5,250 lectures. He has had the honour of playing before Her Majesty and the Royal Family several times, also before 7,645,791 children and 6,255,689 adults; played the National Anthem 9,982 times, travelled 296,690 miles, expended £125,000, independent of £25,000 of his own resources. He has established a royal college of music, and several conservatoires of music, organized a number of juvenile bands, and upwards of 5,500 private and class pupils have been taught upon his system, many being educated and maintained free of expense. Dr. Mark has been presented, unsolicited, with testimonials from musicians of the first rank, including Hallé, Mdlle. Piccolomini, Giuglini, Jullien, &c.; and his entertainments have been patronized by royalty and the aristocracy." We hope that some means will be taken to maintain Dr. Mark's training college and his admirable little band, so that the work of which he was the originator may be perpetuated.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Third Impromptu.

The money for the notice
Has never yet been paid;
My lowest price, I beg to state,
Is now before you laid.

One shilling for the pantomime
Is what you promised me;
Two shillings for the next I charge,
And for the next one three.

SEPTIMUS SILVER.
(Aged nine.)

To my revered papa, Shaver Silver, Esq., also to Uncle Harmony.

MISS CHOLMONDLEY, from the Theatre, Doncaster, has joined the Olympic as the leading vocalist. From what we have heard of this young lady's vocal abilities we have little doubt she will become a favourite with the London public.

MESDAMES TIETJENS and Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle. Baumeister, Messrs. Tom Hohler and Santley (vocalists), with Mr. Wehli (pianist), and Signor Bevignani (conductor), have left London for a musical tour in the provinces; the last-named has composed a waltz for Madame Tietjens, and a ballad for Mdlle. Baumeister. Mr. Santley will sing, among other things, Felicien David's new romance, "Oh, gentle Spirit," in which he made so great an effect at the last Gentlemen's Concert in Manchester.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The academic season for 1867 terminated with a very agreable private concert, given by the professional students of the Academy, in St. George's Hall, Langham Place. The audience completely filled the large hall and galleries, and numbered amongst them some distinguished musical connoisseurs. It was obvious from the applause bestowed on the performances that they were highly appreciated by their friends, and evinced the marked and decided progress of the young artists. It would scarcely be *en règle* to notice the details of a performance the private character of which precludes criticism. It must suffice to say then, that the majority of the fair pianists, who in considerable numbers graced the entertainment, have already advanced beyond mediocrity, and give promise with perseverance, in their excellent system of training, to swell the ranks of highly accomplished artists. The vocal music was well executed, and embellished with some charming and characteristic compositions by Signor Schira. Two very young lads, assisted by their teacher, M. Paque, elicited the deserved plaudits of the audience by a careful and artistic performance on the violoncello of a quartet, written expressly for them; and the concert terminated by a very effective piece of acting in the shape of a dramatic trifle, in which the elocutionary powers of the students were displayed to great advantage and the general satisfaction of their friends. The addition of a dramatic school of elocution is a highly commendable feature in the system of the London Academy of Music, and cannot fail to contribute to the benefit of its vocal and operatic students. The Academy resumes its sessions on Jan. 13th.

ANGLO-CAMBRIAN CONCERT.—A concert was given on Monday under the above denomination, being the second of a series, at the Concert Hall, Store Street, in which the Cambrian element was strongly developed, both in the artists engaged and the music performed. The Cambrian National Melody Choir, under the direction of Mr. W. Williams, sang several Welsh national airs with effect. Miss Kate Roberts, a pupil of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, played to perfection on the pianoforte Haydn's Trio in G major, in conjunction with Mr. Ellis Roberts and Mr. A. Lewis, and a *thême varié*, of Osborne and De Beriot's, with E. Roberts. Miss Adelaide Newton, a young contralto, gave, with much expression, Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," whilst Mr. Denbigh Newton, in Félicien David's charming romance, "Oh, gentle Spirit," created a legitimate effect by his singing. Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Annie Cox, Miss Anna Isaacs, Miss Evans, and Mr. W. Thomas contributed several popular effusions, and Mr. Ellis Roberts some solos and accompaniments on the harp. Mr. J. Stephens was the accompanist at the pianoforte.—B. B.

DARMSTADT.—Herr von Flotow's opera, *Indra*, has been revived after a lapse of eleven years.

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ACROSS MALVERN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The quiet and peaceful village of Guarlford, some two miles from attractive Malvern, lying under the shade of the eternal hills, was animated, on Thursday se'enight, by the sweet strains of melody. A concert was given, the arrangements generally reflecting the highest credit on all who kindly gave their assisting hand.

The village avocations are strictly of a rural nature, the inhabitants abounding with white-smock gentlemen who rise early and late, attending to the soil, so "that our garners may be full."

To those who visit Malvern the pretty walk to Barnard's Green and the drives round are valued by all. Wherever the eye wanders you never lose the hills, beholding their grand range in the distance; the aspect is as exquisite a picture as human pen can pourtray. To so many who are actively engaged in pastoral labours, the anticipation of a concert reddened up the faces of these loyal inhabitants — where music is a scarce material, only heard on Sunday from Mr. Wigley, the assiduous organist of the parish church, who favours them with good psalmody and voluntaries from our ecclesiastical writers. Wigley merits my commendations, having worked hard; through his instrumentality the concert awarded such happy results. There are some gentlemen in this town, who, after the incessant toils of the counter and desk, like to meet at the house of our worthy friend Admiral Wink, where "the comforts of home" are visible, the good host being at all times ready to display his kindness—provision of comforts. Attention, with friendship, has made the proprietor of the North Malvern Hotel appreciated by all, and his many followers are a standing witness that they like to fraternise with a man with whom kindness, not self, is the watchword.

To all musically disposed a nice room is provided with a good "Collard" piano. Here our little team of musicians meet; and if Mr. Rogers could kindly give a little more of his time to their assistance, ascent, in an artistical view, is certain. Mr. Rogers has a good touch: his regular attendance is always esteemed. Mr. Klitz is also a good auxiliary. I had the pleasure of hearing him play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" for six hours. Such love he has for the lamented musician, six days would not tire him—positively devouring him. To such meetings as these we owe much of the success that followed the concert at Guarlford. The concert was interspersed with songs, &c., the room being under some indefatigable hands, whose handiwork attracted the eye, from the ornamental manner in which taste was displayed. The good rector is a model man, kind and benevolent; he assisted with all his energy; his jocose and merry ways gave a stimulant to all present. One of the treats of the evening was Mr. Lockyer's "Jolly John Bull," his stentorian voice perfectly alarming the audience. He declaims his subject with immense power; he wields a voice with large health of tone, sounding in the distance like a volley of artillery. The encore was furious, no one more enjoying it than the kind rector. Mr. Lockyer kindly complied and gave "John Barleycorn," with the same result, retiring amidst tremendous applause, delighting the audience with the jolly style he impersonates these characters. Mr. Lockyer has lived with us now twelve months, like Mr. Martin Lucy, always willing to give a helping hand. Mr. Lovell was very successful in his songs. Mr. Proctor also sang neatly his song. A little nervous, he has a pleasing way, and we shall always rejoice to hear him as often as he can favour us.

The concert, on the whole, was most pleasing, and the parish is much indebted to the gentlemen who came forward. Mr. Wigley has my warmest praise for his conducting and accompanying all allotted to him. No one assisted more in the evening than the good rector, who appreciated all most cordially; out of his large heart, after the concert was over, he provided his friends with a splendid repast; nature could not crave for more, the good things of the season being abundant—all jollily partaking freely—then wending their ways to their respective homes after a most joyful evening, stirring and brightening up the retired village of Guarlford.

I hear with profound pleasure that the aristocratic village, Malvern Wells, is providing Monday evening entertainments. This will furnish the Wells with much that is desired; naturally dull in the winter, any meetings like these will tend to bring much talent that lies dead in this rising village to broad day-light. There are many musical friends in Malvern Wells who will render any assistance. Mr. Norriss who now occupies the Wells Hotel, so many years the intelligent host of the British Camp Hostelry, will do all in his power to further the work; a capital violin player, good musician, fond of it, assisted by Mr. David Hayes, many pleasing evenings may be anticipated; one or two already have been given, and I heartily desire continued success to their good exertions. Dr. Ayerst for many years the respected hydropathic doctor at the Wells House has left, his health failing. Mr. Sims Reeves was located with him some two years back, deriving great benefit by Dr. Ayerst's treatment and the air of Malvern Wells.

With joy I congratulate the spirited inhabitants of West Malvern that their prettily situated church, St. James's, will ere long be supplied with a nice organ. Many in the locality have taken a lively interest in its erection including the worthy vicar, the Rev. Freeman, and Rev. Perfect. I rejoice that their united exertions have been successful. The instrument is in the hands of Mr. Nicholson, the eminent organ-builder of Worcester, many of whose instruments are in other churches, and for sweetness and varied qualities are second to none. Few churches stand in a more lovely position than West Malvern, the scenery, from the church-yard whatever way you cast your vision, arrests the eyes of the beholder, with the splendid avenues of woodland and forest scenery. Viewing the Salopian hills, the massive Welch mountains and our eternal hills, the great landscape before you affords a panorama of unusual beauty which nature herself need be proud of. The many new residences dotted here and there afford tokens of the rising popularity of this frequented spot, also the high families of distinction annually finding their way on the western side of the hills, to many are evidences of the attractiveness of this picturesque resort. The organ is anticipated about Easter; many contributions have been received—W. Lea, Esq., 25*l.*; Mrs. Lane Freer, the amiable lady of the late Venerable Archdeacon Freer, of Hereford, 20*l.*; Mr. Samuel Haywood, 1*l.*; and various sums, which still leaves a deficit of some 50*l.*, which no doubt will soon be supplied. The Rev. Freeman and Rev. Perfect, using all their influence in advancing this desideratum, would facilitate the remaining deficiency. All credit is especially due to those through whose praiseworthy exertions the means have been so closely obtained. The assistance of the instrument will greatly assist the congregation in united voices swelling the triumphant chorus in strains of sweet sound to the Most High God. Arrangements had been made to give a concert to supply the deficiency. Unfortunately, Mr. Jabez Jones, whose musical talents are well known in the profession—at one period occupying the first position in Worcestershire, and deservedly so (as many of our musical friends know)—was taken ill therefore the concert is in abeyance at present. It is fair to say that Mr. Samuel Haywood, the genial host at the Westminster Arms, who never fails when necessity calls—with a helping hand always ready—has liberally placed at the Rev. Freeman's disposal his large room at the Westminster, capable of accommodating some 250 people. A concert, with an attractive programme, would be welcomed by the people of this village of repose, principally resorted to by the highest blood especially.

T. L.

Opposite the Unicorn, Jan. 8.

Royal English Opera Company.—Last night we had the pleasure of hearing a second representation of the opera of *La Sonnambula*, by the company now appearing in the Waterloo Rooms. The principals were:—Amina, Mdlle. Ida Gilliess; Elvino, Mr. H. Bond; Rodolpho, Mr. Haydn Corri; Lisa, Madame Fanny Heywood; Alessio, Mr. A. Leslie; and Teresa, Miss Millar. In the character of Amina, Mdlle. Gilliess showed fine dramatic conception, while rendering the music of the part with a tenderness of expression and a brilliancy of execution that left nothing to be desired. Her delivery of the joyous air, "Do not mingle," was a perfect triumph of vocal art; and the audience, which we thought a little cold at first, were quite enraptured with it. For Mr. Bond, an apology was made that he was suffering from cold, but he nevertheless went through his part very successfully; and we doubt not, but for the apology, he would have been heartily encored in the celebrated song, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," which he gave in graceful and artistic style. Mr. Haydn Corri made a creditable appearance as the Count, but evidently wanted confidence in himself—a circumstance which a good deal impaired his rendering of the song, "As I view these scenes so charming." Mme. Heywood as Lisa greatly improved on her former appearances.—*Edinburgh Courant*, Jan. 6.

Hammersmith.—A Christmas entertainment was given in the Lecture Hall, on Friday evening the 27th ult. Dr. Moxey was lecturer and reader. The *West London Observer* thus notices the entertainment:—"What can we say about Dr. Moxey's reading that has not been said before. Whatever he touches he turns to gold, and nothing seems to come amiss to him Dr. Moxey never reads *Rab and his Friends* without producing a powerful effect. *One Touch of Nature*, a *petite* drama by Benjamin Webster, we heard as a reading for the first time. We had previously seen the Doctor's impersonation of William Penn Holder behind the footlights, and we were prepared for all the simple naturalness—the tenderness which distinguished the conception of that character; but we were unprepared for such an exact reproduction of Lord Dundreary. The vocal and instrumental part of the programme was sustained by Madame Burrington, Mr. Burrington, and Miss Fairman. Madame Burrington's fine matured contralto voice told well in this Hall, and the archness and *naïvete* with which she sang 'Tapping at the Garden Gate,' we never heard excelled. Miss Fairman is a favourite at the Penny Readings."

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FÉLICIEN MALLEFILLE'S LAST.

In London we are accustomed to see obscure theatres suddenly start into celebrity, but the phenomenon is less common in Paris. Lately, however, the Théâtre de Cluny, of which, probably, many even of our travelled readers never heard, has been made famous by the production of *Les Sceptiques*, a comedy, written by M. Félicien Mallefille, and sent by him, in the first instance, to the Théâtre Français. The authorities at the ancient temple of legitimacy accepted the work, subject to corrections, so M. Mallefille, disliking the condition, availed himself of the present system of free competition, and bore off *Les Sceptiques* to the more obscure establishment.

The scepticism which M. Mallefille has in view, and which he represents by several types, is closely allied to cynicism. The banker Landurel is indeed a professed atheist, but, by no means inconsistently, a profound believer in mesmeric science. His wife, who, without the slightest feeling of love, takes to herself a lover, Lionel de Trésignan, simply because he is a marquis, and who is a consummate hypocrite withal, and Lionel's cousin, the Duke Richard de Villepreneuse, hardened by a thorough disbelief in virtue, make up the set, to which may be added the Marquis himself, though he is but moderately a sceptic. Opposed to them is Pierre Fioment, a young artist of generous impulses. The Duke is ostentatiously wicked. He not only entertains his friends with a mocking account of the modern state of society, but candidly confesses that when in Germany he betrayed a young lady of noble birth and limited means, and abandoned her without the slightest scruple. Something like an expression of remorse nearly lets out the secret that the Duke is not quite so bad as he seems; but he soon corrects the too favourable impression which he may have made, and by the flippant question, "Il y a donc d'honnêtes femmes?" he announces his general doubt on the subject of female virtue, thus drawing from Pierre Fioment the counter question, at once pertinent and impertinent, "Et votre mère?" A duel is now on the cards, but is prevented by Lionel, and Pierre has the opportunity of showing that there is something serious in the world after all. The foregoing incident takes place at the house of the banker, and, before the party breaks up, Pierre tries to persuade Lionel not to choose the Duke for a model, but to break off his disreputable *liaison* with Mdme. Landurel and take to himself a wife. His good counsel is the cue for the entrance of the Countess d'Apremont and her daughter-in-law Blanche, and being on familiar terms with the new comers, he introduces Blanche to Lionel so efficiently that a marriage is agreed upon between the young persons, and Lionel follows Pierre to the Château d'Apremont, leaving to his cousin the Duke the pleasant job of releasing him from the tie that binds him to the banker's wife.

Our readers have certainly not guessed that the highly estimable Countess is no other than the lady who was so heartlessly abandoned by Duke Richard. Such is the fact, however. Since her misfortune she has gained the respect and love of Count d'Apremont, a kindly but "sceptical" old noble, who has refused to hear her revelations of the past, and has married her without further inquiry. The intimacy with Madame Landurel arises from the circumstance that they were both brought up at the same convent; and when she learns from the friend of her girlhood that Duke Richard is in the house, she retreats with all precipitancy, having already been presented by Madame Landurel with a lace mantle, which she afterward gives to Blanche. The little interesting discussion between the Duke and the banker's wife on the subject of Lionel's disappearance now takes place, and the result is the departure of both for the Chateau d'Apremont with equally worthy motives. Madame Landurel wants to prevent the marriage of her fugitive lover with Blanche. The Duke wishes to renew his old connection with the Countess.

From the unwholesome atmosphere of the atheistical banker's *salon* we are now transported to the blissful Chateau d'Apremont, where scepticism, whether theoretical or practical, is unknown save to the Count, and everybody save the Count believes in the existence and truth of everybody else. The arrival of the sceptical pair does not bring "coals to Newcastle" in the shape of superfluous happiness. The appearance of the Duke is naturally annoying to the Countess, and Madame Landurel, once planted within the enemy's lines, refuses to retrace her steps. The good Count and the wicked Duke chance to be old friends, and with that delicacy which is peculiar to French pictures of life, the former receives in all kindness the confessions of his younger friend, made without mention of names, and innocently gives counsel that tends to the renewed dishonour of his own wife. Well primed with good counsel, the Duke proceeds to attack the virtue of the now immaculate Countess, and though he does not undermine her ethical principles, he frightens her into an assignation by telling her that if she is not in a certain spot at a certain hour considerably after nightfall, she is very likely to see the corpse of the man whom once she loved.

To get rid of that standing nuisance, Mdme. Landurel, the excellent Pierre has contrived that a certain letter shall fall into the hands of her husband at Paris, and brings him down to the blissful chateau. To the abode of tottering peace, therefore, comes the atheistical banker, determined to find his wife in some disreputable position. As his eyesight is none of the sharpest, the interview between the Countess and the Duke is quite enough for his purpose, and when he has rapidly concluded that the former is Mdme. Landurel, his convictions are clenched by the mantilla in which she dresses. Actually, as we have seen, the mantilla belongs to Blanche, who now, by advancing claims to her property, makes matters more hopeless than ever. She, then, not Mdme. Laudurel, figured in the disgraceful *tête-à-tête*; so her father, a "sceptic" in former times, is persuaded of her dishonour, and the semi-sceptic Lionel wishes to back out of his matrimonial engagement. Excellent Pierre tries to set things right by offering to marry Blanche himself, but it will not do. A whisper from Mdme. Landurel into the ear of the Count comes like a bombshell. The Countess is obliged to confess that she is the real "Simon Pure" of the assignation, and now Lionel and Pierre both come in for the hard words of the Count. Virtue, however, is sure to work her way upwards in the dramatic world, unless she selects such an unlucky friend on the stage as that of our Charles II. In *Les Sceptiques* it is not without a struggle that she obtains her supremacy. The Countess unmasks Duke Richard, and the Count abandons his wife to her seducer; but the Duke, far from appreciating the value of the donation, shoots himself through the heart—rather a strong incident for comedy, though excused, if not justified, by the precedent of Sir John Vanburgh.

The ancient sceptic Pyrrho seems to have been a very excellent citizen and worthy man. Modern sceptics, if we may trust M. Mallefille, do not accurately tread in the steps of the master.

P. M. G.

Another Impromptu.

You fancied once you saw the Sun,
And cried—"Ha! I've got up too soon."
The orb of day its course had run,
And what surprised you was the Moon.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

To Augustus Mayhew, Esq.

MILAN.—Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* has been given at the Scala, with Signora Berini Vanzini, Signori Tiberni and Collini in the principal parts. It was well received, but this was entirely due to the efforts of the artists named, who were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The orchestra was bad; the chorus worse; the scenery unsatisfactory; and the *mise-en-scène* wretched.—At the Carcano, the management, after playing *Rigoletto* two nights, has gone back to *Romeo e Giulietta*.

FLORENCE.—According to report, a new opera, *Vilfredo Hoffach*, music and words by Madame Rattazzi, will be produced in this capital during the approaching Carnival.

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AUGENER & Co.—"The Kaleidescope," a Musical Puzzle, by R. Andrews.
LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co.—"Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass." Edited by John Hullah. Sacred Series, No. 2.
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The following notice of Miss Emilie Glover's performance at the Grand Concert by the Italian Opera Company, in the Hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, October 4th, appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*:—"The accompaniment to Mr. Santley's songs: 'How dear to me the Home,' and 'The Bard's Legacy,' was exquisitely performed on the harp by Miss Glover; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the melodies were unanimously redemanded. Miss Glover also accompanied Mdlle. Tietjens in 'Home, sweet Home,' and her playing was in every respect worthy of the honourable position assigned to her; and if more could be said we would heartily say it, for it would be all deserved."

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THE STREETS leading into the square wherein the new Grand Opera House is being built have been named "Meyerbeer," "Halévy," "Scribe," and "Gluck." [And "Auber?"—A. S. S.]

THE POTTERIES.—During the past week Mdlle. Liebhart and the band of Grenadier Guards, conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey, have given a series of concerts. For these entertainments the public are indebted to the president of the Stoke Cricket Club (a composer of no mean ability), for the benefit of the funds of which club the concerts were given. The Guards' Band made their first appearance in the Covered Market, Hanley, on Monday evening. There was a good attendance. On Tuesday evening the same performers, in company with Mdlle. Liebhart, gave a concert in the Town Hall, at Stoke, which was crowded to excess. Mdlle. Liebhart was in fine voice, and her brilliant execution created a *furore*. She sang first "Little bird so sweetly singing"—one of those ditties which afford such opportunities for the display of Mdlle. Liebhart's special gifts. Mr. Roe, of the Guards' Band, played the flute *obbligato*; it was encored, when Mdlle. Liebhart gave in her archest style "O dear, what can the matter be?" Bishop's "Tell me my heart," followed, and then "Il bacio," which latter being encored was succeeded by "Coming through the rye." Towards the close of the entertainment Mdlle. Liebhart appeared again and sang "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" Again she was encored, and responded with "The dashing white Sergeant," which she delivered with such dramatic force as to "bring down the house," which led to the repetition of the last verse. The same performers appeared in the Town Hall, at Longton, on Wednesday evening, and met with the same cordial reception. The original intention of giving only three concerts was abandoned on Tuesday and a fourth concert in the Town Hall, at Burslem, on Thursday, resolved upon.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*, Dec. 25.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUFF & STEWART.—"My Happiness," by John Old.
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MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER regrets that circumstances prevent her RECITAL from taking place on Tuesday, January 28th, as previously announced. The Series will therefore COMMENCE on TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4TH.

MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER will give a Series of SIX PIANOFORTE RECITALS, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, Harley Street, W., on TUESDAY EVENINGS, Feb. 4th and 18th, March 3rd, 17th, and 31st, and April 21st. The Programmes will be selected principally from the Works of the Classical Masters, and will be varied on each occasion by Two Vocal Pieces. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Five Shillings; to be obtained at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W. Further particulars will be shortly announced.

MR. JOSEPH BARNBY'S CHOIR, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, January 29th, at eight o'clock. The selection will be entirely from the works of Mendelssohn, and include "Athalie" and the Reformation Symphony. Solo vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Emily Spiller, and Miss Julia Elton. The illustrative verses will be read by Mr. Henry Marston. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. The orchestra will include the principal members of the bands of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Philharmonic Society, Sacred Harmonic Society, &c. Subscription to the four Concerts—Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony, 10s. 6d.; for single concert—Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets to admit Four, 28s.; Balcony (reserved), 5s.; Balcony (unreserved), 3s.; Area (reserved), 4s.; Area (unreserved), 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.'s, 1, Berners Street, and 35 Poultry; of the principal Musicsellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

HERR CARL HAUSE has the honour to announce that the THIRD of his SIX CLASSICAL and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on THURSDAY EVENING, January 30th, 1868.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.: Grand Trio, Op. 46, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Fesca; Ballad, with Pianoforte and Violin Obbligato (Miss Fanny Armytage)—Hause; Introduction and Polonaise Brilliant, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Chopin. PART II.: Sonata, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mozart; "There's not a joy the world can give" (Miss Fanny Armytage)—Hause; "Song without Words" and "Capriccietto amabile"—Hause; Grand Trio, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Beethoven.

The remaining Three Concerts will take place on Thursdays, February 27th, April 23rd, and May 14th, 1868.

LA SIGNORINA LUIGIA LEALE, Miss RANSFORD, and Mr. CHARLES STANTON, will sing BALFE'S Trio, "SHE CAME TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH," on Wednesday next, at Signor Catalani's Matinée Musicale.

MR. NORMAN MACLAGAN, the successful new Scottish Tenor, in consequence of the great sensation created by his singing of GUGLIELMO'S Ballad, "THE THREE HOMES," will repeat it at Aberdeen, 28th inst., and every night during his engagements in Scotland.

MISS BERRY-GREENING, who is achieving success after success in GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," will continue singing it every night during her present Tour in the North.

MISS EMMETT will sing GUGLIELMO'S immensely successful Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Recital, February 4th.

TITO MATTEI'S RECITAL.

MISS EMMELINE COLE will sing, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, the popular Irish song, "OH COME TO GLENGARIFF!" composed by AUGUSTUS GREVILLE, at the above Artist's Recital.

MISS FANNY POOLE will sing at the Beethoven Rooms on the 28th; at Westbourne Hall, February 6th and 11th; at the Alexandra Rooms, Blackheath, on the 13th.

MISS FANNY POOLE will sing Benedict's admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," on the 28th at the Beethoven Rooms.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE" at Belfast, on Monday, January 27th.

MISS EMILY SPILLER and Mr. FRANK ELMORE will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD," at Gravesend, February 10th.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," at St. Thomas's Hall, South Hackney, for the Benefit of St. Augustine's Church, on Tuesday, January 28th.

MISS GRACE ARMYTAGE and Mr. H. C. SAUNDERS will sing OFFENBACH'S popular Duet from "Lischen and Fritzchen," "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at Tottenham Literary Institution, on the 25th inst. (THIS DAY).

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing "INTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE," in TOLHURST'S "Ruth," Store Street Hall, Wednesday Evening, January 29th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at the Manor House, Hackney, February 5th; the Islington Institute, 6th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," January 27th, Hanover Square Rooms; February 4th, The Horns, Kennington; 6th, Westbourne Hall; 10th, Myddelton Hall; and 18th, St. James's Hall.

MISS BERRY-GREENING and Mr. ALFRED HEMMING will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD," at Guilford, February 3rd.

MISS BERRY-GREENING will sing the admired Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at Miss Agnes Greening's Concert, Guilford, February 3rd.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elij," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in January.—Address: Miss BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER is in Town for the Season. Communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs. ASHDOWN & PARRY, 18, Hanover Square, W.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing BALFE'S new song, "WHOM BUT MAUD SHOULD I MEET," at Guilford, at Miss Agnes Greening's Concert, on Monday Evening, February 3rd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING and Miss BERRY-GREENING will sing the admired duet, "ONE WORD," at Miss Agnes Greening's Concert, Guilford, February 3rd.

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ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE.

Mr. German Reed, lessee and manager of the Gallery of Illustration, encouraged by success, has ventured upon higher ground. He wishes to establish in London a permanent comic opera. He believes, and so do we, that the elements for such an institution exist among us, and there is no evident reason why his idea should not be successfully carried out. He has found a theatre ready to his hands in the house built in Langham Place, by Dr. Henry Wylde, the Gresham Musical Professor, for his London Academy of Music and his New Philharmonic Concerts. He has converted the orchestra into a stage, and erected private boxes on either side the proscenium. No more was requisite to turn the concert-room into a light and commodious *salle de spectacle*—or "auditorium"—the newly accepted term, for which we have to thank Mr. Boucicault; and as boxes and stage, with all appurtenances, are so constructed as to be removable at will, ordinary musical entertainments such as those which Dr. Wylde is accustomed to offer to the public can be held in proper season under conditions to which the public has been accustomed. Although the limits of the stage are circumscribed—it being, as we are informed, Mr. Reed's intention only to present such comic operas, or operettas, as may require two, or at the most three, changes of scene—this will be no disadvantage. Nor is it a matter of small significance, the object in view taken into consideration, that the acoustic properties of St. George's Hall are rather improved than otherwise by the change.

Hurried preparation allowed for, the new undertaking of Mr. Reed may be said to give promise. His company, no doubt, might be more generally strong, but modifications and additions may be reasonably expected from one who has earned an honourable position by the tried efficiency of his management elsewhere. The circumstance that warrants fair hopes of something really good proceeding from St. George's Opera-house is the production of a new operetta entitled *The Contrabandista*, for which Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, whose *Cox and Box*, performed last summer at the Adelphi, by amateurs, in aid of the Bennett Fund, exhibited a comic vein of rare promise, has composed the music. The piece itself, a farcical melodrama, written for the late Mr. Robson, is, we understand, the joint production of Messrs. Burnand and Montague Williams. It originally bore the title of the *Law of the Ladrones*—a more appropriate title, it must be admitted, than the one now assigned to it, seeing that brigands, not smugglers, are the prominent characters. Though the whole thing is more or less of a travesty, it has its sentimental as well as its comic side. The sentiment is shared between Rita, a young lady who has been captured by brigands, and Count Vasquez, her lover, who, disguised as a shepherd, plans her rescue. The comic element is concentrated in Mr. Grigg, an amateur photographic artist from London, who travels on foot among the Spanish mountains with the implements of his calling, and, while engaged in putting them to practical use, is entrapped by the very same brigands with whom Rita is a captive. To these must be added Inez de Roxas, Queen of the Brigands, together with San José, nicknamed "the Wolf," and Sancho, nicknamed "the Lion," her two most formidable chieftains. Inez is a widow, the late chief, her husband, having been recently shot; and it is the "law of the Ladrones" that when their captain—a married man *de rigueur*, we may presume—is killed, the first stranger they can lay hold of shall be made captain in his place, and espouse the widow. It is the happy lot of Mr. Grigg to be captured, appointed, and betrothed. But the brigand-widow entertains a sly preference for San José, "the Wolf," by whose rivalry with Sancho, "the Lion," both for the affections of the widow and the command of the troop, a large portion of the burlesque situations is suggested. A plot is hatched between Inez and San José, the upshot of which is that Sancho is to be murdered by Grigg, and Grigg to be condemned and executed for the act. The Queen will then wed San José, and "the Wolf" be elected captain of the band. They are overheard, however, by Sancho, and a conference between that worthy and Grigg ends in Sancho's escaping to inform the military, who are close on the trail of the brigands. At an opportune moment, just as Rita and Grigg are about to be sacrificed, the soldiers arrive. The brigands are seized, but, to their agreeable surprise, the officer of the guard informs them that he holds in his hand a pardon for all, on condition that they will enlist—for all, that is to say, except the captain, who is to be shot without delay. The consternation of Grigg, only a captain of brigands as Molière's Sganarelle was a doctor of medicine—"*malgré lui*"—may be imagined. He is saved, nevertheless, by Count Vasquez, now no longer a shepherd, who assures the officer that Grigg is not a "ladrone," but an honest gentleman; and all ends happily for every one, except for Inez de Roxas, who, being a woman, cannot enlist, and is mulcted at one and the same time of an expected husband and a company of genial and obedient robbers.

Extravagant as this may look, it answers its purpose well enough. The music it has inspired has not only the genuine comic ring, but it is always graceful, pleasing, and methodically composed. While entering thoroughly into the humour of the thing Mr. Sullivan has everywhere idealized it, so that, in his music at least, not a trace of vulgarity is to be detected. His comic songs, while real comic songs, are artistically finished all the same; and in situations that might almost have lured an ordinary composer into the region of buffoonery, he has preserved melody and symmetrical form. Thus the intrinsic charm of his work, which makes itself felt from the outset, is never weakened or imperilled. The introduction—a duet for Sancho and San José, with chorus of "Ladrones," ushered in by a brief (too brief) orchestral prelude—at once shows that we have to do with a musician who, no matter under what aspect, must and will be, above all, *musical*. It is tuneful, flowing, carefully finished, and at the same time full of character—exactly, in short, what it ought to be, but what only a practised adept in his art could have made it. The next piece is a quintet, in which Inez, Rita, and the Shepherd join the personages already named—a highly effective piece of vocal part-writing, in which a certain affectation of pomposity is excellently to the purpose. Then comes an extremely pretty ballad for Rita—"The tinkling sheep-bell knells the parting day"—of which the words (though they might be more original) and the music are equally entitled to praise; and then a very telling duet for Vasquez and Rita, in the first movement of which the lover, in Shepherd's guise, tries to console the captive lady, and in the second, throwing off disguise, declares his resolution to contrive the means of her escape. Mr. Grigg now appears, with an *aria d'entrata*, as the Italians term it ("From rock to rock, with many a shock"), the burden of which is a narration of the difficulties encountered by the amateur photographer in the pursuit of his avocations among the mountains, and a vow that if he once gets safe home he will run no such risks again. The leading motive of this song is one that insensibly haunts the ear, and the composer has turned it to admirable use in other parts of the operetta where Mr. Grigg is conspicuous. The whole is instinct with humour which, though quiet, is none the less genuine. The trio that ensues, when Grigg is surprised by "the Wolf" and "the Lion," is as tuneful and full of comic movement as the song just mentioned. The first part, with its piquant orchestral accompaniment, might have been written by Auber; and this is said without any idea of charging Mr. Sullivan with plagiarism. The situation is that where the brigands inform Grigg that he must either be their captain or be shot, concluding with an invitation on the part of the intruders to "dance the Bolero," which the unhappy photographist is compelled to do against his will—though Mr. Sullivan, as if in consideration of the feelings of Mr. Grigg, has set the intended bolero to a waltz tune, the least original, by the way, if not the least catching, in the operetta. A real bolero, however quaint and charming, comes shortly afterwards—to which recurrence is subsequently had, in the form of an orchestral interlude. The *finale* to the first act, where Grigg is formally dubbed chief and invested with the dignity of "the Hat," is from beginning to end capital; the dance-music, the references to the brief orchestral prelude which stands for overture, the Hymn of the Coronation Hat ("Hail to the ancient hat!"), for chorus, with solo for Grigg, a sort of parody, if there may be a parody of a parody, of "Le sabre de mon père," in M. Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*—and the resumption of the theme of Grigg's first song, accompanied by dance and chorus, which brings it to a climax, are one and all of the best; and while every amateur must be more or less impressed with its tuneful and lively character, musicians will hardly fail to note its easy flow and ingenious construction. In short, this is a *finale* worthy of an act every single piece of which has merit. The second act would seem to have been written comparatively under pressure. It is all good, and contains some things perhaps as good as any in the first; but it has not the solidity of

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its precursor. The opening piece is a song for Vasquez—a kind of serenade ("Wake, gentle maiden!"), in the rhythm and measure of a bolero, altogether out of place, but sufficiently agreeable as music to compensate for its anomalous absurdity; and this is followed by a characteristic duet, in which Inez and San José extol the virtues of the "Ladrones." A sentimental ballad for Rita ("Will he return to set me free?") comes next, and is succeeded in turn by a comic trio, for Inez, San José, and Grigg. In this trio Inez and San José give their not over-heroic captain the first intimation of the task he has to accomplish in disposing of Sancho. It is spirited and characteristic throughout; but the last movement, a particular feature of which makes us involuntarily think of a certain trait in one of the choruses of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, is unquestionably the best. Grigg's song describing his imaginary exploit with Sancho, could hardly be surpassed as a specimen of mock-grandiloquence. The *finale* to Act II., while of much slighter pretensions than its precursor, is excellent, both in a dramatic and a musical sense, the references to the theme of Grigg's first air, which the composer seems determined that his audience shall not forget, and to the waltz in the trio of the first act, being alike happy and in keeping. A little consideration would enable Mr. Sullivan to make the second act of *The Contrabandista* equal to the first, and thus to complete as charming an operetta of its class as we can bring to mind. It is only just, in conclusion, to recognize the sterling ability with which he has made use of the small orchestra at his command. His instrumentation is throughout clear, ingenious, and rich.

The performance, which on the first night was far from satisfactory, is now, on the whole, very good. The two ladies—Miss Arabella Smythe (Rita) and Lucy Franklein (Queen of the Brigands), favourably known as concert-singers—have yet to learn that the stage and the concert-room are widely different arenas. It is an advantage to Mr. Sullivan, nevertheless, that his music, so far as they are concerned, should be so safe. They have evidently committed every note of it to memory. The part of Count Vasquez is sustained by Mr. Edgar Osborne Hargrave, a very young tenor, whom, being absolutely a novice, it would be unfair to criticize severely. He has a pleasing voice and a prepossessing appearance; the rest may come in time. The two chief Ladrones are impersonated by Messrs. Aynsley Cook and Neilson. A more formidable "Wolf" than Mr. Cook could scarcely be dreamt of; but, in striving to out-cook Cook, Mr. Neilson overdoes "the Lion," in a manner to call for a word of admonition. The gentleman who represents the Spanish officer (Mr. Hodges) is not remarkable as a singer. The life and soul of the piece is Mr. J. A. Shaw, whose performance in Mr. Macfarren's operetta, *The Soldier's Legacy*, had already made him a favourite with the public at the Gallery of Illustration. This gentleman's impersonation of Mr. Grigg is distinguished by humour of the right sort; and if he had been blessed with anything resembling a voice he would shine no less as a singer than as an actor. Grigg is a sharply-defined character in his hands; and he delivers his principal song ("From rock to rock")—all his music, indeed—with a point and intelligence for the secret of which many a dramatic singer, gifted with a voice, might profitably barter that voice in exchange. The orchestra, though numerically small, is efficient, and at its head, as leader, is Mr. H. Weist Hill, one of our most capable violinists.

The rest of Mr. Reed's entertainment is supplied by M. Offenbach, whose extraordinary popularity is one of the enigmas of the present day. The production of an English version of *La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme*, under the title of *Puss in Petticoats*, was not a very happy beginning. This little comedy is preferable in its non-lyrical form, to which all who remember Mdlle. Jenny Vertpré on the French, and Miss Louise Keeley (with one song) on the English, stage can testify; nor is the music of M. Offenbach by any means a favourable example of his powers—reasons which, combined with a performance beneath mediocrity, may account for the withdrawal of the piece after a few representations. The extravaganza of *Ching-chow-Hi (Bataclan)*, which has been played every evening after *The Contrabandista*, was made familiar to the London public at the Gallery of Illustration; and the puzzle is to under stand how such unmitigated rubbish could, even at the Gallery of Illustraton, have found favour.

In conclusion, we wish—just as every one who cares for the lyric drama, no matter under which of its phases exhibited, must wish—success to St. George's Opera-house. At the same time, the more persistently it is made the vehicle of bringing forward English talent, the better chance will it enjoy of becoming a fixed institution. Mr. Reed has begun well with Mr. Sullivan, and can lose nothing by further digging in the soil of native art. Meanwhile, for his foreign adaptations, which we presume are indispensable, we advise him to place little trust in M. Offenbach. M. Offenbach's humour is so peculiarly French that it is not readily transmitted through the medium of another language; the salient points in his works are in many instances wholly repulsive to English feeling, and have therefore (witness *The Grand Duchess* at Covent Garden), to be modified, if not suppressed; and his music, apart from a certain vein of lively tune here and there (never, by the way, over-original), cannot seriously be regarded as music at all. When such works are to be obtained as *Le Châlet* of Adolph Adam, *L'Eclair* of Halévy, *Les Voitures Versées* of Boieldieu, some of the earlier productions of Auber (*La Neige*, *Le Maçon*, &c.), to say nothing of the *Double Echelle* of M. Ambroise Thomas, *Bon Soir Monsieur Pantalon*, &c., of M. Grisar, with many others—all comparatively, if not wholly, unknown in this country, and any one of which could decorously be presented without modification—it seems odd that the director of St. George's Opera-house should have had recourse to *Puss in Petticoats*, and *Ching-chow-Hi*. The promise of Auber's *L'Ambassadrice*, with Mdlle. Liebhart as the heroine, is not encouraging, such an opera being entirely beyond the means of the present company. We have better hopes of a reported new operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay; and indeed, if the staple commodity cannot be provided at home, it is difficult to see how the new undertaking can serve any good purpose.—S. R.

BRIXTON—(*From a Correspondent*).—The members of the Amateur Musical Society, gave their third concert on Wednesday week. The programme was selected with judgment. The opening overture was Rossini's to *Cenerentola* well played. Donizetti's "O luce di quest' anima," sung with great success by Madame Thaddeus Wells, being encored, "Old Robin Gray," was substituted. Mr. J. H. Croft, tenor, gave "If with all your hearts" (*Elijah*), in excellent style, and with much applause. Mr. J. Chisholme sang Schubert's "Wanderer." The first part closed with Vieuxtemps' second concerto for violin and orchestra, the violinist being Mr. Chandeau Lane, who was loudly applauded at the end of his performance. The second part opened with Romberg's Symphony in D, No. 2, played throughout with accuracy and precision. The best movements in this symphony are the *allegro assai* and the *allegro finale*. Madame Wells gave Blumenthal's song, "Why was I looking out?" and Mr. J. H. Croft, Reichardt's "Love's Request." The former was encored, and the "Clochette" substituted. Mr. Chandeau Lane, who played (from memory) Wieniawski's "Airs Russes," accompanied by his brother, also received an encore. The other orchestral pieces were an operatic selection on tunes from *Ernani*, and the overture to Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, both fairly performed. Mr. Edouard Lane was accompanist. The attendance was as usual large and fashionable.—W. H. P.

I WOULD not die in happy *spring*,
When birds sing on the trees;
And the scent of early flowers
Is borne upon the breeze.

I would not die in *summer* time,
While nature looks so gay;
When all the happy lambkins frisk,
And sweetly smell the hay.

I would not die in *autumn's* prime,
When every lad and lass
Is gleaning corn from out the fields,
And kissing on the glass.

I would not die in *winter's* days,
When all a-skating go;
And when the mountain and the plain
Are frosted o'er with snow.

I would not die in early leaf,
I would not die in'ts fall,
In fact, you see, 'twixt you and me,
I would not die at all.

Banter.

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GEORGES KASTNER.

(*Concluded from page* 38).

The collection entitled *Les Chants de la Vie*, and published in 1854, is valuable, as far as the literary portion is concerned, on account of its learned researches into the development of male choral singing. We find in it everything that relates to the origin and progress of the musical unions in Germany, which, leaving their birth-places, and drawing their members from the working classes, have become the "*Orphéons*" of France.

It is, however, incorrect to attribute this movement to Luther's Reformation; it is the contrary which is true. In music, as in painting, in architecture, as in all the arts and even in polite literature, Protestantism has unquestionably been comparatively sterile. To restrict ourselves to the domain of music, we ask: can anyone for a single moment think of opposing a few meagre chorals and a few oratorios to the numberless masterpieces of the Roman, the Neapolitan, and the Venetian schools; to the colossal mass of Flemish compositions; and even to the collected musical productions of Roman Catholic Germany? The musical part of M. Kastner's book consists of twenty-eight choruses, with words by Béranger, Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, Léon Malherbe, etc. They are remarkable for their frank melody, their irreproachable harmony, and their great variety of rhythm.

One idea which could strike only M. Kastner, because he only could have brought it to a successful conclusion, was to trace out what had been the martial songs of France from the famous *bardit*, or martial Bardic song: "Pharamond, Pharamond, nous avons combattu avec l'épée," down to the patriotic hymn of Roger de Lisle. Such was the object of the book published in 1855, under the title, *Les Chants de l'Armée française*. It is a collection exceedingly well arranged and extremely varied. It contains everything of interest to be found in French manuscripts. We could never convey an idea of the riches accumulated by the patient erudition of the learned musician. Of course, the "Chanson de Roland," the grand lyrico-martial epopee of the Carlovingian period is not wanting:

"Li quens Roland, par peine et par ahans,
Par grant dulor, sunet son olifan,
Parmi la buche en salt fors li clercs sancs,
De sun cervel li temple en est rumpant.

Del corn qu'il tient l'ote en est mult grant;
Karles l'entend ki est as pors passant;
Naismes li duc l'old, si l'escultent li Franc,
Ce dist li reis: Jo oï le corn Rolant!

Unc ne l'sunast, se ne fust combatant,
Quesne respunt: De bataille est il nient.
Ja estes viets e flurís et blancs;
Par tels paroles vus ressemblez enfant.

Asez savez le grant orgoill Rolant.
Ce est merveille que Deus le soefret tant!
Pur un sul levre vat tute jur sunant;
Devant ses pers ore vait il gabant.

Car chevalcez. Pur qu'ales arrestant?"*

Such is the heroic side of the subject; but Boileau has said:

"Le Francais, né malin, créa le vaudeville."

If we were capable of forgetting the fact, M. Georges Kastner's collection would remind us of it. Side by side with the song inspired by chivalry, we meet burlesque parody, such as the popular romance, entitled "Le Convoi du duc de Guise," of which the celebrated song, "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre," is evidently an imitation. In a word, these pages do more than merely satisfy our curiosity; they contain the elements of a national history, and, viewing them in this light, we must confess that the author rendered his native country a real service.

M. Georges Kastner, like M. de Coussemaker, is a Frenchman, and it is for us a great source of satisfaction to have to praise the erudition and the disinterested love for musical science of two such men, as well as the noble use which both have for many years made of their fortunes. Both deserve the gratitude of our country for the glory their great labours have shed on it. M. de Coussemaker undertook the task of discovering the sources of harmony, of deciphering the ancient systems of notation employed in the earliest Middle Ages, and of collecting the texts of the old authors, an arduous undertaking in which he has incontestably rendered himself famous. M. Georges Kastner yielded to him the merit and the honour of this investigation, knowing that there was no one who could better bring such a work to a successful termination than M. de Coussemaker. Possessed himself of a more encyclopædic mind, M. Kastner grapples bodily with every object of study, and willingly descends into the musical arena, properly so-called, that is to say, he composes under the influence of the historical ideas and epochs which he has studied.

There can be nothing more interesting than to see, in these lyrical works, the shadows evoked by M. Kastner once again find a body, become animated, speak, act, and sing. It is a musical prosopopee, of which the idea is felicitous and original.

Comic music, that is to say the relations existing between natural noises and musical science, is the subject next treated by M. Kastner in *La Harpe d'Eole* (1856). So active and ingenious a mind as his could not fail to group around it a host of interesting observations. The cantata, *Stephen, ou la Harpe d'Eole*, terminating the volume, proves that, despite his plunging into scientific investigations, the master does not cease to be a composer, but is capable of pleasing artists as well as antiquaries. It is, however, a regular habit of this eminent musicologist to append to his literary labours a musical exemplification of the subjects treated therein. Thus *Les Voix de Paris* (1857) are followed by a grand humoristic vocal and instrumental symphony, a masterpiece of musical ingenuity, and amusing imitation.

By uniting under the above title all the noises and cries of old Lutetia, noises and cries which form not the least curious chapter in her history, the scholar desired to pay his tribute of gratitude for hospitality received. It is a pity that, on account of the complicated and numerous elements constituting it, this score, which is so original, cannot be easily executed. The composer, who was well seconded by his literary collaborator, M. Edouard Thierry, has introduced into it some graceful interludes, and among them the romance of "Le Mendiant d'Amour." The following year (1858), M. Kastner published *Les Sirènes, essai sur les principaux mythes relatifs à l'incantation*, etc. Is it necessary for us to say that this work, like its predecessors, affords evidence of immense reading? We walk about, in the midst of a forest of quotations, Greek, Latin, etc., collected with the patience of a Benedictine monk, and the discrimination of a refined critic. The book concludes with a dramatic symphony, entitled *Le Rêve d'Oswald, ou les Sirènes*, and numbering upwards of two hundred pages.

M. Kastner gave proof of indefatigable perseverance and profound erudition in his last production, entitled *Parémiologie musicale de la langue francaise ou Explication des proverbes qui tirent leur origine de la musique* (1862). The term "compiler" is too frequently taken in a bad sense for us to employ it in connection with a man of penetrating intelligence, whose sagacity turns to account the most vulgar sayings, and makes unexpected discoveries in them. To the merit of the literary work is added that of the score, placed at the end of the book, and entitled "La Saint-Julien des ménétriers."

We cannot refrain from strongly advising our readers to consult this fine work, whenever they feel inclined to banish music among the frivolous arts. They will learn from *La Parémiologie musicale* how extraordinary a part music has played in the formation of the French language, and with what a considerable number of ideas it has supplied the cause of civilization.

A meeting of the military bands of the principal European Powers took place at Paris, during the Exposition Universelle of

* Count Roland, with trouble, fatigue and great pain sounds his *olifant* (small horn). The effort causes the clear blood to issue from his mouth, and the temple of his brain to burst.

The sound of the horn he wears extends a long way. Charles, who is passing the entrance to the defiles, hears it; the Duke de Nemours, also, hears it; the Franks listen to it, and the King says: I hear Roland's horn.

He never blows it save when he is combatting. Gazelon replies: Battles are out of the question. You are already old, white, and florid; by such words you resemble a child.

You know well enough Roland's great pride. It is a marvel that God has suffered it so long! For a single hare, he will continue blowing his horn all day. He is now amusing himself with his peers.

Ride on. Wherefore do you stop?

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1867. M. Kastner suggested it. He first conceived the happy idea at Strassburgh in 1861. This musical European manifestation, followed by a competition, over which M. Kastner, with General Mellinet and M. Ambroise Thomas, presided, achieved complete success. More than twenty thousand persons greeted with their huzzahs the military bands from Austria, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Belgium, Baden, Holland, etc. It was the first festival of the kind, and was extremely interesting, as it rendered possible a comparison between the various artistic elements brought into play. M. Kastner was seconded in the execution of his plan by a clever lieutenant, M. Jonas.

It would be a superfluous task to enumerate the honorary distinctions which rewarded an existence entirely devoted to the advancement of musical education, historical as well as theoretical. The most enviable of all was that which M. Georges Kastner received, when summoned to take his place as a member of the Institute. In that glorious assembly, where all the great artistic notabilities of the country are to be found, M. Georges Kastner might with justice have been called the Humboldt of Music.

FÉLIX CLÉMENT.

CROUCH END INSTITUTE.—The committee of this institute, by permission of William Bird, Esq., gave their first concert on Thursday evening which was attended by all classes. The programme was very attractive and the audience seemed much pleased. The concert opened with a part-song, by Mendelssohn, well given. Amongst the vocal solos and duets applauded or encored were "The green trees" (Balfe), and "By the sad sea waves" (Benedict), sung by Mr. J. C. Beuthin; the Irish ballad of "Oh come to Glengariff," by Madame Armytage Cooper, which pleased greatly; "Ah why do we love," (Macfarren), by Miss Marian Bown (pupil of Mr. J. C. Beuthin); "Thou art so near," and John Barnett's "Normandy Maid," by Mr. Frank Elmore. Mr. Willis Bishop and Mr. J. C. Jackson also contributed to the programme The room was beautifully decorated, by ladies, with flowers and evergreens in honour of the opening night. The performance was under the direction of Mr. J. C. Beuthin of the Royal Academy.—B. B.

BURDETT HALL, LIMEHOUSE.—A concert took place at this spacious hall on Monday last, for the benefit of Madame Armytage Cooper, a talented vocalist and pianist. The concert opened with Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," sung by Miss Grace Armytage, Madame Cooper, and Mr. H. C. Sanders, after which a varied programme was given. Madame Armytage Cooper sang Wallace's "Sweet Spirit," and Arditi's "Il Bacio." b sides playing Wallace's grand galop, "The Czar," on the pianoforte, with great applause. Miss Grace Armytage, Miss Alice Campbell, Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. H. C. Sanders, &c., gave several concerted vocal pieces and solos, which afforded evident satisfaction to the audience.—B. B.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The concert lately given at the Carlton Rooms, by the company of talented amateurs known as the Wandering Minstrels, in aid of the West India Hurricane Fund, met with the greatest success, and the projectors have been enabled to place to the credit of the fund the sum of £107 8s. 4d.—a gratifying result of laudable exertions. The programme was varied and interesting, and the hall was crowded with an appreciative audience.

COLOGNE.—Mdme. Clara Schumann and Herr Stockhausen appeared at the fifth Gürzenich Concert, when none but compositions by Beethoven were given Among them were the Pianoforte Concerto in G major; "An die ferne Geliebte;" Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus, and Orchestra; the Pastoral Symphony, &c.

UTRECHT.—The programme of the first concert given by the "Collegium Musicum Ultrajectinum" comprised: Symphony, C major, Haydn; Air from *Orpheus*, Gluck; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; and Overture to *König Stephan*, Beethoven.

What a winsome place for a weary head—
Is that dearest of places, that dear old bed!
There all the sorrows of earth have fled,
The scorn, the terror, the cold, the dread:
In your business badly, perhaps, you have sped,
You have hoped for luck, and got loss instead;
But home you come with elastic tread,
And then, to all trouble and worry dead,
You shut yourself in with curtains red,
And lay down your head as heavy as lead
On the pillow. Enough has been surely said
And I'm very tired, so I'm going to—sleep.

Fun.

CHARITIES—DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

Mr. Gladstone, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, once threw out a hint that the question of taxation of the charities of the country might some day be brought under notice of the Legislature. Any reader of the *Guide to the Benevolent Institutions of the Metropolis*, would draw the conclusion that, looking at the formidable list (nearly 2000 in number), every kind of misfortune and misery was provided for; but if the public press be perused at this festive (?) period, astonishment must be felt that money is required for cases which do not come under the category of the existing societies. In private life the applications of the unfortunate are overwhelming, and when it is sought to give a helping hand by reference to specific charities, which it is imagined are devoted to particular forms of suffering, it is too often found that the rules and regulations are of such a stringent nature that somehow or other no aid can be afforded. The Musical and Dramatic Charities are no exemption from a too general rule—that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain assistance for the most undeniable cases of distress. And thus it is that benefits at theatres, benefit concerts, and private subscriptions must be resorted to. Subscribers to the charities naturally feel aggrieved that, independently of their financial support to the societies, they are constantly pressed for extraneous assistance. The general reply of the officials when called upon to relieve certain cases is, that the applicants are not members of the respective institutions, which, being essentially benefit societies, exclude all help except for actual members thereof.

This kind of answer would be conclusive and just if the societies were *bonâ fide* provident ones under the Friendly Societies' Acts, or by charter, and if the funds were exclusively derived from the payments of the members. But such is not the case. Take as an illustration the "Charities," "Societies," or "Funds," or "Institutions"—call them by what name you will—specially "consecrated" to artists, whether musical or dramatic, or both: the majority of these associations appeal to the general public, either through the private begging box, by public advertisement, or by collections at annual banquets. There can be no doubt that the main supply of the funds of the charities has arisen from the donations and subscriptions at dinners, and the liberal donor or regular subscriber feels indignant when, perhaps after his purse strings have been unloosened for years, he finds that his first application on behalf of a miserable musician or distressed dramatist is met by a point of form fatal to the hopes of the unfortunate artist.

The dramatic institutions of London are the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund (1760); the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund (1766); the Royal General Theatrical Fund (1839); the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Association (1855); the Royal Dramatic College (1858); and the Britannia Theatre Sick Fund (1861). The musical charities are the Royal Society of Musicians (1738); the Choral Fund Society (1791); the Choir Benevolent Society (1851); the Society of British and Foreign Musicians (1822); the Music Hall Sick Fund Provident Society (1867); and the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society. So far as numbers go, it might be assumed that an artist must, under one or the other society, secure relief; but if he has not been a subscribing member, he may starve. Of course the preaching in reply to this class of unfortunates is, "Be provident, and invest some of your earnings in an institution." But we contend that help ought to be extended to the "improvident" even if they have not been members of provident or benefit societies. The enormous resources of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Funds have been principally raised by subscriptions and donations, and the money was given for the general advantage of the profession, and not because of a geographical situation in Bow Street or Drury Lane. It is by "Act of Parliament" it is asserted. The sooner the Act is repealed and the two funds blended, the better for the artists—having due respect for "vested interests," the bugbear always put forward against amalgamation. The actors and actresses of the Royal Dramatic College might then have some additional comforts. If there was one general institution applicable to the histrionic profession, and another to the musical profession, each association so organized as to embrace all cases of distress, and allowing to subscribers all the advantages accruing from their annual investment, a vast outlay in the working of two such general charities would be saved, and we should hear much less of benefits at theatres and concert benefits, which are yearly on the increase, and for which the gratuitous services of artists are so severely and urgently put in requisition—an enormous tax, which, however cheerfully submitted to by the general body of both professions, has no equitable foundation.

The combination and consolidation of the public charities of the country will sooner or later receive the earnest attention of the Legislature.

C. L. G.

LEIPSIC.—A new opera entitled *Im Kyffhäuser*, by Herr Mühldorf, the second conductor, has been successfully produced.

VIENNA.—Herr von Bülow will give three Beethoven-Soirées in February.

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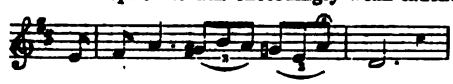
REVIEWS.

Wavering Sea. Song. Words from the Swedish of Baroness Barnchou. Translated by Margaret E. Tupper. Composed by Isabella Scales. [London: Keith, Prowse, & Co.]

This is an address to the sea, in the key of F major, with a compass of ten notes. The music is correctly written, not without a fair attempt at expression, and presents sufficient variety. In these respects it resembles hundreds of other songs; but the resemblance is carried still further, and hence we are compelled to say that the "Wavering Sea" has neither distinctive character nor originality in any form.

Love all men as thy Brother. Song. Written by J. E. Carpenter. Music by J. W. Cherry. [London: S. Clark.]

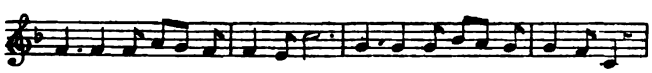
The moral of this song though, not particularly new, is particularly good, and the words have a manly ring in them pleasantly contrasting with the vapid sentiment of which verse makers give us enough and to spare. Songs of this class require a bold well-defined melody of a sort calculated to emphasize the words, and not to draw from them the listener's attention. So much Mr. Cherry has been able to supply, but we must take exception to this exceedingly weak cadence,



although it does remind one of the composer's successful "Will-o'-the-Wisp."

Farewell this Bright Land, Recitative; and *When at the Tournament*, Aria. Romance music by Jules Benedict. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

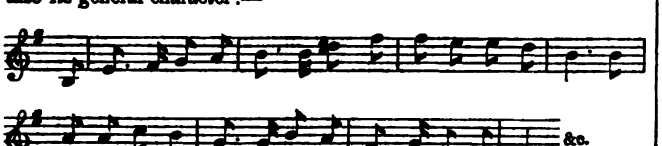
The name of the composer is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of this song. The music (in F, with a compass from C below the staff to F, fifth line) is very melodious and flowing, beginning after this fashion:—



and terminating in a *coda* as full of grace as of musicianly skill. We need scarcely say that the accompaniment is, throughout, a distinctive feature, by virtue of the thoroughly artistic style in which it is written. For this reason the recitative has an importance but little inferior to that of the air. We can commend this very excellent production to the reader's notice.

Swedish Songs sung by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson: 1. My Heart follows Thee. 2. There is a Wreath of dewy Flowers. 3. The Water Bride. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mdlle. Nilsson sing the songs of her native country will welcome the chance of possessing them, especially with a portrait of the charming singer as a frontispiece. The first of the three before us has an extremely simple melody in F major, which makes up in sweetness what it lacks in character. The second (in F minor) is much more distinctive, and has all the pathos by which—as a rule—Swedish songs are marked. Here is the cadence of each verse:—

No. 3, however, is the most peculiar in style, as well as the most beautiful. The words are a translation (by Mr. Wellington Guernsey) of Goethe's "Der Fischer," a poem which Zelter, Schubert, and Reissiger, have each set to music. Neither of those composers, however, were more successful than the author or adapter of this Swedish air. It is in E minor, and opens note for note like the "Volkslied" in Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." A quotation will show this, and also its general character:—

There is a good deal of unaffected beauty in the song, and it is bound to become a favourite wherever known.

Waltzes by Josef Gung'l. 1. Marien. 2. Artuaklange. 3. Jungeherren Tanze. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

The excellence of Gung'l's waltzes need not now be asserted, and those before us are among his best. In fertility of bright and sparkling melody, in variety, and in those finishing touches which can come only from the hand of a musician, they are a model of their kind.

The Barons of Old. Words by J. E. Carpenter. Composed by John Barnett. [London: J. M'Dowell & Co.]

This is a song of the vigorous, masculine type, represented by "The Brave Old Oak" and "The Friar of Orders Grey," with which established favourites it is by no means unfit to be associated. The air is full of animation, and has a certain rough dignity quite in keeping with the subject. We must give a word of praise to the verses, which serve to call up all the romance attached to the mailed warriors of the olden time; a romance no knowledge that they were really a set of semi-savages is able to dissipate. Let gentlemen amateurs who have bass voices and strong lungs follow Mr. Santley in singing this song, even though they do so *longo intervallo.*

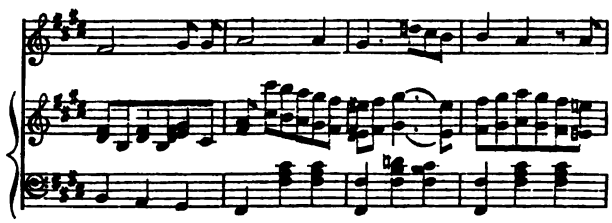
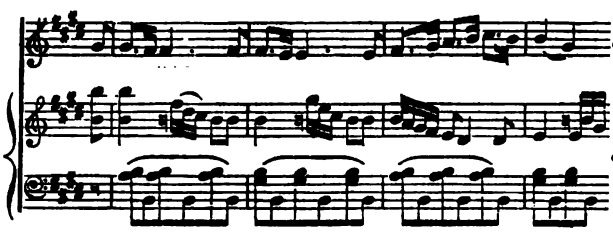
A Sister's Early Love. Written and composed by J. A. Wade. [London: J. M'Dowell & Co.]

An unpretending song in honour of a sister whose "fairy form" has "vanished." The music calls for no remark, but we may say that those who like the sentimental ballads of the Christy Minstrels, will very probably, be pleased to have their attention directed to Mr. Wade's effusion.

As the Robin, when once fondly cherished. Ballad. Sung by Mrs. Sims Reeves. Written by J. E. Inman, Esq. Composed by Sir Henry R. Bishop. [London: J. M'Dowell & Co.]

The melody of this song shows all the peculiar features of the composer, who wrote in a style which may be called essentially English. Both words and music are very pleasing, while the latter has the additional advantage of being very easy.

Oh! Gentle Spirit. Romance. Written by Augustus Greville; the Music composed by Felicien David. [London: Joseph Williams.]

This is a song of special excellence. It is written in E major, and adapted for a mezzo-soprano or baritone voice, the compass ranging from C below the staff to E, fourth space. Both melody and accompaniment are easy, but the song combines beauty with simplicity in no ordinary degree. Here is an example:—

And here another, which will recommend it more efficiently than any words of ours:—

Perles et Diamants. Valse brillante pour Piano. Par Gustave Lange. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

There is a good deal of melody in this piece, it is easy to play, and sufficiently showy to be popular with a large class of amateurs.

Le Papillon. Mazurka de Concert. Par Gustave Lange. [London A. Hammond & Co.]

A real mazurka, full of "go" from beginning to end.

Madrid.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been succeeded at the Operahouse by Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan.* According to our contemporary, *El Artista*, Signore Penco, Sonnieri, Tati, Signori Tamberlik and Bonnehée were all very good in the first. In the second, Signora Majo had some "happy moments" as Maria; Signora Tati was successful as Gondi; M. Naudin gave satisfaction as Count de Chalais; and M. Bonnehée made an admirable Duc de Chevreuse.—The fourth concert given by the Sociedad de Cuartetos took place on the 12th inst., at the Conservatory, when the following works were played: Trio in C minor (Op. 9), Beethoven; Sonata in C minor (Op. 30), Beethoven; and Quartet in G (Op. 76), Haydn. The executants were Sres. Monasterio, Lestan, Castellano, Quelbenzu, and Peres.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27TH, 1868,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Schumann.*

SONGS { "Sun of the sleepless" ... / "I hear a small bird calling" } Miss JULIA ELTON ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

PRELUDE, COURANTE, and ALLEMANDE, for Violoncello—Signor PIATTI ... ... *Bach.*

OLD ENGLISH DITTY, "The Oak and the Ash"—Miss JULIA ELTON.

TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in D major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... ... *Mozart.*

SONGS { "Moonlight" ... / "Beauteous cradle" } Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... *Schumann.*

SONATA, in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONGS { "Questions" / "Reflections" } Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Schumann.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

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"We strongly advise musicians to add the book to their store, and its contents to their minds."—*Musical Standard.*

"It would be impossible within the limits of a brief notice to do anything like justice to the manner in which these ideas are worked out in the seven well-written and extremely interesting chapters of which this volume consists. . . . The remarks upon modern oratorios and cantata writing are particularly *apropos*."—*Morning Star.*

London: THOMAS MURBY, 32, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.; SIMPKIN & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.; J. GODDARD, 136, St. Paul's Road, N.W.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDOS de MACEDOINE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jehan Maugin, dit le Petit Angenin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY GUINEAS.

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DEATHS.

On the 22nd inst., at his residence, 47, Queensborough Terrace, London, CHARLES JOHN KEAN, Esq., in his 58th year.

On the 19th inst., at 8, Powis Grove, Brighton, after two days' illness, JENNY ELEANOR, nearly eight years of age, the dearly beloved third child of Herr Immanuel and Madame Liebich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Among the discoveries of Faraday were—the induction of electricity in the secondary coil of a voltaic current; the cause of the rotary motion of a metallic disc under the influence of an electric current; the action of the voltaic battery produced by chemical decomposition, not by mere contact of metals; the magneto-electricity; and the induction of frictional electricity.

AMATEUR.—Mendelssohn's "Trumpet Overture" was performed at the last Dublin Philharmonic Concert, when the symphony was one by Kalliwoda (No. 2). Mr. Bussell is still the conductor.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

THE world of music has just suffered a great, nay, in some respects, an irreparable loss. Moritz Hauptmann, Cantor at the Thomasschule, Leipsic, died on the 4th January. His father, chief Government Architect, wished at first to bring the boy up to his own profession, and caused him to study architecture and mathematics conjointly with the usual subjects of a liberal education. He encouraged, however, the boy's musical talent so far as to have him taught something of the violin and thoroughbass. Until the age of eighteen, Moritz Hauptmann was, therefore, intended for an architect, but, moved by his invincible love for music, the father then allowed him to follow his own bent, and sent him to Spohr, then *Concertmeister* at Gotha. Moritz resided there a year, during which the mutual relation of master and pupil grew into a life-long friendship. In 1813, Hauptmann was engaged as violinist in the Royal Chapel, Dresden, but only ten months subsequently he proceeded to Vienna, where Spohr was acting as *Capellmeister*, and remained there nearly six months. In 1815, he accepted a situation in the family of Prince Repnin, hoping that he should accompany the latter to Italy; but Fate ruled otherwise. The Prince having been appointed to some high post, remained in Russia, and to this fact the world is indebted for one of the most important scientific works ever written. In Southern Russia, at that period (1815—20) far removed from artistic life, reminiscences of his scientific studies were awakened in the mind of the young music-master; he plunged, so to speak, into mathematical investigations, and there can be no doubt that many sketches, which were afterwards turned to account and included in *Harmonik und Metrik*, date from this time. The same is true of many of his compositions, though not published till subsequently; we may particularly mention the "Violin Duets."

On his return from Russia, Hauptmann lived a private life for two years in Dresden, and kept up a continual correspondence with Spohr, whose influence was undoubtedly instrumental in procuring him an appointment at Cassel (1822). For twenty years did Hauptmann work in that town, remaining there till he was named (while absent on a holiday trip to Paris) Cantor and Musical Director at the Thomasschule, Leipsic. In 1843, on the establishment of the Conservatory, he added to his other duties those of Professor of Counterpoint and Fugue. It was then that his high artistic qualities as a composer, and his unrivalled excellence as a master were fully developed. His compositions, especially his four-part sacred and profane songs, as well as his Sonatas for Piano and Violin, commanded the respect of all musicians, while his theoretical works, his analysis of the art peculiar to Bach's

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Fugues, and, more especially, his book on *Harmonik und Metrik*, inspired all skilled in art and science with astonishment and admiration. With regard to him personally, there was but one opinion. He was an amiable and modest scholar, gentle in his opinions; a friend of youth; and always vigorous and fresh in mind. Thus did he work on, a blessing to all, till his death. In him expired a man as valuable to music as any one could be; his mind, developed by a thorough and varied education, was actively employed in various branches of knowledge: but all these various branches met in one point: the high eminence of art.

Hauptmann was one of the four professors who were entrusted with the honourable task of selecting and preparing for publication the manuscript compositions left by Mendelssohn. His associates in this work (labour of love?) were Herren Moscheles, Julius Rietz, and Ferdinand David.

—o—

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Liverpool papers contain long and eulogistic notices of the last Philharmonic Concert, in their splendid hall, at which Mendelssohn's (already celebrated) *Reformation Symphony* was admirably played, under the direction of Mr. Benedict; the *scherzo* unanimously encored, and the whole received with enthusiasm—a new triumph for one of the most splendid, though one of the earliest works of the worthy successor of Handel and Beethoven. At the same concert Mr. Benedict himself played the new book (the eighth) of *Lieder ohne Worte*, to the general satisfaction of the audience. The oftener these "Songs without Words" are heard the better they are liked. They will soon be on the desk of every pianoforte in Great Britain. A large portion of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music (the duet by Miss Edmonds and Mdme. Patey-Whytock), added to the foregoing, made this substantially a Mendelssohn-concert. At all events it has unanimously been pronounced the finest concert ever given by the Philharmonic Society. *Vive* BENEDICT.

SIMS REEVES IN ORATORIO.—The recent performance of Haydn's *Creation* by the Sacred Harmonic Society had the advantage not only of Mr. Santley's admirable singing in the bass solos, but also of the re-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who has been far too sparingly heard of late. Earnestness of style and intensity of expression allied to vocal power and training, rare in tenor singers of any nation, are peculiarly so among those of our own country. Hence, especially in oratorio singing, Mr. Reeves is scarcely to be replaced without great disadvantage to the performance. In all the highest qualities of a vocal artist, elevated expression and nobility of style, Mr. Reeves's progress has been continuous up to a very recent period, and he is now perhaps scarcely capable of further advance. His delivery of the beautiful accompanied recitative, "In splendour bright," was an admirable piece of declamatory singing; while the gentle tenderness of the air, "In native worth," was also perfect in the very opposite style of subdued *cantabile*. In short, throughout the oratorio Mr. Reeves again proved that we have no one to supply his place.—*London Review*.

THE death of Mr. Charles Kean was announced in the second edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Thursday evening. It occurred on Wednesday night. Mr. Kean was in his fifty-eighth year, having been born on the 18th of January, 1811. He was educated at Eton, and in the autumn of 1827 he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre as young Norval. In 1830 Mr. Charles Kean, for the first time, visited America, where he was warmly received. On the 29th of February, 1842, he married Miss Ellen Tree. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean visited America together, and returning to England in 1847, they re-appeared at the Haymarket on the 17th January, 1848, in Mr. Lovel's play of *The Wife's Secret*. In was in 1850 that, in conjunction with Mr. Keeley, he undertook the management of the Princess's Theatre, where his Shaksperian revivals won for him a high place in the estimation of playgoers. For several months Mr. Kean had been out of health, and for some weeks it had been known that his recovery was impossible.

MR. JOHN BARNBY'S CHOIR.—At the first subscription concert of Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir, on the 29th inst., a march, composed by Mendelssohn in celebration of the visit of the painter Cornelius to Dresden in 1841, will be performed for the first time in this country. The remainder of the programme, consisting entirely of Mendelssohn's works, comprises *Athalie*, the *Reformation Symphony*, and the *finale* to *Lorely*.

LEEDS EXHIBITION.—Arrangements have been made with Mr. Charles Hallé to undertake the chief direction of the musical performances at the forthcoming National Exhibition of Art works to be held in Leeds. His band will give daily performances, and Mr. Hallé himself conduct special concerts.

MADAME SCHUMANN will make her first appearance this season at the Monday Popular Concert of Monday next, when she will play Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 101), and (with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti) Mendelssohn's second trio. The concert is to begin, very appropriately, with Schumann's first quartet (in A minor).

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY — GUSTAVE DORE'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.—"Le tapis vert," or "Life at Baden-Baden," is certainly one of the most remarkable paintings that ever was exhibited in London, and is a most marvellous representation of real life. To those who have visited Baden-Baden this picture must be peculiarly interesting, for many of the persons represented are striking likenesses, particularly the croupiers and the old lady at the end of the table to the left, who is well known not only at Baden-Baden but Hombourg les Bains as well. The picture is thirty feet broad and sixteen feet high; it is a very clever satire, illustrative of the pursuits of a certain class of society who frequent Baden-Baden and other fashionable watering places. "Jephthah's Daughter"—The principal figure is seen in the centre of the picture sitting upon a large stone on the top of a barren hill. She is surrounded by seven beauteous Jewish maidens on the early morn of the last day, the day on which "she returned unto her father, who did with her according to the vow he had vowed." The first gorgeous rays of an Oriental sun bursts forth, depicting with distinctness the figures in the foreground. A little raised above her lovely companions is seen the doomed maiden in sad misgivings, but the maiden on the right of the picture, whose features are seen in profile, is our favourite. The expression of her mouth is a triumph of art. The harmony of colour displayed in the garments of the maidens is very remarkable. "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle"—All we can say about this marvellous fantastic picture is—go and see it. It is truly a marvel of art in the highest degree.—H. ST. L.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT announces a grand orchestral and choral concert, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 11th proximo, when will be performed, for the first time in London, his cantata of *The Ancient Mariner*, composed expressly for and produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival, 1867. There will be a band and chorus of upwards of 350 performers, conducted by the composer. The Sisters Doria (from the San Carlo, of Naples) will make their first appearance in England at this concert. These ladies are daughters of Mr. John Barnett, composer of the *Pet of the Petticoats*, the *Mountain Sylph*, *Fair Rosamund*, *Farinelli*, &c., and paternal uncle of the young concert-giver, who has already done so much honour to the name he bears.

PRESENTATION TO THE MANAGER OF ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A valuable silver cup was recently presented to Mr. Ambrose Austin, the able and courteous manager of St. James's Hall, by Messrs. Moore and Crocker, proprietors of the Christy Minstrels. The cup bore the following inscription:—"*Presented to Ambrose Austin, Esq., by Messrs. Moore and Crocker, proprietors of the Original Christy Minstrels, as a slight appreciation of his invariable courtesy and kindness to themselves and their company at St. James's Hall. Jan. 1, 1868.*"—B. B.

MALAGA.—Signora Spezia lately took her benefit, when the opera selected was *Il Barbiere*. The theatre had never been so crowded since the Queen of Spain attended a performance in it some years since. The *bénéficiaire* was overwhelmed with nosegays, and verses, while doves were let loose to greet her. But the admiration of the public did not stop here. It took a more substantial form in the shape of presents. Among them may be mentioned a gold crown with flowers of emeralds and rubies; an ornament of brilliants and pearls; another of brilliants and Roman mosaics. The last was a tribute from the lady subscribers to the boxes. All these were offered to Signora Spezia on the stage by a committee of subscribers, who carried them on a chased silver salver. Sig. Aldighieri was the Figaro. There is a report that Signora Spezia, Sig. Aldighieri, and other members of the Italian company, intend appearing in some of the most popular Spanish *Zarzuelas*, or comic operas, and that they will sing also *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in Spanish.

LISBON.—Sig. Mongini has appeared with brilliant success in *La Sonnambula* and *Gli Ugonotti*.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "London Review," Jan.* 18.)

At the Popular Concert of Monday last (13th inst.), Mr. Sims Reeves was the vocalist of the evening. His reading of two romantic *Lieder*, by Schubert and Schumann ("Regret" and "Devotion") was perfect alike in conception and execution; and the effect produced by the second was such as to secure an immediate encore. This beautiful song of Schumann—one of many such—is alone sufficient to stamp him as a man of fine thought and exquisite feeling. The highly coloured and richly contrasted pianoforte accompaniment, an important feature in these *Lieder*, was admirably played by Mr. Benedict. In Beethoven's "Adelaida" (the difficult pianoforte part most effectively rendered by Madame Arabella Goddard), Mr. Reeves sang with the same contrast of power and expression he has so often before displayed in the same noble song.

The instrumental music was throughout of high interest. Schubert's elaborate ottet for stringed and wind instruments was noticed by us on its first performance here in March last, since when it has been several times repeated, on each occasion with increased appreciation of its manifold beauties. In spite of its great length (fully that of a grand orchestral symphony), it was listened to with unflagging interest throughout, and the *scherzo* and trio encored. Like Beethoven's celebrated septet, it has, in addition to the *scherzo* and slow movement performed, a minuet and an *andante* with variations, which were not procurable, the score being in an inaccessible manuscript. Madame Arabella Goddard's solo performance was Mozart's pianoforte Sonata in B flat, a work abounding in passages of exquisite grace and beauty, although scarcely attaining the force and grandeur of some of his similar works of a later period. (The sonata referred to was composed in 1777.) The exquisite finish, the point and crispness of touch and elasticity of finger with which Madame Goddard performed this piece were beyond all praise. The unflagging vivacity and distinct articulation of the spirited final *rondo* brought her performance to a close, amid the most hearty applause, which continued until the pianist returned twice in acknowledgment. Mendelssohn's quartet for piano and stringed instruments (Op. 3, in B minor), offers a remarkable contrast to the comparatively simple work of Mozart. The quartet abounds in elaborate and brilliant passages for the principal instrument, requiring the highest powers of a concerto player. The work is one which Mendelssohn himself was fond of playing in his early youth, to which period it belongs, having been composed by him at the age of fifteen. This production of a marvellous boyhood dates one year earlier than his grand ottet for stringed instruments, and two years before his immortal overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Such works as these stamp Mendelssohn as the greatest of all examples of precocious musical genius. The first movement of the quartet in B minor has a sombre grandeur of character, an amplitude of design and development nothing short of marvellous in the production of a boy of fifteen. Equally admirable is the sustained beauty of the *adagio*, and the fiery impulse of the *finale*; while in the *scherzo* we have the first instance of that remarkable form on which Mendelssohn has, in this and many later instances, impressed a distinct character of individuality. Nothing could be finer than Madame Goddard's performance of this work throughout—whether in the complex and difficult *bravura* passages of the first and last movements and the *scherzo*, or in the tranquil and beautiful phrases of the *adagio*, it was a display of consummate pianoforte playing. Mozart's graceful and melodious trio for piano, clarionet, and tenor, simple by comparison with the executive difficulties of Mendelssohn's elaborate work, made an agreeable and worthy climax to an excellent concert. M. Straus was the leading violinist, the other instrumentalists being Mr. L. Ries (second violin), Mr. H. Blagrove (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Mr. Reynolds (double bass), Mr. Lazarus (clarionet), Mr. C. Harper (horn), and Mr. Winterbottom (bassoon).

(*From the "Morning Star," Jan.* 22.)

There was another extremely crowded audience at last Monday's concert (Jan. 20), when the following bill of fare was presented:—

PART I.—Quartet in A minor, Op. 29 (Schubert); "Sleep Song," from *Masaniello* (Auber); Minuet, Cantabile, and Gigue—violin (Veracini); Song, "O beauteous Star" (*Tannhäuser*) (Wagner); Pastoral Sonata—pianoforte (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sonata in B flat—pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn); Song, "The Message" (Blumenthal); Quartet in C major, Op. 33, No. 2 (Haydn).

Of the above very interesting selection, the only portion absolutely new to Mr. Arthur Chappell's regular adherents was Veracini's quaint and charming violin music, in connection with which the fine-toned and beautifully-clear playing of Herr Straus won universal admiration. The minuet and pendant "Gavotte"—the first in E major, the second in E minor—quite carry the hearer back to the style of Bach and Handel: and the "Cantabile Adagio" is yet more suggestive of the latter composer's now old-fashioned but ever freshly lovely airs. Judging from the programmes, past, present, and to come, this season appears likely to set Schubert in his proper place, so far as the estimation of the London amateur lovers of chamber instrumental music is concerned. That which Mr. Charles Hallé and Madame Arabella Goddard did last summer for the pianoforte compositions of this worthy contemporary of Beethoven, Mr. Arthur Chappell is bent upon accomplishing for the concerted pieces of the same composer, and there are few among those who frequent St. James's Hall from a genuine desire of improvement that will not heartily thank him for his intention. The string quartet in A minor, written in 1824, was Schubert's first essay at that kind of composition, but it is not the less interesting on that account. Thoroughly genial and melodious, and never tedious, it is everywhere characteristic of a genius that seemed to have an almost inexhaustible fund of ideas at command. Moreover, it shows no traces of that depression under which the delicate and often embarrassed composer was labouring when he wrote it. The players on Monday night were Messrs. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, in whose hands every movement went excellently. Madame Arabella Goddard, the expected pianist of the occasion, being unfortunately not well, the pianoforte part of the programme was kindly taken by Herr Pauer, who proved himself a true artist (though there could be no doubt of that before), by accepting the arrangements as they stood, and playing the Sonata in D major of Beethoven, and the piano part in Mendelssohn's beautiful duet for that instrument and violoncello (Signor Piatti, of course), as perfectly as could be desired. He was deservedly recalled at the conclusion of his solo. Mr. Sims Reeves was again the vocalist, and sang the three songs set down for him as only he can sing. He accepted the encore demanded for Auber's delightful invocation to sleep with cheerful alacrity; but required much pressing before he would repeat "The Message." There were some who would have liked to hear Wagner's rhapsodical address to the evening star over again also, but we must confess our inability to admire this specimen of the "Zukunft-musik."

TO ADMIRAL WINK OF THE NORTH.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—In my last epistle to you I omitted to mention the two names I know you highly estimate. To my commendations on Mr. Ward, your indefatigable secretary, I think the society are all indebted. A more amiable, kind and genuine character I seldom meet with. Friend Ward has been warmly attached to the club—most joyfully alloting a portion of his time to advance its prosperity, and has succeeded in making it what it is. Monetary matters secure additional subscribers and one of the most pleasing evenings that can be enjoyed in this locality. Ever ready to lend his powerful aid, with a zealous and warm heart, determined purpose of mind, being mixed professionally with figures, our good Ward "is the right man in the right place," and has been a great auxiliary to this nursery of the fine arts. Long may he contribute his time to this rising institution. Unassuming, free from adulation, gentle and kind, of a character beyond suspicion, Ward is our stay and support; "he is a man, every inch of him," and may he continue the avocation he has so sincerely discharged for six years past. I am sure, Admiral Wink, you endorse every sentiment I have advanced. There is another member of the society, whom I should like to see more public—I allude to your gallant friend and neighbour, Mr. Prosser, our financier of this town. Mr. Prosser, if you recal to mind, resided in Worcester for many years—as good hearted a man as the faithful city could boast. He was pupil of Mr. L. D'Egville, sen.; the violin then being his fond instrument. As a youth he made rapid strides, soon seen to be in the proud position of playing second violin by his master at the old concerts which took

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place at the Natural History Rooms. Our vivacious friend certainly has had much of his time absorbed in his new official position, which he is so excellently calculated for. Still, Prosser, any time you favour the society with some of your good old melodies, they will rejoice to hear you. I know your aversion to public playing—nervous temperament. I am sure the little crew will bear with you and will be delighted if you will occasionally favour them with some of those pleasing themes in which you have enchanted so many of your musical brethren. Respected Admiral—it is with pleasure I notice your faithful companion, Trim, is improved. His seclusion lately from society has arrested those musical shakes from which he has been a great sufferer. Miss Wink's kind attention to her fond one has been rewarded.

Bather of Ledbury will be delighted to see Shirley Brooks. Morriss is quite well, labouring hard at the *News*, using his pungent wit with terrible vengeance when he sees it necessary. With kind regards, dear Admiral, trusting you will continue to prosper, your health preserved.—I am, yours very sincerely, HOLMES OF HALLOW.

Hallow the Hole, near Malvern Hills, Jan. 21.

P.S. When a Lady of kind nature and philanthrophy takes her residence in any spot, her goodness widens, promoting peace and comfort among those who have the felicity of her acquaintance. Such a good and amiable Lady is Mrs. Lane Freer late of Bishopstone near Hereford and wife of the large hearted Archdeacon Freer late of Hereford Cathedral. The diocese of the Ancient City lost one of their best men in the Archdeacon. A genuine honest character, —no clerical assumption—tender to a degree, his demise cast sorrow over all, and few men were ever consigned to their last home more beloved not only in his own rural parish (which was his delight) but the old County of Hereford. The great interest the good man took in all musical matters, particularly the Service of the Temple and triennial Festivals are now reflections of the past. Happily his benevolent lady has located herself in West Malvern ever since her lamented husband's death. The quiet manner in which she distributes her charity are well appreciated by the poor of this pretty Village who find her a comforter, friend and fellow labourer in all that is good. On Monday week she very kindly provided some 150 poor Boys with a good tea at the School Room of the Church. A number of Ladies of the parish were in attendance. Certainly it was one of the most lively evenings the little rising generation has experienced for many a day. All Sorts of Amusements were prepared, finishing about 9. The young rustics wended their way home, shouting to the pitch of their melodious voices, thanking the good Mrs. Freer for her many acts of kindness, and also for furnishing them with so hearty a repast.—H. OF H.

—o—

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—Surveillance is now exercised over pocket-handkerchiefs in Paris. It is considered objectionable to use one of those adorned with the portrait of the first Emperor. At the representation of *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*, Leonie, who plays My Lord Boule de Gomme, thought he would produce a comic effect by sneezing in a pocket-handkerchief bearing the equestrian figure of Napoleon I. One evening a country sous-prefet, struck with horror at recognizing the well known features applied to the nostrils of Leonie, communicated to the prefect the circumstance he had witnessed. The prefect addressed report on the subject to the Minister, setting forth the danger the State incurs by permitting treason in the Théâtre de l'Athenée, Rue Scribe. The Minister wrote to his colleague; the colleague summoned M. Camille Domet; notes, *procès verbaux*, &c., were exchanged. Leonie, unconscious that his handkerchief had become an affair of state, was informed that if he did not get another he would be arrested on the stage. But the outraged feelings of prefectorial and ministerial loyalty were soon appeased; Leonie bought another handkerchief, on which Croquet taming his lions is splendidly emblazoned. Yet who knows if even this may not be symbolical of sedition.—Yours, &c., HOOKEM BEAK.

—o—

TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

SIR,—As a musical amateur who has long desired to see established in England something equivalent to the French Opéra Comique and Les Bouffes Parisiens, I beg leave to offer you my warmest thanks for having noticed, with greater heartiness and more just appreciation than all the London press put together, the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. German Reed, in his recent production of comic opera at St. George's Hall. Indeed, I feel almost as indignant as poor Haydn did at the crowds of noodles that flocked to see a wretched little "Tom Thumb," rather than his great picture, when I observe more attention by far bestowed on any one of the inane and trumpery pantomimes of the season than upon *The Contrabandista* of Arthur Sullivan. And yet this is a musical work, marvellously in advance of all attempts of the kind in this country, and worthy to stand by the side with those of Adolphe Adam, Ambroise Thomas, and Jacques Offenbach, hitherto, in their way, unapproachable. I say this of *The Contrabandista* in spite of a deep-rooted prejudice in favour of the composers of *Le Chalet*, *Le Caid*, and *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*, of which I have often said to myself in words to be found in one of the songs of Offenbach's *Dragonette*:—

"Quel concert magique!
Je me souviendrai
De cette musique,
Tant que je vivrai."

And now I find myself repeating these words in recollection of the two occasions on which I have listened to the piquant melodiousness and charming orchestration of *The Contrabandista*. I am off to a shilling seat in St. George's Hall for the third time, and although I shall even sit out Offenbach's *Bataclan* or *Ching-chow-hi*, don't put me down for *un fanatico*, &c.

London, Jan. 23, 1868. EPICURO MUSICO.

[Mr. Sullivan has reason to thank Mr. Epicuro Musico for putting him in the same rank as M. Offenbach, the musical Pierrot of the Continent.—A. S. S.]

—o—

TO H. WEIST HILL, Esq.

SIR,—I think attention ought to be called to the wretched music played generally at our pantomimes this season. If a pantomime is a necessary evil of the time, surely we ought to have it mitigated and rendered in some way tolerable by good orchestras. To say nothing of the incidental pieces, the overtures give a fair opportunity for the band to play something decent; the composer has only to link together a few well-known tunes, with an attempt at artistic connection and propriety. But almost universally we have vulgar comic airs thrust upon us without even an effort to cover their associations with studied chords or intervals. Such tunes occur with the most wearisome and vexing iteration. The people in the stalls and boxes do not surely cultivate acquaintance with them, and the manager is bound to cater for us as well as for the occupants of the galleries.

Westbourne Grove. H. F.

—o—

TO ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT, M.D.

SIR,—Mr. Cole, after undertaking universal exhibitions, universal libraries, and universal catalogues, is now going into universal music. The great and glorious plan for the sake of which he has deluged South Kensington with circulars should have every publicity given to it, and here it is:—

"EVENING MUSICAL CHURCH SERVICES

AT HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, BROMPTON.

"*Workmen with their wives and families and the Poor are especially invited to take part in these services.*

W. J. IRONS, D.D., Chairman.
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At each service, besides the usual choral singing, an Anthem will be sung by a special choir, also Psalms and the Evening Hymn, in the singing of which the congregation are especially requested to join."

Perhaps Psalms and Evening Hymns may not be thought very new features; anthems, too, have been heard before, and may be heard now, without either subscription or Mr. Cole. The novelty therefore consists, it is to be presumed, in the invitation to "workmen with their wives and families and the poor" to "come and take part" in the business. Well, I had rather not hear anthems by scratch choirs; but apart from that it is not quite certain that those who are invited will be allowed to come after all. The circular, indeed, announces that

"Pew holders are earnestly requested to waive their rights on these occasions, so that all parts of the church may be free."

But whether they will waive them, or if they do, how they themselves are to satisfy their cravings for evening musical *séances*, Mr. Cole alone knows. The plan, however, is still further developed:—

"Mr. Arthur Sullivan has kindly undertaken to direct the Music, and Mr. H. Lahee will preside at the organ, which will be accompanied, as at St. Paul's Cathedral, by drums, trombones, and trumpets."

There's a treat! Drums, crossbones—we beg pardon, trombones, trumpets, workmen, wives, families, *and* the poor, all at it together hammer and tongs. The pew holders ought to have been requested to waive one at least of their seven senses as well as their pews. That is not all though:—

"By permission of Colonel MacLeod rehearsals of the Psalms and Hymns will take place at the head-quarters of the 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers. College Street, Fulham Road, on Friday evenings the 24th and 31st January at eight o'clock, when all persons are invited to attend."

That explains the drums and trumpets, which are no doubt a concession to the military tastes of the volunteers. Probably advantage will

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be taken of the practice meetings, to swear in all those who attend as special constables to guard the South Kensington Museum. However, be that as it may, some good result will certainly flow from the movement, if only this last notice is properly put before the public.

"Subscriptions in aid of the expenses will be received by Capt. Festing, R.E., Treasurer, South Kensington Museum, or any member of the Committee."

So far it is not bad, but unhappily, there is appended to the circular a list of subscriptions, from which it appears that support has been received from various quarters of the South Kensington connection, the enthusiasm for the undertaking being expressed by sums varying from 2s. to 10s., and in one glorious case (it is hardly necessary to say a lady's) going as high as a guinea. But there is something too frightful in one part of this list. It stands in this way:—

	£	s.	d.
R. G. Tame, Esq	0	0	0
C. A. Thrust, Esq	0	0	0
P. C. Payen, Esq	0	0	0
R. A. Fitzthomas	0	0	0

Oh! Mr. Cole, isn't it too bad to gibbet these poor fellows as having severally and collectively given £0 0s. 0d.? But if they don't like it, I suppose they will like the sound of drums, cross—trombones and trumpets, and if they don't like that, I suppose they can lump it, which is exactly what I mean to do.—Your obedient

Jan. 25. Tomahawk.

—o—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—We shall be obliged if you will allow us through the medium of your journal to expose an imposition on the musical profession. It appears that a person of good address has been calling at the houses of artists, and has obtained small sums of money from them under the pretence that he is authorized by us to take corrections for the *Musical Directory*, and receive subscriptions for copies of the book. The amounts are, of course, only trifling, but the serious annoyance is that the artists in question believing that they have done all that is necessary, do *not* communicate with us, and that consequently their names are omitted from the list, or wrongly entered. It may prevent future impositions if we state that no person is authorized by us to call on any one for corrections, etc., the Directory business being carried on at the office, or through the Post.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & Co.,

Jan. 21. *Publishers of the "Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack."*

—o—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In my letter inserted in your impression last week, an error occurred in printing Princess's Theatre instead of Prince's Theatre (now known as the St. James's Theatre), in which the German company, under the conductorship of Herr Adolph Ganz, performed (in the year 1840) Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Grenada* (the Princess's Theatre was not then built). The following is a correct list of the operas given that year:—Weber's *Der Freyschütz* and *Euryanthe*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Spohr's *Faust* and *Jessonda*; Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Grenada*; Marschner's *Templer*; Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; and Mozart's *Don Juan* and *Clemenza di Tito*. The next year (1841) the same company performed at Drury Lane Theatre, when the following operas were given:—Weber's *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*; Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Seraglio*, and *Titus*; Auber's *Muta di Portici*; Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*; Marschner's *Templer*; Spohr's *Jessonda*; and Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Grenada*. And in 1842 the same company gave Weber's *Der Freyschütz*; Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan*, and *Zauberflöte*; Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; Spontini's *Vestalin*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*; and Bellini's *Norma*. Mr. Silent, I think, is in error in saying Herr Carl Formes first appeared in the same opera (*Das Nachtlager in Grenada?*) at Drury Lane in 1849. It was Herr Pischek who played the part of the Huntsman in that opera, and Herr Formes made his *début* in Spohr's *Faust*. Your obedient servant, OBSERVER.

MR. HENRY REGALDI, the well-known teacher of singing, has entirely recovered from his long and severe illness and has resumed his professional duties. Mr. Regaldi has been eighteen years an associate and professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

MR. ROBERT ADDISON'S funeral took place on Thursday. There was a large attendance of musical professors and amateurs.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the second Subscription Concert.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Mdlle. Aglaja Orgeni has been singing for a month very successfully at the Theatre. The next operas to be produced are *Feramors*, by Herr Anton Rubinstein; *L'Africaine*, by Meyerbeer; and *Beatrice und Benedict*, by Berlioz.—The Musical Academy has given some highly successful grand concerts. At one of them, J. S. Bach's "Trauer Ode" was performed for the first time in this town.—The new Vocal Union has given three of its series of concerts, and produced several novelties, one of which was Herr Max Bruch's "Schön Ellen." The Brothers Müller and Herr Auer have given four concerts, which were exceedingly well attended.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUFF & STEWART.—"The Bay of Biscay," for the pianoforte, by R. F. Harvey; "Scotland," grand fantasia, by W. F. Taylor; "The Angels' Whisper," for the pianoforte, by E. L. Hime; "The Good-bye at the Door," for the pianoforte, by W. Kuhe; "Spring Dew," melody for the pianoforte, by Lindsay Sloper; "Ye Happy Birds," for the pianoforte, by J. Benedict.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"'Tis Night, the Weary World is Still," madrigal, by James Lea Summers.

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MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S "MESSAGE," and BENEDICT'S "NULLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," at Edinburgh, January 29th; Glasgow, 30th; Bath, February 4th; and Torquay, 6th.

MR. RALPH PERCY requests that all communications respecting engagements at Concerts be addressed to him at his residence, 13, Cary Villas, Hammersmith, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR," at The Horns, Kennington, February 4th; Westbourne Hall, 6th; and Gravesend, 10th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BALFE'S popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

MR. CHARLES HALL, many years Conductor and Composer at the Royal Princess's Theatre, imparts instruction in any description of Vocal Music required for the Stage or Concert Room. Vocal and Instrumental Performers supplied for Theatres, Concerts, and Fetes.—Residence, 199, Euston Road, N.W.

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SIGNOR CATALANI will play EISOLD'S "WINGED STEPS," Mazurka de Salon, at his Matinée Musicale, on Wednesday next.

THE WISHING CAP.—MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing Mr. WRIGHTON'S lovely and easy ballad at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, January 27th.

BONNIE KATIE.—MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing the much admired ballad, "Bonnie Katie" (F. ABT), at Mr. Ransford's Concert, Feb. 18th, at St. James's Hall, and at other forthcoming Concerts.

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"In our last number, in giving some account of the Popular Concert of the preceding Monday, we mentioned a song, sung by Mr. Santley, as having been one of the principal features of the concert. Since then it has been given to the public (published by Messrs. Davison & Co.), under the following title:—'Wake, Mary, Wake! Song for a Baritone Voice. The Poetry by John Latey; the Music by Henry Smart.' It is now before us; and the impression made by its performance on the above occasion induces us to include it in our notices of 'Musical Publications.' It is a little lyrical poem, so full of the soul of passion that we conceive we shall embellish our columns by transcribing it:—

"Wake, Mary, wake! it is the hour
You loved in former days so well;
And still as sweetly blooms each flower,
As blithely through your own loved dell
The wild birds pour their joyous strain:
Shall they and I but sing in vain?
Wake, Mary, wake!

"Haste, loved one, haste! for ah! too soon
These rapturous moments fleet away;
Like flowers which ere the burning noon
Have withered into dull decay.
Life hath but few such joys as this:
Oh, haste, and seize the fleeting bliss!
Wake, Mary, wake!

"I've culled for thee each lovely flower,
I've wreathed a chaplet for thy brow,
I've decked with morn's first fruits thy bower
But Mary! Mary! where art thou?
Each beauteous object chides thy stay—
Oh, why dost thou so long delay?
Wake, Mary, wake!

"She comes! Flowers, blush your loveliest hues!
Warble each bird a daintier trill!
A tenderer flush the sky suffuse!
She comes! O beating heart, be still!
A moment, and I'm by her side—
My love! my life! my promised bride!
Mine, Mary, mine!

Fortunately these verses came into the hands of one of our greatest musicians, to whose judgment and genius they have suggested a musical treatment very different from what would have occurred to most English composers of the day. They might have adopted the obvious and familiar form of a ballad, and might thus have produced something pleasing and popular enough. But Mr. Smart perceived that the verses were in a higher tone of poetry and feeling; and his music, accordingly, demands from the performer a rare amount of vocal power. Such a performer, or rather performers, for Santley was accompanied by Benedict, were found on this occasion. As in the case of Beethoven's famous 'Adelaida,' the instrumental accompaniment entered into the essence of the music, and contributed to the expression and effect of the whole. Thus performed, the effect of the song was immense. The applause was rapturous; and we observed that the most eminent musicians and critics were the most vehement in their demonstrations of pleasure."—*Illustrated London News.*

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Vol. 46—No. 7. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868. Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Louisa Vinning, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Patey. Solo Violin, Herr Rosenthal (first appearance). Programme includes Symphony in C (Jupiter), Mozart; Overtures "Der Freischütz" and "William Tell;" Violin Concerto in E (Vieuxtemps).—Admission (including Bird Show), 2s. 6d., or by Season Tickets; Single Stalls, 2s. 6d; and Transferable Serial Stalls, One Guinea; at the Palace.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Season, 1868.

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Office, St. George's Hall.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—The SEVENTH of the LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall (under the direction of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY), on Wednesday Evening, February 19th. Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Poole, Miss Elena Angèle, Mdlle. Marini, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. George Perren, Mr. Lewis Thomas; Harp, Mr. Aptommas; Harmonium, Herr Louis Engel; Pianoforte, Signor Tito Mattei; the St. Cecilia Choral Society of 80 voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 5s; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.: to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—The SEVENTH BALLAD CONCERT, St. James's Hall. The following popular songs will be sung on this occasion:—"I loved a maiden fair" (Mdlle. Liebhart); "She never told her Love," and "We met, 'twas in a crowd" (Madame Rudersdorff); "Jock o' Hazeldean," and "Wapping Old Stairs" (Miss Poole); "It was a Lordling's Daughter" Mdlle. Marini); "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "Golden Slumbers," 17th century (Miss Elena Angèle); "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well" (Madame Sainton-Dolby); "The Anchor's Weighed," "Mary of Argyle," and "Oft in the stilly night" (Mr. George Perren); "The Brave Old Oak," "The Dusky Night" (1733), "'Twas Past Meridian" (Mr. Lewis Thomas). Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—The SEVENTH BALLAD CONCERT, St. James's Hall. Among the new songs the following will be sung on this occasion:—"My Heart's Reply," Mr. C. J. Hargitt (Mdlle. Liebhart); "What is Love," Elizabeth Philp (Mdlle. Marini); "The Love Test," Claribel (Madame Sainton-Dolby). Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

TUESDAY NEXT.—Mr. RANSFORD'S ANNUAL POPULAR ENGLISH BALLAD CONCERT, St. James's Hall, Tuesday Evening, February 18th, to commence at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, J. Wells, Ransford, Rose Hersee, Jenny Pratt, and Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. W. H. Cummings, George Perren, Wilbye Cooper, Lewis Thomas, and Ransford. A Selection of Glees will be sung by Messrs. Baxter, Carter, Conway, Cox, and T. Distin. Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards; Harp, Mr. F. Chatterton; Accompanists, Messrs. J. G. Callcott and Sidney Naylor. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Ransford & Son 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Mr. Ransford, 59, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

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PURSUANT to a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, made in a suit "Wright v. The Opera Company Limited and others," all Persons claiming to be holders of Debenture Bonds of the Defendants, the Opera Company Limited, and entitled to participate in the Trust Funds come to the hands of the Defendants, HENRY DEFFELL and GEORGE THOMAS METZLER, the Trustees of a certain Deed dated the 23rd day of June, 1865, are, by their Solicitors, on or before the 16th day of March, 1868, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of the Master of the Rolls, in the Rolls Yard, Chancery Lane, in the County of Middlesex, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Decree. Monday, the 23rd day of March, 1868, at Twelve o'clock at Noon, at the said Chambers, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims. Dated this 18th day of February, 1868.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Chief Clerk.

THOMAS E. HARPER,
17, Gracechurch Street, E.C., London,
Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

"ROCK ME TO SEEEP," BENEDICT'S popular Song. will be sung at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, to be given at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, Monday Evening, March 2nd.

"ALICE," ASCHER'S most admired Romance for the Pianoforte, will be played at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, March 2nd.

"THE BRIDE OF A DAY," G. B. ALLEN'S charming new song, will be sung by MR. FRANK ELMORE, at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, March 2nd.

"GALOP FURIEUX," composed by G. B. ALLEN, will be played by MASTER MUNDAY, at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, March 2nd.

MISS BESSIE AITKEN will sing GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Aberdeen, on the 29th inst.

MISS SUSAN GALTON, who has met with signal success in GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," will repeat it every night in Offenbach's "The Village Fiddler," during Miss Louisa Pyne's Tour.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE," at Chester, TO-NIGHT

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE," at Warrington, on the 24th inst., and at Rotherham on the 28th.

MISS BESSIE AITKEN, the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, will sing GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE," at Aberdeen, on the 29th inst.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing GUGLIELMO'S admired Ballad, "THE THREE HOMES" (Poetry by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 26th inst.

MR. T. NORMAN MACLAGAN will sing GUGLIELMO'S admired Ballad, "THE THREE HOMES" (Poetry by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), every night during his engagements in Scotland this month.

MISS JENNY PRATT will sing "THE LADY OF THE LEA" during her Provincial Tour with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, beginning March 9th.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing BENEDICT'S renowned song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Pimlico Rooms, March 2nd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her popular Ballad, "A DAY TOO LATE," every evening during her tour with Mr. Mapleson's Opera Concert party.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and MR. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING will sing the new song composed expressly for her by ALFRED CARDER (Words by B. B. STEVENS), "SONGSTERS OF SPRING," at all the Towns during her Tour through the Southern Counties in February and the Northern Counties in March.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elí," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Southern Counties in February and Northern Counties in March.—Address: MISS BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S RECITAL.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing on THURSDAY NEXT at the Queen's Concert Rooms, WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new and popular Ballad, "THE SPRING," and will also sing it at Belfast on the 2nd and 9th of March at the Popular Concerts.

MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON will sing at M. Paque's Concert, Eyre Arms, Tuesday Evening, March 3rd; and at Messrs. Broadwood's concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 28th. Madame D'ESTE FINLAYSON is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, with the exception of the above dates, during her engagement at the St. George's Opera-House. Address Priory House, St. John's Wood.

MDLLE. ROMANELLI and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the famous duet from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Edinburgh, February 27th.

MDLLE. ROMANELLI will sing FRANK MORI'S popular Song, "A THOUSAND MILES FROM THEE," at Edinburgh, February 27th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing REICHARDT'S popular song, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on the 25th inst., at Westbourne Hall; 27th, St. Pancras Hall; 29th, Freemasons' Hall.

MR. HENRY REGALDI, Professor of Singing, &c., can accept Engagements as Tenor Vocalist for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., in Town or Country, and continues to give Instruction in Singing at his own residence, or that of his pupils.—25, Gloucester Street, Belgravia, S.W.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BALFE'S popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY, at the Concert at Drury Lane Theatre, on Ash Wednesday, February 26th.

MR. CHARLES HALL, many years Conductor and Composer at the Royal Princess's Theatre, imparts instruction in any description of Vocal Music required for the Stage or Concert Room. Vocal and Instrumental Performers supplied for Theatres, Concerts, and Fetes.— Residence, 199 Euston Road, N.W.

MR. KING HALL, Solo Performer on the Pianoforte and Harmonium, attends Concerts and Soirées, and continues to receive pupils at 199, Euston Road, N.W.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO begs to inform his Pupils, Patrons, and the Public, that he has returned from Scotland and resumed his engagements in Town. Also, that he intends at the end of the present year to retire from his Vocal Private Teaching, and to confine his services to Schools and Classes. For terms, address Signor Guglielmo, 14, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park.

NEW SONGS BY SIGNOR TRAVENTI.

"MY LOVE IS COME TO ME" ... ... Price 3s.
"IF THOU WILT REMEMBER" ... ... " 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

It is very long since the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have earned such unanimous praise as by their latest performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Though ten years older than *Elijah*, *St. Paul* has never yet attained the high place in popular favour which in an incredibly short space of time was reached by its successor. But as the *Messiah* overshadowed *Israel in Egypt*, so did *Elijah* overshadow *St. Paul*; and it is only of recent years that amateurs have begun to reflect seriously upon the matter, to weigh the respective merits of the works, and to venture an opinion that, after all, as art-creations, the two were not so far asunder. Musical readers must be aware that such has always been our view; and that the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have equally held it their repeated efforts on behalf of *St. Paul* bear witness. *Elijah* was composed expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1846, *St. Paul* for the Festival of the Lower Rhine, held in 1836, at Düsseldorf; and this may till now in a large degree have influenced English feeling. But the creations of genius are the property of the world. Few in the present day would be bold enough to maintain that the estimate among us of Handel's greatness has anything to do with the fact that his oratorios, from *Esther* to *Jephthah*, were all written for and first produced in England; and though but for Mendelssohn's English oratorio his German oratorio would probably long before this have won the universal recognition which is its due, there can be small doubt that henceforward, in spite of *Elijah*, *St. Paul* will continually make way. That one of the largest audiences ever attracted to Exeter Hall was assembled in that uninviting enclosure on Friday night is as certain as that the execution of the oratorio was the best ever heard in London. Mr. Costa, who received an enthusiastic welcome, was once again at his post, and never more successfully vindicated his claim to be regarded as "conductor of conductors." The magnificent performance of the overture—in the elaborately fugued *allegro* of which the theme of the chorale, "Sleepers wake," is introduced as "*canto fermo*," with a splendour of effect that we now are happily permitted to know was forecast by Mendelssohn himself in that long-suppressed masterpiece, the Reformation Symphony, where "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*" is similarly treated—would alone have repaid any sincere lover of music for a visit to Exeter Hall. More striking, accurate, perfectly intoned and well-balanced chorus singing has not been listened to at any period of the history of the Sacred Harmonic Society. To cite all that was praiseworthy would involve the necessity of a catalogue, with running comments, of almost every chorus, from "Lord! Thou alone art God," which opens the oratorio, to "Bless Thou the Lord, O my soul," which brings it to a close worthy the beginning. Such a catalogue, however, would be superfluous; and, moreover, as the oratorio contains some twenty choruses, to say nothing of five "chorales," harmonized with the devout earnestness of John Sebastian Bach himself, it would be somewhat prolix. After stating that the chorales (and especially "Oh Thou the true and only light," for solo quartet and chorus, with orchestral interludes and accompaniments, the finest of them all), left nothing to wish, it will be enough to point out the glorious scene of the Conversion of Saul, which includes the chorus, "Rise up! arise! shine! for thy light comes," and as climax, the chorale, "Sleepers wake," the Handelian chorus, "Oh great is the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of the Father," at the end of Part I., on one hand, and "Happy and blest are they" (Part I.), "How lovely are the messengers that preach the Gospel of peace," and "O be gracious, ye immortals," where the Gentiles, astounded by the miracles of Paul and Barnabas, mistake them for gods, on the other, as faultless examples of singing in wholly opposite styles. We had not merely precision, but light and shade, and, consummation devoutly wished but too rarely attained, the soft passages of every gradation were as delicate and well in tune as the loud passages were emphatic and telling. One of the severest choruses in the oratorio, "But our God abideth in Heaven," in the *alla capella* style, with which the chorale, "We all believe on God on high," is so ingeniously mixed up (again reminding us of the admirable Reformation Symphony), ordinarily passes almost unheeded; but it was this time so wonderfully given as to excite general attention. Without adding another word, we may say that the manner to win general appreciation for *St. Paul* is to get the choruses, from first to last, sung as they are now sung under Mr. Costa's direction.

The solo parts were in trustworthy hands, although one of the singers upon whom as important a task as any devolved was a singer wholly unknown—at least to England. Mdlle. Carola, to whom was assigned the soprano music, is, we understand, a Hungarian. The more credit is due to her for pronouncing the English words, and declaiming in the English tongue, so thoroughly well. We do not feel warranted in passing judgment on this young stranger after a single trial; but that she has a fine voice, great earnestness, and genuine musical feeling, besides the other valuable qualification with which she has been accredited, we may confidently assert. How far the novelty of her position may have made her anxious, and thus in a measure have robbed her of self-possession, we are unable to say. Enough just now that the impression she created was unanimously favourable. Her style is fervid, sensible, and at the same time utterly devoid of affected sentiment and overdone emphasis. She gave the beautiful air, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Thou that killest the Prophets," though somewhat nervously, otherwise singularly well, and, what is more, seemed thoroughly to understand and studiously endeavour to convey the meaning of every one of the recitatives. So, for the present, we leave Mdlle. Carola, with a firm belief that she may become a valuable addition to our by no means over rich stock of oratorio singers. That young and rising singer Signor Foli undertook the arduous bass music, and, though apparently not in full possession of his means, gave the vigorous air, "Consume them all," in which the persecuting Saul furiously incites the multitude to destroy the believers in Jesus, before the Conversion, and the solemn prayer, "O God, have mercy," immediately following the Conversion and preceding the miracle of the restoration to sight by Ananias, in really artistic style. Mr. G. Perren, to whom was intrusted a considerable number of the tenor recitatives, besides some share in the concerted pieces, acquitted himself with credit throughout; and upon Madame Sainton-Dolby, who in the melodious *arietta*, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," many years ago, first attracted the attention of Mendelssohn himself to her rare merit as a singer of sacred music, devolved the contralto part, which, beyond that air, sung, as it has ever been sung by Madame Sainton, contains little for exceptional display. The solo exhibition of the evening, however, as is invariably the case when Mr. Sims Reeves takes part in the oratorio of *St. Paul*, was that gentleman's superb delivery of the recitatives of the martyr, Stephen, who, arraigned for blasphemy by the synagogue and the populace, upbraids them for their incredulity and works them up to such a point of exasperation that they eventually take his life—in the scene which Mendelssohn has so powerfully climaxed with the chorus, "Stone him to death." Nobler declamation than that of Mr. Reeves in the impressive admonition to Stephen's persecutors—"Men, brethren, and fathers! hearken to me"—has not been heard, nor anything more touching and exquisitely subdued than the closing passage, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"—fitting prelude to the most pathetic of all chorales, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit." Of the air, "Be thou faithful unto death," with violoncello accompaniment (Mr. G. Collins), it is needless to say a word; but we may add here that rarely has the quaint and graphic *duettino*, "Now we are ambassadors in the name of Christ," been so well sung as by Mr. Reeves and Signor Foli on this occasion. The entire performance, indeed, was remarkable, and may be noted as one of the most uniformly successful ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The sooner *St. Paul* is repeated the better.

At the next concert (Feb. 28) we are promised the *Requiem* of Mozart, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*.

BRESLAU.—Herr Stockhausen sung at the sixth concert of the Orchestral Association, when the programme included Symphony in G major, Haydn; Scene from *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; 1st Movement from the "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein; Overture to the *Carnaval Romain*, Berlioz, etc.

GERA.—With its 78th concert, the Musical Association of this place inaugurated lately the concert-room in the new "Tonhalle" or Music Hall, a large and elegant building in the Theaterplatz. The performance commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencérages*, followed by Beethoven's A major Symphony; a Rondo Brillant for Piano and Orchestra, by Hummel; Scene and Air from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*; and the *finale* from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Lorsley*. Herr W. Tschirch was the conductor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first night of Herr Joseph Joachim is the gala night of the season. It has been so ever since the Monday Popular Concerts were founded, and is likely to be so as long as he is able and willing to be our periodical visitor. *Facile princeps* among violinists, his supremacy is recognized without a dissentient voice. He has no rival—none that aspires to be his rival—and is, therefore, beyond the reach of envy. Such a position, if not phenomenal, is at all events quite unprecedented. But it belongs to one who can gracefully and honourably support it. Though the greatest "*virtuoso*" (the fancy conventional term for executant) in the world, Herr Joachim would disdain the title. He thinks not of himself, but of his art; and whether he is playing Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn he is lost, not in himself, but in the author he is playing. At the end of his performance people begin to reflect on what a glorious unparelleled performance it has been, but in the course of the performance they are simply enjoying the music to the utmost degree that a sympathetic reading and an execution absolutely nothing short of perfect can enable them. But it is superfluous at this time to enter into a new disquisition upon merits so universally acknowledged. We might fill a column without adding an iota to what our musical readers must already know about the talent of this greatest of living executive artists, who differs in one important essential from the most renowned of his predecessors, Nicolo Paganini, inasmuch as Paganini was simply and exclusively a "*virtuoso*," while Herr Joachim is the high representative of art in its noblest manifestations. He is, in fact, art's most loving and zealous, no less than its most gifted, disciple; and, as such, is fully entitled to the position he has won, and to the unanimous esteem in which he is held.

The audience which assembled on Monday night in St. James's Hall to welcome Herr Joachim was the most densely crowded of the year. Very many were refused admission at the doors for the want of even standing room. And yet the programme consisted exclusively of a quartet, a pianoforte sonata, a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and a sonata for pianoforte and violin, with just a couple of songs to separate one instrumental piece from another. True, the instrumental pieces were all by Beethoven; and doubtless the majority in the room were of opinion that there is only one Beethoven, and that Joachim is his prophet. For our own part we are ready to confess that had the programme consisted solely of quartets for string instruments, with Herr Joachim as leader and Signor Piatti as violoncello, we should have preferred it. But such an arrangement does not enter into the admirable scheme which Mr. Arthur Chappell has followed from the beginning, to which his concerts are indebted for their prosperity, and which is the cause that they are not only Monday Concerts but "Popular Concerts" into the bargain. It being the occasion of Herr Joachim's first appearance for the season, nevertheless, the conspicuous feature of the programme was the string quartet in which Herr Joachim played first fiddle. And this quartet was, happily, one of Beethoven's very finest—No. 2 of the set of three inscribed to Prince Rasoumowsky, the quartet which begins and ends in E minor. No worthier piece could have been selected, and no grander performance have helped to interpret its manifold beauties to the 2,000 amateurs who listened with eager and breathless attention, bar after bar, from one end to the other. Herr Joachim, on appearing in the orchestra, accompanied by Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti, was greeted with enthusiastic plaudits. Every one was enchanted to see him once again, fiddle in hand; and when the applause subsided every one was prepared to listen to a performance tolerably sure to be one of rare excellence. How Herr Joachim plays the "Rasoumowsky Quartets"—as, indeed, how he plays the so-called "Posthumous," to say nothing of the first six and Nos. "10" and "11," which are, as it were, the bridge that connects the "Rasoumowsky" set with the last—no amateur of quartet-music need be informed; but one thing is certain, that he has never played anything more superlatively well than he played the E minor quartet of Beethoven on Monday night. In the first *allegro* the calm dignity of his style, the poetical expression, devoid of all false sentiment, the broad, grand tone and faultless intonation, were exhibited throughout in a light that could not possibly be more advantageous. In the *adagio*—such an *adagio* as Beethoven alone could have imagined—for simple, yet earnest and deeply-felt pathos, Herr Joachim's reading was unsurpassable. The *scherzo*, with its capricious accent, and the trio, in which Beethoven has trifled so ingeniously with a primitive Russian melody presented to him by Prince Rasoumowsky, were given with the charming ease and unconcern that only a consummate master can assume while undertaking a task by no means easy. The *finale*, a fiery and impetuous movement sustained to the end with unflagging spirit, full of character—such character, we mean, as Beethoven could impart—and unlike anything else in music, was the crowning triumph for Herr Joachim, and, perhaps because it was the last movement of the quartet, seemed to create the most marked sensation. A truly magnificent performance, intellectually great and mechanically irreproachable, was thus thoroughly achieved and as thoroughly appreciated; and at the end of it the audience must have felt still more strongly confirmed in the opinion that "there is only one Beethoven, and that Joachim is his prophet"—though with this conviction might have been also associated the idea that, as Mahomed had his Ali, so Joachim had his Piatti, who is just as capable of converting a whole tribe of music lovers in one night to a faith in Beethoven as Ali is said to have converted the whole tribe of Hamdan, in one day, to a faith in Mahomed. The second violin and viola, Herr Ries and Mr. H. Blagrove, were as efficient in every respect as is their wont.

The other pieces in which Herr Joachim took part were the splendid trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 97, in B flat), dedicated to the Archduke Rudolphe, and the sonata for pianoforte and violin in G, No. 2 of the set of three (Op. 30) inscribed to the Russian Emperor Alexander, his companions in the first being M. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his partner in the last M. Hallé. The solo sonata for pianoforte was the very light and easy one in G major, Op. 79, played by M. Hallé (who played the last movement twice), and especially interesting on account of its being the only one of the thirty-two pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven that had not already been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. The vocal music was limited to two songs—Mozart's "Violet," and Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied* or "Spring Song," known in English as "The Charmer," both well sung by Miss Cecilia Westbrook and accompanied by Mr. Benedict in masterly style. The concert was one to be remembered.

REVIEWS.

Exeter Hall: an illustrated Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. I. [London: Metzler & Co.]

It was a "happy thought" that led to the establishment of this musical serial, because some such work has long been wanted by a very large public. There are thousands of families in which sacred themes are more popular than secular at all times, and thousands more whose Sunday music they exclusively constitute. To these *Exeter Hall* will be very welcome, and all the more because, judging from the number before us, it will be worthy of patronage. Premising that the cost is only a shilling, we will enumerate its contents. First comes a sacred song by Miss M. Lindsay, called "Queen Mary's Prayer," very simple, touching, and easy. Next we have a first instalment of "Sunday Evenings at the Harmonium," which includes arrangements of the well-known tune sung to "Sun of my Soul;" the chorale set in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" to "To God on high be thanks and praise," and an "Ave Maria" by Neidermeyer. Following this is a new tune, by Mr. Willing of the Foundling, to the hymn "My Jesus, as Thou wilt." Then comes a "Benediction," by Stephen Glover, in which the composer has contended bravely and not without success against very unlyrical words. Last of all are some arrangements for piano (by Dr. Rimbault) of sacred themes from Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*. We need say nothing in commendation of such a shilling's worth of music as this; but we ought to mention that the work is beautifully got up, and that the first number contains a lithograph representing Mary Queen of Scots in the act of piously ejaculating "*O Domine Deus, speravi in Te.*" If *Exeter Hall* cannot command success, success is certainly deserved in return for so much enterprise and liberality.

Repose. Nocturne for the pianoforte, by Robert Schumann; edited and fingered by Hermann Eisoldt. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Whatever may be said against the larger works of Robert Schumann (and that is a good deal) it is impossible not to recognize in some of his smaller effusions a beauty which makes them the equals of anything of their kind. The little piece before us, though not the best of those bearing the composer's name, is well worth notice, and will be acceptable

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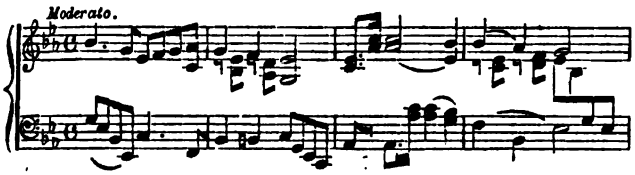
to pianoforte players of classical tastes but moderate ability. The theme, an expansion of which constitutes the entire work, is as follows:—

The treatment of this subject throughout is simple, clear, and consistent.

Sunny Maud. Composed, and dedicated to Captain J. Heron Maxwell, by Joseph L. Roeckel. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This song is one which Mr. Sims Reeves has made popular by his admirable singing. It is every way worthy of such an honour, because it has that which modern songs so frequently lack—character. The melody is charmingly fresh, and the accompaniment, though simple, is novel and attractive in style. In point of fact, "Sunny Maud" is the work of a musician who, wishing to write a *bagatelle*, did it with as much care and taste as though it formed part of something upon which he meant to stake his reputation. The result is proportionately happy.

Gentle Moon now beaming. Duet. The English words by Wellington Guernsey; the music by A. Boieldieu. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This is a remarkably tuneful and pretty duet, which will be very acceptable in its English dress. Though for the most part simple in detail, its general outline is somewhat elaborate. First comes a short *andante* (in G major), followed by an *allegretto* in the same style and key. Next is a *larghetto* more difficult than the preceding, after which appears another *allegretto*, the *coda* to the whole being a brilliant passage *sans paroles*. Those who wish for a duet which shall combine musical merit with novelty of design will be pleased with this work.

One Word. Duet. Sung with distinguished success by Signor and Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Composed by Otto Nicolai. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Otto Nicolai wrote few things more perfectly graceful and charming than this duet. It is for a mezzo-soprano and a tenor voice, the compass being very moderate, and the music remarkably simple and easy. Each voice has one or more short solos, the *ensembles* being alike throughout, but the repetition never wearies for the music is of a high order of interest. That the duet will be a favourite wherever heard we have not the smallest doubt.

Daffodil's Song. Words by W. Wordsworth. Music by the Rev. E. Bulmer, M.A., Minor Canon of Norwich. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Everybody remembers Wordsworth's charming verses on the Daffodils, and, probably, many have wished them set to music, that the beauty of the poetry might be enhanced by that of the sister art. This wish the Rev. E. Bulmer has gratified. The composer has produced a flowing melody not without character, and his song will, doubtless, be favourably received, more especially by the admirers of the poet.

The Angel's Whisper. (Samuel Lover's celebrated song.) Transcribed for the piano by E. L. Hime. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

We cannot compliment Mr. Hime upon his taste or invention, as they are displayed in this piece. The transcription is a specimen of music-making of the most commonplace order.

The Happy Home. Duet, for two performers on one pianoforte. Composed by F. Weber, Resident Organist, German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Mr. Weber is well known to be a composer of more than average ability, and this duet is a very good specimen of his powers. Its themes are tuneful, and their treatment such as to excite and sustain the interest of both performers. The work makes admirable practice, and is as much adapted to improve taste as to increase executive power.

Milan.—The Quartet Association under Bazzini's direction have given two concerts, the second of which was even more successful than the first. The programme of the first included: Quintet, Bocherini; Quintet with Clarionet, Weber; Serenade for the Violin, Haydn (admirably played by Bazzini); and Quartet in C, Op. 59, Beethoven. The programme of the second contained: Trio, Rubinstein; "Abendlied," Schumann; and Quartet, Schubert.—*Don Carlos* is in rehearsal at the Scala, Sigra. Maria Destin being engaged to play the Princess Eboli.—A new opera, *Il Duello*, by Ferrara, has been produced at the Teatro Rè, but with only moderate success.—At the Teatro Carcano, *Don Juan* will be followed by *Il Trovatore*.

What will become of the Theatres in Spain?—The existence of the theatres in Spain is one of those phenomena that admit of no logical explanation, because not only do the demands of the paying public, as well as those of the public who as a rule do not pay, increase from day to day, but the expenses of getting up pieces, especially Italian operas, also increase at a most prodigious rate. The colossal salaries of those artists who are worth anything, and the exaggerated pretensions of those who have no right to be considered such; the burdens borne by the theatres, with no kind of subvention to lighten them; and the necessity for placing upon the stage with extravagant splendour the works which are produced, render profit an impossibility, especially in the absence of new operas possessing any degree of merit. The public now-a-days are not content with hearing well-trained singers with good natural ability sing in operas containing good music, skilfully scored, and distinguished for an abundance of sweet melodies, and brilliant harmony. It is indispensable that show, dancing, and whatever other attractions the human imagination can devise, shall serve to back up real art. In proof of what we have asserted, we will cite the resources of which the most eminent composers have had to avail themselves in order to increase the effect of works written recently. Dogs, horses, processions, battles, goats, inundations, earthquakes, tempests, and other trifles of this description constitute the principal elements in modern operas, which, without them, would not possess much merit, or value, as the musical, and especially the vocal portions have to be regulated by the said elements, the singing being merely an accessary. The result will be—if, indeed, anyone ventures, in future to become a manager—to offer the public an exhibition of numerous and varied pictures, and to enable us to say, as we sometimes hear country people say: "let us go and *see* the opera." With regard to the drama, we can entertain but slight hopes of it on account of the want of dramatic authors with aught like talent, and because those who do possess merit and are able to produce works worth seeing, belong to the highest classes of society, and, occupying the highest positions, are thus prevented from busying themselves with the Spanish stage now fallen into decay. The few good actors left us being scattered here and there, without its being possible to bring them together in one theatre, our classic authors and magnificent ancient plays cannot find artists capable of representing them becomingly on the stage, which will die of exhaustion, unless the finger of Destiny points out fresh aspirants to infuse into it new life.—*Espana Musical* (Barcelona).

Mr. Ransford's English Concert.—This veteran vocalist, Mr. Ransford, gave his annual concert on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, which was a real bumper. Any detailed account of the performance is out of the question. Enough that there were over thirty vocal and instrumental pieces in the programme, all of which were applauded more or less, and several encored. The following artists assisted—singers: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Ransford, Miss Jane Wells, Miss Jenny Pratt, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. R. Barnby, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Wilbye Cooper, Carter, Theodore Distin, Conway Cox, Lewis Thomas, and Ransford; instrumentalists: Mr. Brinley Richards (pianist) and Mr. Fred Chatterton (harpist). Messrs. J. G. Callcott and Sydney Naylor were accompanists. Mr. Ransford's reception was flattering in the extreme. The applause was immense. The solos, duets, trios, and glees, by the several artists, gave great satisfaction.—B. B.

Brunswick.—At the 7th Subscription Concert given by the Association for Concert Music, and at which Herr Joachim appeared, the following compositions by Beethoven were executed: Overture, Op. 124; Violin Concerto; Overture to *Egmont;* Romance in F major (Op. 50); and 8th Symphony in F major.

Munich.—The King of Bavaria has at length complied with the repeated applications of Herr Franz Lachner, and allowed him to retire for a year from his post as General Musical Director, granting him at the same time the commander's cross of the Order of St. Michael. His Majesty sent also an autographic letter to Herr Lachner, expressive of his regret that ill health should compel the latter to make such an application.

Amsterdam.—The Florentine Quartet have played here very successfully.

Madrid.—M. Victorien Sardou's comedy of *Les vieux Garçons* has been produced under the title of *Los Solterones*, at the Teatro del Principe, but has not proved very successful.—A French company is performing at the Teatro de Variedades.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1868.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... ... *Mozart.*
SONG, "Quando a te lieta"—Miss ELENA ANGELE ... ... *Gounod.*
SONATA, in E major, Op. 6, for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SONG, "Will he come?"—Miss ELENA ANGELE ... ... *Sullivan.*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabass (by desire, and on this occasion only)—MM. JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1868.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr. VERNON RIGBY ... ... *Mozart.*
ALLEGRETTO } ... ... *Scarlatti.*
TEMPO DI BALLO }
GAVOTTE, D minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN *Bach.*

PART II.

TRIO, in D minor, Op. 63, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... *Schumann.*
SONG, "Nulla da te bell' angelo"—Mr. VERNON RIGBY ... *Benedict.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM ... ... *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. P. (MALVERN).—Our correspondent's interesting letter arrived too late for this week's impression, but will be published in our next.

BIRTH.

On the 16th inst., at 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, Mrs. F. B. JEWSON of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 15th inst., at her residence, Clarendon Street, Dublin, Mrs. LETITIA FALLON, late organist of the church of St. Teresa.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

CARNIVAL-LETTERS ABOUT MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

IT is now the gay season of masked balls, when people put on masks to tell their acquaintances certain truths; the persons to whom these truths are told laugh and say nothing—because it is Carnival time; at any other period they would look rather glum, nay, perhaps, even consider themselves deeply affronted! So, hurrah for the Carnival! I will try to send you a few words about my beloved Viennese, and their musical sayings and doings.

In arch-conservative Berlin, people understand just as little about musical as about political matters among us. The Prussians who come here look around in astonishment, unable to make out how we can be so merry; we lost in a sanguinary war great battles, together with a province, which even men of very liberal principles considered, a few years since, indispensable to the existence of Austria—and every stranger visiting Vienna must expect to find a city plunged in mourning and despondency; he finds instead of this everywhere joyous faces; dancing, and amusement of all kinds; and still so much of the old Viennese good-nature, that a Prussian officer of high rank lately said in the most friendly manner: "We have conquered provinces by the sword, but the Viennese conquer us by their amiability." Well, now, the same is true of us in music; foreign conquerors have invaded us, Wagner, and Wagnerites, Schumann, and Schumannites, besides other small prophets of a similar sort; but we old Austrian bodies do not, on that account, make a disturbance; we go to "the old ones," and we go to "the new ones;" if anything by Wagner or by Brahms does not please us, we abuse it; if aught does please us, we applaud it with might and main, priding ourselves, at the same time, on the fact, that many classical compositions of our Viennese composers, that Beethoven's works, for instance, are nowhere performed with such spirit and such precision. Then again, Prussians, Prussian connoisseurs, assert that our Philharmonicists are, in "many things," in the *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, in dash, and so on, really incomparable models, and that our *Männergesang* Associations are unrivalled. On the other hand, however, we must submit to be told that we are very far behind in our study of Bach; that our oratorios cannot bear any comparison with those at Berlin; that classical music is to be heard in every garden-arbour of that capital; and so on. *Suum cuique.*

I must first make some observations upon music among us generally, before going into details. Among all the natives of Southern Germany, the Viennese is distinguished for the greatest susceptibility to music, a susceptibility which would not, perhaps, suffer from a slight addition of reflection now and then, but which, at any rate, is advantageous to the musician, inasmuch as he does not appear before a public previously prejudiced against him. The numerous secondary considerations elsewhere brought into play at the first appearance of any artist, do not exert the slightest influence among us; on the contrary, somewhat too much importance is attached to the fact of momentary success. The easy-going Viennese is fond of abandoning himself to the momentary impressions produced by a fine performance, without reflecting exactly upon the artistic value of the work performed. This is certainly the case elsewhere as well; but in other towns, especially in the North, there is always one portion of the public that looks sternly to artistic purport, and does not allow itself to be dazzled, while here the whole public, at least for the first moment, plunges, head over heels, into the delicious waves of sound. "Enthusiasm is not a red-herring or such like, to be pickled and kept for years," says our master, Göthe; our enthusiasm, too, is so great, and so frequent, that all the herring-barrels of Amsterdam would not suffice, if we wanted to pickle it; the same people who to-day are wrapt in one of Beethoven's Adagios played by Joachim, will roar to-morrow at a roulade of Muraka's; the same enthusiast who pays five florins for a stall at a performance of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, squeezes into the theatre to hear *Lucrezia Borgia* the next night, and, on the third, will melt into ecstasies at one of Mozart's

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

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Andantes. And let it be well understood, there is no ostentation in all this; no showing off merely to be observed (though that there is always some little human vanity in what we do, who will deny?) No! the man is sincerely "transported," like Elsa, with Wagner; sincerely enraptured, like an Italian, with *Lucrezia Borgia;* and sincerely moved, like a dreamy maiden, wandering in the moonlight, with Mozart's Andante. The result is, that with us, everything must be done through enthusiasm, and in enthusiasm, if it is to be done at all—immediately only pure, abstract feeling for art comes into play, there is a decided and unmistakable hitch, and the proceedings of our Vienna Conservatory, or of the Society of the Friends of Music, as they are properly called, are larded with adjuncts that sprang neither from enthusiasm nor from a feeling for art, and were unable to render palatable, for persons who require healthy food, the exceedingly high condition which the joint had at last attained.

If we examine with any attention such public institutions of ours as are devoted to the musical art, we remark in them above all things the want of proper management based upon a practical system. In our Opera, in our Conservatory, and in the institutions therewith connected, there are frequently the most various currents, and those who should guide the vessel through these currents are mostly no pilots. On what the Opera was under Salvi, I will not throw away a word, but what it will be in future is something not quite clear as yet. Is it an institute belonging to the Court, or an art-institute, or a national institute? One facetious gentleman suggested it should be called an institute for nationalities, because it offers the public in turn Music of the Future from North Germany and Music of the Past from Italy; the half French *Tell*, and the entirely French *Gustavus;* a real German opera by Weber, Marschner, and Spohr, never; *Die Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio* once in a blue moon; *Figaro's Hochzeit* being given more frequently because it is an opera containing a great many good parts for the singers. That the latter are amongst the most eminent of the day is a fact I need scarcely prove here; that, on the other hand, every one of them frequently sings according to his or her *bon plaisir*, without caring much for the *ensemble* is a fact I could not pass over in silence, supposing it were not Carnival time. Our orchestra is admirable, and so are our conductors, but that the various constellations and the different influences outside the Opera do not always exert a beneficial effect upon the progress of art cannot be denied. However, other places are perhaps not better off in this respect than Vienna, and we must own that the individuals at the head of affairs are first-rate fellows, who make it their study to see that the old established reputation of the chorus at the Imperial Operahouse shall be more and more strengthened. That the chorus has been subjected to a reform, you probably know already—the principal scarecrows are to be replaced by younger blood. Would that the first rehearsals were over. I can assure you that the dancing-chorus in *Guillaume Tell* as formerly sung, used to be ringing in one's ears for a week; let us hope that things will be better in future! The management of the Imperial Operahouse is not, however, busied with the Past, that is to say, the chorus alone, but also with the Future; the Corps of German Riflemen are going to hold their meeting here, and in honour of them all the marksmen ever celebrated in music will be represented, including *Der Freischütz*, the "Schütz bin ich" (in the *Nachtlager in Granada*), and, strange to say, a certain marksman who shot an Austrian governor, Gessler (not the former manager of the Pesth Theatre) dead; it strikes me that the choice of the last opera is a mistake.* I hope, however, with all my heart, that the new manager, Herr von Dingelstedt, may be able to carry out his notions of improvement. How things are often done behind the scenes of the Opera, and what influences are at work, no one can tell him better and more minutely than his wife, formerly the celebrated singer, Jenny Lutzer, and the best Suzanne we ever had.—I now come to our second musical art institute, the Conservatory of Music. This, as most persons are aware, is conducted and maintained by the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde," which "Gesellschaft," or Society, is, in its turn, conducted by a committee, in which there is not a single professional musician, but which is composed exclusively of worthy amateurs, all inspired with the very best intentions. These said best intentions induced the committee to commence building, some years ago, a magnificent edifice, which was to satisfy the requirements of a Viennese School of Music, and contain a concert-hall worthy of the Imperial capital—as the Imperial Redoutensaal is on the whole too large, besides not being good as regards its acoustic qualities, while the present room of the Conservatory is too small. With the said best intentions did the committee proceed with the erection of the building, until it was suddenly discovered that there was a deficiency of something even better, in some cases, than the best intentions, namely, money, of which, it appears, nobody had once thought! No less than 360,000 florins are required to complete the building, which was begun with an available capital of 155,000 florins. The directors assert, it is true, that they want only 150,000 florins, and that the remainder can be raised upon mortgage, etc., but I am of opinion that they should not give way to any illusions, and not do as our ministers of finance have hitherto done, namely, shown at the beginning of every year how they needed less than the year before, and then at the end of the twelve months always demanded more. I think it is the duty of the Government to take the matter up, and afford assistance from the State. Our Chamber of Deputies will not be petty when the question is to erect a suitable Conservatory in Vienna, the city of Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert. It is true that, if anything of this kind is done, there will be a change in the internal organization of the establishment, but some satisfactory system will be adopted, under which difficulties would not be surmounted for the moment, simply for them to return with redoubled force shortly afterwards. In our Professors' College we have had to go through phases which gave a sad idea of art matters; of these I will speak no more, because it is Carnival time, but we must not disguise the fact that they are not to be regarded as completely removed, as long as we apply only those palliatives which are nearly always employed in art-institutions of a half-private, half-public nature. A private individual justly attaches importance to the sacrifices he makes, still nothing is effected; it is far better for the State to perform its duty, than for private individuals to incur sacrifices.

Were I not writing Carnival letters about *music*, I might give you a description, which would possibly not be uninteresting, of our Hofburg Theatre, where, since Laube left, a masquerade seems to be going on, only with this difference, that many of the persons engaged in it have allowed their masks to fall completely off. Is it not laughable that, in consequence of what we heard from Weimar, we were apprehensive, when Dingelstedt came here, that he would favour the drama, and completely neglect opera, while we are now fearful lest he should go to the opposite extreme? But enough! I have spoken of our public art-institutes, I have now a few words to say concerning church music. This is cultivated in Roman Catholic more assiduously than in Protestant countries, and we hear on a single Sunday in the churches of this city more masses by the great masters than are performed at Leipsic or Berlin in three months. But, though church music may be culti-

* In the original, there is a play upon the words *Chor* (chorus) and *Corps*, both of which are pronounced alike. It may, further, be remarked that "*Schütz*" is the German for a "marksman" or "rifleman."—TRANSLATOR.

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vated, it does not follow that we find in modern compositions of this kind the style we should expect. The study of counterpoint here has not been too flourishing since old Sechter died. He closed the series of great Viennese contrapuntal teachers, in whose ranks Fuchs and Albrechtsberger achieved a lasting reputation. Among our young composers for the church, there are some very worthy aspirants, but, on the whole, there is much less produced here in the way of really religious music than in the Protestant North. It is true that you have, in the north, large amateur societies, who perform every important oratorio and mass, while with us a work of this description is sung only once at a church in the suburbs, and remains unknown, unless some well disposed critic does not think it too much trouble to come so far and write a notice; but, as a rule, the sacred spirit has disappeared from the music of the Roman Catholic church, and the attempts made here and there to go back to the forms of the 16th and 17th centuries have produced merely forms without substance. But I am growing too serious, and must pass quickly to another theme: criticism. This, as most people know, is exercised here with more elegance than profundity, but we can assert that in elegance our musical Minoses beat all others. At the head of them stands that clever writer Dr. Hanslick, who possesses, also, a large amount of knowledge, but frequently entangles the reader in his paradoxes; with his easy style, he extricates himself by means of some delicate turn or other, but the inexperienced reader is left in a hole, and does not know how to get out. Next to him, Scheller, of the *Neue freie Presse*, is probably the most eminent critic, the antagonism of the two papers being mirrored in their musical articles as well as in the others. Hanslick, you know, is a Wagnerite (but a Wagnerite as understood by the Prussian *Kreuz-Zeitung*), while Scheller is a representative of the Music of the Future, who looks upon *Tristan und Isolde* as one of the finest productions possible. The great thing for the readers at the coffee-houses is that both gentlemen write admirably. I could say a great deal more about our critics, but the hour of unmasking is near at hand, so I prefer being silent and going off, but with the promise of returning very soon. I hope the Viennese will admit that I have been exceedingly good-natured under my mask.

THE report of a contemporary, that a daughter of Mr. John Hullah is about to appear on the stage, is without foundation.

HERR SCHLOESSER has announced four "Schumann Evenings," the programmes entirely selected from the works of Robert Schumann, including all his trios, quartets, quintets, and "chamber music." The Thursday evenings in March have been selected by Herr Schloesser for his performances, and the *locale* is to be the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street.

HERR OBERTHUR'S overture, *Rubezahl*, has been performed at the Felix Meritis Concerts, Amsterdam, and at the concerts of the Societé Royale d'Harmonie, Antwerp. The foreign journals at both places say that it was most favourably received. At Amsterdam Herr Oberthür—who has been on a tour through the Netherlands, where his harp playing is greatly admired—was specially called for at the conclusion of his overture. Since his return to London, we are informed he has received a letter of thanks from the Antwerp Society, expressing the general satisfaction his overture and harp performances had given.

PARIS — (*Extract from a Letter*). — Auber's new opera, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, produced on Saturday at the Opéra-Comique, is the sensation of the hour. All artistic Paris was present the first night, and the journals next day were unanimous in their praises. Seldom, indeed, has the public been more entranced and excited by a first performance, and seldom has a first performance been so entirely satisfactory. The principal characters are sustained by Madame Maria Cabel, Mdlle. Roye, MM. Capoul and Sainte-Foy. The repetition of the opera this week has more than confirmed the impression of Saturday night. There is no doubt that *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* is destined to uphold the fortunes of the Opéra-Comique.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The third concert took place on Thursday night, with the following selection of sacred music:—

PART I.

Magnificat (*Vesperæ de Dominica*)	Mozart.
Aria, "O Lord, have mercy upon me	Pergolesi.
Sanctus from Mass in B minor	Bach.
Air, "Jerusalem" (*St. Paul*)	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Messe Solennelle	Gounod.

PART III.

Air and chorus, "Sound an alarm" (*Judas Maccabæus*)	Handel.
Kyrie, from Mass in E flat	Schubert.
Gloria, Benedictus (Mass in C)	Beethoven.
Air, "I will extol thee"	Costa.
Chorus, "Hallelujah" (*Messiah*)	Handel.

The pieces by Mozart, Bach, and Schubert were given for the first time in this country. The *Vesperæ de Dominica*, composed (according to Von Kochel's catalogue) at Salzburg in 1779, is one of the innumerable pieces of Church music which Mozart produced with such marvellous facility in the service of the Archbishop. Some of this music is in a light style, adapted to the taste of the Archbishop. Even in the lightest, however, genius and the hand of a master are discernible; while in some of it we find a reflection of the old Italian church writers whom Mozart had diligently studied in his youth. The "Magnificat" was extremely well given by chorus and orchestra; and the solo parts carefully sung by Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. F. Poole, Mr. F. Walker, and Mr. J. G. Patey. Bach's Mass in B minor, for five voices (solo and chorus) and orchestra, is the greatest and most important work of this class produced by him. The first two movements were given to Frederick-Augustus II. (of Saxony) in 1733—thirteen years after Handel had commenced his career as a composer of oratorios. Although emanating from the great school of German counterpoint, Handel acquired many requisites for popularity, especially in his cultivation of the Italian vocal melody, which Bach wanted. Bach's mass in B minor is a monument of genius and elaboration—the instrumentation, including three trumpets and three oboes, being remarkable for the period. One of the grandest movements is the "Sanctus," which opens with a most impressive *maestoso*. On a first public performance, it was natural that the chorus should be somewhat timid. The effect, however, was so great that we may hope to hear not only this movement, but other portions of the Mass at a future concert. Of M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* we spoke fully on its performance at the recent Birmingham Festival With occasional elegance, there is a frequent straining after pomp and majesty of effect, with little result but empty noise; as, for instance, in the "Credo." Some portions have considerable refinement; but we fail to find anywhere powerful conception, elevated sentiment, or learned treatment. The performance, choral and orchestral, was good throughout—the vocal solos having the advantage of the aid of Mdlle. Carola, who made her second appearance on this occasion. The solos for tenor and bass were assigned to Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. Patey. Schubert's beautiful Mass (one of the many important works left in manuscript by that prolific genius) is in remarkable contrast to that of Bach. The grace, the tender beauty of the phrases, and the expression of sympathy throughout, are perhaps as admirable as the opposite merits of the work of the severer composer. The "Kyrie" performed on this occasion charmed by its continuous beauty, and a strong wish was expressed for the performance of the entire mass. Beethoven's imposing "Gloria," with the pathetic "Qui tollis," the majestic "Quoniam," the masterly fugal "Cum Sancto," and the exquisite "Benedictus" (solo parts by the same singers as in Mozart's "Magnificat"), created a profound impression. Mdlle. Carola quite confirmed the favourable opinion elicited by her first appearance at the concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and was encored both in Mendelssohn's beautiful air, and the solo from *Eli*. Mr. Nelson Varley gave Handel's war song with vigour, and Mr. Patey Pergolesi's well-known aria singularly well, the "Hallelujah" worthily terminating a concert of great interest.

BARCELONA.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been produced with triumphant success at the Gran Teatro del Liceo, the principal singers being Sigra. Vitali, Signori Stagno and Petit. The scenery by Señores Ballester and Carreras is very magnificent.—A French dramatic company will appear shortly at the Teatro Principal.

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THE LATE MR. ROBERT SIDNEY PRATTEN.

The demise of this popular and excellent artist, at the age of 44 years, is deeply regretted by his numerous friends and brother artists. Mr. Pratten was a native of Bristol, where he was born on the 23rd of January, 1824. His father, a resident professor of music, gave him his first instructions in music. Young Robert was considered a prodigy on the flute in his twelfth year, in Bristol and Bath, where he was often sought for to perform solos at concerts. From Bristol he went to reside in Dublin, where he filled the position of principal flute in the Theatre Royal and the Musical Societies of that city. In the year 1846 he came to London, where he soon obtained an engagement as first flute at the Royal Italian Opera, the Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies, and the Festivals. Robert Pratten was also a clever writer for his instrument. His solos, "L'Espérance," and Fantasia on airs from Neidermeyer's *Marie Stuart*, together with a Concerto, are well known amongst flautists, both at home and on the Continent, as capital specimens of flute compositions. Mr. Pratten was highly patronized by the late Duke of Cambridge, and by Lady Tonkin, who had him sent to Germany to study composition and the science of music. As an orchestra performer he was in high request, and his position as a principal flute can hardly be replaced. Robert Sidney Pratten died at Ramsgate on Monday week after a lingering illness. His death was somewhat sudden. He was of a kind, gentle disposition, and greatly respected by all who knew him. He leaves a widow to lament his loss—Madame Pratten, the well-known professor of the guitar. B. B.

A CONCERT for the benefit of the Sufferers from Famine in Eastern Prussia is announced to be given this evening in St. James's Hall. Herr Joachim and other distinguished artists have nobly given their services. The concert is to be conducted by Mr. Benedict. We hope a handsome sum will be realized, as the attraction put forth by the committee is very great.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The seventh concert was given in presence of an audience more than usually demonstrative. The solo singers were Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Marini, Mdlle. Elena Angèle, Miss Poole, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. George Perren, and Lewis Thomas. Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Mr. Aptommas (harp), and Herr Engel (harmonium), were the instrumentalists. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, as before, sang several glees and part-songs. The following vocal pieces were encored:—New ballad, "My Heart's Reply," composed by Mr. Hargitt, sung by Mdlle. Liebhart—a very fair specimen of the modern ballad school; new song by E. Philp, "What is Love?" sung by Mdlle. Marini; "Wapping Old Stairs," by Miss Poole; and the songs, "The Anchor's Weigh'd" and "Mary of Argyle," by Mr. George Perren. Other songs obtained a good deal of applause, such as "Jock o' Hazeldean," sung by Miss Poole; Haydn's canzonet, "She never told her love," by Madame Rudersdorff; Arthur Sullivan's ballad, "Will he come?" and Whitmore's ballad, "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well," by Madame Sainton-Dolby; and the old songs, "The Brave Old Oak" and "'Twas Post Meridian," by Mr. Lewis Thomas. Signor Tito Mattei was encored in his fantasia on *Norma*, and played beside two other pieces of his own composition. Mr. Aptommas introduced his harp solo, "Sounds from the Emerald Isle," which was played most brilliantly and would have been twice as effective had it only been one half the length. Another capitally executed piece, but much too long, was the solo (or rather solos) of Herr Engel on the harmonium. One of the pieces performed would have been reasonably sufficient. Mr. Sullivan's part-song, "Oh hush thee, my darling," was sung by the St. Cecilia Choral Society, by desire, and loudly applauded.—B. B.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, HARLEY STREET.—Mdlle. Madeline Schiller gave her second pianoforte recital on Tuesday evening, which was crowded to overflow. The fair and accomplished pianist commenced her recital with Handel's "Cinquième Suite des pièces," including the "Harmonious Blacksmith," followed by Beethoven's Grand Sonata, Op. 57, both of which were played with great brilliancy and genuine expression. Mdlle. Schiller also played an *Andante* in E flat, by Hummel, finishing the first part by Vincent Wallace's Grand Polka de Concert, No. 3. The second part commenced with Schubert's Grand Sonata in B major, Op. 47, which delighted the audience greatly, each of the four movements being loudly applauded. Music and playing both enchained attention and excited admiration. Mdlle. Schiller played also Chopin's "Ballade," in A flat major, and his grand "Tarantelle" with brilliant effect, finishing her recital with Moscheles' well known "Recollections of Ireland." Miss Louise Van Noorden varied the recital by singing a couple of songs.—B. B.

PROVINCIAL.

At EDINBURGH, the Messrs. Paterson's extra "Classical Chamber Concert" took place in the Hopetoun Rooms before a large and critical audience. The instrumental portion of the programme embraced Mendelssohn's Sonata in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello; Duet for two violins in D minor, Op. 39, by L. Spohr; Beethoven's Quartet in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; Ernst's "Fantasie Hongroise" for violin; and a Quartet for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, by R. Schumann. The vocal music consisted of two of Schubert's songs—"Calm as a Child," and "Thine is my Heart;" "Ave Maria," on Bach's first prelude, by Gounod; "Sull' Aria," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and a duet, "The May Bells," by Mendelssohn. The executants were Messrs. Rothfeld, Niecks, Daubert, Mackenzie, and Küchler. The last named artist was remarkably successful in Ernst's "Fantasie Hongroise." Madame Dowland and Miss Eleanor Armstrong were the singers. Messrs. Paterson deserve great credit for their "Classical Concerts," and we trust they will continue their enterprise for the gratification of the amateurs and artists of "Modern Athens."

At the last Monday Popular Concert in ULSTER, Miss Emily Spiller met with a very favourable reception. She was loudly applauded and encored in "Let me wander not unseen," and Signor Guglielmo's "Under the Hazel Tree." Mr. Alfred Cellier performed selections on the organ.

The Reading Choral Union recently gave a performance of the *Messiah* in the Town Hall, READING, with great success. In addition to the band of the society, there were in the orchestra several members of Her Majesty's private band, members of the London Philharmonic Society, and the band of the First Life Guards. The solo singers were Mrs. H. Barnby, Miss A. Sharp, Mr. T. Hawley, and Mr. Henry Barnby. Conductor, Mr. Birch.

On Tuesday night, in connection with the District Psalmody Association, MANCHESTER, a lecture on Congregational Psalmody was delivered in the Free Trade Hall, by the Rev. Henry Allon. The chair was occupied by the Rev. A. Maclaren, and the hall was well filled. A choir of 800, selected from congregational choirs in Manchester, illustrated the lecture. Mr. W. T. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, prefaced the proceedings by playing, on the organ, the air, "Thou shalt bring them in," and the chorus, "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," from *Israel in Egypt*. At the conclusion of the first part, Mr. Best played a *rondo* and a grand fugue, by Bach, and concluded with a war march by Mendelssohn. Mr. Best's masterly performances received hearty applause. The choir was led by Mr. Henry Walker.

A pianoforte and vocal recital was given in the Newbury Mansion House, BERKS, on Tuesday the 11th instant, by Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted in the vocal pieces by Miss Robertine Henderson. Mrs. Macfarren performed, with much effect, compositions by Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schulhoff, Brissac, &c. Miss Robertine Henderson sang several songs, and in Mendelssohn's "First Violet," a Scotch ballad, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "Half-past Nine," was unanimously encored.

A popular concert was given on Valentine's Eve, in the Concert Hall, Corn Exchange, MAIDSTONE. An orchestra of thirty performed Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, the *finale* to Haydn's No. 1 Symphony, and the overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze*. Quartets by Haydn and Spohr were played by Messrs. Henniker, Morfill, Mason, and Walles. A solo sonata for pianoforte (Beethoven's in C minor) and Weber's Polacca, by Mr. H. F. Henniker (with orchestra). Miss E. Spiller sang "Lo here the gentle Lark," "Ah fors' e lui," and Herr Schloesser's "Queen of the Sea." Mr. H. F. Henniker conducted.

The "District Choral Society," of BANBURY gave a concert on Saturday, 15th February. The first part of the programme consisted of selections from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and his sacred cantata, *Laudo Sion*. Miss Robertine Henderson was the principal soprano, and was encored in "Lord, at all times" (*Lauda Sion.*) The second part was miscellaneous. Some part-songs were given by the choir, and solos on the pianoforte by Mr. James Taylor. Mr. John Taylor conducted.

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ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE.

If the man is to be looked upon as a general benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, the gratitude of the world, or at least of the musical world, may fairly be claimed for him who causes two operatic establishments to flourish when formerly but one was found. Not content with organizing at the Gallery of Illustration, a little theatre for the performance of operatic and quasi-operatic trifles, which for years past has been one of the most popular places of entertainment in London, Mr. German Reed has, during the last few weeks, founded a regular opera-house, with orchestra, chorus, and all the usual adjuncts, including even a *corps de ballet*, at St. George's Hall. Thus, both at the top and at the bottom of Regent Street a home has been provided for certain minor, but by no means uninteresting forms of the musical drama, which, before Mr. German Reed's time, were scarcely cultivated in England at all. To the merits of Mr. Sullivan's *Contrabandista*, Mr. Reed's opening piece at the St. George's Opera-house, we have more than once called attention. That charming work is now replaced in the bill by an English version of Auber's *Ambassadress*, which was presented for the first time on Saturday evening. The *Ambassadress*, being one of Auber's most celebrated, and certainly one of his most brilliant works, is well known, not only to musicians but to all determined lovers of the opera in England. It was played, in its original form, in the old days of French comic opera, at the St. James's Theatre, in 1849, when Mdlle. Charton sustained the part of the heroine.

There are numbers of amateurs in London to whom the music of the *Ambassadress*, is unfamiliar; and it is difficult to think of an opera which would at once have suited the dimensions of Mr. German Reed's little Opera-house and the tastes of his audiences more thoroughly than the one produced on Saturday evening.

Nevertheless, it may be objected to the *Ambassadress*, as represented at the St. George's Opera-house, that the picture is somewhat too large for the frame. The Opéra-Comique is not the Bouffes Parisiens—the scene, it will be remembered, of M. Offenbach's earlier, if not earliest, triumphs; and all Auber's so-called "comic" operas are, like his serious ones, written for a complete and efficient company, supported by an orchestra which would be equal to the execution of the most difficult and elaborate music. Perfect execution is the first thing that an opera by Auber—especially a work so characteristic of his fine, delicate talent as the *Ambassadress*—demands; and this, owing it may be in some measure to an insufficiency of rehearsals, the charming opera produced on Saturday night at St. George's Hall did not obtain.

The management had been fortunate in securing so practised a vocalist, so full of spirit, and so general a favourite, for the leading character as Mdlle. Liebhart. The story of the Ambassadress—originally suggested by the history of Mdlle. Henriette Sontag—who, however, unlike the Henriette of the opera, *did* marry the ambassador, Count Rossi—is worth nothing unless the heroine of the graceful little drama be able at once to look, act, and sing the part. This Mdlle. Liebhart certainly did; and her singing in the admirable tableau in which the front part of the stage represents the interior of a private box, while at the back the great vocalist makes her *début*, and at once captivates the public by the surpassing merit of her performance, was so good as to give the requisite air of truthfulness to the whole scene. Mr. Wilford Morgan, who played the part of the "First tenor of the Opera at Munich," would not perhaps be thought fully qualified to occupy that post in real life, but he has a nice voice, sings carefully, and has plenty of time for improvement. Mr. Lyall represented the Ambassador; Mr. Aynsley Cooke, the Manager; while the characters of the Countess, the Ambassador's sister, and of Charlotte, the second soprano at the Munich Opera, were entrusted to Miss A. Smyth and Madame d'Este Finlayson.

At the conclusion of the performance Mdlle. Liebhart was called before the curtain, and appeared, accompanied by Mr. German Reed.

Signor Catalani's last *matinée* was fashionably attended. Several songs and duets were warmly applauded, especially the duet (Nicolai), "One Word," sung by Mdlle. Leali and Mr. Stanton; and Mr. Henry Smart's duet, "When the wind blows in from the Sea," by Mdlle. Leali and Mr. W. F. Stirling. The latter young baritone also gave Felicien David's new romance, "Oh! Gentle Spirit," with much feeling. A new *mazurka de salon* for pianoforte, composed and played by Signor Catalani, was also well received.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Boosey & Co.—"The Contrabandista," comic opera. Written by F. C. Burnand; music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

Robert Cocks & Co.—"I must leave thee, bonnie Katie," by Franz Abt; "'Tis bless indeed to watch thy smile," by Brinley Richards; "Sunday Piano Music," by John Bishop (Nos. 1 and 2); "Cricket Polka," by Emile E. Hing; "God bless the Prince of Wales" (Burlington Glee Book, No. 1), by Brinley Richards; "God save the Queen," arranged by John Bishop (Burlington Glee Book, No. 26).

Lamborn Cock & Co.—"The Lily," song, by George Manton King.

Hopwood & Crew.—"Bond Street" for March; "Prima Donna Quadrilles," by Charles Coote, Jun.; "No Thoroughfare Galop," by Charles Coote, Jun.; "Love's Secret," ballad, sung by Miss Louisa Moore in the comedy of "Ours;" "Pauline," valse, by Charles Coote, Jun.; "Oh! give me wings to fly away," by W. F. Taylor; "Phillis, I'm waiting for thee," by H. S. Thompson.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — FIFTY-SIXTH SEASON.—Conductor, MR. W. G. CUSINS.—FIRST CONCERT, MARCH 26TH, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Symphonies: Schubert's unfinished in B minor; Beethoven, No. 4, in B flat. Overtures: Euryanthe (Weber); Elise (Cherubini). Concertstuck (Schumann), first time in England; and Rondo in B minor, Mendelssohn. Pianoforte: Madame Schumann. Vocalists: Mdlle. Carola and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Subscriptions, Four Guineas and Three Guineas and a Half. Single Tickets, 7s. L. Cock, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—SEASON 1868.—NOTICE.—MEMBERS' TICKETS are now ready for issue, and obtainable on payment of the Annual Subscription of One Guinea. Member's Ticket admits to all Soirées Musicales given by the Society; to the Chamber instrumental practices under the direction of Herr Jansa; to the Vocal practices, under Mr. J. F. Barnett; and to the Orchestral practices under Prof. Wylde, Mus. Doc., held for affording professional and amateur pianists and vocalists an opportunity of practising with orchestral accompaniments. Members are also entitled to admission to the series of New Philharmonic Concerts and public rehearsals, given under the direction of Prof. Wylde, Mus. Doc. Subscriptions will be received and prospectuses obtained of Messrs. Olliver, 19, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, 9, Conduit Street; of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and at the Office, St. George's Hall, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street. Professional and amateur musicians desirous of becoming members should apply to

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WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the direction of MR. JOHN BOOSEY.—The NINTH CONCERT, on Wednesday evening next. Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Madame Martorelli Garcia, Mdlle. Drasdil, Miss Marie Stocken, and Mdlle. Liebhart; Mr. Nelson Varley, and Signor Gustave Garcia. Clarionet—Mr. Lazarus. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, of 80 voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor—Mr. J. L. Hatton. Admission, 1s. and 2s.: Balcony, 3s.; Stalls, 5s.—To be had of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and at the hall.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Wednesday next, at Eight o'clock. On this occasion the following songs will be sung:—Madame Sherrington will sing "Come back to Erin" (Claribel), "Clochette" (Molloy), and "Rich and rare were the gems she wore" (Moore); Mdlle. Liebhart will sing "Within a mile of Edinburgh" and "Why are you wandering here I pray;" Madame Martorelli-Garcia will sing "Pretty Mocking Bird" (Bishop), and "How blest the maiden" (from "Love in a Village"); Mdlle. Drasdil will sing "John Anderson, my jo John," and "To the Maypole haste away;" Miss Marie Stocken will sing "The Ray of Hope," Bishop (clarionet obbligato Mr. Lazarus), and "Kate Kearney;" Mr. Nelson Varley will sing "The Death of Nelson," "I will not ask to press that cheek" (Gabriel), and Hatton's new song, "The beacon that lights me home;" Signor Gustave Garcia will sing "Black eye'd Susan," "Down among the dead men," and "Meg of Wapping." The programme will also include Glees, Part Songs, Duets, &c., and solos on the pianoforte by Madame Arabella Goddard, and on the clarionet by Mr. Lazarus. Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

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MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce that she intends, at the request of several of her Patrons and Pupils, giving SIX PIANOFORTE RECITALS (Three Evening and Three Morning)—viz.: Wednesday Evenings, March 25th, April 8th and 22nd, commencing at Eight o'clock; and Wednesday *Après-midi*, May 6th, 20th, and June 3rd, commencing at Half-past Two o'clock; on which occasions she will perform Selections from the Works of Beethoven, Chopin, Haydn, Heller, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Wallace, Weber, etc. She will be assisted by several artists of eminence, vocal and instrumental. Further particulars will be duly announced.

IRISH CONCERT.—NEXT TUESDAY (ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT).—MISS BERRY-GREENING'S THIRD ANNUAL CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Patrons, the Marquis of DONEGAL and the Viscount BANGOR. Band of the Coldstreams. Artists of eminence. Moore's Melodies; Lover's Songs. Commence at Eight. Admission, One Shilling.

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MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" (by H. SMART);

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" (by BENEDICT);

MISS DOVE DOLBY and MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing the Duettinos: "THE QUAIL" (by HAGEMANN), and "FAREWELL" (by H. SMART);

MISS DOVE DOLBY and MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing the Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA" (by H. SMART),

ON THE

16th March	.....	at Birmingham	31st March	.....	at Tavistock
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By order of the Committee of Management,
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Applications, with testimonials, to be forwarded (under cover) to the Vestry Clerk, on or before Wednesday, the 18th day of March instant, after which time no applications can be received. Notice will be given to Candidates of the day on which their attendance will be required.

Further information, and amount of salary, may be obtained on application to the Vestry Clerk. By Order,

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MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play ASCHER'S popular Romance for the Pianoforte, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 25th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Eli," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in March.—Address: Miss BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON will sing at Messrs. Broadwood's Concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 28th; St. George's Hall (West London Rifle Concert), April 3rd. Madame D'ESTE FINLAYSON is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, with the exception of the above dates, during her engagement at the St. George's Opera-House. Address Priory House, St. John's Wood.

MDLLE. ANGELINA SALVI will sing at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 24th. Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc., to be addressed to Mr. VAN PRAAG, 244, Regent Street; Letters, also, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY will sing "THE WOODMAN'S SON" (FRANK ELMORE), at Maidstone, March 18th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing "MY OWN DEAR HOME," by H. T. TILLYARD, at Glasgow, To-NIGHT (March 14th).

MISS CLINTON FYNES' RECITAL.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing at the BEETHOVEN Rooms, March 25th, BLUMENTHAL'S "MESSAGE," ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and, with Miss JENNY PRATT, NICOLAI'S Duet, "ONE WORD."

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Malvern, March 16th; "The Message," at Myddelton Hall, March 20th; and "Alice, where art Thou?" at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, Islington, April 2nd.

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MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing ASCHER'S charming song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Maidstone, March 18th; and at Miss Helen Hogarth's Matinée, Hanover Square Rooms, 25th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing REICHARDT'S popular song, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on March 16th, at the Freemasons' Hall; 31st, Westbourne Hall; and April 3rd, St. George's Hall.—128, Adelaide Road, N.W.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN'S popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on March 19th, at Northampton.

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"WAKE, MARY, WAKE!"

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" at Brixton, 23rd March; and Beethoven Rooms (Miss Fynes' Concert), 8th April.

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MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr. BEUTHIN'S popular song, "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," every evening during his Tour through the Northern Counties.

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MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing GUGLIELMO'S song, "THE THREE HOMES," every evening during his Tour through the Northern Counties.

MR. HENRY SANDERS will sing nightly, during his Tour this Month in the Eastern Counties and West of England, HENRY SMART'S new Ballad, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" and FELICIEN DAVID'S popular Romance, "OH GENTLE SPIRIT!"

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MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BALFE'S popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

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MDLLE. ROMANELLI will sing GUGLIELMO'S immensely popular Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Glasgow, To-NIGHT.

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REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(*Continued from page* 157.)

To confess the truth, we have swerved somewhat from our original intention: to speak only of our personal intercourse with, and relation towards, the deceased composer, whose name heads this notice. We may, perhaps, have repeated in our first instalment a great deal already related about Schumann in the works of Wasilewsky and Reissmann. It is a long time since we read those works, and we cannot for the moment consult them; it strikes us, therefore, as we do not remember them very well, that we may as well crave the reader's pardon should we happen to repeat what is already known.

It was during the Publishers' Fair of 1837 that I visited Leipsic and Robert Schumann for the first time. Leipsic made a fresh and agreeable, and Schumann, a profound, impression on me. In Dantzic, where I had a short time previously resided more than a year, his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* was taken in, and carefully read by a circle of ardent lovers of art, who used to dispute zealously and seriously over many a new and revolutionary view or hypothesis contained in it. Everything from the pen of Florestan and Eusebius—Schumann himself—had invariably attracted and influenced me in a peculiar manner, both as regards purport and form of expression. I was very desirous of becoming acquainted with Schumann, and, in the autumn of 1836, I forwarded him, from Dantzic, a manuscript song for male voices and an article for his paper. He did not send me any answer, but the article, somewhat shortened and touched up by him as editor, appeared in the paper, as I myself appeared, half a year later, in his room. It was on a sunny May-day, as hot, however, as a day in July. On my entrance, Schumann came from the window (there was only one) to meet me. From his upper lip hung the indispensable cigar. In his hand was a second, which he offered me with the words: "You smoke?" He did not wish me good day, but he shook hands with me. He was surprised at my not smoking, and still more at my being thin. I enquired whether he had formed a different notion of my figure. "Yes! I fancied you were a trifle stout." "Why?" I asked. He began searching and turning over his papers, which were heaped up on the piano and the chairs; at length he found what he wanted. It was the manuscript of my quartet for male voices, "Die Käferknaben," which I had forwarded him six months previously from Dantzic. He handed it me with the words: "I'll tell you! In addition to this all I know of yours are two or three jolly drinking songs, for bass—the *Kellnerin von Bacharach* I think the book is called—it was sent me by the publisher for review. Well, I always imagine the composer of lively things of this sort must be a fat, portly, imposing-looking gentleman, like Marschner in Hanover; the one here is thin." "The one here" in question was a relation of the Conductor's, and had resided a long time in Leipsic.

It was strange that I, also, for my part, had formed a picture of Schumann very different from the reality then standing before me. I imagined that he was slim, with dark hair and a gloomy expression, while he was plump, blond, and smiling. When I told him this, he laughed like a child. I still recollect his morning-toilet at this first call of mine. It was original, but in keeping with the hot morning. Over his shirt and drawers he had slipped on a long dark-coloured coat, and on his naked feet he wore black leather shoes. He had, probably, not been able to find his stockings in their customary place. He must have suffered very often and very acutely from the *petites misères de la vie humaine* during his bachelorhood, though, in Dr. Reuter, he possessed a friend, who, so to speak, was as good as a mother to him, and attended to him "with the busy care of a woman," as Wallenstein says in reference to Max Piccolomini. During a second visit to Leipsic, about a year subsequently, I think, I once met the excellent fellow, at Schumann's. The composer was seated writing at the little table on the step before the window, while his friend was inspecting and getting together the composer's linen, previously to sending it to the washerwoman's. He then examined Schumann's coats, trousers, and shoes, to see if there were any repairs needed. All this time Schumann went on quietly writing, while I conversed in a low tone with Reuter and left with him. "We shall see each other this evening, I suppose," Schumann cried out after us.

I may, perhaps, never have occasion to speak again in this article of Dr. Reuter, that benevolent male fairy in Schumann's bachelor-existence, the chance of my doing so being the less because I scarcely know aught about him more than I have already related; I cannot even say to what faculty he belonged or whether he was at all musical. I have heard he died long ago of consumption. Heaven spared him the trial of knowing and mourning the tragic destiny that delivered his friend, whom he loved so quietly and profoundly, to the demon of insanity. To complete the picture of Schumann's personal appearance, I have still to add that he was of middling size, but by no means small or squat, as we often heard people say they fancied he was. He had a large, and genuinely German head, abundantly furnished with soft, dark-blond hair; and a full face without beard, while the form and position of his lips might have caused anyone to believe he was always going to whistle very gently. His eyes were a beautiful blue, but neither large nor energetic; their expression seemed to suggest that he was always searching for, or listening to, something deep down in the recesses of his soul. He held himself perfectly upright, but his walk was as languid and effeminate as though he had not a bone in his whole body. He was shortsighted, and used a glass a great deal, but without the faintest approach to dandyism: perhaps it was superfluous to say this, as his disposition was diametrically opposed to anything like affectation. Though not very talkative, he could be far more entertaining in a *tête-à-tête* than anyone who had met him in general society could have conceived, for it certainly frequently happened that he has never uttered a single syllable all dinner-time at a *table d'hôte*, or when he has been sitting for hours together taking his beer at Poppe's or in the "Thomasgässchen," if he was not directly addressed. I recollect one evening at the Great Coffeetree, Schumann, as usual, was seated near the head of the table, where the artists and a few writers were in the habit of locating themselves. As he smoked his clarionet-like cigar, he appeared buried in a silence that was never to be broken. In fact, after he had been to a beerhouse two or three times, he did not require to call the waiter when he wanted another glass (*Toppche* it is designated in Leipsic). In the houses he frequented he so arranged matters that more beer was brought him without its being demanded, directly the landlord or the waiter observed that he had emptied his glass. When the glass after which he meant to leave was brought, he paid his reckoning in silence, and nearly always with a gratuity to the waiter.

On the evening to which I am alluding, Schumann struck me as being, if not melancholy at least strikingly out of sorts. I was seated close to him, and could not refrain from asking whether anything had annoyed him. He muttered quite *pianissimo*: "Oh, no!" I set about trying to devise something to cheer him up. Suddenly there walked up to the table a boy about ten years old, who used to frequent the place for the purpose of selling "*Sod* eggs," as they are called, which he carried in a small wooden tray, suspended by means of a strap before him. I called him, and he took up his position between us two. "That gentleman wants to buy some eggs," I said, pointing to Schumann. "Well, *he* never bought any before," remarked the little egg-merchant Quite contrary to my expectation, Schumann smiled, and, taking his tobacco clarionet from his lips, said to the boy, "Would you like one or two yourself?"

"Should not I, just! but I mustn't!" replied the youngster.

"Tell me," continued Schumann, "how many should you like? I will pay."

"Oh! I don't know!" answered the boy.

"Well, never mind that—fire away!" said Schumann.

And the boy did so. He disposed of the first three with great rapidity, but at the fourth there was a *ritardando*.

"They are too dry, he must have some butter!" I exclaimed. Schumann ordered some, and the boy got on better, but at the sixth egg he expressed a desire to conclude operations.

"He must now have something to drink," I remarked. Schumann began laughing more loudly than he had been heard to laugh by his fellow-customers for a long time, and ordered a glass of beer to be brought the boy. Ever after this frugal joke, he could not refrain from laughing a little directly the young egg-merchant entered the place and cast a suggestive glance at him.

(*To be continued.*)

MAGDEBURG.—A comic opera, *Hero und Leander*, by Herr W. Steinhardt, has been successfully produced.

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THE ADVOCATES OF SCHUMANN.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—We sometimes meet with advocates who, when acting together in the same cause, agree as to nothing but their desire for its success. The end sought is the only thing common to them. They pursue it in varying methods, not seldom crossing each other's path, tripping up each other's heels and mutually increasing the odds against a favourable result. Of these some are compelled by the nature of their constitution to bring ruin upon the cause they espouse. Their taking any particular side on a disputed question is equivalent to reinforcing the opposite party, the prospects of which are improved by their blunders and bad judgment. Either they are impetuous, and lay open every weak place to the enemy's attack, or they are supercilious, and irritate even neutrals up to the point of belligerency. Anyhow they do far more harm than good, save when their cause is a bad one: then their errors are Godsends and present a reason for thankfulness.

With certain musical questions now pending, advocates of this dubious order largely concern themselves. The status of Robert Schumann among composers is one of those questions. There is a party in our midst who profess to see in Schumann a man of great genius and an artist of no mean order. They claim for his works, moreover, the distinguishing merits belonging to music of the highest class, and will accept for it no secondary position. Whatever the actual facts, nobody can dispute their right to do this. They are at liberty to form what opinions they please, and to labour for the dissemination of those opinions with all the zeal they can command. But as regards the manner of their advocacy the musical public at large have somewhat to do, because occupying with respect to them the position of the thing operated upon with respect to the operator. On questions not vital to its interests, society remains passive, neither opposing nor helping, but quietly waiting to receive impressions. Its readiness to be convinced, however, depends as much upon the manner of the advocates as upon their matter. Hence the result of the Schumann propaganda may be seriously impeded (or sensibly promoted), by maladroitness on the part of those who have it in hand. Some of them, I cannot but think, are maladroit in no ordinary degree. Whether they thus advance or retard the cause of truth, depends upon which side the truth is found. Into that question I have no wish to enter at present, but, as their operations are unpleasant in any case, I do mean to protest against them somewhat forcibly. If the truth be with Schumann's awkward advocates, so much the worse for it, if not, I should prefer to see error overthrown by its own promoters in a less disagreeable manner.

It should be clearly understood with regard to this Schumann question that the *onus* of proving their case belongs to those who put forward claims on his behalf. They occupy the position of the promoters of a suit in a court of law who seek to show themselves entitled to property or privileges which no one wishes to withhold from the rightful owners. Hence their business is to point out in what respect the music of the composer satisfies accepted canons of art, and to elucidate its meaning by performance and analysis at every possible opportunity. Doing this in a truth-loving spirit, and with all the earnestness of sincerity, even those who remained unconvinced would be unable to withhold their respect. But the case is very different when the entire question is begged by first assuming that Schumann music is meritorious and then sneering at those who cannot ascend to the lofty standpoint from which alone its merit is visible. The illogicalness of this is not its worst feature. By so doing the awkward advocates appeal, not to the intellect and taste, but to the sense of shame attending an inferior position. Of all things people resent the imputation of inferiority, and in this case a way of retaliation is clearly enough open. They are tempted not only to say: "We do not admit that which you take for granted," but to steel themselves against conviction till "We do not" becomes "We will not." This may be unwise, but it is also natural. Men cannot reasonably be expected to "receive with meekness" those who say, with an air of condescending pity, "Here is a great thing, the greatness of which you cannot see because of an uneducated vision. Accept our word for it, and reverence the thing accordingly." To such an address ordinary humanity may be excused for responding in a way as vigorous as non-complimentary; perhaps for deliberately refusing even to have its eyesight educated to the necessary keenness of perception.

Everybody knows that the musical authorities at the Crystal Palace are devoted to the cause of Schumann; whose works they continue to present, in the face of coldness and indifference. I can respect this persistence and the earnest conviction from which it springs, as I can also the style in which the pen of the Crystal Palace writer usually supplements the effect of the Crystal Palace performance. But I must withhold that respect from certain expressions in the analytical programme of last Saturday's concert. That these were not written by the usual hand, it hardly required a change of signature to show. "G," with his enthusiasm for what seems to him beautiful, and his earnest pleading for its recognition by others, has been supplanted by "A. M.," who, figuratively, knocks down everybody that declines to see with him eye to eye. The sooner "G" takes his old place again the better. But let me show you what sort of an advocate "A. M." proves himself to be. Here is his exordium: "It seems strange that Schumann's works should still be a source of musical controversy in England." Note, if you please, that "A. M." enunciates as an absolute fact that which is not only open to question, but which is really believed by a small minority. The fact alluded to does *not* seem strange to the majority, but, on the contrary, perfectly natural. Then he goes on to say: "All who have learned to know Schumann's compositions will readily agree that it is not want of merit which has been the cause of this seeming neglect." By "know" "A. M." means "admire;" at least I hope so, since his use of the former word amounts to something very like an insult. It signifies that those who fail to appreciate the works in question do so through accidental or wilful ignorance. It places "A. M.," and such as think with him above and beyond all others, in a region where a broader and clearer view can be obtained of whatever is true in music. If "A. M." meant this, let me tell him that it is possible to know Schumann's music without discerning the merit of which he speaks, and that, in not a few cases, knowledge produces a directly contrary effect. But without entering upon any discussion, I wish to point out the indiscretion that prompted "A. M." to assume so lofty a tone. This is neither the age nor the country in which the cry: "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us," is likely to be very effective. If, therefore, "A. M." be anxious for the public appreciation of Schumann's music, he will do well not to encourage a contrary spirit by assuming the very question in dispute, and then lecturing every one that disagrees with him, as a schoolmaster might lecture a dull pupil who cannot see how "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another," etc.

In other respects "A. M." is a poor wielder of the pen. He says that, in the endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions, Schumann "inevitably obscured those channels through which music alone can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart." If this mean anything at all, it signifies that a musical expression of human emotion can never be pleasant or intelligible, which needs not to be refuted. The word "inevitably" must, therefore, come out; but I question if "A. M." would accept his sentence thus mutilated. Further on he observes that "music became a great gainer" by the channels aforesaid being obscured—but why follow this most unlucky advocate any further. He first offends those whom he ought to convince, and then goes deliberately into an argumentative quagmire. Oh! pleasant, genial, and persuasive "G" come back to the Crystal Palace programmes at once.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

THADDEUS EGG.

LEIPSIC.—Concert for the Orchestral Fund: Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; Violin Concerto, Davidoff (performed by the composer); Toccata, Bach; Nocturne, Etude, and Polonaise, Chopin; Fantasia on *Don Juan*, Liszt (Herr Tausig); Solos for Violoncello (Herr Davidoff); and "Harold Symphony," Berlioz.—Nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert, in celebration of the 125th anniversary of the Gewandhaus Concerts (compositions of the conductors of the last five-and-twenty years): Concert-Overture, Rietz; air from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn (Mdlle. Sechofer); Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (Herr Straus); "Frühlings-Fantaisie," Gade; Symphony in A major, Reinecke; Andante and Scherzo Capriccio for Violin, David; Songs for Soprano and Chorus of male Voices, Hiller.

MALAGA.—Sig. Aldighieri, a great favourite here, lately took his benefit at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, on which occasion the programme was composed of selections from *Il Trovatore*, *Torquato Tasso*, and *L'Elisire d'Amore*.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT'S "TRAGISCHE SINFONIE."

Adagio molto: Allegro.
Andante.
Menuetto e Trio.
Allegro.

This is the fourth of the nine symphonies which, in addition to a host of other compositions, Franz Schubert produced during his too short life of thirty-one years. It was composed in April, 1816, when he was 19 years of age, leading a quiet life in Vienna, the most important events of which were such trifles as the return of the Emperor from a tour in Italy; a *fête* to Salieri, the venerable Court composer; the production of some new work by Beethoven; an unsuccessful contest for the post of music-master to the normal school at Laybach, with a salary of £45; or, more monotonous than all, the fact which Schubert notes in his diary, under June 16, "To-day for the first time I composed for money—a Cantata for the birthday of Professor von Draxler. Price 100 florins." Such were the small matters which at that time made up the outward life of the young composer, who was destined to be so great. But, however quiet its outward course, the inner life of so sensitive and poetical a nature as Schubert's, cast in such cruel circumstances, must have been constantly chequered and agitated. From his smallest song to his largest symphony, no composition of his but bears witness to the fact. What led him to affix (if, indeed, he himself affixed it) the title of *Tragic Symphony* to this composition is not known. It is a title that might be bestowed on almost everything that he wrote—for there are few, even of his more cheerful works, in which a tone of melancholy does not pervade and underlie their gaiety. But beyond the title there is nothing in the symphony to indicate that it was inspired by any specially tragic theme, or was the result of any severe private misfortune. Possibly it is the record of some passing love affair, which though "tragical" enough at the moment was soon forgotten (as one forgets at 19), and may even have melted away as the symphony occupied his brain and his fingers: or it is some pang of poverty, like that which dictated the letter to his brother, in which he begs for wherewithal to buy "a penny loaf and a few apples," and signs himself "your loving, poor, hopeful, but still poor brother, Franz" —a frame of mind which would fly before the first few kreutzers that chance or kindness put in his way. His application for the music school at Laybach is dated April 9, 1816, so that the Symphony may have been composed during the hopes and fears attending the quest of that post, which, unremunerative as it was, would have been a fortune to Franz Schubert.

But "Tragic" or not, the Symphony in C minor is a grand and beautiful work, one which would do honour to any master, however matured, and truly astonishing as the production of a youth not out of his teens. Traces there are throughout of the influence of both Mozart and Beethoven; but such similarities are inevitable in the early works of a youth, and are here amply redeemed by the original strokes and features with which each movement abounds. The sudden transitions, and the method of repeating a whole phrase in another key remote to that in which it is first heard, so characteristic of Schubert, are both to be found here; and it is interesting to notice the first tokens of the sympathy shown to the wind instruments, which are so prominent in Schubert's later works, and to which in the unfinished Symphony in B minor, the *Rosamunde* music, and the grand Symphony in C, he confides the interest and most touching secrets of his soul, as no one else has done before or after him. The orchestra, too, has that peculiarly sweet and balanced tone which is so obvious in the great works just named, and which is the more wonderful when we consider how rarely he can have heard his music performed. The two most obviously striking movements in the Symphony are the *andante* and the *finale*. The former is one of the most beautiful and engaging things in all music; a strain of lovely melody enriched and set off by every device of art, and yet true, sweet, and unaffected to the last. In form it is somewhat unusual, consisting of two independent melodies, which are repeated alternately and separately, without being worked together. The returns from the one melody to the other are truly exquisite. The *finale* is very busy and brilliant throughout, with beautifully melodious subjects and charming treatment of the wind instruments. The *allegro* and minuet are only less interesting than the other two; the minuet might have been signed "Beethoven," without in any way derogating from his fame. It is astonishing that a work so full of spirit and beauty should have been allowed to remain in oblivion for so many years. The first two movements were tried at a concert in Vienna in 1860, but appear to have met with no success, and the score remained in its dusty retirement in the cupboard of Dr. Schneider, an advocate of Vienna, side by side with the *Rosamunde* music and many other MS. treasures, till the autumn of last year. That its neglect was due to no opposition on the part of its possessor is evident from the kind readiness with which he allowed the representatives of the Crystal Palace Company to take a copy of it. To Dr. Schneider the thanks of our audience are due, since it is by his liberality that we are enabled to present to their notice a work which cannot fail to become a greater favourite the oftener it is heard.—The autograph of the symphony has disappeared, the score in Dr. Schneider's possession being a copy by Ferdinand Schubert with the title, "*Tragische Sinfonie in C minor von Franz Schubert. Componirt im Aprile* 1816."

Franz Peter Schubert was the son of a small schoolmaster of Vienna, and was born at a house which still bears the sign of "The Red Crab," No. 54 of the Nussdorfer-Strasse in the Himmelpfortgrund suburb, on the 31st January, 1797. The records of his childhood are very scanty, but they show that his genius for music and his general ability manifested themselves very early. At eleven years of age he had a lovely voice and was put into the Court Chapel and into a public school called the *Convict*, where he remained for five years. His first known composition was a four-hand fantasia for pianoforte (1810), and his first song the "Lament of Hagar" (1811). The following are the principal events of his life:—

1813. Symphony No. 1, composed Oct. 28.
1814. Leaves the *Convict*. First Mass in F composed.
1815. Symphonies 2 and 3 composed, Seven Operas, and the *Erlkönig*.
1816. Symphonies 4 and 5, Mass in C, *Stabat Mater*, and opera of *Die Bürgschaft*.
1817. Five Pianoforte Sonatas.
1818. Resides with the Esterhazy family in Hungary, and has a secret passion for the Countess Caroline. Symphony No. 6, Divertissement à la Hongroise, Fantasia in F minor.
1819. Visits Salzburg and Linz. Composes the Pianoforte Quintet.
1820. Composes for the stage. *Die Zwillinge; Die Zauberharfe; Sacuntala;* oratorio of *Lazarus;* Fantasia (Op. 15).
1821. Sketches the Symphony in E (No. 7).
1822. Opera of *Alfonso and Estrella;* meets Weber and Beethoven: composes B minor Symphony (No. 8) and Mass in A flat.
1823. Composes for the stage, *Rosamunde, Fierrabras,* and *Die häusliche Krieg*.
1824. Octett; String Quartets in A flat, E, E flat; Grand Duo in C. Returns to Esterhazy's.
1825. Pianoforte Sonatas in A minor and C (duets).
1826. The *Winterreise*; String Quartets in D minor and G; Rondeau brillant Pianoforte Trio in B flat.
1827. Trio in E flat; many songs.
1828. Symphony No. 9 (in C); String Quintet; Mass in E flat; *Miriams Siegesgesang; Schwanengesang.* Dies Nov. 19th.

His works include: 5 masses; 15 operas, operettas, &c.; 9 symphonies; 10 quartets, quintets, octet, and trios; 12 pianoforte sonatas; 32 pianoforte four-hand sonatas, marches, variations, &c.; 36 part songs; 575 songs.

It is to be regretted that there is no portrait of Schubert which can be accepted as giving any adequate idea of his looks. The head which appears at the top of Diabelli's edition of his songs is a caricature. A sketch by Kupelwieser, taken July 10, 1821, is engraved as the frontispiece to his life by Kreissle, but it is only necessary to compare this most wooden of wood-cuts with the photograph of the original sketch—to be found in some of the early editions of Kreissle, and itself a poor thing—to show how inadequate they both are. There remains the life-sized bust which forms part of the monument on Schubert's tomb in the Währinger Cemetery, outside Vienna. This is said by those who knew him to be a good likeness, and I am therefore glad to inform my readers that photographs, both of the tomb and the bust, may be purchased in the nave at the entrance to the concert room. But even this, probably taken from a posthumous mask, is an unsatisfactory representation of the outward man of our dear composer. His face was evidently one which was heavy in repose, but surely with his genial disposition, and with the brilliant imagination and soft

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sweet heart which are present in every bar of his music, he must have had one of the most changeable countenances ever possessed by man. His eyes were usually dull, says a contemporary, but would kindle at the least allusion to music, or to Beethoven, and would light up the whole of his features. Faces like these are notoriously hard to pourtray; only the best artists can catch their shifting flying traits of delicate expression. And such artists never came in the way of Schubert. *Now*, the greatest painters would feel honoured by having to paint his portrait; but when he lived his worth was not known, and so the world has lost for ever the living image of his face. But, thank God, we have his works.

He was about 5ft. 6in. high, thick set and of solid make, black hair, and short sighted, for which he wore glasses.

The best biography of Schubert is by Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn, Vienna, 1865. A translation of this is announced by Messrs. Longman as to appear early in the spring, in one vol. 8vo., under the title of "The Life of Franz Schubert. Translated from the German of Kreissle von Hellborn by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." G. G.

TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

To Editor Musical World London

Hamlet passed last night (Monday)—immense success due to Nilsson—Opera long tedious heavy—third act, most depended upon, wearisome—snow decoration great effect—Faure much appreciated as actor—as part, no success of music—Ophelia (Nilsson) perfectly unheard of ovation—never within remembrance of operagoers the equal—places taken for the ninth performance, certainly on her account only—afraid sad consequences for Nilsson's admirers in London—letter follows.—(L. E.)

Paris, Tuesday.

BY LETTER.

The Editor of the Musical World.

Paris, 11 *March*.

Sir,—I was going to write you a long letter on the first performance of *Hamlet*, which took place on Monday night, but reading what I sent you last week and considering that the contents of my Telegram give you in reality what is to be said about an opera which really does not require close criticism, I could only repeat what I then said, and I think the space of the *Musical World* too valuable to fill it with repetitions. In one word the tragedy is not fit for a libretto, the music is not fit for the tragedy, the singers cannot be contented with their music, nor has the public been satisfied with the singers, notwithstanding Faure's splendid acting, and the *only* exception of real success being Nilsson. She was drowned in flowers, her house, her staircase, her hall, all is crowded with bouquets, the Jockey Club sent her a bouquet, a collection of the rarest white flowers, two feet in diameter, for the trifling sum of £200—and—Shakespeare? Get thee into a nunnery. L. E.

TO OWEN MEREDITH, Esq.

In the glorious times of old,
When the knights were real heroes,
Thieves were nailed on wooden crosses
By the Cæsars and the Neros;
But the modern chivalry,
Governed by a new belief,
Roman rules of right reversing,
Puts the cross upon the thief.

Bashi Bazook.

Brussels.—*Don Carlos* is being actively rehearsed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and will be produced very shortly. According to report, the next novelty will be Auber's last work, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*.—M. Léon de Burbure, after having composed nothing but religious music, for the last thirty years, has now written a grand Symphony, the Andante from which was performed, and much applauded, at the last Concert Populaire.

Prague.—From October 1st 1866 to October 1st 1867, 112 operas and 38 operettas were performed at the Town Theatre. Among them were eight novelties, three of which, Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Maillart's *Dragons de Villars*, and Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue*, have become stock-pieces. The other five, including Herr von Flotow's *Zilda*, and Herr Abert's *Astorga*, were only moderately successful.

GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(*Communicated.*)

A large issue, extending already to nearly one hundred thousand copies, of the programme for this great festival, which is to be held at the Crystal Palace in June next, has been made by Mr. Bowley. Most extensive preparations are being made to render this celebration the most complete illustration of English musical progress that has yet been witnessed. Besides a variety of interesting details, the programme contains a wood-cut of the gravestone of Handel in Westminster Abbey. It is also accompanied by plans of seats, particulars and prices of tickets, which prices are in no case higher, and in some instances lower, than at former festivals. The London division of the chorus will be more numerous even than on previous occasions, application for admission thereto having proportionately increased. It is not intended, however, to dispense with the assistance of the great provincial choral bodies, which will be well represented. The orchestra will number four thousand carefully selected performers, Mr. Costa again being conductor. Most distinguished patronage has been already accorded to the festival. The ticket offices at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall were opened at 10 a.m. on Monday, 9th March, for the issue of vouchers securing tickets. The programme may be had on application personally or by letter at the above-mentioned offices, as well as at the numerous agents throughout the country and various parts of the Continent. A most interesting feature in connection with this festival, is the publication of a photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of Handel's own manuscript score of the *Messiah*, which has been graciously lent for the purpose by Her Majesty the Queen, from the royal library. Handel's scores were bequeathed by him to John Christopher Smith, his amanuensis, who in his turn presented them to George III., after the death of the Dowager Princess of Wales, the mother of the King, upon the latter continuing the pension which Smith had received during the lifetime of the princess. The MS. score of the *Messiah* consists of nearly three hundred closely written pages of music, and has at the commencement and termination of each part the composer's autograph, with the date (accompanied by the astronomical sign for the day of the week) at which it was begun and finished. The date at the commencement of the work is August 22, and at the end, September 12, thus proving incontestibly that this immortal production was penned by Handel in the short space of twenty-one days. It will be published by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, any profits arising from the sale thereof being devoted to the Benevolent Fund in connection with that Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians.

Auber.—M. Auber reminds one of those centenarians about whom people go into ecstasies, if the venerable individuals in question walk to church and back. The smallest bit of melody that peeped forth was greeted with fits of surprise and delight: "Just think! eighty-seven years old." These eighty-seven years played a great part on the memorable evening of the 15th February. How many times on that occasion were people able to tell M. Auber that he had never been younger. The clever old gentleman has a stock of ready-made answers for these compliments which he knows are coming. You meet him in the street. "How fresh and well you are looking. Why you are not more than forty to-day." "No," replies the master with a smile, "I have left the other forty-seven years at home." Or the conversation runs thus: "What secret have you, *maestro*, for keeping so young?" "I live with young people; mine is merely reflected youth," is the answer. By this time M. Auber must have exhausted all his methods of begging pardon for his youth of eighty-seven, and I feel sure he would prefer hearing other compliments to those which rise so naturally to the lips of his friends. For a long time, M. Auber was not fortunate at the Opéra-Comique. More than once did he experience the truth of Louis the Fourteenth's remark: "Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est plus heureux à notre âge." In *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* Auber has found the inspiration of former days.—(*Le Guide Musical*).

Königsberg.—On the 21st March, 1828, Herr Dorn, who has been Court *Capellmeister* in Berlin since 1849, commenced his public career by conducting *Le Maçon* in this, his native, town. This year, therefore, he will have fulfilled the duties of a conductor forty years. Next to Herr Krebs, of Dresden, he has wielded the *bâton* longer than any German musician living, the oldest of all, Herr Bachner, of Munich, having been lately pensioned. During this long period, Herr Dorn has officiated in Königsberg, Dantzic, Leipsic, Hamburgh, Riga, Cologne, and Berlin.

Mannheim.—Shakspere's *Tempest* with Herr Taubert's music has been very favourably received.

Treves.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was produced with success a short time since.

Rotterdam.—Handel's *Judas Maccabœus* has been performed by the Society for the Promotion of Music.

Dusseldorf.—M. Offenbach's *Schöne Helene* has been successfully produced.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in D major, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and two Horns — MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, C. HARPER, STANDEN, and PIATTI ... ... *Mozart.*

AIR, "Lascia ch'io pianga"—MISS ELENA ANGELS ... ... *Handel.*

CAPRICCIO, in E major, Op. 33, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SONG, "Rock me to sleep"—MISS ELENA ANGELS ... ... *Benedict.*

SONATA, in A major, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

BENEFIT OF MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16TH, 1868.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello (repeated by general desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONGS { "Regrets" ... ... } Mr. SIMS REEVES *Schubert.*
{ "On every tree that blossoms" }

SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone (Posthumous)—first time of performance in public—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SEXTET, in D, for Pianoforte, Violin, two Violas, Violoncello, and Double Bass (Posthumous)—first time of performance in public — Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "The Hunter's Song"—Mr. SIMS REEVES ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONATA, in A major, No. 17, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM ... ... *Mozart.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACTUARIUS.—In a very interesting historical and analytical paper, the insertion of which, in the programme mentioned by "Actuarius," was a strong help to the audience, the writer comments on the fact that of the nine symphonies of Beethoven, the seventh is the only one in the key of A; but this seems no more curious than that there should be only one in B flat (No. 4), and only one in E flat (No. 3).

DR. WHYTE COAL is obstinate. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres.*

MR. HORACE MAYHEW.—"*Nam et uxorem ducere, et non ducere malum est?*" Mr. Mayhew, being a bachelor, is hardly a fair judge. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres.*

MR SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres.*

DEATH.

On the 9th inst., THEOPHILA, daughter of Mr. WILLIAM FISH, of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, in her 87th year.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

ON THE READING AND RENDERING OF VARIOUS OPERATIC CHARACTERS.*

I.—THE LAST SCENE OF "DON JUAN."

(*Continued from page* 161.)

THE stone visitor appears with the words: "Don Juan, you invited me to sup with you, and I have come!" What reply does Don Juan make in his surprise? We beg the reader to pay especial attention to the words: "I should never have believed it, but I will do what I can. *Leporello, have a fresh supper served up quickly.*" ("*Ma farò quel che potrò. Leporello, un' altra cena, Fa che subito si porti.*") Is this the language of a man who is frightened? The Ghost refuses any "earthly food" ("*cibo mortale,*" but calls upon Don Juan to sup with *him.* Leporello exclaims: "He has no time;" but Don Juan is determined. "My heart is strong within my breast. I come." The Ghost asks for his hand as a pledge. Don Juan gives it, and then for the first time experiences a deadly shudder. "What cold is this!" But his emotion lasts only a moment, for immediately afterwards we see the reckless and daring being in all his defiant cynicism. "Repent; change your way of life; this is the very last opportunity," says the Ghost. "No, no; I do not repent; away, leave me," replies the other. Nay, he does more than this; he addresses the Ghost contemptuously as an "infatuated old man" ("*vecchio infatuato*"), and it is not till the Ghost has sunk through the earth and that Hell opens for him that the sinner writhes in agony; but he only describes the pangs that rack his soul and his veins; not a word of supplication for mercy from Above passes his lips, and it is thus he sinks into eternal night, whence the devilish spirits cry to him: "Come! there is something still more horrible in store for you."

In our opinion further explanation is superfluous to prove that, both at and after the appearance of the Ghost, Don Juan ought not to display any despair; and that all he says in the words which prepare us for the apparition, as well his remarks during the presence of the statue, exhibits only a disposition full of contempt and defiance. Now comes another question: If it be decided how Don Juan should *not* be represented in this scene, how *ought* he to be represented? How ought the singer to act? To appear indifferent, when the situation is so fearfully serious, would be nothing more nor less than sheer stupidity; to affect boldness and defiance is so far dangerous, because the Ghost, as a being from another world, must be quiet and motionless, and it would be extremely difficult for the representative of Don Juan to observe the due limit in his movements and gestures, and not degenerate into ranting; this difficulty explains, among other things, the fact of so many singers endeavouring to depict alarm and despair here; they have a better opportunity of laying on the colour more thickly than they otherwise would have. We repeat: How should this last scene be read and rendered?

We cannot pretend to do more than give a few hints, because it would not be very easy to lay down a fixed rule of demeanour and action. For a thoughtful artist, a great deal will be spontaneously

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

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suggested by what has been said about the words and the development of the situation.—It strikes us very forcibly that, despite the external composure and coolness which Don Juan displays towards his visitor, there is a certain contrast observable in mood and bearing, compared with the preceding scene. In this, the faithful Elvira, despite all the affronts he has offered her, is still lovingly attached to him, and, moved by an anxiety she cannot explain about his fate, forces her way into his house for the purpose of warning him, but is received with ribald jocularity, with almost vulgar scorn, unworthy a gentleman; Don Juan behaves like an arrogant profligate, proud of his vices and his infidelities. In the scene with his stone visitor, however, he must demean himself like a man who, feeling convinced that his end is close at hand, calls up *all his strength*, and all his courage not to appear a coward. The artist must, without falling, as he may easily do, into exaggeration, pourtray the struggle between a man endowed with great natural qualities, but ruined by excess and debauchery, and the irresistible power which he is beginning to feel of the Supernatural. In the last fearful resistance to all the warnings of morality, when Don Juan, held fast by the icy hand of the Ghost, utters, in answer to each appeal for him to reform, a stubborn "No!" the artist should merely adopt the business of endeavouring to tear himself away, and it is not until the Ghost has sunk through the ground, and the pains of hell overtake the dying wretch, that his demeanour should be that of a man broken down, and rapidly approaching his end. Franz Wild used to give a model performance of all this. The author of the present lines has seen that great artist after he had for years lost some of his vocal power, and was no longer able to compete with younger men in the "heroic parts," but he was even then unapproachable in this character; his rendering of it will never be forgotten by anyone who saw it. Wild was really of small stature, but of noble bearing, while his intellectual head, with the flashing eyes, was magnificently suited for Don Juan. In the last scene he was gorgeously dressed, as though, after supper, he meant to sally forth in search of amorous adventures; with Donna Elvira, he even possessed the art of softening down all that was revolting and low in the text; and was elegant and supple throughout. At the words: "To put an end to this" ("Per togliermi d'intrico"), he snatched the candelabrum from the table and hurried out, but immediately re-appeared on the stage; he saw clearly that Don Juan had no need to *open the door* for the Ghost, because no earthly bolt could keep him back. With the candelabrum held far out before him, he slowly retreated before the Ghost, staring at it without taking off his eyes. It was not till the words: "Leporello, quick," etc., that he replaced the lights on the table—his breast heaving high while words of defiance issued from his lips, and his left hand resting convulsively and unconsciously on the table. He remained in this position till the Ghost uttered the words: "Give me your hand as a pledge." Then, and not till then, a slight twitching ran through his body. As if attracted by some magnetic power, he advanced and stretched out his hand, exhibiting at the words: "Ah! what sudden chill is this?" the first deadly shudder. But, immediately afterwards, he drew himself up to his full height, and, looking, with cold, defiant, eye, at the Ghost which stood rigid before him, pronounced his three "No's!" and then, when the icy hand released him, fell to the ground. In our opinion, the performance was the grandest possible in its conception and rendering, and we have mentioned it here because it may, perhaps, serve as a guide to others.

H. E.

CARL FORMES has begun his new career as an actor at Würtzburg.

"ROSSINI," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "has resigned his author's rights in *Guillaume Tell* on the occasion of its 500th performance.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of Monday night's concert, the 23rd of the present season, was full of interest, and contained one especial feature that alone would have sufficed to distinguish it. If the director of the Monday Popular Concerts had done nothing more than enable the great musical public of London to hear ten admirable performances of such a work as the Quintet for string instruments in G minor, one of the divinest compositions of "the divine Mozart," comparable to anything that exists in poetry, sculpture, architecture, or painting, one of those things, to imitate which, as Lord Byron said of something by Sir Walter Scott, would be impossible, seeing that they are "inimitable," he would have entitled himself to the gratitude of every true amateur. Well, the last of these ten performances, on Monday—the players being MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti—was the most irreproachable of all. Never has Herr Joachim played more finely, never has he created a deeper impression among an audience long accustomed to recognize in him the chief of living violinists. Signor Piatti, too, claims equal praise, as a solid support that alone would make even a tolerable quintet pass muster, but, combined with such an unparagoned "first fiddle," places it beyond the reach of criticism. Such playing stands in no need of the "mutes" (*sordini*), which deaden rather than quicken the effect of the exquisite *adagio*; and Herr Joachim—as Herr Manns did recently at the Crystal Palace, with the slow movement of Mozart's so-called "Jupiter" Symphony—might exercise his unquestioned and unquestionable authority in dispensing with this trick of the olden time, which has nothing but age to sanctify it, which robs the instruments of all their brightness of tone, and makes *chiar'-oscuro* impossible. It was a relief to hear the short *adagio*, leading to the joyous *rondo finale*, when the "mutes" were taken off from the fiddles.

At the end of the first part of the concert Herr Joachim played the sonata in A, from Handel's set of six sonatas for violin solo, which had already been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts by Herr Ludwig Straus. The pianoforte accompaniment—not by Handel, but, we believe, by Herr F. David, of Leipsic—was undertaken by Mr. Charles Hallé. To this somewhat "*rococo*" music of the great master, which, if Mendelssohn's unpublished works are to be suppressed, ought surely to be left to oblivion, Herr Joachim, by his tone, style, and marvellous vigour of execution, imparted a charm altogether indefinable. Even to the last movement, which might have been written by Corelli, the most twaddling of "Archangels," such incomparable playing gave significance; and the audience asked unanimously again for what really under any other circumstances, would not have been worth hearing twice, seeing that there are some fifty "gigues," to say the least, by Bach, Handel, and others, in which precisely the same turns and cadences are heard over and over again. Handel is said to have composed the six sonatas of which this is one for the private practice of a Prince of Wales, who was probably not an amateur of the stamp of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, friend and patron of the recently (by Mr. Chappell) too much neglected Dussek; and it may be taken for granted that the illustrious composer would not greatly have cared to hear them performed in public. But such playing as that of Herr Joachim can make anything pass muster; and no wonder that the audience were delighted with his ready acceptance of the "encore," and his repetition of the last movement in question—a "gigue" at the best.

The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who chose for solo the sonata in E flat from Beethoven's set of three sonatas, Op. 31, and who never, in our remembrance, has played more admirably. This gentleman's execution of the first and second movements was absolutely perfect; the *minuetto* and trio, marked "*moderato e grazioso*," we cannot but think, he took too slow, and the *finale*, although marked "*presto e con fuoco*," too quick for the distinctness indispensable to proper effect; but the finished neatness of Mr. Halle's playing could hardly be surpassed, and its merits were fully recognized by the audience with whom he is so greatly and deservedly popular. The sonata in E flat, a masterpiece of original fancy and contrivance, has for many years been one of his especial favourites; and the oftener he plays it the better.

The last instrumental piece was Schubert's trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a work full of genuine musical

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beauty, but very unequal, and in some parts as feeble as in others it is strong. About this the programme quotes some singular rhapsodies from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, which it is to be hoped may not be mistaken for criticism. Of the two trios of Schubert Schumann says, that one is "masculine," and the other "feminine," (&c.). We do not pretend to understand the distinction, *quoad* the trios under discussion, but are satisfied to recognize that both are beautiful in spite of their unequal workmanship. A time of sentimentalism in criticism seems to have arrived which threatens to upset the canons of art. This may possibly spring out of a very general feeling as to the barrenness of musical production in the present day; but we must beware of over-estimating even so undoubtedly gifted and attractive a genius as Schubert, who, though immeasurably richer in endowment, was as imperfectly trained a musician as Schumann himself. Critics need not be sentimental about Schubert; he can stand on his abstract merits. Art, after all, is of some importance, and its interests should be studiously cared for in all estimates of what relates to it. The trio, played to perfection by Mr. Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, kept a large majority of the audience in their seats to the end.

The singer was Mr. Vernon Rigby, who gave the first air of Obadiah from *Elijah* (utterly misplaced at these secular concerts) and the well-known "Serenade" of Schubert, and who has a very pleasing tenor voice.

The concert on Monday next will be more than usually interesting, two of its principal features being a grand sonata in B flat for pianoforte solo, and a grand sextet in D, for pianoforte and string instruments, by Mendelssohn, which have never before been heard in public, and which Madame Arabella Goddard will have the honour of playing for the first time. She will also play, with Herr Joachim, Mozart's Sonata in A. The concert will begin with the "Storm" quintet of Beethoven. Mr. Sims Reeves is the singer.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has returned to town, after giving "recitals" of classical pianoforte music at Derby and Warrington, and playing at a Monday Popular Concert in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in which Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Sims Reeves also took part.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the Saturday Monday Popular Concert this afternoon Mozart's graceful *trio-divertimento* in D will be played by MM. Joachim, H. Blagrove, and Piatti; Madame Schumann, Mendelssohn's Klingemann-Caprice, No. 2 (in E); and the Kreutzer Sonata with Herr Joachim.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has returned from Germany, having recently played with great success at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic (Mendelssohn's violin concerto).

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The music this afternoon is exclusively sacred; a magnificent programme winding up magnificently with the *Lobgesang* ("Hymn of Praise") of Mendelssohn.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Council, at their late meeting in the Lecture Room of St. George's Hall, proceeded to elect a new member in place of Spencer Shelley, Esq. (the accomplished amateur violoncello player), who had resigned in consequence of his having taken up his residence near Exeter. There were two members of the Society proposed as members of the Council. After a division the choice was in favour of W. Pole, Esq., Mus. Doc., F.R.S., who, on the second ballotting, was unanimously elected. Dr. Pole was lately Professor of Mathematics in the London University, and is one of the most scientific of modern civil engineers; he is also well known to musicians as an able, practical, and learned amateur. The members of the Council present were Professor Wylde, Mus. Doc., Herr Jansa, G. Brockelbank, Esq., Sig. Schira, Mr. Jos. Barnett, Sig. Lablache, Herr Ganz, F. Davison, Esq.; Mr. John F. Barnett, Mr. W. G. Nicholls, and Mr. W. Beavan, Hon. Sec. The Council afterwards dined together. The following distinguished professional and amateur musicians have received invitations and dined with the Council during the last few months:—A. Manns, Esq. (Crystal Palace), Col. Mason (of the Birmingham Festival Committee), Dr. Edward Smith (of the Poor Law Board), German Reed, Esq., Ludwig Straus, Esq., Charles Sparrow, Esq. (amateur), Hector Brown, Esq. (amateur).—[*Dr. A. S. Silent, having received no invitation, has not dined with the Council.*]

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—The *Daily Bristol Times and Mirror* of the 5th inst., with reference to a recent ballad concert given by Mr. Sims Reeves, makes the following sensible remarks about encores:—

"There is no law of encores that we know of, or with which our local public are acquainted; otherwise, we suppose, we should not have had that disorderly scene at the Colston Hall on Monday night, and which has become a subject of comment for correspondents. There is a story told of Colman, that being in company when a young gentleman was asked to sing, and the latter replying that he could not sing, and that they only wished to make a *butt* of him, the wit answered—'Oh no, my dear sir, we only want to get a *stave* out of you.' Perhaps the audience who on Monday evening persisted in calling on Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat 'Deeper, and deeper still,' and compelled him to come to the front and make a deprecatory bow no less than three times, would excuse their rudeness with the same reply—they only 'wanted to get a stave out of him;" but it is evident from this and other incidents, that unless some tolerably clear understanding be come to on the subject of encores, the comfort and enjoyment of public concerts will be considerably interfered with.

We have no objection that people should insist upon having the worth of their money; but to insist upon having more than their money's worth is another thing; and when they pay to hear Mr. Sims Reeves sing three times, and try to bully him into singing six times, it is very much as though they had paid for three bottles of wine, and took the host by the collar because he had demurred to setting before them half a dozen for the same money. Nor does it alter the analogy to say that it costs the artist nothing for the additional song. It *does* cost him something. There is a limit to a man's vocal powers; and he may spend his voice as he spends his fortune; and when his voice *is* his fortune, he should not be prodigal with it any more than with his cash. Let any one reflect upon the hundreds of times Mr. Reeves has to appear before the public, and then calculate what would be the result of these hundreds of times multiplied by two. We dare say there were many tradesmen amongst those who called loudly on the accomplished artist to repeat that most trying recitative from *Jephtha*, which he very properly refused to do: would any of them say it was reasonable to demand two articles in which they dealt for the price of one? Besides, this indiscriminate encoring (and encoring ought to be the rare exception and not the rule) is a hardship upon a large proportion of most audiences, who, having taken their tickets to hear a certain programme, have either to stay out of their beds to an unreasonable hour or go away without hearing the whole of the performances; for if the first half of the Horation reflection be true that singers have the fault of refusing to sing on being asked; the other half of it is equally true, that some will persist, without any pressing at all, in giving us more of their melody than we want ('*injussi numquam desistant*'): and second and third-rate public singers are only too ready to repeat their performances on the slightest pretext; and thus that becomes an infliction which was meant to be a pleasure—an infliction, which the practice of *encoring* draws upon us. On the whole we think Mr. Sims Reves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him; but if he is called upon to sing everything which is put down for him in a programme *twice*, and bullied for not doing so (as he was on Monday night), concerts at which he appears will resemble the dinner of the London alderman, who having asked six fellow-citizens to an entertainment and provided for them a leg of mutton and a piece of roast beef, doubled his company to a dozen, and ordered his wife to provide 'two legs of mutton and two pieces of roast beef.' The audience at Colston's Hall wanted two 'Waters Parted,' two 'Deepers and deeper still,' and two 'Tom Bowlings.'

A great deal more might be said on the subject which has by no means been sufficiently ventilated; but we heartily assent to every word of the foregoing well-written article.

WORCESTER.—The second concert of the Festival Choral Society was given at the Music Hall, on Friday evening the 28th ult., when Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was performed—as the *Worcester Chronicle* pointedly observes—"*almost in its entirety*." The solo vocalists were—Miss Stable, daughter of the governor of Worcester Prison, who made her first appearance on this occasion; Master H. Wells, Messrs. Stoyle, W. M. Dyson (of the Cathedral Choir), and T. Brandon, of Gloucester. The choruses, according to the local chronicle, went "remarkably *even*, and evidenced great attention and careful training." "We noticed," says the same journal, "a great many new faces on the treble side, and we have heard that the singing class, of which Mr. Charles Jones is the instructor, is now becoming very useful." Mr. Done, as usual, conducted, and Mr. A. J. Caldicott presided at the organ.—The

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members of the Cathedral Choir gave a benefit concert at the Natural History Room on Tuesday week, on behalf of Mr. John Hodges, who, after several years' service, has received a more lucrative appointment at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The concert took place under ecclesiastical and municipal patronage. The singers were—Masters H. Wells, H. J. Brookes, Caldicott, and C. Price, trebles; Messrs. J. K. Hodges and Clark, altos; Messrs. W. Pugh, J. Smith, and W. M. Dyson, tenors; and Messrs. H. Brookes, J. D. Price, and O. Millward, basses. "Since Mr. Hodges has been a member of the Cathedral Choir," write's *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, "he has deservedly taken a foremost place amongst the exponents of sacred and secular vocalism, and his services have been frequently called into requisition both at public and private gatherings. A well-trained singer in every respect, and possessed of considerably more than average ability, Mr. Hodges, as an alto, will be much missed in Worcester; but with the excellent opportunity now before him, it will be his own fault if he fails to make a yet further advance in his profession."

Cheltenham.—The annual performance of Welsh music, which for more than a generation has taken place in celebration of St. David's Day, was given on Monday evening, the 2nd inst., in the Montpelier Rotunda. The gathering, viewed from a Welsh point of view, was a very important one. There was a band of some ten or twelve instruments, led by Mr. Bretherton, who played an overture incorporating three or four Welsh airs and several Principality concoctions. The singers were—Miss Jane Williams, Miss Watts, Miss C. Maskelyne, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas. The vocal feature of the concert, however, was—as the *Cheltenham Looker On* teaches us—"a young maiden, announced by the name of 'Ehedydd Glym-Nêdd' (the Lark of Neath Valley), who presented herself, dressed in Welsh costume, and sang a charming little melody, entitled 'Merch y Melinydd,' from Miss Jane Williams's *Ancient Airs of Gwent*." Of course, the Lark of Neath Valley had a tremendous encore. Mr. Cummings had to repeat "The Maid of Llangollen," and Mr. Lewis Thomas roused the enthusiasm of his audience in "The Harp of Wales," accompanied on the pianoforte by its composer, Mr. Brinley Richards. Another great hit in the vocal music was made by Mr. Lewis Thomas, in a song entitled, "Love's Fascination," founded on the old air of "Serch Hudol," accompanied on the harp by Mr. John Thomas (Penceerdd Gwalia). Mr. Lewis Thomas, who is a great favourite with the patrons of St. David's Day in Cheltenham, had an uproarious reception. Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. John Thomas played solos on their respective instruments, and were applauded to the echo. The audience, which consisted exclusively of the subscribers and their personal friends, included nearly all the Welsh residents and visitors from the Principality at present in Cheltenham.

Belfast.—The Monday Popular Concert given in the Ulster Hall on the evening of March the 2nd attracted a very large audience. The band of the 28th regiment, conducted by Mr. Adolphe Hecker, played Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, a selection from the *Trovatore*, and some minor pieces. The singer was Madame Emmeline Cole, who was encored in the songs, "Slumber and Dream" and the "Mermaid Song." The *Belfast News Letter* critically informs us that "Madame Emmeline Cole sang with much acceptance." Mr. Alfred Cellier played some pieces on the organ and was encored in the "March of the Israelites" from Mr. Costa's *Eli*.

Dereham.—On Tuesday evening the 3rd inst., an entertainment of vocal and instrumental music, reading, &c., was given at the Corn Hall by the members of the Young Men's Lyceum Society, with the aid of some lady friends, and was patronized by a large audience. The management was in the hands of Mr. J. M. Durrant, president of the society, and the programme included glees by Messrs. Roberts, Kittmer, Lowe, Cooper, and Sutton; solos by Miss Hipkin, and Messrs. Kittmer and Sutton; recitations by Messrs. Lowe, Yaxley, and Roberts; readings by the President and Messrs. B. Scott, and H. Cooper; "The fall of Wolsey," by Messrs. Durrant, Drake, Mayhew, Humphrey, Cordon, and Brown; and a duet for the violin and piano by Mr. F. and Miss Martin.

Loddon.—The usual penny readings were held on Tuesday, March 7th, in the public school-room. The programme included readings by the Rev. W. Runnington, of Norton Subcourse, and Mr. E. Childs and and Mr. Tewson, of Bungay; duets, trios, and glees, by Mrs. Ellis, Miss Milner, and Mr. Childs, Mr. Cattermole, and Mr. Millard, of Bungay; a solo on the piano, by Miss A. Tibbenham; and selections by the Volunteer band.

Droitwich.—The fourth of a series of amateur concerts, organized by Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. R. Bourne, in aid of a fund for establishing a Working Man's Club at Bromsgrove, took place last week. A well-arranged programme of vocal and instrumental selections was admirably executed by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mesdames Corbett, W. Lea, R. Bourne, Roden, and Dodd, Misses B. Atkyns, Wilberforce (two), and Arbuthnot, Revs. J. Hampton and V. H. Aldham. The audience numbered upwards of 300.

Lancaster.—The subscribers to the Lancaster Athenæum were favoured with a visit from Mrs. John Macfarren on Monday evening week, when she gave a "Pianoforte and Vocal Recital," ably assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson. The programme consisted of works of celebrated composers for the pianoforte, interspersed with anecdotes and suggestions. "Of Mrs. Macfarren as a pianist," says the *Lancaster Observer*, "we should say she stands at the head of her profession, and her rendering of the difficult compositions of the various great masters was indeed a very great treat." The duet in A flat and *presto* in C from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and the *adagio* and *rondo*, from Beethoven's Sonata in C minor—"all performed," says the same journal, "in a truly masterly manner"—seem to have been the favourite pieces. Miss Robertine Henderson (as we can well believe) "sang charmingly, and her share of the entertainment was in all respects satisfactory."

Haydock, near St. Helen's.—An association has been formed entitled the "Plain Song Union," the objects being "the promotion of the use of plain song in conjunction with the full ritual of the Church," and "the encouragement of greater reverence and devotion in divine worship." Mr. R. E. Warburton, of Arley Hall, Northwich, is the president, and Rev. Cecil Wray, of Liverpool, vice-president. The musical arrangements are under the direction of the precentor, Rev. H. S. Bramah, St. James-the-Less, Liverpool. The choirs which have joined the union are—St. Mary, Arley; St. James-the-Great, in Haydock; St. Martin, and St. James-the-Less, Liverpool; St. Alban, Manchester; Holy Trinity, Bury; St. Thomas, Bedford Leigh; and St. Barnabas, Leeds. The first festival of the union will be held at Haydock, near St. Helen's, in May.

Pisa.—The benefit of our popular *prima donna*, Amalia Colombo, took place on the evening of the 15th ult. The theatre was illuminated for the occasion, by order of the directors, a compliment only offered to the most distinguished artists. The opera was *Ernani*, and the house was thronged. The *cavatina*, "Ernani involami," was immensely applauded, and at the end of Act I. Mdlle. Colombo was recalled, amid a shower of bouquets. After the opera she sang Arditi's famous valse, "Il Bacio," to such perfection that another shower of bouquets expressed the satisfaction of her hearers. Among the flowers were numerous poetical effusions, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Ad Amalia Colombo.

"Amalia, il tuo bel canto
Nel cor penètra e mi ravviva l'alma;
Dell' armonia la cetera
Teco ripete ognor sorriso e pianto,
Ritragge il rio dolore,
La dolce speme e i palpiti
Di cruda gelosia, d'odio e d'amore."

The orchestra played a piece written for the occasion by the *Maestro* Lovati, which pleased greatly, and, as a climax to the whole, Mdlle. Colombo gave the *rondo* from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which fairly enraptured the audience. The ballet of *Favilla* was also performed, with Coppini and Priora in the principal parts.—(*From a correspondent.*)

Elberfeld.—The programme of the last Subscription Concert contained scenes from Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, and Schumann's *Genoveva*.

Baden.—Mad. Viardot-Garcia has completed a fantastic opera entitled *Le Dernier Sorcier*.

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New Philharmonic Society.—The second *soirée* came off on Tuesday in St. George's Hall, before a fashionable assemblage. The performances began with a MS. quartet in A, for string instruments, by Mr. James L. Summers, very clever, and containing many graceful, if not very new ideas; it is written with evident care, and does its composer (a pupil of Mr Macfarren's) infinite credit. The quartet received every justice from the executants—Messrs. Henry Holmes, Nicholas Mori, Barnett, and Paque. The next concerted piece was Schubert's Trio in B flat, successfully performed by Miss Mori, Mr. H. Holmes, and M. Paque. Miss Mori has a good touch and good expression, which found ample means of display in the exuberant fancy and daring originality of Franz Schubert. The trio was loudly applauded. Spohr's "Duo Concertante" for harp and violin (Op. 14), concluded the first part. Mr. Aguilar's Trio in C minor opened the second part, and though rather late in the evening, was received with high favour, being, of course, thoroughly well played by the composer at the pianoforte, in conjunction with Messrs. H. Holmes and Paque. Miss Adele Wheeler, pupil of Dr. Wylde, played Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor (dedicated to Moscheles). She has a pliant finger, and does infinite real credit to her master. The singers were—Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Abbott, and Mr. George Calkin. Miss Holland, a young and rising vocalist, sang "Hilde's Answer" remarkably well, and was loudly applauded. The grand dramatic air from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, requires indispensably an orchestral accompaniment. Miss Abbott sang extremely well "Do not wake me," one of the most graceful and charming songs of the prolific Sig. Schira (loudly encored), and joined Miss Holland and Mr. George Calkin in Curschmann's trio, "Ti Prego." Mr. G. Brockelbank was director for the evening, and Mr. William Ganz accompanist.—B. B.

Signor Tito Mattei's last Recital.—The third and last of these "recitals" came off on Thursday, in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a very large assemblage of friends and admirers, who loudly applauded every performance of the Italian pianist. Signor Mattei played his "Souvenir d'Italie" and "Grand March," afterwards a brilliant "transcription" of "The Bloom is on the Rye," ending the first part with Signor Li Calsi's Concerto in C minor (by desire), which last was accompanied by the composer himself on another pianoforte, which enhanced the effect of this clever composition. Signor T. Mattei, in the second part, played his Grand Fantasia on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and terminated the "recital" with a Grand Galop by Signor Li Calsi, a showy specimen of the "modern pianoforte school," which was received with great favour by an audience unusually "demonstrative" in its marks of approbation. In the instrumental parts of his programme the concert-giver was materially aided by Mr. Lazarus, who gave for the first time a new solo on airs from Mr. Costa's opera, *Malek-Adel*, in that style which has won him a name long envied by clarionet players. As an effective solo this new piece is likely to be sought by all amateurs and professors of the instrument. Mr. Lazarus also played, in conjunction with Signor Mattei, Weber's Grand Sonata in E flat, a genuine and admirable *concertante* duet. The singers were Miss Fanny Holland (a promising young artist) and Miss Poole. The former gave the late T. W. Wallstein's "Merry Blackbird," and a new ballad by Sig. Bevignani, "To him I gave my heart" (encored); the latter sang ballads by Balfe and Virginia Gabriel. Signor Li Calsi was conductor. —B. B.

The death of the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend is announced at Lausanne. Twenty-five years ago he was a popular song writer. His "Fisherman's Return" (set to music by George Osborne), and other effusions, were well known to musical amateurs of that period. He enjoyed to the last the friendship of the best men in literature and art. Of late he lived on the Continent, though possessing one of the most splendid mansions in Park Lane.

Narcisse.—After Easter and until September Mr. E. T. Smith, lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, will make a *tournée* in the provinces with Mr. Bandmann, accompanied by Miss Milly Palmer—who plays the heroine in *Narcisse*—and a lady of reputation, specially engaged for Madame de Pompadour. *Narcisse* will be produced in each town under the personal superintendence of Mr. Smith, and his stage manager, Mr. Friend, who will take with them the scenery, dresses, and properties used in London.

Antwerp.—The Royal Society of Harmony gave a grand concert on Monday evening, the 9th inst. Herr A. Rubinstein was the pianist, and Signor Agnesi (baritone, from the Italian Opera, Paris, and formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre), the singer. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*, Herr Oberthür's overture, *Rübezahl* (second time of performance this season), a pianoforte concerto composed and played by Herr Rubinstien; pianoforte solos by Mozart, Handel, Bach, and Beethoven; with other pieces by Field, Liszt, Chopin, and Rubinstein, executed by the same artist, and the baritone airs from Rossini's *Maometto 2do*, and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, sung by Signor Agnesi. M. Alphonse Lemaire was conductor.

Walworth Institution.—Mr. Montem Smith lectured here on Tuesday on "The Popular Songs of our Grandfathers' Days," to a large auditory. The time comprised was from about 1760 to 1815. Mr. Smith referred to the various influences on the lyrical productions of that day, to the gardens—Ranelagh and Vauxhall—and the theatres which, with the entertainments given by Dibdin, Reeve, Collins, and others, were the sources of the greater portion of the popular songs, any song which did not get into these channels standing little chance of success. The first illustration was "The Lass of Richmond Hill," which was long attributed to a certain Prince Regent, and from the tune of which Haydn is said to have borrowed the commencement of "The Heavens are telling." As a specimen of English-Scotch, once so popular, Mr. Smith sang "'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' toun." He also gave examples of etymological songs, love songs, motet songs, carnival songs, comic songs, sea songs, and patriotic songs; among others "The Flaxenheaded Ploughboy" (Shield), "Haul away, yeo boys" (Tom Dibdin and Braham), "Poor Jo the Marine," "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen" (written by Sheridan to an old English melody), "Come kiss me, said he," "Will Waddle," and "The tight, little Island" (written by the younger Dibdin to an adaptation of the "Rogue's March"). In addition he sketched the state of music at the time, and gave short notices intermixed with anecdotes of the composers of the period. It was matter for congratulation that in the general improvement in morals "professionals" had not been backward; among those who "fret their brief hour" upon the stage for our amusement were many who would do honour to any station however exalted. The lecture was well delivered, favourably received, and frequently applauded. Mr. Smith sang all the songs, accompanying himself on the pianoforte.—W.

Madlle. Madeline Schiller's Pianoforte Recitals.—The third took place on Tuesday evening week, and, like its predecessors, attracted a full and fashionable audience. A well-varied programme contained the following pieces: Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, No. 4; Dussek's Sonata in A flat, "Plus Ultra," Op. 71; Weber's Polonaise in E flat, Op. 21; Mendelssohn's Caprice in A minor, Op. 33; Preludes by Chopin, No. 17, A flat, and No. 19, E flat, Op. 28; Thalberg's Fantasia on *Mosè in Egitto*; with Serenade, Op. 44, and "Danse des Sylphes," by Alfred Jaell. In this selection the fair pianist had abundant opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent We were most satisfied with Weber's Polonaise, Mendelssohn's Caprice, and Chopin's Preludes. But Mdlle. Schiller has powers equal to various styles, and in the sonatas by Beethoven and Dussek, she thoroughly gratified her most intelligent and attentive hearers. All her performances, in short, were successful, and each one found warm admirers. We need not repeat here what we have frequently affirmed, that Mdlle. Madeline Schiller's remarkable facility and genuine feeling place her in the front rank among foreign pianists resident in this country. Two vocal pieces, sung by Mr. W. F. Stirling, helped to enliven the programme. The fourth recital is announced to take place on Tuesday, March 17th, for which—being St. Patrick's Day—we would suggest to the fair recitalist to introduce an Irish piece *àpropos* to the occasion—say, *par exemple*, Mr. Benedict's "Erin."

An organist is required for Trinity Church, St. Marylebone. For particulars see advertisement.

REVIEWS.

Pauline Valse. By Charles Coote, Jun. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

We see very little in this valse to admire. The melodies are conventional and commonplace, but in that and other respects it is no worse than English waltzes in general.

'Tis bliss indeed to watch thy smile. Song. Composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Page, by Brinley Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

There is a good deal of merit in this song which deserves recognition. The melody is good, and its structure, as well as that of the accompaniment shows the handiwork of a musician. In the generally excellent character of the piece the words largely share. We can commend the song as one worthy of attention.

The Carnival of Venice. Arranged for the pianoforte by Brinley Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

The lovers of this popular melody will be glad to have it as easily arranged by Mr. Richards, who has succeeded in making a sufficiently showy transcription without overtasking the powers of the average drawing-room pianist.

I must leave thee, bonnie Katie. Song. Written by F. S. Clarke. The music composed by Franz Abt. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

There may not be much of absolute novelty in this now popular ditty, but the composer has treated his subject with such freshness and skill that its familiarity is scarcely noticeable. It is a long time since we met with a more charming song of the kind.

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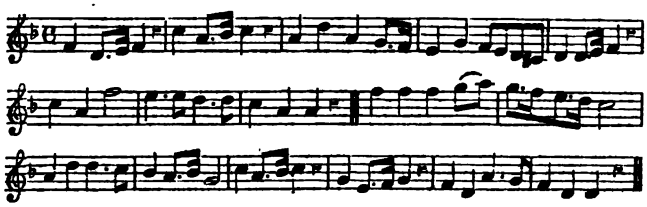
Oh! give me wings to fly away. Song. Written by J. L. LYONS. Composed by W. F. TAYLOR. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

WE wonder how it is that when the Christy Minstrels are not cracking stale jokes or "breaking down," they are wishing to be birds, or butterflies, or pathetically mourning the fate of some lovely child or doing something equally sentimental. The Rev. Mr. Haweis said in a recent essay with regard to our (lamp)-black friends' entertainment that "the scent of the roses hangs round it still." We do not in the least know what he means, but, possibly, he has indicated the reason we want, and it will be discovered in time. In this instance the minstrel asks for wings to go "where the humming birds are singing, where the sun shines bright, and the hearts are light, and the merry tones are ringing." There is not the slightest objection to his having them, but he might utter his plaints in less dubious English than this:—

"I wander there in hours of sleep,
So real each vision seems;
I wake, alas! with breaking heart
To mourn my beauteous dreams,
And wonder while I'm weeping
If the world holds a wind,
Will once more waft me back
Where my heart is left behind."

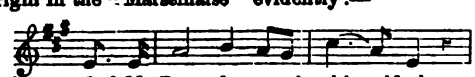
The last four lines are superb. The melody is superior to most of its class.

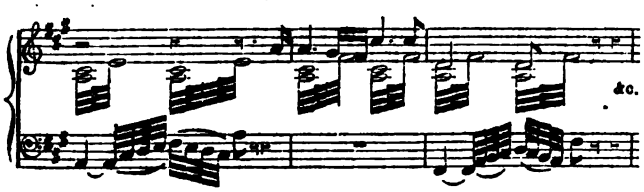
The Monk's March. Welsh Melody (No. 15 of "Recollections of Wales"). Transcribed by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

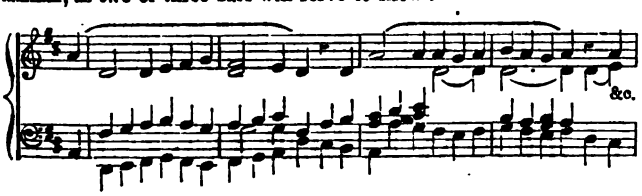
THIS old melody (which rejoiceth in the peculiarly Welsh name of "Ymdaith Mwngc") is so full of character that we are tempted to extract it:—

There is a sort of *coda* to this fine march in six-eight time which evidently belongs to a later period, and is of doubtful origin. Mr. Richards has treated both with his usual success, and the result is a pianoforte piece of far more than common interest.

Peter the Hermit. Dramatic song. Composed by CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE "musician of love" as he is sometimes called, is here dealing with a heroic subject of lofty purpose and daring aim. We cannot say that he sings in unfamiliar strains, because there is little in the work which does not suggest reminiscences. The first vocal phrase had its origin in the "Marseillaise" evidently:—

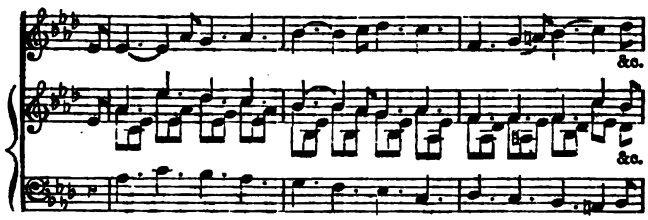


but after that we find M. Gounod repeating himself alone. This has been met with before we fancy:—

Hearing this three times repeated in different keys, we recognize M. Gounod at once, as we do, still more clearly, in a *pedal* passage of twelve bars which follows. After the *pedal* comes a long *maestoso* scarcely less familiar, as two or three bars will serve to show:—

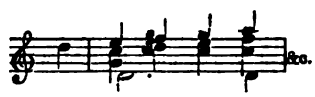


This is such indubitable twaddle that it may be left to speak for itself.

The Lily. Song. Words by COLERIDGE. Music by G. MANTON KING. [London: Cock, Addison & Co.]

THIS may be called, without impropriety, a duet for voice and piano, inasmuch as the instrument frequently sustains an independent melody after the fashion indicated by the following extract:—

Occasionally the voice has a solo passage, but the distinguishing feature of the song is that just illustrated. We think it a fair work of its kind, and with a good accompanist as well as singer, it would command favour. Here and there, as the above extract shows, the harmony wants re-touching.

On the Deep Blue Sea. Song. Verse by HUMPHREY WICKHAM, Esq. Music by GORDON SAUNDERS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A BOLD and vigorous song, well suited to gentlemen who (musically) are fond of "the blue, the fresh, the ever free." Appropriately delivered it would produce a decided effect, notwithstanding that the second subject starts (after a full close in C major) in this dubious fashion:—

Phillis, dear Phillis, I'm waiting for thee. Written by FRANK GREEN. Music by H. S. THOMSON. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

A BALLAD sung by the Christy Minstrels, for whose *répertoire* it is eminently adapted. The subject pictures a gentleman musically inviting his "peerless young bride" to elope with him and sail away to sea in a "light bark" that happens to be conveniently waiting. We are sorry to say the lady does as she is wished, undeterred by the not very attractive or striking character of her lover's ditty.

Sabbath Day at Sea. Song. Words by SIDNEY WHITING. The music by JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A SONG somewhat ambitious in style and structure, but, on the whole, well carried out. We observe that it has been sung by Mr. Santley, in whose hands it, no doubt, was highly effective. In those of an ordinary vocalist it may be that the monotony of treatment the piece displays would tell against its success. The monotony alluded to is rather in spite of the words than because of them.

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The Festival Committee desire to point out to intending visitors that the earlier the application the better the choice of seats. Letters by post, enclosing remittance, attended to.

Reserved Stalls for the Great Rehearsal Day (Friday, 12th June), 10s. 6d. and 5s., may also be secured.

EXETER HALL.—MR. SANTLEY. "WALPURGIS NIGHT" and "ACIS AND GALATEA," WEDNESDAY March 25th, commence at Half-past Seven. NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, MR. G. W. MARTIN. Madame Ruuersdorff, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Leigh Wilson, Mr. Kerr Gedge, and Mr. Santley. Tickets, 2s. 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY.—On WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 1st, will be given the LAST CONCERT but one of the present season, at which the following artists will appear. Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Poole, Miss Elena Angèle, and Mdlle. Liebhart; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. W. H. Poole; Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper; Harp, Mr. John Thomas; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The St. Cecilia Choral Society of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s., to be had of BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street, and at the Hall.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—SECOND CONCERT, MONDAY, March 30th, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Reserved Seats, 15s. Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

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Cavatina, "Una voce"	Rossini.
Impromptu in E Flat	Schubert.
Ballad, "One Year"	Mrs. John Macfarren.
National Fantasia, "Merrie England"	Brissac.

PART II.

Grand Sonata in B Flat	Beethoven.
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MISS MARIE STOCKEN (with MISS JULIA DERBY) will sing HENRY SMART'S New Duet, "ON COMO'S LAKE," at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS MARIA STOCKEN will sing "THE SPRING" (by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY) at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing with MR. FRANK ELMORE the popular Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at her Ballad Concert at Wesbourne Hall, April 3d.

MISS M. BOHN will sing "O COME TO GLENGARIFF," at Miss Marie Stocken's Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall April 3rd.

MISS KATE GORDON will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," at Liverpool, March 21st (THIS DAY) and 23rd.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elí," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in March.—Address: Miss BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON will sing at Messrs. Broadwood's Concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 28th; St. George's Hall (West London Rifle Concert), April 3rd. Madame D'ESTE FINLAYSON is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, with the exception of the above dates, during her engagement at the St. George's Opera-House. Address Priory House, St. John's Wood.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends, Pupils, and the Profession that she is now obliged to resume her Professional Duties after her late sad bereavement. For lessons on the Guitar and Concertina, address—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNE'S RECITALS.

MADLLE. ANGELE will sing for the first time BENEDICT'S answer to "Rock me to Sleep" (accompanied by the composer), "WHY ART THOU SADDENED," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Recital.

MADLLE. ANGELE will sing at her Matinée d'Invitation, Beethoven Rooms, on Monday next. RANDEGGER'S Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," and with MR. CHARLES STANTON, NICOLAI'S popular Duet, "ONE WORD."

MDLLE. ANGELINA SALVI will sing at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 24th. Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc., to be addressed to Mr. VAN PRAAG, 244, Regent Street; Letters, also, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" at Brixton, 23rd March; and Beethoven Rooms (Miss Fynes' Concert), 8th April.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Morning Post," March 17.)

The most significant event in the musical world since the production of Mendelssohn's splendid "Reformation Symphony" has been the first performance of two other MS. compositions by the same master, in the shape of a grand sonata, for pianoforte alone, and a grand sextet, for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and contrabass. This occurred last night at St. James's Hall, at one of those admirable Monday Popular Concerts the influence of which upon public taste cannot possibly be overestimated. The occasion was the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, an annual event invariably signalized by some incident or incidents of more than common interest. Last year it was the colossal and almost impossible sonata in B flat, Op. 106, of Beethoven, which it may be truthfully said was never performed before a vast mixed assembly till then; and with what brilliant success the attempt was crowned we recorded fully at the time. Now, it was the introduction of two important works from the *reliquiæ* of a master every single bar of whose music ought to be, and is, indeed, precious to English ears. It was Madame Arabella Goddard who first initiated the musical public into the manifold beauties of an unknown book of *Lieder ohne Worte;* and last night she followed this up by making them acquainted with a solo sonata and a concerted piece from the same pen.

We need not enter again into the vexed question about Mendelssohn's posthumous works. A stronger argument in favour of all of them, without exception, being published could not be urged than the warm reception accorded in succession to one after another of those which have appeared—a reception thoroughly warranted by their rare intrinsic merits. The two compositions heard for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts are no more likely to lessen Mendelssohn's fame than the "Trumpet Overture," the "Reformation Symphony," or the charming pieces making up the 8th and newest book of "Songs without Words," which repeated performances by Madame Goddard, in town and country, have already made famous. The sonata in B flat major, an invaluable contribution to the not too extensive catalogue of solo pianoforte music of a high class, is in all respects worthy to be associated with the sonata in E, the only composition by Mendelssohn in the same form that has been hitherto vouchsafed to the world. Considering that the former was written at the age of eighteen (in 1827—Mendelssohn was born in 1809), it adds another to those examples of genius and precocious talent which place its composer apart from ordinary musicians. It is in four movements, and contains a *scherzo* (in B flat minor), as piquant, fairy-like, and original as any of the marvellous family to which it belongs; and amateurs are aware that Mendelssohn invented a *scherzo* of his own, and multiplied it in a hundred shapes, ever fresh and exciting. The first *allegro*, certain peculiarities in the conduct of which, as Mr. Arthur Chappell's analytical programme remarks, show that in the course of its development the young composer must have been thinking of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 106 (in the same key), is full of vigorous life; the second theme being a fresh and tuneful *cantabile*, the fugue (on a new subject), which begins the second part, bold and masterly, and the whole symmetrically knit. The slow movement (or rather *andante quasi allegretto*) is a kind of "Song without Words"—a sweet and continuous melody, supported by an accompaniment as simple as it is graceful and exquisitely finished. The way in which, instead of coming to a close, this movement glides, by an unexpected transition, from the key of E to that of B flat, a single note common to both being held on, through which the change of harmony is effected, is in itself a stroke of genius. By this means we are brought to the introduction of the last movement, an *allegro molto* full of energy, which immediately leads to the *finale*, *allegro moderato*—a *finale* marked in equal degrees by grace and brilliancy, and particularly noticeable for the striking and original manner in which, after a succession of sweeping arpeggios, the theme of the *scherzo* is re-introduced. The contrast between the weird character of this theme and the sustained liveliness of what precedes and follows it is not merely the contrast between major and minor modes, which might have occurred to an ordinary composer, but something far deeper, something that only a poetical mind could have imagined and expressed. The sonata in B flat, in short, is a newly-discovered treasure, destined not merely to enrich the repertory of pianists, but the musical art itself; and we entirely agree with what the writer of the analytical programme says in summing up his brief account of it:—"If the sonata in B flat, written at the age of eighteen, can add nothing to the fame of its composer—and, indeed, it would be difficult for an early work to add to the fame of one who gave *St. Paul*, the *Lobgesang*, *Elijah*, and so many other masterpieces, to the world—it assuredly will not detract from it. Moreover, it is highly interesting as a step in the development of his genius and the progress of his art-talent, besides containing passages that could only have come from the Mendelssohn whom all musicians reverence and love."

The sextet in D major is a still more singular example of precocity, having been composed in the year 1824, when Mendelssohn was scarcely fifteen; but as in the very same year we find, in the printed chronological catalogue of his labours, the wonderful quartet No. 3 (in B minor), for pianoforte and stringed instruments, it is not surprising to meet with another concerted piece of extraordinary merit even at this early period of his career. "As no score of this sextet is accessible," the programme tells us, "it was impossible to make an analysis;" and we shall not, after a single hearing, attempt what a writer whose special business it is to analyze the classical compositions produced at the Monday Popular Concerts, under the circumstances, declines. Enough that the sextet is on the same grand scale as the sonata; that it consists of four movements; that, as with the sonata, the theme of the *scherzo* re-appears in the *finale;* and that again, like the sonata, the work is an unburied treasure of incalculable price.

We have said so much, as in duty bound, about the new—or rather, the hitherto unknown—works, that we have little space left to do justice to the merits of the accomplished lady who was the means of bringing them publicly forward, and who showed no less discrimination in making them the principal features at her benefit concert than sympathetic genius in the absolutely perfect manner in which she interpreted them. We have often had occasion to speak in the very highest terms—terms, indeed, absolutely unqualified—of Madame Arabella Goddard's playing; but on no occasion have we felt more thoroughly persuaded that she is the queen of her instrument. The conscientious labour she expends in familiarizing herself thoroughly with every new piece she undertakes is as much to be admired as that unrivalled fluency which makes everything sound easy under her fingers. But Madame Goddard is not satisfied with even the most faultless mechanical accuracy. Natural aptitude and excellent early training have made that with her an affair of only secondary importance, so readily does she acquire it in each new task she essays; what she chiefly strives at, and what imparts an indefinable charm to her performances, is the merging of herself wholly in the spirit of the composer whose music she is playing; and in this she succeeds to admiration. Never was it more emphatically shown than last night. We cannot go into details, but it will suffice to say that both the sonata and the sextet were executed so irreproachably that Mendelssohn himself, had he been there to hear them, would have been more than satisfied. To cite a single example, we may specialize the *scherzo* of the sonata, one of the most difficult movements ever written for the pianoforte (*staccato*, *pianissimo*, and *senza pedale* throughout), as among the most extraordinary exhibitions of unerring mechanism, accompanied by all those nice subtleties of accent and expression that lend an additional charm to such uncommon feats, to which we have ever listened from any executant upon any instrument.

In the sextet, Madame Goddard was admirably seconded by MM. Joachim, H. Blagrove, Zerbini, Piatti, and Reynolds, and the *ensemble* was all that could have been wished. The concert began with a magnificent performance of Beethoven's fine quintet in C, the "Storm Quintet," as it is familiarly styled, with Herr Joachim as first violin, and Signor Piatti as violoncello (each in his way incomparable), and ended with a no less irreproachable execution of Mozart's beautiful sonata for pianoforte and violin in A major by Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim, the Queen of Pianists finding a suitable consort in the King of Fiddlers.

Some vocal music, extremely well sung by that rising young tenor, Mr. Rigby Vernon, agreeably varied the entertainment; and this was accompanied by Mr. Benedict as only Mr. Benedict

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can accompany. A more interesting programme has never been provided by Mr. Chappell, the intelligent and indefatigable director of the Monday Popular Concerts, and on no occasion do we remember seeing St. James's Hall more densely thronged in every part, or thronged by an audience of more notably distinguished people. But the "benefit" of Madame Arabella Goddard, now this time, as on previous occasions, was not merely a series of triumphs for herself, but a gala-night for her many enthusiastic admirers.

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(*From the "Morning Star," March* 8.)

Last Monday's concert was given for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, brightest and purest gem among pianoforte players, either in England or elsewhere. Of course the London public rallied round their favourite, and crowded St. James's Hall until not a foot of space was left either in balcony or area. The following programme of instrumental pieces was performed:—Quintet in C major (Beethoven); Sonata for pianoforte, in B flat (Mendelssohn); Sextet in D major (Mendelssohn); Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin (Mozart).

Among the services which Madame Goddard has rendered to the frequenters of the Monday concerts, her many introductions of works wholly unknown, or at least unfamiliar, to the majority of amateurs stand out with peculiar prominence, not only because she invariably shows herself to be the most trustworty of interpreters, but because her unerring taste has as invariably led her to select for presentation pieces so completely interesting whether by virtue of intrinsic merit or association—most commonly by both—that to gain acquaintance with them is a positive boon. Some of the works thus brought forward have been completely beyond the capacities of even accomplished amateurs, as, for instance, the prodigious B flat sonata of Beethoven, Op. 106, which formed the grand feature of Madame Goddard's benefit concert last season, and the playing of which was sufficient to make people in general go home and shut up their pianos in despair; but more frequently this genial as well as great artist has chosen to stimulate rather than to dismay her hearers, and has made it her special mission to develop stores of musical treasures with which every diligent student may become practically intimate, although few can hope to make them absolutely their own as she has done. It is only natural that an artist of this stamp should hasten to profit by the recent concessions which have given musical Europe fresh reasons for cherishing and revering the memory of Felix Mendelssohn, and that to her the English public should owe their introduction, three months since, to an additional book of the immortal *Lieder ohne Worte*, and last Monday evening to a hitherto quite unknown pianoforte sonata, which, once heard, will speedily make its way wherever genuine disciples of the most loved of all great musicians exist. The sonata in question is a very early work, written in 1827, when Mendelssohn was eighteen years old, and apparently but little remembered afterwards, since no mention is made of it in the composer's correspondence. Three years before 1827, however, the composer of *Elijah* had written pieces which are still played and heard with delight, and it may therefore readily be believed that the sonata in B flat is a work which the most jealous guardians of Mendelssohn's fame are more than justified in giving to the world. The opening *allegro* is founded on a vigorous and very bright subject, worked out with infinite ingenuity; and the next movement, a *scherzo* in B flat minor, marked *pianissimo* and *staccato* throughout, could only have come from the author of the fairy music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The *andante* is a brief, exceedingly melodious episode in the work, leading on to a very animated *finale*, where again the genius of Mendelssohn, and none other, is distinctly recognizable, notwithstanding certain touches very properly characterized as "*à la* Weber." The whole was played in Madame Goddard's own best style, the *scherzo*, which is one of the most difficult pieces written by one who did not spare his performers, being a perfect marvel of delicately pure execution. The reception of the piece was highly enthusiastic, but Madame Goddard declined to accept or confer a single encore. The sextet in D, for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass (played by Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, Messrs. Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, and Piatti), is a yet more remarkable instance of early creative genius, since, if the date (1824) affixed to it be correct, it was written at the age of fifteen. Like the sonata, it was now first performed before a public audience; and also, like that work, it will assuredly be cherished as the *bonne bouche* of future concerts side by side with the early trios and ottet of the same composer. The piano share of the work is at once the most trying and interesting, especially in the last very brilliant movement, and that it was sustained with a vigour, taste, and precision beyond praise may be well imagined; while that the gentleman above named supported the fair and skilled pianist with care and zeal the most willing and perfect, may be equally taken for granted. A rapturous recal followed the conclusion of the piece. Beethoven's superb quintet, with Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti as executants, again excited a *furore* of admiration, and almost everybody stayed to hear the Mozart sonata given by Madame Goddard and the prince of fiddlers. Thus the success of the concert was of the most thoroughgoing kind, notwithstanding that Mr. Sims Reeves could not appear, and that Mr. Vernon Rigby, a tasteful and sweet-voiced singer of Italian music, had to supply the vocal work at a short notice.

—o—

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Although we cannot attempt to keep pace with Mr. Chappell in his unceasing production of noteworthy music, we must not, on the other hand, allow last Monday's concert to pass by without some recognition, however scant. It was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, and the occasion was signalized by the first performance in public of two more of Mendelssohn's hitherto jealously guarded works. They consisted of a pianoforte sonata and a sextet for piano and strings. The sonata dates from the year 1827, and, as the production of a youth of eighteen, it is simply a wonder. It is true that the ottet in E flat was written when Mendelssohn was still younger, but the one miracle does not make the other phenomenon less marvellous. It is remarkable that the *scherzo* in this juvenile work is a most characteristic example of a movement which, in this particular style, owes its origin to Mendelssohn. The very elegant *andante* flows without any break into the final *allegro*, and the course of this vigorously conducted movement is once arrested by a highly effective episode, recalling the theme of the *scherzo*. It would be idle as well as rash to speculate on the position which the sonata will hold in the list of Mendelssohn's works, and, indeed, our immediate business is rather with the actual performance of Monday. We have, unhappily, no new words of praise for Madame Arabella Goddard, and yet she seemed on Monday to merit more eulogy than has ever yet been bestowed upon her. She must have laboured with extraordinary diligence at her task, for the completely unfamiliar work came as freely to her fingers as though it had been our old friend "The Harmonious Blacksmith." All the very finest qualities of her playing were chiefly conspicuous in the *scherzo*, where delicacy of touch was combined with rapidity of execution to a degree which we have never heard equalled. The effect was as though the keys were touched by feathers instead of fingers. In the sextet the pianist's mastery was equally remarkable, the first movement giving ample opportunities for the display of mechanical proficiency. To both works we hope to have a very speedy opportunity of recurring. They will, doubtless, be repeated by Mr. Chappell at the first opportunity. It may suffice for the present to say that the sextet, written at the early age of fifteen, is throughout full of interest and beauty, and that MM. Joachim, Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, and Piatti co-operated with Madame Goddard to effect a perfect performance. The other pieces consisted of Beethoven's quintet in C major, Op. 29, and Mozart's deliciously exhilarating sonata in A, No. 17, for pianoforte and violin, played by Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim. Mr. Vernon Rigby, who appeared in lieu of Mr. Sims Reeves, was much and deservedly applauded in both his songs. Although the first Philharmonic concert might be supposed to take away many of Mr. Chappell's *habitués*, St. James's Hall was crowded to excess, not a vacant space being anywhere perceptible. There is no doubt that the Monday Concerts are "truly" popular.

GRANADA.—The principal members of the Italian operatic company from the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Malaga, are about to give some performances at the Teatro Principal of this city.

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REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(*Continued from page* 174.)

He was never in the habit of staying late at the *Kneipe**—why should we not use this classic word?—and, as far at least as my observations extended, left always before ten o'clock had struck, and went straight home. He frequently quitted the place as if at the word of command, all in a hurry, and without bidding anyone good night. That, on such occasions, "something may have got into his head," is probably true, but not in the vulgar acceptation of the phrase. He had not taken too much, but he had music in his brain, and hurried home to write down his ideas so that he might not forget them. It is a well-known and settled fact that, after leaving the tavern of an evening, he frequently composed, and this no drunkard can do. One of the absurd fables popular among dilettanti is that Mozart and other masters produced works of genius when they were tipsy.

Having touched upon the subject, I may as well at once declare that all the gossiping reports, both verbal and printed, about Schumann's love of drink, and consequent fits of intoxication are, mere foolish and unprincipled stories, if not something worse: malicious calumnies. It is true that I never so far degraded myself as to make enquiries of the waiters at the beer-cellars he frequented, as to how many pints of beer Schumann consumed, but still I hardly believe that anyone ever saw him drunk, or even only slightly elevated; at any rate, during my intercourse of seven years with him, I never saw him in that state, nor did his older and more intimate friends at Leipsic, who met him nearly every day.

He felt a natural necessity for drinking more than certain geniuses of the tea-table, but then he could stand it, and he must have known very exactly how much he could stand, for, I repeat: no one ever saw him drunk, and the supposition that his mental disease was brought on by too large a consumption of spirituous drinks is somewhat too audacious. Schumann made it a rule never to go into a beer or wine shop in the morning, and if he once or so made an exception, he must have had some very especial reason. Yet it was a very general custom in Leipsic to visit the beerhouse *before dinner*, and, in certain places, you might meet literary men, musicians, and actors, such as Carl Herlossohn; Stegmayr, the conductor; Lortzing; Baudius, etc., over their cups of a morning. Spirits I never saw Schumann take, and when that talented and amiable Dutchman, Verhulst, called for gin, the customary liquor in his own country, Schumann always felt somewhat surprised how anyone could drink such stuff.† On the other hand, however, he had nothing to say against champagne; he was fond, too, of *good* hock, but even in the consumption of this he was moderate, and I do not think that anyone ever saw him overstep the bounds of moderation.

I thought that with the above paragraph, I should have brought these articles to a conclusion, but:

> "Wie der Mond sich leuchtend drånget,
> Durch den dunklen Wolkenflor;
> Also taucht aus alten Zeiten
> Mir ein lichtes Bild empor,"

sings Heinrich Heine, and when I attempt to concentrate my reminiscences on Schumann, new bright pictures are conjured up, and I am compelled to continue.

I am constantly thinking of the little room, with its one window, in the red house next the Publishers' Exchange, where Schumann resided and composed in 1837 and 1838; it has sunk into my memory as deeply as that quiet room in my father's house, in Old Prussia, where I dreamed away the period of my youth—I could draw them both. Schumann's room looked towards that part of the promenade which encircled old Leipsic, where there were more trees and bushes than anywhere else; next it was a larger room with two windows. The latter belonged probably to his set of chambers, for not a sound was ever heard in it. The place was so quiet and cosy, that, when the trees rustled before the window, you might have fancied yourself transported to one of those solitary castles situated far away in the forest, and which Joseph von Eichendorff, in his wondrous romances, describes as seen glinting in the red sunset or dawn. On looking out of the little window, the panes of which were nearly touched by the boughs of the nearest bushes when agitated by the wind, and beneath which there was neither road nor footpath, you could never believe you were in the heart of populous commercial Leipsic. The discovery and choice of this lodging for Robert Schumann were two of the many things done for him by his friend, Dr. Reuter, who preceded him to the grave, and it must be allowed that, considering his character and way of life, it would have been impossible to find a more fitting retreat for the genial composer.

Before the window, which was at a rather considerable height above the floor, there was upon a step, as it is called, a table with an inkstand and a thing to hang a watch on. A most charming miniature of a girl's face, full of intelligence, leaned, too, against the inkstand where Schumann's watch, which he used to wear on a hair chain, hung. I never liked to ask him whom the portrait represented, and whether the original had any connection with the hair chain. Though the little room boasted of only one window, it was long and broad enough to hold a grand piano, and against the opposite wall, through which a door led into the next room, a sofa with the table thereto appertaining. The piano was old and jangling; it may have come from his father's or it may have accompanied him to Heidelberg, and he did not wish to separate himself from his companion in hours he could never forget. He appeared, moreover, to like playing upon it; at least, it was on this instrument that I heard him play me and others all I ever did hear him play, though it was not much. They were compositions of his own, pieces from the "Kinderscenen," the "Noveletten," and "Kreisleriana." I remember, too, one evening that I went to say good bye, as I was obliged to leave, hearing him play a piece just written down—the notes, in ultramarine ink, were still wet—and which I never heard or saw afterwards. It was very short, filling only one page of music paper, and was wild and exciting in character. He played it through twice in succession. I was greatly pleased with it and enquired whether it belonged to the "Kreisleriana." He uttered the word: "Macbeth," then, taking up his hat, accompanied me to the Post in the *Fleischer Strasse*, opposite to where the tavern of the Great Coffee Tree stood.

If I am not mistaken, his biographer has attempted to describe minutely his style of playing the piano; but his playing was indescribable. He moved his fingers, which did not look at all flexible, with anxious rapidity, as though a number of ants were crawling about over the key-board; but he played his own things—I never heard him play any others—in a used-up, sketchy manner, almost without any interpunctuation or accent, and with an extravagant use of both pedals. We must not, however, look upon this as evidence of want of taste; he employed the pedals thus freely to render as *ef*fective as possible the very *de*fective piano. He knew very well how the piano ought to be played, but it was a deeply rooted trait in his character to treat all technical and corporal labour *à la* Pelham.

This reminds me of the following joke, which is genuinely Schumannian. Herr Klemm, the musicpublisher of Leipsic, had agreed to publish my little male quartet, "Die Käfer-Knaben," and paid me a *whole ducat* for it! Schumann heard of the fact, and, when we met, said to me, in his laconic way, and without any preface:

"*A ducat?*"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Dead for a ducat! THREE *Käferknaben!* and dead for *one* ducat! I will add two," he said, laughing rather excitedly and loudly.

A short time afterwards, I went to see him at his chambers. In answer to my ring, a servant girl opened the door of the entrance hall, leading to his room and one or two others. On seeing me, she said:

"The Doctor is not at home."

As I was turning quickly to go away, she called out after me:

"I beg your pardon, but are you Herr Druhn, from Berlin?"

I said I was.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to take the money which the Doctor has left here." With these words she advanced to the table in the middle of the hall. On it lay two ducats with Schumann's card. On the latter was scratched in pencil, "Two more

* *Kneipe*, is especially a students' term, and means "tavern," "boozing crib." It is somewhat vulgar.—TRANSLATOR.

† Does not the author mean "Hollands," not "Gin?"—TRANSLATOR.

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cockchafers." * I put the two gold cockchafers in my pocket, and, when, an hour later, I met at the *table d'hote* of the Hôtel de Bavière, Schumann with Walter von Goethe, and Sterndale Bennett, who was then stopping in Leipsic, I begged him to take back the money. He refused, and said laughingly, "You have written for my paper more than a year. It's wretched pay, very wretched. However, we'll make it all right some day!"

At dinner a comical incident occurred, which kept Schumann in good spirits for some time. Next to Walter von Goethe was seated an oldish, imposing, very well-to-do looking gentleman, who, hearing his little neighbour with the brown eyebrows so often addressed by the name of Goethe, suddenly turned round and enquired whether by chance he was connected with "his Excellency, Herr von Goethe, who died six years ago, and was Grand-Ducal minister of Saxe-Weimar." Walter von Goethe replied that he was a grandson of the great poet. "You don't say so!" exclaimed the stately gentleman. "Then allow me to tell you the *Faust* of your late respected grandfather afforded me peculiar satisfaction, that it did!"

Herr von Goethe bowed, and turned to us, somewhat embarrassed and hardly knowing how to take the matter. Schumann smiled, and looked down on his plate; and I bit my napkin, while Bennett, who could not have seized the comic character of this incident, because he was not sufficiently conversant with German, emptied unconcernedly his glass of porter. As we were going out after dinner, Schumann turning to Walter von Goethe, whom he liked and distinguished, said with a humorous look: "Will you be so kind as to tell me the name of that piece by your late respected grandfather, for which the late Herr von Beethoven composed such splendid music?"

I remember having been asked on various occasions what were Schumann's political opinions. The only answer I could make at the time, and the only answer I can make now, is that he read the *Augsburger allgemeine Zeitung* regularly, and, like hundreds of others, set to music Nicolaus Becker's song:

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutschen Rhein."

With regard to Schumann's relations with the fair sex there is less to tell than concerning his political opinions. There is not even, as in Beethoven's case, a fabulous Countess; his oldest and most intimate friends knew nothing of this kind about him. He was not sensual, but, in the fullest acceptation of the words, a man of a chaste mind. I have no doubt, however, he was exposed to many temptations.

Here we must, at least for the present, conclude our notice of the deceased master. I say *for the present*, because I cling to the hope that I may still recover a parcel of letters (more than fifty) which I received in the course of seven years from Schumann, and which were lost, and lost, by the way, a long time ago. Among them there were a great many of an editorial nature, but there were a few very valuable ones; I particularly remember one most precious letter, full of all an artist's delight, and which I received after the first performance of his Symphony in B flat major. If I could print that letter and some others, Schumann's friends and admirers would thank me. H. T.

Salzburg.—The Town Museum, which, like the Mozarteum, possesses a collection of relics belonging to the great composer of *Don Juan*, has recently received a valuable addition to its treasures. Herr Mühlreiter has presented Herr Süss, the director of the Museum, a French pocket-almanac, which, it is said, the young Wolfgang A. Mozart had given to him as a present on his eighth birthday. Such, at least, is the conclusion to be drawn from a note, written in his father's handwriting, on the first page, and running word for word as follows: "This almanac was received by Wolfgangerl on the evening of the 26th January, from the Countess of Eyck, who, though well on the 29th at noon, when we spoke to her, was attacked, in the night of the 29th to the 30th, with vomiting of blood, and died on the 6th February, at 7 o'clock in the evening, and NB. was buried on the 7th after 7 o'clock in the evening." On the second page is the following inscription in a female hand: "I remain as ever your true friend," the German word "*Freundinn*," being misspelt "*Freindin*." On the title page we read: "*Etrennes Mignonnes pour l'An Bissextil de notre Seigneur 1764, à Liége, chez Everard Kint . . ., Imprimeur du Très-Illustre Chapitre Cathedral.*"

* "*Käfer*" signifies "cockchafer."

THE OPERA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Sir,—The short and brilliant season of the Italian Opera, from the end of November till the beginning of February of this year, will be long remembered at St. Petersburg. In my former letter to you, Mr. Editor, I described that the Italian Opera had been declining here, and the house at the representations half empty, and I offered two remedies to mend these matters—viz., to curtail the season from five months to three or two months only, and to reproduce old and good operas. My advice has been followed by the directors of the theatre; the season lasted only two and a half months, and among the revived operas were *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Norma*. The directors could not repent of this change, because all expenses were covered. The singers engaged were Mdlles. Pauline Lucca and Galetti, Mesdames Volpini, Giovannoni, Fioretti, Trebelli-Bettini, and Morensi; Signors Mario, Calzolari, Fancelli, Graziani, Gassier, Angelini, Zucchini, and Tagliafico. The chief triumphs were achieved by Mdlle. Lucca, who was admired, presented with costly presents, and showered with flowers. Mesdames Trebelli and Volpini produced also a tremendous success. Signor Mario, who appeared again after seventeen years of absence, was nervous at the beginning of the season; but in *La Favorita*, *Ballo in Maschera*, and especially in *Les Huguenots*, he was so grand, and in such splendid voice, that his former nervousness was forgotten, and there was no end of recalling him to the footlights. The operas performed were *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, *Ernani*, *Faust*, *La Favorita*, *Martha*, *Il Trovatore*, *L'Africaine*, *Don Pasquale*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Crispino e la Comare*. Three new operas were promised, of which only an absurd and unmusical one, Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*, was produced; the other two, Gluck's *Orpheo* and Verdi's *Don Carlos*, were left for the season to come. *Don Giovanni* made a great hit here this year, thanks to Mdlle. Lucca as Zerlina, Madame Volpini as Donna Elvira, Madame Giovannoni as Donna Anna, Signor Zucchini as Leporello, and Signor Tagliafico as Masetto, who all acquitted themselves admirably. I wish I could say the same about the other artists who appeared in the same opera; but, unhappily, it was a mistake to give the chief part of the opera not to Signor Gassier, but to Signor Graziani, who was very feeble both histrionically and vocally. Signor Calzolari, as Don Ottavio, thought that Mozart's music was not good enough, so he embellished "Il mio tesoro" profusely with fioritures, and by this spoiled all the simple beauty of this air. The rest of the operas, *Norma* excepted, were very efficiently performed.

The artists engaged for next season are the following: Mdlle. Adeline Patti, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Madame Antonietta Fricci, Madame Volpini, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Signors Mario, Fraschini, Calzolari, Neri Baraldi, Graziani, Gassier, Angelini, and Zacchini. With such a splendid list of singers all the places at the theatre are sure to be subscribed for, as they were last season, only the non-subscribers will be the worse for it. Last season there were about ten extra nights for non-subscribers; but very few of them could get tickets at the box-office of the theatre, because ticket-sellers found it more convenient and profitable to sell them beforehand to box-keepers and other attendants of the theatre, who in their turn sold them three and sometimes four times dearer their original price.

This winter St. Petersburg had been visited by M. Hector Berlioz, a kind of demi-god in the estimation of the Russians. Berlioz had been invited by the Russian Society of Music to conduct their concerts. At the first concert under him everything was performed to perfection, because the pieces at this concert the orchestra had performed times innumerable. C. G.

St. Petersburg, 26th February (9th March), 1868.

Milan.—Mr. Alberto Laurence, the baritone, has been singing very successfully at the Carcano. He especially distinguished himself in *Il Trovatore*, and the third act of *Torquato Tasso*. He was, also, much praised for his rendering of a romance, "La Stella confidente," by Col. Robaudi.

Florence.—Sig. Gialdino Gialdini's new opera, *Rosamunda* has been successfully produced at the Pergola.

Stettin.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced and enthusiastically received.

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BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN A.

Poco sostenuto: Vivace.
Allegretto.
Presto: Assai meno presto.
Finale: Allegro con brio.

This Symphony was written in the early part of the year 1812, the original manuscript, in the possession of Herr Paul Mendelssohn, of Berlin, the brother of the composer, bearing the autograph date 13th May. Four years had elapsed since the production of the 5th and 6th symphonies (the C minor and Pastoral), an interval for which Beethoven revenged himself by achieving, in the space of some six months, another pair of Colossi—namely, this and the 8th symphonies (the latter, dated October, 1812), which, however, except in the fact that they are colossal, and are the offspring of his mighty mind, have nothing in common with each other, or with those that preceded them. Mr. Thayer's researches, embodied in his accurate and interesting work, indispensable to the Beethoven student, *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Beethovens*, give no support to the doubt expressed by Berlioz in his interesting remarks on this symphony, that it was composed as early as the Eroica. On the contrary, they fix it definitely to the date above-named. It is interesting to know also that the Grand Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 97), though not published till after the 7th and 8th symphonies, and therefore numbered after them, was really composed a year before them—namely, in March, 1811.

I can find no warrant for another statement by M. Berlioz in one of his clever *feuilletons*, that the *Vivace* of the symphony was written three times over before it satisfied its author. The rumour may have originated in Beethoven's habit of writing and re-writing his themes and passages in his sketch-books, which contain the most curious and abundant evidence of his severity towards the offspring of his brain, whom he would sacrifice again and again, erasing and altering times without number, till he was completely satisfied. But he usually confined this process to his sketch-books, and except in the *Leonora* overtures I remember no instance of his making two complete scores of the same work. Certainly no second version of any movement of this one is known.

The Symphony in A remained for a year and a half in manuscript and unheard. It was first performed at the Grosse Redouten-Saale in Vienna, on the 8th December, 1813, at a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau, where the Austrian and Bavarian armies endeavoured to cut off Napoleon's retreat from Leipsic. Much enthusiasm was felt in Vienna on the subject of the concert, and every one was eager to lend a helping hand. Besides conducting the performance in person, Beethoven contributed two new works to the programme, the "Battle Symphony" and that now before us. The orchestra presented an unusual appearance, many of the desks being tenanted by the most famous musicians and composers of the day. Spohr and Mayseder played among the violins, Meyerbeer and Hummel had the drums, and Moscheles the cymbals. Even Beethoven's old adviser Kapellmeister Salieri, was there among the players. There was a black-haired, thick-set, short-sighted lad of fifteen in Vienna at that time, named Franz Schubert, who had finished his own first symphony only six weeks* before, and we may depend upon it that he was somewhere in the room, though at that time too insignificant to be mentioned in any of the accounts. The performance, says Spohr, was "quite masterly," the slow movement was encored, and the success of the concert extraordinary. Beethoven was so much gratified as to write a letter of thanks to all the performers. The concert was repeated on the 12th December, and the symphony was played again more than once before the 27th of the following March, when it was performed, together with its twin brother, No. 8. The two were published together at the close of the year 1816.

This is the only one of his nine symphonies for which Beethoven chose the key of A; indeed, it is his only great orchestral work in that key. Mozart, too, would seem to have avoided this key for orchestral compositions, out of his forty-nine symphonies only two being in A. Of nine symphonies of Schubert, and five of Schumann (including the "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale"), not one is in this key. But, on the other hand, compare Mendelssohn, of whose four published symphonies, one, the Scotch, is in A minor; another, the Italian, in A major. Beethoven's other important compositions in A are the so-called Kreutzer Sonata,† the fine and poetical Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 101, and the posthumous Quartet, Op. 132; but it must be admitted that if nothing but the symphony had ever been written in that key, that alone would have been sufficient to immortalize it.

In form the seventh symphony varies little from the accepted model on which the Eroica and B flat symphonies are formed. In the *Scherzo* alone is there any obvious variation, though that is of some importance as having probably given rise to a still further departure from precedent adopted by Schumann and Mendelssohn. I allude to the repetition of the trio, which is twice played instead of once as in the former symphonies, and which no doubt led to the practice of having two trios, as in Schumann's B flat and C major symphonies and in Mendelssohn's recently published "Cornelius March." This innovation increases the length of the movement to nearly double what it would have been under the original plan. Here, and in the eighth only, has Beethoven substituted an *allegretto* for the usual *Andante* or *larghetto*, but, beyond the name, the two *allegrettos* have no likeness whatever.—Strange, the strength and variety of this prodigious genius! Of his nine symphonies, not only is the general character of each quite different from that of any of the others, so that it is impossible to confuse the Eroica with No. 7, or No. 4 with No. 8, or the first and second; not only this, but each of the four movements, which compose each entire symphony, is entirely and absolutely distinct from all the other eight corresponding movements which form part of the others. The symphonies of Mozart and of Haydn have not only a family likeness of stature, cast of countenance, general bearing of the whole person, but even between the separate features of each there is a strong similarity that makes it difficult to keep them apart, clear and distinct, in the recollection. The slow movements of the G minor and Jupiter Symphonies of Mozart, or his minuets in the same and the E flat Symphony, will afford an instance of what is meant. Their general character is so similar, that it requires some little consideration to disentangle them one from the other. But in Beethoven's movements who ever experienced any difficulty of this kind? The minuets of the first, second, fourth, and eighth symphonies, or the *scherzos* of the Eroica, the C minor, the seventh, and the Choral, are all as individual and distinct as if they were written in different measure, and different *tempo*, and different form, instead of being, so far as those particulars are concerned all cast in one mould. And so in like manner with all the other movements. Each *allegro*, each *andante*, and each *finale* stands forth in one's memory with a living individuality which makes it impossible to confound it with any other. In this, as in some other respects, the only comparison with which I can compare Beethoven is Shakspere. Let any non-musical reader (inclined, perhaps, to be sceptical at what I have said) think of the radical difference between *Othello* and *Hamlet*, *King John* and *King Lear*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and further, between Desdemona and Imogen, Miranda and Cordelia, Lance and Touchstone, and he will realize my meaning better than if I were to write a volume.

The symphony opens with an introduction, *poco sostenuto*, far surpassing in its dimensions, as well as in breadth and grandeur of style, those of the first, second, or fourth symphonies, the only others of the immortal nine which exhibit that feature. This introduction is a wonderfully grand and impressive movement, and resembles a vast and stately portico or hall, leading to the great galleries, corridors, and apartments of a noble palace. The transition from the introduction to the "first movement" proper, the *Vivace*, by an E forty-eight times repeated, and echoed backwards and forwards, between the flutes and oboes and the violins—a passage now listened for with delight as one of the most characteristic in the whole work—was for a long time a great stumbling-block to the reception of the symphony both in London and Paris. The *Vivace* itself, into which the truly daring and original passage just alluded to leads, is a movement of wonderful fire and audacity. The principal theme, in its character and in the frequent employment of the oboe, has a quasi-rustic air; but there is nothing rustic about the way in which it is treated and developed; on the contrary, it is not surpassed in dignity, variety, and richness, by any of Beethoven's first movements.

It is difficult as well as presumptuous to compare masterpieces so full of beauty and strength, and differing so completely in their character, as do the nine symphonies of Beethoven; but if any one quality may be said to distinguish that now before us, where all its qualities are so great, it is, perhaps, that it is the most *romantic* of the nine, by which I mean that it is full of swift, unexpected changes and contrasts, which excite the imagination in the highest degree, and whirl it suddenly into new and strange regions. In this respect the C minor perhaps most nearly resembles it; but I venture to think that *this* surpasses *that*. There are some places in this *Vivace* where a sudden change occurs from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, which have an effect unknown to me elsewhere. A sudden change from *ff* to *pp* in the full hurry and swing of a movement is a favourite device of Beethoven's, and is always

* The manuscript of Schubert's first symphony, in D, in possession of Dr. Schneider of Vienna, bears the inscription, "Der 28te Oct. 813. Finis et Fine," at the end of the last movement.

† On the cover of one of Beethoven's sketch books (lettered E) in the Royal Library at Berlin, I found in his own writing a variation of the title of the Kreutzer Sonata, which appears hitherto to have escaped notice—"Sonata scritta in un stilo brillante quasi come d'un concerto," "brillante" being scratched through, and "molto concertante" written above it.

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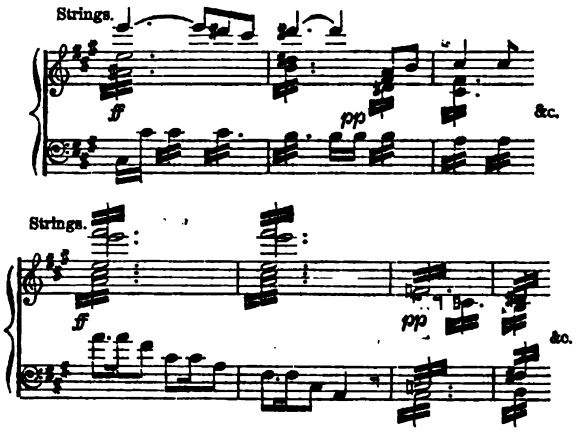
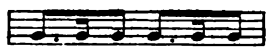
highly effective, but here the change from loud to soft is accompanied by a simultaneous change in harmony, or by an interruption of the figure, or a bold leap from the top to the bottom of the scale—producing the most surprising and irresistible effect. I quote two of the passages referred to—

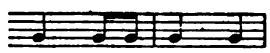


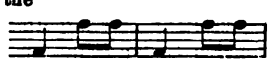
This *Vivace* is full of these sudden effects, and they give it a distinct character from that of the opening movements of any of the other symphonies. The rhythm is marked as strongly as possible throughout. There is hardly a bar which does not contain its two groups of dotted triplets,—



varied and treated in the most astonishingly free and bold manner.

Not less strongly marked or less persistent is the march of the *Allegretto*, which is all built upon the following rhythm:—



or, to use the terms of metre, a dactyl and a spondee, a dactyl and a spondee. Here, again, there is hardly a bar in the movement in which the perpetual stroke of the rhythm is not heard, and yet the feeling of monotony never intrudes itself. It is full of melancholy beauties:—the vague soft chord in the wind instruments with which it begins and ends; the incessant beat of the rhythmical subject just spoken of; the lovely second melody, which, beginning in the tenors as a mere subordinate accompaniment, becomes after awhile the principal tune of the orchestra. But the most striking of all is the passage where the clarinets come in with a fresh melody, the key changing at the same time from A minor to A major, and the effect being exactly like a sudden gleam of sunshine. During this truly heavenly melody, however, the bass, with a kind of "grim repose," keeps up inexorably the rhythm with which the

movement started, like the

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,"

of the poet. No wonder that this *Allegretto* was encored at the first performance of the symphony, or that it was for long the only movement of Beethoven that could be endured in Paris.

The third movement—*Presto*, and *assai meno presto*—(not entitled *Scherzo* and *Trio*) contains a passage for the horns, which is as original and impressive as anything else of Beethoven's, if not even more so. The electrical return to the theme of the *Scherzo*, after the passage alluded to, will not fail to be noticed. The extension given to this movement by the repetition of the trio has already been spoken of. Both the *Allegretto* and the *Scherzo* partake of the romantic character of the first movement, though from different causes.

Nor is the *Finale* less full of fiery genius and effect than the others, or less characteristic of its author, though it is wanting in those sudden "romantic" changes which (as I have with much diffidence attempted to show) distinguish the first movement. It reflects rather the prodigious force and energy and the grim rough, humorous aspect of Beethoven abrupt and harsh in his outward manner and speech. In the preceding movements this outward harshness but rarely appears. Force and vigour they exhibit in every bar, but it is rather the general nature of the man, his command of beauty—that well-spring of loveliness and grace which lay deep beneath his exterior—and his sense of awe and mystery, that distinguish them. In the *Finale*, however, his more obvious external characteristics have their sway. "Beethoven," says Spohr, "was often a little hard, not to say raw in his ways; but he carried a kindly ey under his bushy eyebrows." It is this side of his character which appear to me to be reflected by this *Finale*.

These wonderful works—the nine symphonies of Beethoven—the youngest of which is nearly fifty years old, are as fresh as the day they were written. Every time they are played they seem to become more youthful, more free from obscurity, fuller of meaning and beauty, and more secure against the attacks of time and fashion: like the great statues of antiquity, and like a few (a very few) pictures of more modern date, they appear destined to last as long as the human race itself.

But it is well to remember that these great works were not always so loved and appreciated, but have had to work their way through misunderstanding and coldness, as all great things always will. Even so eminent a musician as Weber received this very symphony with the following words:—"The extravagances of this great genius have at length reached their climax, and Beethoven is now ripe for a madhouse." The particular passage which excited this unlucky outburst, occurs near the end of the *Vivace*, where the basses repeat this figure—

not less than eleven times over—a departure from precedent which was enough to poison the mind of one of the most romantic composers in the world to the romantic changes and contrasts of the rest of the movement, now so delightful to us. It is a lesson worth remembering, that the innovations of one age are the settled laws of the next.—[G.]

The Encore System.—We must have that encore system adjusted by law. It is becoming a persecution and an outrage. Its injustice, one would think, might be comprehended in a commercial country. But a shopkeeper who would very properly call you a knave and fool, if you tried to get ten shilling's worth of goods out of him for the price of five, has no hesitation in demanding two twenty-guinea songs for the price at which he is promised one. I see that Mr. Sims Reeves has been insulted by a Bristol audience because he refused to go twice through a tremendously trying air from an oratorio. He was perfectly right, and the Bristolians who sought to make him do double work would be angry at being called fraudulent; but what else were they? "Oh! it is a compliment." Suppose, however, that a singer does not take it as a compliment, but as an inconsiderate and distressing thing to be obliged to do double work, then vulgar folk hiss him. It is very unfair to an artist that a rule should not be laid down and adhered to; and Mr. Sims Reeves appears to me to deserve all credit for his pluck in resisting a tyrannical imposition. The only excuse for a greedy audience is that while artists are making their way upwards they think that it does them good to be "nightly encored;" and an encore is taken on the slightest provocation, not always without a suspicion that agents of the artist have worked for it. This low system acts to the injury of first-class performers who have never stooped to aught of the kind. Something might be done by a line in the bill to the effect that any person persisting in a re-demand will be held a disturber of the audience and removed.—Shirley Brooks (in *Illustrated London News*.)

Weimar.—Herr Carl Eberwein, formerly Grand-Ducal *Musik-Director*, died on the 2nd inst., having been born in 1784. At the time of his death he was in the enjoyment of a pension. He was an excellent violinist and an exceedingly safe conductor. He was very intimate with Goethe, whose musical parties he directed for a long period. His music to Goethe's *Faust* has kept possession of the stage here till the present day, and his popular setting of Holtei's *Leonore* has done the same. His operas, *Der Graf von Gleichen*, and *Die Heerschau*, have, however, long been forgotten. In addition to the above, he composed a large number of vocal and instrumental pieces, but only a very few were ever printed.

Pesth.—M. Offenbach's *Grands Duchesse* has been produced, and proved a hit.—At the National Theatre, Herr Adelburg's new grand opera, *Zrinyi*, has just been put in rehearsal. It is to be produced some time next month. Fragments of it were performed, a short time ago, with decided success, at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic.

Gotha.—A new romantic comic opera, entitled *Die Sanct-Johannis-Nacht*, music by Herr Eilers, has made a most favourable impression. The book is founded on Zschokke's novel: *Der todte Gast*.—M. Offenbach's *Verlobung bei der Laterne* has had a triumphant run.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21st, 1868.

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Programme.

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QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr. Vernon Rigby ... ... *Mozart.*

SONATA, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 (the Moonlight), for Pianoforte alone (by desire)—Madame Schumann ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

BARCAROLLE and SCHERZO, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim ... ... *Spohr.*

SONGS { "Through the night my songs adjure thee" ... ... *Schubert.* "Devotion" ... ... *Schumann.*

Mr. Vernon Rigby.

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, and Piatti ... *Beethoven.*

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23rd, 1868.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 130, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss Cecilia Westbrook ... ... *Schubert.*

SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Halle ... ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, "Il trillo del Diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim ... ... *Tartini.*

SONG, "The Violet"—Miss Cecilia Westbrook ... ... *Mozart.*

FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 159, for Pianoforte and Violin (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. Charles Halle and Herr Joachim ... ... *Schubert.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Tolhurst's letter has been forwarded to our reporter.

Notice.

The review of the first Philharmonic Concert, and other articles of interest, owing to press of space, are unavoidably postponed till our next number.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

FORGOTTEN TEACHERS.

1. FRANCESCO FOGGIA.*

THE celebrated and prominent personages in the history of art have furnished matter for such frequent and varied discussion, that it seems worse than carrying coals to Newcastle for any one to think of again trying his pen, or his critical scalpel on them. Yet people are for ever doing so. It is at least a subject of astonishment to see how authors exert themselves to discover some little fact that has not been sufficiently ventilated; how they expend the powers of immense scholarship to prove that all the authors before themselves were wrong, because—for instance—they placed the day on which the great man was born twenty-four hours too soon or twenty-four hours too late. The proof that X the godfather was not a fat jolly baker, but a spare and highly respected tailor fills a page and three quarters of print, and is conducted with as much zeal and care as though the history of the world depended on it.

Unfortunately, it is not all people who can boast of such deep scholarship, and consequently it is not every one who can come with such weighty discoveries before that portion of the public which entertains a love for art and takes an interest in its history. Such poor creatures must be contented to walk modestly very far in the wake of the great initiative discoverers we have mentioned, just as the small planets lately brought within our ken appear to the eye stars of only the twelfth or still less magnitude. To such poor creatures belongs the author of these slight sketches, which have no other aim than that of directing attention to a few men who have disappeared and been forgotten, who in our works on musical history hardly figure even by name, and yet who played an important part, less, it is true, by what they wrote than by what they did. No one is born a master, says the proverb; everything requires practice, especially art. The greatest geniuses were themselves once beginners, and courageously performed the duties of apprentices; but the men who opened the path for them, who, if necessary, beat into them the golden rules of art, are never mentioned; their reputation which, in their own time, was, perhaps, far the greater, has paled only too quickly before the sun of their famous pupils; they have sunk down and are forgotten.

The darkness of oblivion is, naturally, more impenetrable the farther we go back into the Past. Who now knows the masters of Palestrina, Durante, Leo, and others? Some of them are entirely forgotten, and yet it would be simply an act of pious duty to think sometimes of these true and indefatigable men, who brought Art her most sublime disciples. There are Francesco Foggia; Bernardo Nanini; Romono Micheli; Pasquale Pisari; Paolo Agostini, and many, many others! Who knows them? Who ever mentions them? Yet we often make all sorts of fuss with individuals of small, nay, of the smallest, mind belonging to the Present and the Future, who have never benefited art a single rush.

Among these forgotten teachers Francesco Foggia is one of the most eminent. His was the time when the disciples of art were often taken in hand as mere children by their masters, to be educated for their vocation. His was the time, too, when art was taught more for its own sake than merely for the sake of a livelihood; thus Foggia begged many a talented boy from his parents, and kept him for years in his own house, and made a thorough musician of him. Such a boy had not, of course, to trouble himself about anything but his art; his teacher cared for nothing else,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

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because the world cared for nothing else. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that students who had scarcely attained the age of youth were celebrated composers, and perfect masters of counterpoint. At the present day, we require certainly somewhat too much from a musician for him entirely to sacrifice his general education to his art, and probably no one will regret such being the case.

The student was, at that period, brought up in his master's house, and with his master's family, and, if he did not disappoint expectation, soon became an integral part of that family. We might, for instance, mention a whole series of cases in which an eminent scholar became his master's son-in-law, and eventually even succeeded him in his office. We should have to include Foggia in such a series. He was born in the Roman territory. As to the exact whereabouts, the chronicle is silent. While still a child, he was placed as a pupil with Antonio Cifra, chapelmaster of Loretto and of St. John Lateran. Cifra, who held the last-named post about 1620, was distinguished for the extraordinary fertility of his talent. Foggia cannot, however, have been under him long, for we find him mentioned shortly afterwards as a pupil of Bernardo Nanini, chapelmaster in the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi, and S. Lorenzo in Damaso. His son-in-law, Paolo Agostini, took an especial liking to the promising boy. Agostini was chapelmaster at the Vatican, and one of the cleverest composers of his time. Though not the inventor of music for more than one choir, he was one of the first who composed for 16, 24, and 48 voices, with 4, 6, and 12 choirs. His contemporaries admired him greatly, and, as a proof of the especial favour in which he stood with high and low, it is related that, having entered the church while a twelve-choir mass of Agostini's composition was being performed, Pope Urban VIII. stopped short, listened with the profoundest satisfaction, and, at the conclusion, nodded very graciously to the composer.

Under the guidance of such a master, the talented boy grew up very soon into an eminent musician, and while still very young left Italy to accept an invitation he had received to visit Germany. The numerous small courts of the latter country competed with each other in the 17th century in sending, sometimes at considerable expense, for singers and musicians from Italy. Even the German musicians educated in Italy were not (of course) so highly esteemed as native Italians. These regularly enjoyed the privilege of being musicians; no other persons were really trusted. Foggia went to the Court of Ferdinand Maximilian, Elector of Cologne. But he did not remain long, for he shortly afterwards transferred his quarters to the Court of the Duke of Bavaria. As early as the end of the 16th century, the princes of Bavaria assumed a prominent position among the patrons of art, and, as we all know, they have most honourably distinguished themselves as such down to the present day. At the expiration of the 16th century, indeed, we find that Bavaria was the centre of German music, and it is indisputable that Duke Wilhelm V. in his time rendered the greatest service to music and musicians. He possessed a very fine musical library, and kept up an admirable chapel, at the head of which was the greatest of all Netherlanders, Orlandus Lassus. It was the same prince who, by his high-minded liberality, procured the great Palestrina that quiet of heart and soul which he so much needed to work out his Hymns.

A composer of Foggia's importance and capabilities was naturally very welcome at such a court. He remained there many years, but could not at last resist the yearning for his own sunny native land, and, after sojourning a short time with the Arch-Duke Leopold of Austria, returned to Italy, never again to quit it.

The best places were open to a man of such celebrity. Foggia was appointed chapelmaster of the cathedral churches of Narni and Monte Fiascone in Rome, of S. Maria of Aguiro, and S. Maria in Trastevere. After his marriage with the daughter of his master Agostini, he gradually succeeded to that musician's appointments. In 1636, he was nominated chapelmaster at St. John Lateran's. After staying there twenty-five years, he went to the church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, and, at last, to the principal church, S. Maria Maggiore. He performed the duties of his place here about ten years, and died, at the beginning of 1688, in his eighty-third year. Of his works, only a few have come down to us in a printed form, though it is said that there are many MSS. of his in the archives of Rome. His chief merit, however, consists in what he did as a teacher, in the fact of his having served to direct the course of some excellent musicians and professors, whose number was very great.

(*To be continued.*)

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

Sir,—Also see *Punch* article, called "The Encore Thief," this week. How are you? Where can I get the *Sepulchres?*—H. M.

"We have been much gratified with the promise of talent contained in the Sonnets of J. W. D."—*Examiner*, March 29, 1818.

It is time J. W. D. should fulfil this promise.

HORACE MAYNEW.

To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gave a "Recital of Classical Pianoforte Music" on Thursday night at Southsea.

HERR REICHARDT has returned to town.

SIGNOR ARDITI, accompanied by Mr. Jarrett, is in Paris, on business connected with Her Majesty's Opera.

MR. GYE and Mr. A. HARRIS have been in Paris during the last week. Mr Gye's prospectus, it is expected, will be issued to-day.

SIGNOR SCHIRA.—We are happy to inform our readers that Signor Schira, the eminent composer, has almost entirely recovered from the effects of his late accident.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The symphony to-day is Beethoven's "Pastoral." A new pianist from Vienna, Mdlle. Skiwa, is to play Hummel's concerto in A minor.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE at Her Majesty's Opera in Drury Lane Theatre takes place on Saturday. The opera chosen is *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as Lucrezia, Mr. Santley as Alfonso, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Maffeo Orsini, and Sig. Fraschini (Mr. Lumley's famous "*tenore della maledizione*" in 1847, the first year of the Covent Garden opposition) as Gennaro.

EXETER HALL.—Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* will be performed for the first time in Exeter Hall on Wednesday, the 25th, by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. Mr. Santley will take the part of the Druid Priest. The band and chorus will number 700. The *Walpurgis* is one of the gifted composer's greatest works. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* will form the second part of the concert, Mr. Santley singing, "O ruddier than the cherry."

ORGAN APPOINTMENT. — Mr. Henry Lister has been appointed organist to the Parish Church, Greenwich.

MADRID.—Sig. Bottesini has appeared at the Teatro Real, and produced a most favourable impression. His first performance consisted of a Fantasia on a Motive from *La Sonnambula*, and "Le Carnaval de Venise."—*Masaniello* has been produced at the same theatre, the principal artists being Signore Sonieri, Rosseri, Signori Tamberlick, Palermi, Selva, and Padovani. The celebrated scenic artist, Señor Ferri, furnished five new scenes. Signora Galletti made her first appearance, this season, in *La Favorita*.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—At the fourth Subscription Concert, Herr Joachim played with great success a Violin Concerto by Herr Bruch, in addition to that by Beethoven. Among the other pieces performed were Symphony in D major, Mozart; "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," Ferdinand Hiller; and Overture to *Olympia*, Spontini.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme on Saturday afternoon consisted exclusively of sacred music, as may be seen below:—

Fest-Ouverture	Nicolai.
Air, "Rejoice greatly" (*Messiah*)...	Handel.
Air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him" (*Woman of Samaria*)	Sterndale Bennett.
Air, "Jerusalem" (*St. Paul*)	Mendelssohn.
Sinfonie-cantata (*Hymn of Praise*)	Mendelssohn.

The *Fest-ouverture*, by the late Otto Nicolai, composer of the opera known on our Italian stage as *Falstaff* (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*), is built upon the same popular Lutheran *chorale* which Mendelssohn has so nobly treated in his "Reformation Symphony"—"Ein Festeburg ist unser Gott." Nicolai—whose overture is written for orchestra, chorus, and organ—has handled the *chorale* in a very different manner from Mendelssohn; and it must be owned that at the best he has made a pedantic and dry piece of work of it. The style of the overture is fugued from beginning to end; but less interesting fugal writing could scarcely be named. The leading theme of the fugue is singularly trite, and there is scarcely one really interesting point in its development. The tune of the *chorale* is continually made prominent, but with a monotony of effect that each time makes its coming on less and less exciting. Though the general execution was good—first-rate, indeed—we cannot believe that any one present was sorry when the last sonorous chord proclaimed that all was over. What charm such a work may possess for Mr. Manns we are unable to guess; certainly it exercised no charm whatever upon his audience. Handel's florid air was sung with fluency and in good style by Miss Sophie Vinta, a young English lady, who has recently been acquiring all that Italy has now to teach in the way of the vocal art, who has a pleasing and capable soprano voice, and who promises to become an acquisition to our concert-rooms. Miss Vinta was warmly applauded, as was also Mr. W. H. Cummings for his admirably-finished and expressive delivery of the air from Professor Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, which, lovely in itself, is made still more attractive by the original and ingenious accompaniment for three violoncellos and oboe—an accompaniment played in such perfection by the members of the orchestra to whom it was allotted that we regret their names were not inserted in the programme, so that due credit might have been given to each individually. About Mdlle. Carola's manner of singing "Jerusalem," the "angelic" admonition from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, we have nothing to add to what was said on a late occasion. It was as well-considered and emphatic as before.

But the grand feature of this concert of sacred music was the very fine performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent *Hymn of Praise*, which showed an improvement on the part of the newly-established Crystal Palace Choir, from which great things may reasonably be expected. To single out one point or two—we have seldom heard the stupendous chorus, "The night is departing," the superbly-treated *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," which immediately succeeds it, or the grand final chorus, with its glorious preamble, "Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might," and its splendid climax, "All that has life and breath sing to the Lord," more uniformly well given. The solo vocal parts were also most efficiently sustained by Mdlle. Carola, Miss Sophia Vinta, and Mr. Cummings, upon the last of whom devolved the intensely dramatic recitative, "We called through the darkness, 'Watchman, will the night soon pass?'" and the air, "He counteth all your sorrows"; upon the first the solo (with the semi-chorus), "Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit," which has something akin to the "Jerusalem" in *St. Paul*. The melodious duet (with chorus), "I waited for the Lord," was extremely well sung by the two ladies, and not less so the duet separating the *chorale* from the final chorus ("My song shall alway be Thy mercy")—which has a strong flavour of Mozart—by Mdlle. Carola and Mr. Cummings. The orchestra was admirable from first to last, and such a performance of the introductory orchestral movements, from the "*maestoso con moto*" (the imposing theme which both opens and closes the cantata), to the serenely-beautiful "*adagio religioso*," was heard as might have been anticipated from such a band of instrumental players and such a conductor as Mr. Manns. One movement especially, the speakingly-plaintive "*allegretto un poco agitato*," has never been more delicately, and in all respects irreproachably executed in our remembrance. The applause at the end, from one of the most crowded audiences we have seen in the Crystal Palace concert-room, was hearty and unanimous.

This was also the occasion of what may be styled the *début* of a new organ, built expressly for the concert-room by Mr. J. W. Walker, an instrument about the qualities of which the experience of a single hearing does not justify us in offering a decided opinion, but which derived every advantage from the practised manipulation of Mr. J. Coward, an organist who has long been officially attached to the Crystal Palace.

At the concert to-day we are promised the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven; Mendelssohn's overture, *Melusine*; a new overture in D minor by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne; and Hummel's concerto in A minor (pianoforte and orchestra), for the first appearance of Mdlle. Constance Skiwa, a young pianist, who comes to us with a high reputation from Vienna. Nothing is neglected by those who direct the musical affairs of the Crystal Palace that may tend to vary the interest and sustain the well-earned repute of their "Saturday Concerts."

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PROVINCIAL.

WARRINGTON.—The *Warrington Guardian* of March 14, referring to Mr. Oakden's fourth Subscription Concert, chiefly devoted to classical pianoforte music, played by Madame Arabella Goddard, says:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard appeared for the first time before a Warrington audience on Wednesday evening last. She is a pianist at once finished and versatile—understanding her music thoroughly, and performing it with subtle delicacy and refinement, and where necessary with remarkable brilliancy and vigour. Her easy grace, and purity and elegance of style, form a marked and most favourable contrast to the wild acrobatic feats of the modern hammer and tongs schools of pianists. She performed on one of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons' concert grand pianofortes, and she made it sing throughout as few pianos but Broadwoods' can be made to do. She did not rattle it to rags before the end of the concert, as we have seen done by players whom we have heard others praise, and that highly. In her last piece every note was as pure and true in tone as in the first. The programme contained a charming variety of high class music, and Madame Goddard's unaffected and masterly rendering of every one of her pieces was listened to with evident delight by a large and highly appreciative audience. To the lovers of high class music it must have been no ordinary pleasure to hear Mozart's Sonata in B flat, No. 9, and Beethoven's Grand Pastoral Sonata in D, interpreted as they were on Wednesday evening. Weber's well-known *Invitation à la Valse* was also given with infinite spirit and brilliancy, but perhaps the gems of the evening were the selections from the posthumous volume of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. These were quite new to us in Warrington. The *Andante* in C major is especially beautiful, exhibiting a rare combination of majesty and grace. The *Tarantella* in C major, also very pretty, was repeated in answer to an enthusiastic encore. It would be wrong not to particularise Thalberg's admirable *fantasia* on the *preghiera* from *Mosè*, the stately rhythm of which was given with fine effect. Madame Goddard also performed the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' in answer to an encore to the last movement of the Pastoral Sonata. Miss Edmonds is a favourite at Warrington. Her voice is not of much volume, but she uses it with taste and skill. She sang her songs with effect, especially those of Benedict and Gounod, into which she infused much intelligent feeling. Being encored, she gave, to the satisfaction of the upper house, 'Gin a body meet a body,' a Scotch song, which for some reason seems to be a favourite with public singers. Mr. Oakden has in this concert brought to a close his series for the present season, and we cannot but express the hope that the pecuniary result has been such as in some measure to remunerate him for the enterprise he has shown in catering so admirably for the musical enjoyment of his patrons, and also to induce him to persevere for future seasons in his praiseworthy exertions to place before the public of Warrington such performances as may tend to improve and elevate their musical taste."

This, we believe, was the first occasion on which a "Pianoforte Recital" was ever given at Warrington. Its success, the character of the music considered, was highly creditable to the Warringtonians.

NORWICH.—The *Norfolk Chronicle* informs us that Dr. Buck of Norwich has composed a Commemoration Anthem, which was sung on Sunday afternoon, to commemorate the return of a dignitary to the cathedral, after a long absence, caused by an accident.

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THE HANDEL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

Contrary, perhaps, to the expectations of many, but to the undisguised satisfaction of all, the Handel Festival, which spread a halo of glory round the year 1865, will not be recorded in history as the last of those unparalleled celebrations for which the lovers of sacred music in general, and of Handel's sacred music in particular, are indebted to the authorities at the Crystal Palace, and still more immediately to the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society, without whose co-operation and that of Mr. Costa, the distinguished conductor of their concerts, nothing of the sort would have been practicable. We are to have a fifth Handel Festival this summer; and a little book, setting forth all particulars of the arrangements already decided on, has just been issued from Exeter Hall by Mr. Robert K. Bowley, general manager of the Crystal Palace. The festival of 1857 was but an experiment, and that of 1859 was merely intended to commemorate the centenary of Handel's death. The enormous improvement, however, in the performances of 1859, when compared with those of 1857, encouraged the promoters to make another attempt in 1862, the memorable year of the second International Exhibition; and further progress was then so unanimously recognized, and success was so complete, that the idea began to be entertained, and was ultimately adopted, of getting up a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace once every three years; so that the Festival now in preparation will be the third of the "great triennials."

That such honour should be paid to a man who, though by birth a Saxon, is universally regarded among us as the first of English musicians, can surprise no one who bears in mind the truth that the people of England, with all the latitude allowed to sectarianism, are eminently and before all a people in whom a cherished belief in revealed religion is unalterably fixed, and that the influence of Handel's music, more than anything else in art, has been enormous in upholding and strengthening in a certain manner the national faith. The French and Germans, like ourselves, have choral societies in almost every town where a sufficient number of willing amateurs can be periodically gathered together; but their practice is essentially different from ours. Whereas the mass of Germans, operatives or otherwise, who club together for such purposes, devote their leisure to the study and performance of songs of the *Liedertafel*, and the mass of French who style themselves generally "*Orphéonistes*" for the greater part to the most trivial kind of secular part-songs (of which specimens were presented some years since at the Crystal Palace), the mass of Englishmen and Englishwomen, similarly bent, are mainly taken up with sacred music —with that of Handel more than any other, with that of Mendelssohn in the next degree, and so on. Thus in England the relaxation and delight afforded by the cultivation of a beautiful art keeps incessantly before the mind the tenets of religious faith; for the words and the music must inevitably go together, and the words in all important instances are either textually borrowed from, or at least founded upon, the words of Holy Writ. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is a perpetual song of solace, "For unto us a child is born" a perpetual chorus of religious exultation, and "Hallelujah" a perpetual anthem of glorification and thanksgiving throughout the length and breadth of the land. For these and very many more such we have to thank Handel, who gave them to us nearly a century and a quarter back, and to whom they came as genuine inspirations—for not otherwise could they wear that guise of perennial freshness which places them apart, as in their kind unique and unapproachable. Let honour, then, be paid to the man who was not merely a giant in his art, but who made his art the zealous handmaid of religion, the man who bequeathed to us the *Messiah*, that most impressive and magnificent of sermons, which sets forth both precept and example in a language common to the world of civilization—the musical apostle, in short, of revealed religion. Independent, however, of such grave considerations, the simple fact that the Handel Festivals which have already taken place comprised performances the like of which can find no precedent in the musical records of any country must suffice to create a general desire for their periodical continuance. A triennial celebration which, for evident reasons, the world cannot match will not lightly be permitted to die out. We should be proud of it, and we are proud of it. As an example of what can be effected by such a combination of voices and instruments, in such an orchestra as that which towers above the central transept of the Crystal Palace, and under a born commander of legions of singers and players like Mr. Costa, the performance of *Israel in Egypt* at the Handel Festival must impress itself indelibly on the mind of everyone sensible to the sublime in art. The late composer, Meyerbeer, a judge of such things if there ever existed one, was heard to declare that in all his dreams of what might possibly be contrived by means of vast and elaborate combinations he had not imagined anything approaching to this. The sight and the sound alike impressed the great musician, who never ceased to refer to it when talking of his last visit to England—so soon to be followed by his death.

On the other hand, the *Messiah*, under similar conditions, amounts virtually to a solemn act of worship—the sacred text poured out, in mighty harmony, from the throats of thousands of singers, accompanied by instruments of music, in accordance with the authority of Scripture, while listened to and mentally joined in by an edified congregation counting almost in tens of thousands. That the oratorio of the Gospel and the oratorio of the Bible should both be included in the Handel Festival of 1868, as in its four precursors, was imperative. Neither could by any possibility have been spared. That the *Messiah* will be given on the first and *Israel* on the last day, we learn from Mr. Bowley, who also informs us that the second day will be taken up with selections from the other oratorios of Handel, consisting of choruses in various styles, with solo airs, duets, &c., for the leading singers, according to the plan successfully adopted in 1865.

The requisite preparations are already on foot. The choral practices of the London contingent, of which the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society form the nucleus, are to take place, under Mr. Costa's direction, at convenient intervals. It is superfluous to comment on the extreme importance of these occasional practices of the most difficult pieces, or upon the benefit derived from the fact that similar practices go on consentaneously in those provincial towns which have the honour of sending delegates to the Handel Festival. About the orchestra we need say little. That the most skilled and experienced players in our London orchestras, combined with the ablest of those residing in country towns, who, in a number of instances, are fit to associate on equal terms with their metropolitan contemporaries, will take part in the performances may be counted on, as also that the 400 "instrumentalists" will again form a solid support to the 3,500 "vocalists." Who are to be the solo singers is not yet stated; but that the list will comprise the best to be obtained may be gathered from the example of preceding festivals. The days appointed for the performances are Monday, June 15 (the *Messiah*); Wednesday, June 17 (miscellaneous selection); Friday, June 19 (*Israel in Egypt*); the general rehearsal to take place, as usual, on the Saturday previous. For further information those who feel an interest in the matter may refer to Mr. Bowley's pamphlet, *The Third Great Triennial Festival at the Crystal Palace.* This gives all necessary particulars, and, moreover, contains an announcement interesting to every lover of Handel's music in this country, from which we feel justified in extracting a paragraph or two:—

"Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to honour the Sacred Harmonic Society with permission to have *fac similes* of Handel's manuscript of the *Messiah* executed in photo-lithography. This very interesting MS., which has been retained in the Royal library since it was presented to His Majesty George the Third by Christopher Smith, on the death of the Dowager Princess of Wales in 1772, has rarely been seen. As evidencing the rapidity with which Handel noted down his immortal work, the *fac simile* will be most interesting to the musical student as well as to the lover of sacred harmony. . . . The entire work, it is expected, will be ready for delivery on the 1st of June next."

It may be added that, though these *fac similes* will be on sale, whatever profits may accrue are to be divided among two excellent charities, the Royal Society of Musicians and the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society—that most useful and industrious body of amateurs to whom we owe the Handel Festivals, and whose chiefs and members, for months of almost unremitting labour in advance, are cheerfully satisfied with simple "honour" as wages. We may recur again before long to the subject; meanwhile, it is enough to have called the atten-

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tion of our musical readers to the fact that the Handel Festival still lives, and, not unreasonabiy, hopes to live "hereafter." The triennial assemblage of so many Handel worshippers from all parts of the country, to co-operate zealously and lovingly in the perpetuation of Handel's glory, is something to look forward to, something to distinguish the year of its occurrence as a year of mark among all who conscientiously believe that, through Handel, music has been enabled materially to serve the cause of religion.

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CHICKEN-ROBERTS COOKED AT MALVERN.

The magnificent billiard room at the Aristocratic Hotel "the Belle Vue" was beheld in all its unclouded beauty on Wednesday se'night. Seldom has this attractive resort being adorned with a more brilliant assemblage, of illustrious gentlemen—of time honoured renown than was visible on that evening. The room is so admirably arranged, in such perfect order, the large expense incurred, the fittings and comforts—all decorated with such great costliness and classic taste—our Friend Mr. Browning the spirited proprietor merits the most eulogistic praise, for his determined purpose of mind in having provided Malvern with one of the most elegant billiard halls in this peaceful spot, it is irreproachable in this locality in fact out of London—for which poetic and picturesque Malvern ought to be proud of. It must be a pleasing consolation to the good Proprietor to notice his weary labours have been rewarded — the large space generally filled with the most aristocratic company of gentlemen — the highest attainments and standing. The worthy managers Mr. Mrs. Hunt, are indefatigable in their labours, using all power at their command, to render every assistance and kindness to gentlemen, who so happily patronize them. They are persuaded that strict attention builds a house up. Following up this trite axiom they are never weary in well doing, their corteous and kind manner are distributed to all, and much of the large business now transacted at this fine Hotel must be in the abstract attributed to the great exertions, constant zeal of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. May the evidence of their earnest work inspire them with confidence and triumphant success load their bold efforts for the future that awaits them.

A great auxiliary to the enjoyment of this insinuating game is in the selection of a steady attendant at the table, Mr. Hunt may congratulate himself in securing that necessary desidiratum. Few rooms in the celebrity of the Belle Vue are in possession of a young man more loving to his duties than our esteemed young townsman Mr. Sutton. Though we all err at times—cannot please every temperament of mind —Still I am of opinion anticipating being supported by many magnanimous gentlemen who wend their way to enjoy a discharge of Balls, that Mr. Sutton finds an advocate in all, in You, Capt. Sircob, and most personages, who frequent this graceful appendage to the Belle Vue. The costly presents that are in his possession ought to be a proud reflection to him, conveying as they must the absolute esteem, Mr. Sutton must have winned from his humble endeavours to merit such recognized tributes of respect. I fully know Friend you have pitched your tent in an exquisite spot surrounded as you are by so many who take a lively interest in your welfare you ought to be eloquent with praise for comforts enjoyed. I am sure you appreciate the many advantages you have, in partaking of the old english sports Englishmen pride themselves with. You are known as an enthusiastic angler throwing the fly and catching the Pikè. I feel glad of your success in Wales, angling with a gentleman whom we are all attached to, a gentleman whose delight is to be in the midst of us—whose absence we all lament, whose presence we greet with acclamations of joy. I know your profound esteem for him, may the sunshine of life long accompany him, so as unitedly you may visit that choice spot in Wales and realize the ineffable delight of your aspirations. Sincerely wishing you may be an absentee from the gout, which you appear to be a lively partaker of, may good riddance make you free, and prosperity the fruition of your efficient discharge of your honorous position. Long may you survive!

This splendid adapted room for Billiards was never in more elegant appearance than on Wednesday night the 13th inst. It was a pleasing vision to behold some 150 comely gentlemen in this capacious apartment—nervously sitting for the result of these combatants.

Roberts Senr, the man who challenges the whole world at Billiards, whose high repute, gentlemen are conversant with in most parts of the world, whose playing is a perfect miracle, standing by himself, venerable Roberts having no compeer. You adorn your profession with a lustre illimitable—dazzling its radiant glory—in brightest hues all around. What Herr Joachim is on his Stradivarius Roberts is on the Billiard table, the one raising the bow, the other, the cue, both consummate masters of their profession. It is Roberts' kingdom there he reigns with undisputed sway, great the gift, his affections are great, for billiards long may he reign, his health continue—and I am confident Malvern gentlemen will always rejoice to see him. I know no champion you have an aversion to Doctors, what about the one leg business? be careful with these professional men, being masters of anatomy—you will loose in the conflict. I am open to send you a challenge, that the same beneficent Doctor Will, do the same artistic position for 10th for the hour and half, Will you accept the generous and tender offer? Roberts you will win! Have one more go, do not I entreat you be discomfited, shall I say yes? Not for Joseph! The same kind Capt Sircob, who have given Malvern gentlemen such great pleasure in billiards, with very great kindness sent to all his friends inviting them to see, Mr. Roberts' Son—J Roberts play. Arrogating to himself the pompeous title—of second champion of the world; From such a strong designation of talent much was anticipated and the large congregation of gentlemen were eager with excitement to see this supposed interested game—a more lamentable failure was scarcely ever beheld.

Whether Roberts was in fun or not the game was soon brought to an inglorious conclusion. Opinions differ as to Mr Roberts Jun; some gentlemen who narrowly watchd him are of opinion he is a fine player. The common element of his playing was as luxurious as any one could desire. All anticipated he would prove himself an irresistible foe with my gallant and polished performer Mr. Cook. All present would have clappd their hands with joy—exulting with praises if Roberts continued as he commenced. For the sake of his father many anticipated he would partake a little of that cunning gentlemen's wondrous performance. Whether he played imitable or lost his temper perceiving a signal defeat for him, I cannot say. Sure I am never was he more totally eclipsed by any playing than the highly finished skill of his wary antagonist Mr Cook—

Should Mr Roberts again visit Malvern I hope he may restore confidence; where he has lost it. not making such a benevolent exhibition of his weakness. That he possesses mighty powers no one would deny; I sincerely hope he will illustrate with more certainty when he next meets at Malvern. I wish he may ascend higher, claiming the noble position so honourably held by his venerable Father.

Never was Mr Cook better in harness, his playing was as near perfection, as the most fastidious critic could pant for. Such elegant style he appears to have at his command so felicitous is his strokes—accompanied with such graceful ease and careful study—with natural intuition brought to perfection—from study few more intelligent are to be seen—at this fascinating game, than Mr Cook—Though not so much artillery as the champion who at times strikes his balls as if he was going to cannonade some battery, or destroy a citadel. Yet Mr Cook's manner is polished and severe. He appears so to speak to argue with his balls, if they go wrong, he rebukes them with tenderness, conveying them where he pleases. Cook, has a good word from all present, for his consummate playing. Gentle and kind in his manners, free from arrogance and bombast nonsense, he merits the profound respect of all. "May his shadow never grow less."

For these classic treats at the Belle Vue Malvern is indebted to Captain Sircob, his unlimited kindness so large, bountiful and free no one can partake of without most lustily thanking the worthy doner. In him I find a counsellor and friend. I feel proud of my commission to sound through the means of the "*Musical World*" the very great respect all gentlemen appreciate the Captain's large heart. May the pure air of Royal Malvern refresh and strengthen, him, the splendour of the scenery charm his vision, and a happy longevity be allotted to him.

In the name of Malvern Captain Sircob I thank you. All were enraptured with this intelligent evenings entertainment, none seeming to relish, the kind treat more than the Captain's professional attendant Dr Loowrych—whose appetite for Billiards immediately after a meal is something marvellous and well known. Long may this good Samaritan reign and adorn his high calling. In conclusion Mr. Sutton most conscientiously made the game. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt fulfilling their duties nobly, A cold collation was laid for all and all invited to partake of freely "without money without price."

Thus ended this night's pleasure, provided by such a kind founder and benefactor.

HOLMES OF HALLOW.

No Unicorn. Hallow the Hole.

PS. I append you Friend Morriss' score—Morriss is well keen and pungent using all powers to uphold what is good—but tremendously indignant at any thing wrong. His labour at the *News* is rewarded, occasionally getting a sale of 5000 copies. His rejoicement is great.

[Morriss' score next time.—A. S. S.]

PRAGUE.—Moniuszko's *Halka* has been brought out and favourably received.—Herr Schebor, the Conductor, is engaged on the composition of a new opera called *Die Hussitenbraut*.

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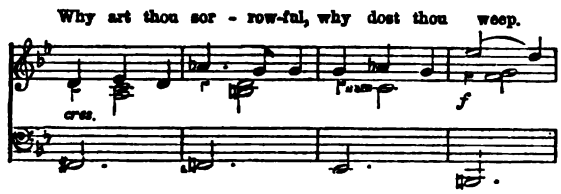
REVIEWS.

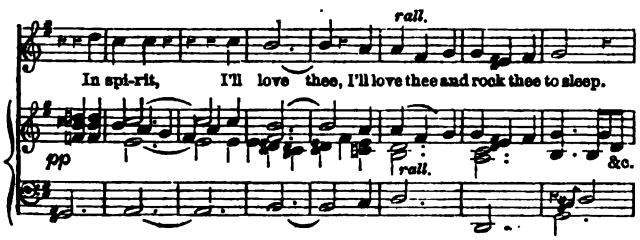
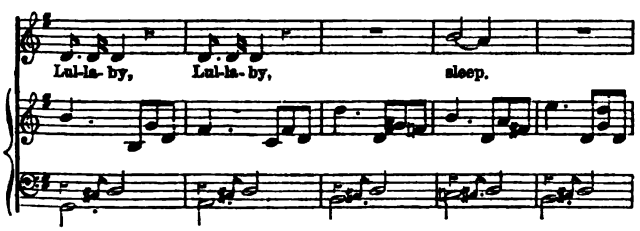
Part Music for S.A.T.B. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. New Edition, with Pianoforte Accompaniments. Sacred series, No. 4. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer.]

THE present number of this cheap and excellent re-issue contains a motet from a *Christus e Miserere* by Zingarelli, which opens well and solidly, but soon disappoints the hopes thus excited. The second movement is as trivial in theme and secular in style as any thing in modern Italian Church music, which is saying a great deal. After this comes a "Tenebræ" adapted by the editor from Michael Haydn; the only striking feature of which is that it carefully follows the words, and cries "with a loud voice" whenever the Divine sufferer is represented as doing so. Such literalness on such a theme is almost irreverence. If sung about at all, the subject of His death should be treated with "bated breath." The rest of the number is taken up by an adaptation of the Apostles' Creed to music by Antonio Lotti. This is alone worth the price of the whole.

Why art thou saddened. Song. Answer to "Rock me to sleep," the words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY; the music by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

AUTHORS and composers are very often induced by the success of a work to announce a "continuation" or a "sequel," or an "answer." They are rarely rewarded, however, in proportion to their hopes. But the rule has exceptions, and Mr. Benedict is likely to be one of them, if merit count for anything. The song before us is a worthy reply to "Rock me to sleep," and deserves the popularity so soon obtained by the latter. It opens with a short *andantino* in G minor, the character of which can best be indicated by a short extract:—



Modulating into the tonic major, a more cheerful passage follows, full of skilful touches, which would repay quotation, but we pass them by to cite the phrases leading directly to the *coda*. Nothing can be more graceful than this:—

The *coda* is a "lullaby," respecting which a very brief extract will speak with sufficient eloquence:—

After these examples it is unnecessary to commend the song, but a word of praise is due to Mr. Guernsey for his really admirable verses.

A Method for the Pianoforte, by WILLIAM MASON and THOMAS HOADLEY. [New York: Mason Brothers.]

THIS large and well got-up work testifies to the degree of attention paid to music by our American cousins. It is clearly the result of much thought and no slight experience on the part of its editors, who have succeeded in producing a work in some respects unique, and on all accounts likely to be useful. Its great features are the manner in which the learner's difficulties are anticipated, and the clearness of the directions that enable him to surmount them. In some cases engravings are resorted to, in order that the position of the hands may be shown. By means of clever and pleasing "recreations" the pupil is led on from one point to another, without any flagging of his interest, and, at the proper time, selections, classical and other, are put before him as the reward of perseverance. These are fingered and accompanied by full directions for their due performance. Towards the end he is introduced to a course of accent exercises, admirably adapted to secure its important object, and as much of harmony as will render improvisation comparatively easy, is also included in the work. For comprehensiveness of design and completeness of detail we know nothing superior to this American book.

Watt's Psalms and Hymns, adapted to music, Part 5; and the *Choral Cyclopædia*, a collection of hymns and moral songs with music, Part 5. By JAMES BRABHAM. [London: F. Pitman.]

THE numbers of these cheap works now before us sustain the character of their predecessors. We have no doubt that to a large number of persons interested in their contents both collections will be highly acceptable.

Cricket Polka, pour piano. Par EMILE ETTLING. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

TUNEFUL and pretty, but when calling a piece by the name of a peculiarly English pastime, why indulge in the affectation of French on the title page. The practice is ridiculous under any circumstances; in this case it is absurdly grotesque.

Love's Secret. The popular ballad, as sung in the comedy of *Ours*, by Miss LOUISA MOORE. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

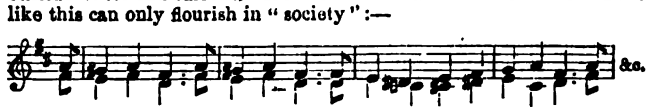
THE merits of this ballad justify its publication. It has a character of its own. The melody is pleasing, and its treatment shows the hand of one thoroughly up to his work. It is not often that we meet with a more attractive thing of its kind.

Celia. For the Pianoforte. Composed by CHARLES SALAMAN. [London: Metzler & Co.]

ENCOURAGED by the success of "Celia" in its orginal form, Mr. Salaman has here arranged it for the pianoforte. We like the composition best as a song, but the song is good enough to warrant any one in liking the arrangement for its sake.

Cleveland's Farewell. Vocal Duet. Words from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Pirate*; the music by the Hon. ALBERT CANNING. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

WE take the Hon. Albert Canning to be a mild amateur who has often written mild little pieces for his own circle, and who in a weak moment has been induced to send one of his effusions into the rough world outside West-end saloons. He should not have been so cruel. Music like this can only flourish in "society":—



Imagine Sir Walter's pirate double voiced, and singing, in his manner, about having to "shout among his shouting crew." Fie, Hon. Albert Canning, and don't do it again.

In this Bark, Sweet Mary. Ballad. Written and composed by GEORGINA MEYRICK. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THIS is the lament of a soldier over his dead wife, to whom he proposed in a "bark," the sight of which brings the reflection that no more sailings in her companion-ship are possible. The melody, written for a contralto voice, is appropriately simple and sad.

I have no Father now. Song and chorus. The words by WILLIAM QUIN, Jun.; the music composed by G. COVERDALE, Organist to the Chapel Royal, Small Arms Factory, Enfield. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

IT is always refreshing to get hold of a poet who becomes thoroughly absorbed in his subject. We can even pardon such a one if occasionally his "fine frenzy" makes him unmindful of grammar and intelligibleness. In this instance the intensity of his grief has blinded him effectually to the niceties of language. Let us quote the first verse as an example:—

"The weeping willow's swaying
Its tender branches o'er
Where father now is laying
'Side those who've 'gone before,'
Where there's no silent breathing
Save from the mourner now.
Then chide me not for weeping
I have no father now."

Bravo! Mr. Quin, we do not understand you exactly, but incoherence under such circumstances is excusable, to say the least. The music is worthy of the words, and would be worthy even if all its glaring errors were corrected.

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SCHUMANN'S ADVOCATES.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—"No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." On this principle, perhaps, Thaddeus Egg, unwilling, as he says, to discuss Schumann's music, turns fiercely upon "A. M.," with a direct and indirect attack upon his advocacy of Schumann. I trust that the favour of admission to your columns will be extended to my letter, that those who do not rejoice in a copy of the Crystal Palace programme in question may gain light on the observations which aroused Mr. Egg to pen the irate effusion that appeared last week. First, "T. E" takes offence at the following:—

"It seems strange that Schumann's works should still be a source of musical controversy in England."

"A. M." does not say that it *is* strange, nor it seems strange to the majority, but strange *to me* must always be the meaning of such a simple sentence. The second quotation is made without reference to its beginning or end, and stands thus:—

"All who have learned to know Schumann's compositions will agree that it is not want of merit that has been the cause of this seeming neglect."

What neglect we ask? And we find in the programme that this important work was only once performed until (twenty years after its composition) it was produced at Sydenham; and then "A. M." gives a probable reason for its being so laid aside, "that the composer's genius carried him into regions with which the taste of the musical public is not yet familiar." Can anybody discern in these words "a lofty tone, bordering on insult?" "Sneering" is a mode of expression never approached by "A. M." Can anything be more mildly written, yet true to the writer's experience. If "A. M." has any faith in Schumann at all, can he assume less than that musical connoisseurs cannot study his works without deeming this symphony (the C major) worthy at least of a better fate than to be laid on the shelf for ever after the first performance? No, Mr. Egg, the "illogicalness," the "maladroitness," the "offensive manner," exist only in your own imagination. "A. M.," and such as he, do not expect "wisdom to die with them;" but she lives with them, for "Wisdom is a loving spirit, and giveth understanding and prudence in all things." Mr. Egg continues, and I will give his words in full:—

"In other respects 'A. M.' is a poor wielder of the pen. He says that, in the endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions, Schumann 'inevitably obscured those channels through which music alone can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart.' If this mean anything at all, it signifies that a musical expression of human emotion can never be pleasant or intelligible, which needs not to be refuted. The word 'inevitably' must therefore come out. Further on 'A. M.' observes that 'music became a great gainer' by the channels aforesaid being obscured."

I hope such total misrepresentation of words is rare. Below I give the true version; the few words in parenthesis are mine. "A. M." says—

"In the first thirty or forty of his works, mostly for pianoforte, Schumann attempted to illustrate characters and events closely connected with himself; and in this endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions, he not unnaturally invaded the cherished traditions of the musical art, and thus he (Schumann, who was not then acquainted with the mechanical part of composition) inevitably obscured those channels through which alone music can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart. But prejudicial as this proved to Schumann's immediate success, the art of music was a gainer (by what?) by his thus unrestrainedly following up (through a period of difficulty and discouragement) the development of his individuality with the perseverance natural to true genius, until with unremitting ardour he gradually practised the drudgery of contrapuntal study, and familiarized himself with the mechanical part of composition; and having thus gained power and experience . . the stream of his emotions flows through the old majestic channels, while the banks are adorned throughout with flowers of his own sowing and cultivation."

Finally, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Thaddeus, than are dreamt of in your philosophy;" and he must be on a very uncomfortable pinnacle of self esteem who cannot endure to be reminded in general terms of his ignorance of a great deal in art and nature. Mr. Egg's compliments on the style of "G" do not come in gracefully, taken with their context. We always welcome "G," and respect his friend "A.M."—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

GRATITUDE.

Wednesday, March 18th, 1868.

THE ENCORE THIEF.

(*From "Punch."*)

"Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristolian audiences ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing *twice* everything which is put down for him in a programme, and bullied for not doing so. He was so treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

At the usual hour yesterday morning, Mr. Punch, the worthy magistrate, took his seat on the bench. The night charges having been disposed of, Bonassus Bellowmore, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, stated he had been engaged at Exeter Hall on the previous night to sing in Handel's oratorio, *Jephtha*. He had sung, to the best of his ability—

The Magistrate: Then you must have sung very finely.

Mr. Reeves bowed, and continued. He had given the great and very trying air, "Deeper, and deeper still," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down, when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. Mr. Reeves added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought, was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The Prisoner said that he would not be called stupid. He liked music, and choose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the privileges of an Englishman, and stood on Magna Charter and the Bill of Rights.

The Magistrate: The Statue of Frauds might be more in point. But don't talk such nonsense, man. What are you?

Prisoner: A cheesemonger.

The Magistrate: Is anything known of him?

Policeman, B 52: I believe he is a respectable man, your worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he done last night.

The Magistrate: Did last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner: I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't Mr. Reeves sing twice when I tell him?

The Magistrate: Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this person is entrusted with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

Prisoner: Very good, your worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The Magistrate: Send me in a first-rate Stilton, ripe.

Prisoner: It shall be at your worship's house before dinner time.

The Magistrate: It shall be paid for on delivery. If I like it, I will tell you to send me another, and that shall not be paid for at all. I like cheese, and I will have as much of it as I can get.

Prisoner: If I was not speaking to a magistrate, I should call that stealing.

The Magistrate: Of course, it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take a second song from Mr. Reeves, for nothing.

Prisoner: O bother! A cheese costs me money, I pay the farmer, and I pay the carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The Magistrate: A song costs Mr. Reeves money. He paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practised, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the hall, or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and great skill, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

Prisoner: I don't see it in that light.

The Magistrate: Then try and see it in the light of a prison-cell. I shall deal with you as I should deal with any other rogue, who buying one cheese of you, stole another. You will go to the House of Correction for a month.

Mr. Sims Reeves interceded for the prisoner.

The Magistrate: Well, Mr. Reeves, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way, but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he *was* stupid, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The Magistrate kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.

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FRANKFORT.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was very admirably performed at the Second Subscription Concert of the Cecilia Association.

AMSTERDAM.—An excellent performance of Haydn's *Creation* was lately given under the direction of Herr Heinze.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER.—"The Fates," a cantata, by W. T. Belcher; "Let us think of the friends that are gone," "The Land and the Sea," "Down in the Deep," songs by Richard S. Harding.
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"I have no father now," song and chorus; words by William Quin, Jun.; music by G. Coverdale.
CRAMER & Co.—"The Pianist's Practical Guide," by F. Weber.

Advertisements.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

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The OPERA SEASON, 1868, will commence on SATURDAY, MARCH 28th.

IN announcing his arrangements for the forthcoming Operatic Season, Mr. Mapleson regrets that he should be constrained to place at the head of his prospectus the name of any other theatre than that of Her Majesty's—with which he has been associated so many years—and which, bound up as it was with traditions of the past, was regarded by the patrons of Italian Opera with a feeling akin to affection.

Nevertheless, pending the reconstruction of "the old House," he deems himself fortunate that, under these trying circumstances, he has been enabled to secure, as a temporary substitute, so advantageous a locale as the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, admirably adapted as it is by its dimensions and the general convenience of its structure for the accommodation of a large and fashionable audience and the requirements of Grand Italian Opera.

Encouraged by the promised support of the highest and most distinguished patronage, Mr. Mapleson has pleasure in announcing that he is enabled to put forth a prospectus containing the names of the same eminent artists who have hitherto upheld the reputation of his management.

The brilliant success achieved by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, during the summer, and by Mdlle. Louise Kellogg, in the winter of last year, will be fresh in the memory of all, and their re-engagement for the coming season, strengthening once more the resources of his company, will give general satisfaction.

Mr. Mapleson cannot conclude these few preliminary remarks without expressing heartfelt gratitude for the generous and active sympathy evinced towards him immediately on the occurrence of the fire at Her Majesty's Theatre, and which still continuing to manifest itself, has materially facilitated his exertions in bringing to maturity an enterprize of such cost and magnitude.

The interior of the "auditorium" will be remodelled, after designs of the architects, Messrs. Marsh Nelson and Harvey, of Whitehall, by which the same accommodation of boxes, stalls, and public seats as existed at Her Majesty's Theatre will be provided.

The alterations have been entrusted to the well-known contractors Messrs. Bracher & Son, of Great Ormond Street; the upholstery to Messrs. Green & King, of Baker Street; and the gilding and decorations to Mr. Kershaw, of Baker Street.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mdlle. TITIENS, Mdlle. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, Mdlle. SINICO, Mdlle. CORSI, Mdlle. ROSE HERSEE, Madame TREBELLI-BETTINI, Madame BAUERMEISTER, Madame DEMERIC-LABLACHE,

AND

Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Signor FRASCHINI (his First Appearance), Signor BETTINI, Signor CONTI (his First Appearance), Mr. HOHLER, Signor AGRETTI, Mr. LYALL, Mr. SANTLEY, Signor GASSIER, Signor SCALESE, Signor ZOBOLI, Signor BOSSI, Signor CASABONI, Signor FOLI, Herr ROKITANSKY, and Signor MONGINI.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

Maestro Concertatore al Piano—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Chorus Master—Signor SANTI.

Organist—Mr. PITTMAN.

The Military Band will be that of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. D. GODFREY.

For the Divertissements—Mdlle. MARIE GOSSELIN.

Maître de Ballet—Mr. CORMACK.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

Scenic Artist	Mr. WILLIAM BEVERLEY.	Machinists	Mr. TUCKER and Mr. DRUMMOND.
Stage Manager	Mr. EDWARD STIRLING.	The Appointments by	Mr. BRADWELL and Mr. NEEDHAM.
Suggeritore	Signor BJALP.	Gas Engineer	Mr. HINCKLEY.
Reggisseur	M. GRUA.	Acting Manager	Mr. JARRETT.
Artistes Costumiers	Miss BENNETT and Mr. COMBE.		

The Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock each Evening, and the Doors be Opened Half-an-hour previous.

LA GAZZA LADRA (Rossini).—Gianetto, Signor Bettini; Fernando, Mr. Santley; Podesta, Signor Rokitansky; Pippo, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; and Ninetta, Mdlle. Kellog.

GUSTAVO III. (Auber).—Amalia, Mdlle. Titiens; Arvedson, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Oscar, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Ankastrom, Mr. Santley; Reborn, Signor Gassier; Ribbing, Signor Bettini; and Gustavo, Signor Mongini.

LOHENGRIN—By Richard Wagner—(First time in this country).—Lohengrin, Signor Mongini; Conte Federico, Mr. Santley; Enrico, Herr Rokitansky; Araldo, Signor Gassier; Ortruda, Mdlle. Sinico; and Elsa di Brabante, Mdlle. Titiens.

Donizetti's admired Opera, FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.—Tonio, Signor Bettini; Sulpizio, Signor Gassier; Un Paesano, Signor Agretti; Ortensio, Signor Casaboni; Caporale, Signor Zoboli; La Marchesa, Madame Demeric-Lablache; and Maria, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character).

IL DON GIOVANNI (Mozart).—Don Ottavio, Signor Mongini; Leporello, Mr. Santley! Don Giovanni, Signor Gassier; Il Commendatore, Signor Rokitansky; Masetto, Signor Bossi; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Zerlina, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellog; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc., etc.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO (Mozart).—Figaro, Signor Gassier; Il Conte Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Bossi; Susanna, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Cherubino, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens.

LES HUGUENOTS (Meyerbeer).—Raoul, Signor Mongini; Nevers, Mr. Santley; St. Bris, Signor Gassier; Marcel, Signor Rokitansky; Margherita, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Valentine, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc., etc.

Selections will be made from the subjoined extensive Repertoire:—

I PURITANI	Bellini.	RIGOLETTO	Verdi.	FIDELIO	Beethoven.
IL TROVATORE	Verdi.	LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO	Donizetti.	MEDEA	Cherubini.
ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO	Meyerbeer.	LA ZINGARA	Balfe.	LINDA DI CHAMOUNI	Donizetti.
LUCREZIA BORGIA	Donizetti.	MARTA	Flotow.	IL FLAUTO MAGICO	Mozart.
LA TRAVIATA	Verdi.	LA FAVORITA	Donizetti.	SEMIRAMIDE	Rossini.
IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA	Rossini.	BALLO IN MASCHERA	Verdi.	DER FREISCHUTZ	Weber.
GLI UGONOTTI	Meyerbeer.	LA SONNAMBULA	Bellini.	IPHIGENIA (in Tauris)	Gluck.
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO	Mozart.	FAUST	Gounod.	DINORAH	Meyerbeer.
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	Donizetti.	OBERON	Weber.	IL SERAGLIO	Mozart.
IL DON GIOVANNI	Mozart.	FALSTAFF	Nicolai.	I LOMBARDI	Verdi.
NORMA	Bellini.	MIRELLA	Gounod.	LA FORZA DEL DESTINO	Verdi.
DON PASQUALE	Donizetti.				

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE, *March*, 1868.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—*Saturday, March* 21, 1868.

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VOL. 46—No. 13. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL. — The TICKET-OFFICE at the CRYSTAL PALACE OPEN DAILY from Ten to Four for the Issue of Vouchers securing Tickets.

Letters by post, enclosing remittances, duly attended to.

At all previous Festivals, as the time drew near, thousands of persons from the country and elsewhere were unable to procure such tickets as they desired. The Festival Committee, therefore, can only remind intending visitors that early application alone will ensure the best positions.

EXETER HALL.—"MESSIAH.—MR. SANTLEY.—PASSION-WEEK PERFORMANCE.—MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, MR. G. W. MARTIN. Band and Chorus 700. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices: 14, 15, Exeter Hall (First Floor).

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—The usual Lent performance of HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" on FRIDAY NEXT, April 3d (Extra Concert), and WEDNESDAY, April 8th (Subscription Concert). Principal Vocalists—Mdlle. Carola, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley.

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Note.—Subscriptions, One or Two Guineas, received as above, for the Photo Litho fac-simile of Handel's MS. of "Messiah," in the Royal Library. See announcement in Handel's Festival programme.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS. President, MR. BENEDICT; Director, HERR SCHUBERTH.—SEASON 1868.—SECOND CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, March 30th. Vocalists—Mesdames Fanny Armytage, Barry Eldon, Billinie Porter, Danielson; Mr. Greenhill, Signor Nappe. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mdlle. Skiwa, Signor Tito Mattei, Signor Li Calsi; Violins—Signor Risegari, Mr. G. Bruce, Braham; Viola, Mr. Cooper; Violoncello, Herr Schuberth; Contra-Basse, Mr. Evans. Conductors—Signor Li Calsi and Herr Schuberth. Tickets: Messrs. D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—SECOND CONCERT, MONDAY, March 30th.—Symphony, Letter T (Haydn); Selection, "Ruins of Athens" (Beethoven); Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini); the first "Walpurgis Night" (Mendelssohn). Principal Singers—Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte Solo (Hummel), Mdlle. Mehlig; Scena (MS.), "On Lena's gloomy heath," Mr. Santley (Mendelssohn). Reserved Seats, 15s. Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY.—On WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 1st, at Eight, will be given the LAST CONCERT BUT ONE of the present season, at which the following Artists will appear:—Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Poole, Miss Elena Angèle, and Mdlle. Liebhart; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. W. H. Poole; Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper; Harp, Mr. John Thomas; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The St. Cecilia Choral Society of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s., to be had of BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street, and at the Hall.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—MADAME SHERRINGTON will sing, at the Ballad Concerts, St. James's Hall, "Cease your Funning," "The Light Guitar," and a new song by James L. Molloy, "Golden Gleamed the River Rushing." Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—MDLLE. LIEBHART, at the Ballad Concerts, St. James's Hall, will sing the celebrated Duet with Mr. J. L. Hatton, "The Singing Lesson;" also Benedict's "May Song," and "The Prisoner and the Linnet," by Virginia Gabriel. Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S last appearance this season at the London Ballad Concerts, when she will perform Thalberg's two celebrated fantasias, "Home, Sweet Home," and the "Last Rose of Summer." Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—MR. NELSON VARLEY'S last appearance at the Ballad Concerts this season, when he will sing "Kelvin Grove," "Let Fame sound the Trumpet" (with trumpet obligato by Mr. Harper), and Hatton's new and successful song, "The Beacon that Lights me Home." Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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Sonata in G (No. 5 of Walter Macfarren's Edition)	Mozart.
Lied, "The First Violet"	Mendelssohn.
Romance d'etude, "Si oiseau j'étais"	Henselt.
Cavatina, "Una voce"	Rossini.
Impromptu in E Flat	Schubert.
Ballad, "One Year"	Mrs. John Macfarren.
National Fantasia, "Merrie England"	Brissac.

PART II.

Grand Sonata in B Flat	Beethoven.
Song, "Half-past Nine"	G. A. Macfarren.
Etude, "La rapidité"	Wallace.
Old English Ditty (17th Century)	
Third Tarantelle	Walter Macfarren.

Pianoforte by Erard.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN'S BALLAD CONCERT, WESTBOURNE HALL, April 3rd. Artists—Misses Marie Stocken, M. Bohn, and Julia Derby; Messrs. Frank Elmore, Trelawny Cobham, and Stirling. Harp, Herr Oberthür; Flute, Mr. James; Pianoforte, Signor Tito Mattei. Conductors—Signor Li Calsi and Mr. Kingsbury.

MR. ERNEST will give his FIRST CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 15th (Easter Week). Vocalists: Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Nora Somerville, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Herr Carl Hause; Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward. Conductor, Herr F. Weber. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48. Cheapside; Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ respectfully intimates that she is in Town for the Season. All communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to her to LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON, & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street, or to her address, 63, Great Marylebone Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S new and successful Ballad, "THE MERRY MAID" (poetry by Harry G. B. Hunt), at Belfast on the 30th inst. "Mdlle. Liebhart sung 'The Merry Maid,' composed expressly for her, a dashing, brilliant production which pleased exceedingly."—*Musical World.* "Miss Burney was exceedingly successful, and especially so in Guglielmo's 'Merry Maid.'"—*Weekly Times.* "We shall be surprised if 'The Merry Maid' is not soon found on the pianos of most of the fair amateurs of England."—*Musical World.*

MISS SPILLER will sing (for the first time) "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME," new Ballad (poetry by H. J. St. Leger), composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO, at Belfast, April 6th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing SCHIRA'S admired Waltz Song, "IL BALLO," at the Albion Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 7th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," at the Albion Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 7.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN (with Miss JULIA DERBY) will sing HENRY SMART'S New Duet, "ON COMO'S LAKE," at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing "THE SPRING" (by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY) at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing with MR. FRANK ELMORE the popular Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3d.

MISS M. BOHN will sing "O COME TO GLENGARIFF," at Miss Marie Stocken's Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall April 3rd.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elí," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in March.—Address: Miss BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends, Pupils, and the Profession that she is now obliged to resume her Professional Duties after her late sad bereavement. For lessons on the Guitar and Concertina, address—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MDLLE. LEALI will sing Signor CATALANI'S new Melody, "HOW SOFTLY DAY IS DAWNING," on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings next week.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE!" at Canonbury, on Tuesday, March 31st; "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Berry-Greening's Concert, Islington, April 2nd; and the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" (with Miss JULIA DERBY), at Albion Hall, London Wall, April 7th.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—6, Lower Porchester Street, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

MR. GEO. PERREN will sing GUGLIELMO'S admired Ballad, "THE THREE HOMES," at Sheffield on Thursday next.—"A charming song, 'The Three Homes,' by Guglielmo most tastefully sung by Mr. Geo. Perren was also encored."—*Orchestra.*

MR. ALBERT JAMES and Miss MABEL BRENT will sing the popular Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at the Beaumont Institution, on Monday Evening, March 30th.

MR. GRATTEN KELLEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed by EMILE BERGER), at Belfast, March 30th; Glasgow, April 4th; and Dumfries, 13th.

MR. H. C. SANDERS and Miss GRACE ARMYTAGE, will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH'S popular Operetta, "Lischen and Fritzchen," every evening during their present tour.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing REICHARDT'S popular song, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on March 31st, Westbourne Hall; and April 3rd, St. George's Hall.—128, Adelaide Road, N.W.

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(From the "Morning Herald" and "Standard," March 23.)

The last of these excellent concerts (the 25th of the present season) was one of extraordinary interest, as the subjoined programme will explain:—

PART I.

Quintet, in C Major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti	Beethoven.
Sonata, in B flat, for pianoforte alone (Posthumous)—Mdme. Arabella Goddard	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Sextet, for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass (Posthumous)—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Joachim, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, and Piatti	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in A major, No. 17, for the pianoforte and violin—Mdme. Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim	Mozart.

Two more unknown compositions by Mendelssohn, and, as might have been expected, two more masterpieces. Madame Arabella Goddard invariably imparts a special interest to her benefit programmes, either by the revival of some great work or works, undeservedly forgotten, or by the introduction of some very remarkable piece, to which no other pianist than herself can in every sense do justice; but on the present occasion, without doing either, she has rendered even a greater service to the art of which she is one of the very brightest ornaments. Not long since she had the honour of introducing to the public a new book of "Songs without Words" at these same Monday Popular Concerts, and the hearty welcome they experienced is vividly remembered by all who were fortunate enough to hear them played in such absolute perfection. After the pains she had bestowed upon the *Lieder ohne Worte* it was but reasonable that the prestige of her name and the magic of her fingers should be again enlisted when it was in contemplation to bring to light yet other long-hidden treasures from the same apparently inexhaustible source. Madame Goddard's task was this time far more difficult, both the solo sonata and the sextet, the former especially, containing passages utterly beyond the reach of ordinary pianists. It was accomplished, however, with the same brilliant success as the first, and won a fresh triumph both for the dead master and his most eloquent living interpreter. The sonata in B flat major is in the same romantic style as its published companion in E major, the only pianoforte solo-sonata by Mendelssohn which until lately was thought to exist. It is a worthy successor of that lovely work—like it, indeed, a genuine tone-poem, a "thing of beauty" that will live for ever. We shall not attempt any technical description of it after a single hearing, but merely state that the general impression produced—not only upon ourselves, but evidently upon the great majority of the 2000 amateurs who thronged St. James's Hall to inconvenience on Monday night—was that the sonata in B flat is, in the fullest signification of the term, a masterpiece. A first *allegro*, as vigorous as one of Beethoven's first *allegros*; a *scherzo* that could have been composed by Mendelssohn and none other, and which, as Mr Chappell (quoting Schumann) says in his analytical programme, "is stamped 'F. M. B.' (Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy) in large letters over every bar;" an *andante quasi allegretto* of the most unpretending facture, all melody and grace, like any of the *Lieder ohne Worte*; and a *finale* glowing with fire and animation, a characteristic feature of which is the re-appearance of the *scherzo* in the midst of it; these make up the sum total of the new work, about which just now we need not say another word. About the splendid manner in which it was executed by Madame Goddard a whole column might be written, but it is not necessary. Those familiar with and able to appreciate that exceptional combination of qualifications the possession of which unquestionably entitles our gifted countrywoman to the very highest position among pianists of the day, native and foreign, will readily understand how Mendelssohn's unknown sonata was played when we state, briefly and emphatically, that Madame Goddard never, in our remembrance, played anything more finely. Every movement was given to perfection; but most wonderful of all was the *scherzo* (in B flat minor), the extreme difficulty of which is quadrupled by the strict injunction of the composer, that it must be played *staccato, pianissimo*, and "without pedal," from the first bar to the last. Though no pianist with whom we are acquainted has the command of *staccato* touch possessed by Madame Goddard, and none can surpass her in the art of preserving tone and distinctness when a *pianissimo* is to be kept up without the assistance of the soft pedal, it might have been thought that the rapid pace which, its character considered, is indispensable to the *scherzo*, would somewhat disconcert her. Not so, however. Her execution was as equal and facile throughout as though no such impediments stood in her way. The performance of this single movement would of itself suffice to fix Monday night's concert indelibly in the memory of every connoisseur. But the entire sonata was received with enthusiasm; and the fair pianist was unanimously called back at the end. We applaud the judgment which induced her to pay no heed to the encore elicited by the *scherzo*, through which exercise of self-denial the sonata was allowed to tell its own tale uninterruptedly.

If the solo sonata is a wonder, seeing that it was written when its author was only eighteen years of age (in 1827), the sextet in D major, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, is a still greater wonder, having been composed when he was still three years younger (in 1824). We have left ourselves no room to speak of this concerted piece in detail. Enough that it is quite as fine a work, and bears no less astonishing marks of ripe talent than distinguish the pianoforte quartets in F minor and B minor (Nos. 2 and 3), and the magnificent ottet for stringed instruments—those other true phenomena produced as nearly as possible about the same period. The sextet, like the sonata, contains four regular movements, and, like the sonata, has a *scherzo*, which makes its re-appearance unexpectedly and with singular effect near the end of the *finale*, a movement of unflagging power and brilliancy. That the execution was beyond criticism—Madame Goddard having for her associates such artists as Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, to say nothing of the others named in the programme—may easily be credited. The sextet, too, met with a reception right hearty and enthusiastic, and will, doubtless, as well as the sonata, be speedily heard again. At the same time it should always be borne in mind that we owe the first hearing of both to Madame Arabella Goddard.

The very grand performance of Beethoven's second string quintet (in C), a fortnight since, made so lively an impression that its early re-appearance in Mr. Chappell's programmes during the engagement of Herr Joachim was not surprising. All we need add is that the second performance was in every respect equal to the first. That the exquisitely melodious and beautiful sonata of Mozart, in which the unparalleled violinist joined Madame Goddard, was one of the greatest treats of the concert, and kept the large majority of the audience in their places to the very end, may be taken for granted. Such *ensemble* playing is too rare to be missed.

Some songs were contributed by Mr. Vernon Rigby, who has a pleasing and capable voice, and whose singing is by no means devoid of expression, though we hardly think that the "Garden air" from M. Gounod's *Faust* was wisely chosen. Mr. Benedict of course was the accompanist. The hall, as we have said, was crammed from one extremity to the other, and the whole entertainment was one of the very best of Monday Popular Concerts, which is equivalent to saying one of the very best possible.

—o—

(From the "Queen," March 21.)

Last Monday (the 16th), the programme, for the benefit of the popular pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard, opened with Mozart's stringed quintet in C major, played by Joachim, Ries, Blagrove and Piatti. Mozart's sonata in A major, No. 17, was executed by Madame Arabella Goddard and Joachim; but the features of the concert were her introduction for the first time in public of two posthumous productions of Mendelssohn—the first a sonata in B flat (major), played by herself, and the second a sextet for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass, in which the fair player had the co-operation of Joachim, Blagrove, Zerbini, Piatti, and Reynolds. The two newly-introduced compositions fully maintained the reputation of Mendelssohn. The sonata was written when he was only in his eighteenth year. It consists of four movements, including therein a vivacious *scherzo* in B flat minor, quite exhilarating in its influence on the auditory. The slow movement is a charming melody, and the concluding *allegro* is in Mendelssohn's

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fiery style. The B flat sonata will be permanently added to the rich repertory of the accomplished artist who has so honourably brought so many art treasures to the knowledge of the present generation of pianists. The sextet in D major was written when the composer was only fifteen (1824)—much about the same time, however, as he composed the quartet in B minor, No. 3; so that the former is only one masterpiece more, exemplifying his genius at such an early age. There are four movements in this sextet, the *motif* of the *scherzo*, as in the sonata, being reproduced in the *finale*. It is needless to add how magnificently the two novelties were interpreted by Madame Arabella Goddard, who is the Mendelssohnian pianist *par excellence*—it is indeed her speciality, an intuitive gift, as it were, of diving into the composer's thoughts, and of making them palpable by manipulation which is adapted for the expression of the most profound pathos and of the most intricate passages of passion.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday afternoon began with an exceedingly ingenious and spirited overture by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, commencing in D minor and ending in D major. While writing this overture it is clear that its composer must have been constantly dreaming of the *scherzo* in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. It was welcome, nevertheless, as the work of a genuine master—a master, by the way, of whom his intimate friend, Mendelssohn, thought highly, and whose compositions, we cannot but think, have been very unfairly neglected in a country like our own, where so much that is inferior is accepted simply because it comes from "Fatherland." The concert was further remarkable for such a performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" as can be heard nowhere in England—nowhere, indeed, in Europe—except at the Crystal Palace. The eager attention with which this singularly fine performance was listened to, and the extraordinary delight it created, must have been as gratifying to those who watch with interest the progress of music among us as the irreproachable nature of the execution itself. The wonderful movement representing the "storm" surpassed anything we remember; the effect of the sudden entry of the trombones (their first appearance in the symphony), on an unanticipated part of the bar, was electric; and the playing of the various wind instruments in the trio of the *scherzo* was as near perfection as could be imagined. A still more noticeable triumph, however, for Mr. Manns and his orchestra was what may safely be recorded as the first performance of Mendelssohn's most delicate and trying concert-overture, *Melusine*, that has ever been given—at least in England. From the delivery of the opening of the first theme by the clarionets to the very end the execution was beyond criticism. A concert of which it can be said "for the first time the overture to *Melusine* has been played as its composer must have imagined it" is one to fix itself on the memory.

Another feature of interest was the first appearance among us of Mdlle. Constance Skiwa, a young pianist from Vienna, who, in the last two movements of Hummel's A minor concerto, and a so-called "*Grande Valse de Concert*," by M. Joseph Wieniawsky, brother of the famous violinist, showed excellent qualities and won hearty recognition, being called back to the orchestra after each performance. Mdlle. Skiwa has a light, elastic touch; her tone, without being powerful, is sweet and legitimately produced; her execution is neat and brilliant, and she plays with an agreeable quietude of manner. Her success was complete and well-merited.

The singers on Saturday were Miss Bramer, Madame Patey-Whytock, and her husband, Mr. Patey. Madame Patey gave Gluck's always welcome though slightly worn, "Che faro senz' Eurydice?" Mr. Patey the air, "Lascia Amor" (from *Orlando*), perhaps the finest of the war-songs of Handel, the two together singing Balfe's pretty duet, "O'er shepherd pipe." Miss Bramer attempted the first of Cherubini's airs from Mozart's *Figaro* ("Non so più cosa son"), and Schubert's well-known "Ungeduld."

At the concert this day we are promised, among other things, a solo by Mr. Sternberg, a violinist from Brussels, and the whole of the music from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, which includes three choruses hitherto unheard—a chorus of Spirits, a chorus of Shepherds, and a chorus of Huntsmen.

STRAY SHOTS AT CONCERTS.

Scarcely an evening passes just now on which some musical performance more or less worthy of attention is not to be heard. To record in detail everything that occurs in this busy season of the year is out of the question. All that can be done is to select the most remarkable performances for special notice and to take a bird's-eye view of the remainder.

Some concerts of genuine worth have been given in St. James's Hall by Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir, and among the important pieces included in the various programmes have been the "Reformation Symphony" (its first and second performances in London); the music to *Athalie;* the Festival March in D, written to celebrate the visit of Cornelius, the painter, to Dresden (a posthumous work by the same composer—welcome like all the rest); the "Ave Maria," and grand *finale* from the unfinished opera *Loreley;* M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*; a new motet, "King all glorious," a composition of real merit, by Mr. Barnby himself; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, pianist Madame Schumann; and Mendelssohn's superb eight-part psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came."

A second performance, in the same hall, has taken place of Professor Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, more than confirming the good impression created by the first, and followed, as before, by his charming pastoral, *The May Queen*.

Madame Schumann has given the first of two "Recitals," at which the most interesting features were her performance of some of Schumann's "Kinderscenen," and of the same master's variations for two pianofortes, with her clever countrywoman, Mdlle. Agnes Zimmermann. Herr Schlösser, a pianist and professor of well-known talent, has commenced a series of performances exclusively devoted to Schumann's chamber music, under the name of "Schumann Evenings," at the second of which, among other things, the same Variations were played by the concert-giver and another excellent German pianist, Mdlle. Madeline Schiller; Mdlle. Schiller herself is holding "Pianoforte Recitals" in the same rooms, and proving her versatility by playing, with distinguished ability, music of all schools; and yet another German pianist of talent and acquirement, Herr Carl Hause, is doing much the same thing for the cause of German chamber-music at a series of six "Classical and Miscellaneous Concerts" ("miscellaneous" is a doubtful word applied to matters musical) in the Hanover Square Rooms. So that if German music and German pianists do not thrive in London, it is not for want of pushing activity and zeal.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, is going through its well-known repertory, with its well-known excellence and success. Thus we have had, on one night, Mozart's *Requiem*, in conjunction with Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* (with Mr. Sims Reeves in the "Watchman"); on another, Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, in conjunction with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—performances so familiar as to require no new description.

The admirable London Ballad Concerts of Mr. John Boosey are still drawing crowds to St. James's Hall.

At the Monday Popular Concert on Saturday afternoon (why not call the afternoon performances Saturday Popular Concerts, seeing that they invariably take place on Saturdays?) Mendelssohn's posthumous quintet in B flat was played by Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, &c.—the first piece performed at the first of those now established entertainments, on the 14th of February, 1859, and, therefore, if on that account alone, invested with a certain interest; Madame Schumann, who was the pianist, gave Beethoven's somewhat too frequently heard "Moonlight Sonata," and the trio in E flat (Op. 70) of the same master, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti; Herr Joachim, accompanied by Mr. Benedict, playing an *andante* and *scherzo* from *Salon Duettinen* of Spohr. Mr. Vernon Rigby was the singer. The concert on Monday night derived unusual importance from the fact that it included the grandest of all Beethoven's quartets—the so-called "Posthumous Quartet" in A minor, to his leading of which Herr Joachim is indebted for no small part of his renown as an intellectual performer of "classical" music. Of this more anon.

LAVENDER PIPE.

MADRID.—Signor Bottesini has given a second concert at the Teatro Real, when he played his Fantasia on motives from *Lucia*, and a "Tarantella." He was most rapturously applauded, and called on several times. In obedience to the general wish of the audience, he performed, after the "Tarantella," some variations on the "Carnaval de Venise." The Queen, the King, and the Royal children were present.—There is a report that Signori Mario and Tamberlick are engaged to sing this summer at the Campos Elíseos.—At the Bufos Madrileños, a new comic opera, *Aventuras de un ahogado* is announced.

GRANADA.—The Italian operatic season has commenced auspiciously at the Teatro Principal. The first opera given was *La Traviata*, with Signora Spezia as Violetta, and Sig. Aldighieri as Germont.

LAIBACH.—Nicolai's opera, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, has been successfully produced.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN VIENNA.

The last great event at the Imperial Operahouse has been the production of M. Gounod's *Romeo und Julie* under his own direction. The excitement in musical circles was something quite unusual, and, by the time M. Gounod, who had arrived here about a week previously, made his appearance, and, with the Order of Guadeloupe, and the cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast, took his place in the orchestra, that excitement had gone up considerably above boiling heat. The opera was most favourably received, and the composer, as well as the principal singers, honoured with numerous calls. But the enthusiasm of a first night is not a gauge of permanent success, and, though *Romeo und Julie* will maintain an honourable place in the repertory, it will never rank as high as *Faust* in the estimation of the Viennese, whatever it may do elsewhere.

Everything that the management *could* do for it was done. The costumes, made from the designs furnished by the celebrated and talented painter, Herr Franz Gaul, were models of good taste and magnificence; the scenery, by Herren Brioschi and Jachimowicz, was splendid in the extreme; and the stage management would have done honour to Mr. Augustus Harris. The only thing that could be found fault with was the German version of the words This really surpasses in badness some of the choicest specimens of English libretto-writing in days gone by, when hollow hearts wore masks, and so on. The following was the cast: Julie, Mdlle. von Murska; the Page, Mdlle. Rabatinsky; Gertrude, Mad. Gindele; Escalus, Herr Hrabanek; Paris, Herr Neumann; Capulet, Dr. Schmidt; Tybalt, Herr Prott; Mercutio, Herr v. Bignio; and Lorenzo, Herr Rokitansky. Great fears were entertained that Mdlle. von Murska would be the cause of the first performance being deferred beyond the appointed day, as the rehearsals had to be suspended in consequence of the fair singer having been unwell. Luckily, however, she recovered in time. It is pretty certain that no other vocalist on the stage could sing the waltz air so brilliantly and with such ease as Mdlle. von Murska sang it; but it is equally certain that she should not be so laviah of her powers; she would do well to husband them more carefully for the remainder, that is to say, by far the greater portion of the character. Herr Walter was a good Romeo, though he might have been a better; Mdlle. Rabatinsky, a charming Page; and Herr Rokitansky, an impressive Lorenzo. M. Gounod left Vienna two days after the production of his opera. This was his second visit to the Austrian capital. He came here first in 1843, to conduct his Mass.

There have been several professional visitors who have tried their fortune at the Imperial Operahouse lately. Among them may be mentioned a certain Herr Hacker from the Court Theatre at Dessau. He attempted the principal male character in Auber's *Muette*, but was deficient in everything—dramatic talent, vocal ability, and personal appearance—required for the representative of Masaniello. How the management could ever have allowed him to appear was a matter of astonishment to every *habitué* of the theatre. People began to fancy that things were once more under the old Salvi *régime*. Dr. Dingelstedt must be more careful in future, or his reputation as a clever manager will suffer. I am sorry to add that Mdlle. Schuller was almost as unsatisfactory in the part of Fenella as Herr Hacker in that of the Neapolitan fisherman. The same may be asserted most truly of Herr Karl Walter, from the Gratz Theatre, who, as Hernani in Verdi's opera of that name, proved himself the most utter stick—except Herr Hacker—that ever paraded his incapacity before the footlights. Another visitor, though of a different order of talent, was Mad. Blume, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. She appeared as Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, Leonore in *Fidelio*, and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*. She impressed the Viennese favourably, more particularly as Pamina, in which character she was most effectively supported by Mdlle. von Murska, who sang the Queen of Night. —There has been a new comic fairy ballet produced. It is by M. H. Desplaces, and is entitled, *Liebesabenteuer im Blumenreich*, which may be rendered—*Love's Adventures in the Realm of Flowers* —and is even more stupid than comic fairy ballets generally are. There are a great number of gorgeous living flowers, and strange insects; some very pretty scenery; various effective dances; several undoubtedly handsome *danseuses*; several equally objectionable *danseurs*—all male dancers are a mistake—and nothing else. The work wants a good story, and the absence of this causes the *Adventures* to be rather dull.

At the Carltheater, Offenbach's *Urlaub nach dem Zapfenstreich* was produced for the benefit of Herr Eppich, and proved a hit. Mdlle. Camissa, who made her *début* as Nicole, seems to possess ability, both as an actress and a singer. On the occasion of the ex-King of Hanover's "Silver Wedding," which has proved so fertile a theme for the papers throughout the length and breadth of Germany, his ex-Majesty retained more than eight hundred places at this theatre for as many of his former subjects. The piece of the evening was Offenbach's *Pariser Leben*, in which the well-known Mdlle. Gallmeyer sustains the principal character. Her mode of dancing the *cancan* appeared literally to take away the breath of the simple strangers — but they liked it for all that. A large number of them were franked, also, by their former sovereign to the Theater an der Wien, where the bill included *La Grande Duchesse*, and *Barbe-bleue*. The first-named piece fell very flat. All the jokes against petty kinglets, and their petty courts, were either not understood or not appreciated; perhaps the former, for the worthy Hanoverians did not appear blessed with too great an amount of intelligence. M. Hervé's *Pfeil im Auge*, arranged for the German stage by Herr Julius Hopp, the conductor at the Theater an der Wien, has been produced, but with no great success. Mdlle. Geistinger did all she could for it, but in vain. At the third performance the house was nearly empty.—At the Harmonie-Theater, which, by-the-bye, is in a bad way, a little one-act trifle has been produced, and highly praised by those who have seen it, but then their name is *not* legion. This trifle is entitled *Somnambule*, the libretto, taken from the French, being by Mad. Betti Young, and the music by Herr Zayts. The story is that of an old Marchioness, who, in order to preserve the innocence of her son from contamination, keeps him caged under lock and key. But, as we all know, Love laughs at locksmiths, and old Marchionesses into the bargain. A pretty girl, a Gardener's Daughter, gains access to the captive youth, and prevails on his aristocratic but foolish mamma to liberate him. Of course the interesting prisoner is played by a lady, Mdlle. Hild, who was exceedingly good, as was, also, Mdlle. Rittinger as the Gardener's Daughter. The music is exceedingly pleasing and full of original melody.

As I find that my letter is already rather long, I shall defer till next week, or the week after, what I have to tell you about concerts.

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

"I estimate
Journalists eight."

How alter order of the flowers? Or see
Blended with asphodel anemone?
Oxen for donkeys to exchange we're ill able,
Or say that yea than nay's a better syllable.
Dab rooks in pigeon pies; it's monstrous fun:
Make soft green woodlands, like your tailor, dun:
Call any one who oddly rhymes a poet:
Mad all as March's hares we are, you know it.

Mithrobarzanes.

LEIPSIC.—Weber's *Oberon*, magnificently got up, has been triumphantly revived.—The directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts forwarded, on the 125th anniversary of the Concerts, one thousand thalers to the Committee of the Mendelssohn Monument, in recognition of the services rendered by Mendelssohn to the cause of music in Leipsic. The money is to be put out at interest from the 11th of the present month, and interest and capital are to become the absolute property of the Committee directly the monument is commenced.—Tenth concert of the Euterpe Musical Association: "Orpheus," Liszt; Duet from *Beatrice und Benedict*, Berlioz (Mdlles. Wigand and Martini); interlude from *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner; three Two-part Songs (Op. 43), Schumann; and Symphony in C major, Schubert.—Fortieth concert of chamber-music given by Riedel's Association: Tenor Songs, Nessler and Schubert; Violoncello-Sonata, Brahms; Songs for Alto, Rubinstein; "Fasching-Schwank aus Wien" for Pianoforte, Schumann; Songs, Schumann and Franz; "Variations Sérieuses," Mendelssohn, etc. At the last concert of the same Association Kiel's *Missa Solemnis* (Op. 40), and Bach's Cantata, "Ach, wie flüchtig!" were performed.

BALLENSTEDT.—The King of Denmark has bestowed the gold medal for Art and Science on Herr J. B. André, musical-director.

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EDOUARD MONNAIS.

(From the "Revue et Gazette Musicale.")

For the second time within a short period the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* has to mourn a heavy loss. On the first occasion it was one of its most learned and assiduous contributors that it lost—we allude to Georges Kastner—now, it is Edouard Monnais, its chief editor since 1835, whom pitiless death snatches from us! On Tuesday morning, that eminent writer, so distinguished for his tact, and cleverness, to whom our publication is indebted for so many and such excellent contributions, our constant and devoted friend, succumbed to a long and painful malady, regretted by all who knew him.—In a few days we shall devote to his honourable and laborious life a chronological notice which the profundity of our sorrow renders us at present incapable of writing.

On Thursday, at three o'clock, a funeral service was performed in the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette for M. Edouard Monnais, whose sad loss we have already announced. We cannot do better than extract from the *Moniteur* of Friday the following details of the ceremony:

"To-day, at three o'clock, the funeral service was celebrated, in the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette, for M. Edouard Monnais, Imperial Commissary at the lyrical theatres and the Conservatory, who, a month ago, in consequence of the state of his health, was, at his own request, allowed to retire on a pension.

"The crowd that filled the church consisted entirely of friends, who all felt deeply the loss they had just suffered, for, side by side with those rare qualities of mind which caused his labours, so numerous and so varied, to be appreciated, M. Edouard Monnais possessed that precious gift of kindliness, amenity, and delicate obligingness which attracts men's hearts, and retains them ever afterwards. A friend of the greatest composers—of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, of Halévy, and of Auber—his loss has occasioned universal regret in the world of art, and that regret found an eloquent interpreter in M. de Saint Georges. Before, however, giving this gentleman's words, so full of feeling, and describing so well the affectionate devotion and intelligent spirit of conciliation that distinguished the disposition of the Deceased, we will rapidly mention his principal efforts as an author, who, by the impartiality and justness of his scholarly decisions, and the amiable tone of his style, remarkable for its gentlemanly delicacy, achieved a place it will be difficult to fill up in musical criticism.

"We owe to Edouard Monnais the thirteen volumes of the *Ephémérides universelles; Sultana*, a comic opera; *Esquisses de la vie d'artiste, les Sept Notes de la gamme; Le Portefeuille de la Cantatrice;* a number of comedy-vaudevilles, such as: *La Demande en mariage, La Cour des Messageries, Le Secret d'Etat, Un Ménage Parisien*, and *Le Petit Suisse*, most of them written with some one else; and a great number of articles in *Le Courier Français; Le Moniteur des Arts;* and *La Gazette Musicale*, in which he assumed the name of Paul Smith.

"The *Moniteur Universel* remembers with pride that he contributed to its columns.

"Among the persons present we noticed: M. de la Charme, Chief of the Ministerial Cabinet of the Imperial Household; M. Camille Doucet, Member of the French Academy, Director-General of the Administration of Theatres, and the Members of the General-Direction; M. Auber, Director of the Conservatory of Music, and the Members of the Conservatory; M. Ambroise Thomas; M. Edouard Thierry, Administrator-General of the Théâtre Français; M. Emile Perrin, Manager of the Opera; Baron Taylor, MM. Carvalho, Bagier, Chaix-d'Est-Ange, de Vatry, A. de Lavergne, de Lassabathie, Laurencin, Hipp. Provost, F. Bazin, Oscar Comettant, Paul Dalloz, Th. Gauthier, A. Gonzien, Cristal, D.-A.-D. Saint-Yves, M. de Monter, Rey, Laurent de Rillé, Jules Simon, Deforges, Moker, Couderc, Montaubry, Duprez, Sainte-Foy, Ponchard, Vauthrot, J. Pasdeloup, Heugel, Louis and G. Brandus, S. Dufour, Hipp. Rodrigues, Marmontel, Révial, Laget, Massart, H. Herz, Lecouppey, Mathias, Arban, Dauvernié, Cookers, Danda, Professors of the Conservatory, Alkan, Batiste, Battu, &c.

"At the tomb, in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise, where the Deceased is buried, M. de Saint-Georges delivered the following address in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors, of which he is chairman:—

"'An excellent man, an individual of rare mind, a distinguished art-critic, a skilful man of business, a true and devoted friend—such is he for whom we weep to-day; such is he who is so deeply regretted; such is he whose gentle and sympathetic face will be treasured up in the memory of all who knew, that is to say, loved, him.

"'Edouard Monnais was for a long period a writer in one of our most important political papers; he was entrusted with the musical criticisms, and attracted attention by the excellence and judiciousness of his notices, in which severity was always mitigated by extreme kindliness towards the authors whose works he blamed and censured. He encouraged the weak and imparted new energy to the strong by recalling their Past for the benefit of their Future.

"Having been remarked and appreciated by all true friends of art, Edouard Monnais was called to the management of the Opera; he determined to apply to that fine theatre the artistic theories of which he had long been the apostle; he did so with gratifying results, and several grand works brought out during his management were consecrated by success. Having been appointed shortly afterwards to the post of Government Commissary for our large theatres and the Conservatory, he brought to the discharge of his new duties that spirit which, firm and at the same time obliging, increased the number of his friends, and filled so many hearts with gratitude and devotion.

"'As a lyric author, he wrote for ten years all the cantatas which served for the first essays of our "Prix de Rome," more than one of whom was indebted to his inspiration for bearing off the palm with fine works which were *le premier pas* in a career of glory and of fortune!'

"'His studies and his labours gave his criticisms an authority which caused him to be esteemed by all true lovers of art, and will render his loss still more heavy for all the readers of those papers which for a long time owed him their vogue and their success.

"'A few words, gentlemen, on him in his private capacity—the last homage of one of his most intimate friends. Good, ready to oblige, and endowed with one of those happy dispositions which inspire confidence, and irresistibly attract friendship, Edouard Monnais will be missed by all of us; we shall long look for him in our artistic committees, on our juries, and at those public competitions where his conciliatory spirit and well-known kindliness reassured the students and was caught by the judges!

"'But it is in the bosom of his family, in the midst of those he loved most tenderly, that his loss will be cruelly felt!

"'If our regret reaches thee, my dear Monnais, let it soften the pang of separating from those whom thou loved'st! may the thought of all the sorrow that survives thee be accepted as a proof that thou wilt be eternally remembered in our hearts!'"

In a few words, bearing the impress of sincere emotion, Baron Taylor, in the name of the Association of Artist-Musicians, of which M. Edouard Monnais was long vice-chairman, then bade a last farewell to him who has left among his colleagues such lively sentiments of esteem and affection.

—o—

AUS KÖLN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Private and public balls, maskerades, dinner parties, and every description of exciting and gastronomic enjoyments have for nearly a month, I would say, materialized to different degrees, the different social circles of our jolly Cologne, so celebrated for its merry Carnival. The muses had retired to rest into the temple of Appollo for a while, looking down from mount Parnassus in a contemptuous way upon us, who have been quite carried away by the vortex of sensual pleasures, until tired, but not satisfied we begun to seek once more for repose at first and for esthetical rehabilitation afterwards. Our splendid Gürzenich Hall, consecrated to the divine emanations of the eternal geniuses of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Bach, Haydn etc., has been dedicated to public dinners, suppers, and "*Bal-masqués.*" The professors and pupils of our Conservatoire have been participating to the general gaiety, and the phalanx of fiddlers of our celebrated orchestra, with the exception of the "*primissimi*," has been scattered in private houses and hotels, playing polkas and contredanses every night, instead of symphonies and overtures.

But order has been restored at last. The appeal has sounded, the professors and pupils of the Conservatoire are gone back to their serious duties, and F. Hiller having already gathered together his orchestra, has surprised us in the most delightful way, presenting a very interesting programme for the ninth Gürzenich Concert last night. The muses have returned among us to raise once more our souls to the high regions of the beautiful. They presided smiling at this concert. Here is the programme of it:—

No. 1. ouverture from *Schauspiel-Director*—Mozart. No. 2. aria "*Sweet bird*" from "*Allegro ed il Pensieroso*"—Handel. Fraulein M. Enequist, aus London. No. 3. Violoncell-Concert, composed and performed by Herrn C. Davidoff, aus Petersburg. No. 4. aria "*Non mi dir*" Don Giovanni,—Mozart. Frl. M. Enequist. No. 5. *Suite* for the orchestra von Franz Lachner. (first time in Cologne) *Preludium*—

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Intermezzo—*Ciaconna* (with variations for flute, clarinet, violin, violoncello, horn, and two violins)—*Sarabande*—*Gavotte* — *Courante*. No. 6. *Choral* with variations for mixted chorus and orchestra by Joh. Seb. Bach. No. 7. *Fantaisie* for the violoncello by Servais—H. C. Davidoff. No. 8. *Swedish National Songs*—Frl. M. Enequist. No. 9. Ouverture of *Wilhelm Tell*—Rossini.

Herr Davidoff went to Leipzig on 1859. to study mathematics wishing besides to learn music under the lamented professor Hauptmann, and it was F. David who only per chance discovered, that the Russian student was no less than a very first rate violoncello player. Herr Davidoff was in consequence immediately engaged as professor at the Conservatoire and solo player at the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig, and after a few years went back to his native country, where he occupies presently an eminent position as professor at the Conservatoire of Saint Petersburg as well as a soloplayer at the Imperial opera and the Philharmonic Concerts. Purity and continuity of sound, from the *fortissimo* to the *pianissimo*, great expression, elegance in phrasing, and elevated musical taste in the *cantabile*, great virtuosity and perfect command upon the most difficult octaves, sixths, thirds, and *staccato* passages in the *allegro*, are the high qualifications of this deservedly celebrated artist. As a composer Herr Davidoff stands not so high, and although his violoncello-concerto belongs to the well written and well scored music, still as regard to melodical originality and form, it cannot claim to be placed among the first class compositions. The public applauded him warmly however after the *andante*, played to perfection, and recalled him at the end of the concerto. On delivering the Fantaisie of Servais, Herr Davidoff excited the enthusiasm of the crowded and fashionable audience.

The *Suite* of F. Lachner is one of the best instrumental productions of this veteran of the pure German School. The three first movements, *Preludium*, *Intermezzo*, and *Ciaconna*, are full of originality of form and melodical power, and they are scored in the well known style of the master, bringing out special effects through every different peculiar *timbre* of the wind instruments, and producing the most powerful sonority, through the relative sympathetic combinations between this and the string instruments, never bursting into noise and confusion, even in the great fortissimos.

The little coquet ouverture from the operette of Mozart, as well as the grandious and spirited one of Wilhelm Tell went on capitally under the masterly leadership of F. Hiller. The choral of Bach is rather "*langweilig*." Fräulein Enequist being so well known in England, the readers of the *Musical World* may easily imagine that she was successful in the Swedish Songs, making the most of her shake. The national songs keeping within a limited compass of the voice, and not requiring the high notes, I would advise Frl. Enequist to choose them "*de preference*" for her concerts-repertoire. According to journals Frl. Enequist is going to sing Lucia at our theatre. I am very anxious to see such a miracle. Not to speak of our three very good *prime donne*, we have had here just during the last fortnight a most remarkable first rate soprano singer from the Royal Opera of Munich, Fräulein Mathilde Mallinger, who in many parts produced a very great and general sensation. Her beautiful appearance, voice and acting, as well as her magnificent method and great sentiment have left such an impression with our public, that only some extraordinary artist can have for the moment a chance of success in Cologne. Although some friends of Frl. M. Enequist have been publishing some *reclames* about her great artistical capacities, proclaiming her as the best pupil of Jenny Lind, Still I am afraid for her coming out as Lucia here!

The last novelty at our Opera House has been the "*Fliegender Holländer*" of Wagner, given for the first time in Cologne. It is a very stupid libretto, with a very heavy music as you know. However the celebrated chorus of the "*Spinnerinnen*," as well as the baryton air and the two duets for soprano and baryton are musical gems. Our fair *prima donna* Frl. Scheuerlein in creating the difficult part of *Senta* has increased her reputation as a great singer and actress. The pupil of our Conservatoire, Frl. Schmitz, whose success in a concert at our theatre I mentioned in the *Musical World* some weeks ago has in fact made a very brillant début at the Royal theatre in Cassel in the opera *Stradella* by Flotow. The local papers speak in very high terms about the eminent qualities of this young singer.

The King of Italy has conferred a great distinction upon our professor, Signor Marchesi, promoting him to the rank of officer of St. Maurice and Lazarus, after only three months of his first nomination as a knight of the same order.

You would oblige me by presenting my best compliments to Bsahi Bazook Esq. and tell him that his *extempore* adressed to Owen Meredith Esq. (vide *Musical World*, March 14, page 177) is not so short and expressive as the following old original of it:

"In tempi men legiadri e più feroci,
Si appendevano i ladri sulle croci.
In tempi men feroci e più legiadri,
Si appendono le croci in petto ai ladri."

Your obedient, and faithful

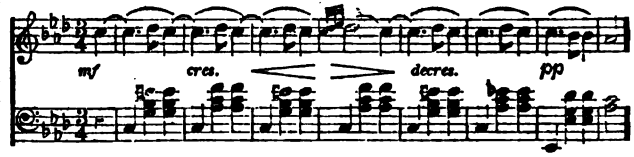
Cologne, March 18. SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

REVIEWS.

The Pianist's Practical Guide to develop from the major and minor scales all the principal intervals, chords, and variations thereon, and to apply them to daily exercises in composing and performing: designed to advance the student simultaneously in theoretical knowledge, and in manual execution. By F. WEBER, organist at the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace. Second Edition. [London: Cramer & Co.]

WE are glad that a second edition of this excellent work has been called for, and take the opportunity of recommending it once again to public favour. The object sought by Mr. Weber, and so fully set forth on the title page is one which engages too little attention. As a rule amateur pianists know little or nothing of that portion of musical theory which makes them intelligent players and enables them to give a reason for what they do, while indefinitely increasing their resources. The student who masters the book before us may claim to be called a musician as well as a pianoforte player.

Franz Schubert's Sixteen Dance Measures. Edited and fingered by HERMANN ESSOLDT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

WE are prepared beforehand to welcome anything bearing the name of Schubert, feeling sure that however small and unimportant, it will be worth having. These little and simple illustrations of dance measures are more valuable as specimens of varied rhythm than for their own intrinsic worth. Yet are they pretty, and some of them; quaint effusions. From one of the latter sort we cull the following extract:—

Let us think of the friends that are gone. Ballad. Written and composed by RICHARD S. HARDING. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

As the symphonies and accompaniments to this song are the work of another hand, we take it that Mr. Harding has a modest estimation of his musical capacity. But if he hides from us the nature of his gifts and attainments in that respect, we are able to judge of him as a poet. It will suffice to quote one verse:—

"Let us think of the friends that are gone:
A father perchance we now mourn,
Who has left us in this world alone,
And gone to Eternity's bourne.
In life, how he loved to impart
To those who around him he found,
The genial warmth of that heart
Now lying so cold in the ground.
Then, oh! let his memory be dear," &c.

The Land and the Sea. Song. Written and composed by RICHARD S. HARDING. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

IN this song Mr. Harding has exercised his powers of melody and verse upon a bolder theme. Here is the refrain, written with the defiant spirit of one who either never has been on the sea, or never means to go:—

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! on the restless rolling sea,
Where waves dash high, and winds blow free,
In safety or danger there would I roam,
Its bosom my pathway, its billows my home."

The melody is bold and fluent, if not very original.

Down in the Deep. Song. Written and composed by R. S. HARDING (of Liverpool); Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. L. HATTON. [Liverpool: Hime & Son.]

THIS is by far the best of the songs to which Mr. Harding's name is attached, not alone because of Mr. Hatton's elegant and expressive accompaniments, but because there is real merit in both words and melody. We advise those who sing it to take the last verse first, merely for the sake of effect. This done, and an increasing interest thereby secured, "Down in the Deep" will be a welcome song.

Loreley. Air Allemand, transcrit pour le pianoforte, et dédié à Mrs PHILIP WALTHER par EDOUARD SAUERBREY. [London: D. Davison & Co.]

THIS is an extremely florid transcription of the melody of Heine's well-known poem. As an exercise in arpeggio and scale playing it may be found useful.

DRESDEN.—Herren Stockhausen and Brahms lately gave a concert. The former gentleman produced a very deep impression by his rendering of songs by Schubert and Schumann, but the latter met with only a cool reception.

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THE SONGS OF THE STREET.

Perhaps a slight apology is needed for introducing so vulgar a subject to the readers of *Echoes*. If so, it is to be found in the title of Victor Hugo's last-published volume of poems. Since the author of the *Roi s'amuse* and the *Burgraves* has deigned to write the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, it is surely no derogation to speak of them here. Besides, famous men in all ages have written for the street and the people. Indeed, it is hard to commence an article on the effusions of the humbler Burnses and Berangers of the present day without a reference to the oft-quoted remark of Fletcher of Saltoun; one of those happy quotable sayings that do more towards securing popular fame for a man than a dozen written volumes would do. Had Fletcher's aspirations been gratified to the extent which he desired, our ears would probably have been greeted by strains more elevated in sentiment than those which now salute them at every street corner. His remark shows him to have been a gentleman of laudable ambition and correct taste, some portion of which latter feeling might have been transmitted, like the mantle of the prophet Elijah, to his successors.

These songs generally emanate from the various Music Halls, and their leading feature is their autobiographical and narrative character. Whether they refer to some fair being of the gentle sex, or contain an account of the supposed social position of the singer, the songs which become popular are mostly in the first person. The singer may be either a Howling Swell, a Jolly Dog, Costermonger Joe, Champagne Charlie, the self-denying Joseph, or the Chickaleary Cove, and as such confine himself to a general sketch of his mode of living, or he may, as the Mousetrap-Man or the Broken-hearted Shepherd, deplore the faithlessness of the object of his affections. The cruel conduct of the aforesaid object is continually dinned into our ears. If she has not danced away with a calico-printer's clerk or with that cursed Jemmy Riddle, she has flown through the air on a flying trapeze, levanted with Leybourne, turned out a cruel deceiver, fallen in love with a German bandsman, eloped with an organ-man, or gone away with the ugly driver of a donkey cart. Three-fourths of these songs for the last four years have turned upon female perfidy, a feature of public taste which naturally leads us to believe that the predominance of such a theme in the music-hall songs is due to a preference for it on the part of the audience. The choruses of such ditties are taken up vigorously, and they seldom fail to become popular. Their success is "immensikoff;" but why is it so? Have the greater portion of the audiences of Vance, Lloyd, and Leybourne been jilted, and in despair taken to beer, tobacco, and music? Is it a savage satisfaction to them to learn that others have been as luckless as they—that Polly Perkins has left her milkman; that the girl who worked the sewing-machine was also false to her lover; that Angelina was always fond of soldiers; that Susan-Jane preferred a policeman, and that Jessie at the railway bar was a general jilt? Do they derive comfort from the fact that they are not the only sufferers? Such would really seem to be the case, though, after all, they may be simply enjoying the spectacle of the unhappiness of others, without any such predisposing cause, just as we always laugh most heartily at that portion of a pantomime where the red-hot poker is most liberally applied. Sometimes, however, things do go well. Pretty Jemima did not say "no," neither did Sarah with the lovely golden hair; and latterly pretty Mary has followed their good example.

Still, a love of fair play impels us to speak a few words in favour of these melodies. As far as music goes, many of them are fully equal to Offenbach's popular airs, and indeed some are absolutely purloined from the operas of that composer, which, as he is by no means above an occasionally petty larceny of this nature himself, is perhaps only retributive justice. Others are fashionable valse tunes suitably modified—*ex. gr.*, "The Broken-hearted Shepherd" is "Dreams of Childhood," "I like to be a Swell" the "Coldstream Guards," and "Fifty Years Ago" the "Belgravia" waltz. On the other hand, a number of them, after being popularized in the street, made their first appearance in society in burlesque and pantomime.

There are many good features in the street-songs proper, as a herald would say, or improper as elderly ladies may observe of to-day. In the first place their morality is unimpeachable. When they do turn, which is very seldom the case, upon any little deviation from the right path, they usually wind up with the fearful chastisement inflicted upon the erring sinner. Poetical justice is almost always accorded. Did not the young lady who quitted her accepted suitor for the sake of the fascinating acrobat have to go through a variety of evolutions upon the flying trapeze—an exercise to which, with all due deference to Mdlle. Azella, a spell upon the treadmill would be absolute repose. Sometimes, however, it must be admitted that British gallantry allows the female offender to get off clear. Love is a frequent theme, but the suitor's intentions are invariably strictly honourable, whether he bemoans his hard fate or sketches a picture of future connubial bliss.

Occasionally a bit of the old sentimental style crops out; "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer" and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," are instances of this. The American war left its traces in "Glory, Hallelujah," "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and "When Johnny comes marching home;" whilst "Dixey," anglicised as "Nancy in the Strand," created a perfect *furore*, and had one of the longest runs on record. One remarkable fact well deserves mentioning. Despite our being a thoroughly nautical nation, one scarcely ever hears a sea-song in the street now-a-days. Without going back to the tunes of Dibdin, one can remember the days when Henry Russell's sea-songs were the rage; but beyond "On board the Kangaroo," which turns upon the inevitable faithlessness of woman-kind, "Once he was a gay young sailor," which can hardly be classed as a sea-song at all, and "Good-bye, John," we have had nothing of late years with the faintest smack of the briny.

ECHOES.

MUSIC AT MALVERN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

One of the most delightful vocal musical evenings ever given at Malvern, was on Monday (the 16th) at Mr. Haynes's Music Hall. The audience numbering nearly 400, including families of the highest distinction, which the town can happily boast of being so profuse of.

I need hardly mention that Mr. A. Brown, the very enterprising manager of the old bank, was solicited to take the chair, which he occupies so admirably. Being a profound musician himself, and a powerful help to many of the old societies at Worcester. Always when he was a resident there fond of melody from his youth upwards. No wonder when he is summoned to give his weight to musical matters, his labours meet with such magnanimous success, many gentlemen giving him their support as a return for the conscientious and courteous way in which the business of the old Bank is so praiseworthy conducted.

Mr. Brown was most felicitous, in securing gentlemen of the greatest repute in musical matters. The great name of Mr. Stanton was a programme in itself. Never was a Malvern audience more thoroughly awake to what good singing was than on Monday night. Since Mr. Sims Reeves was at the Wells (where he most kindly gave a concert on behalf of the new organ, and where he kindly has also promised to give his services at the opening of it) never has such tenor singing being heard as Mr. Stanton's, his beautiful chest voice and graceful delivery seizing the attention of all present. The fine song "The Message," was the grandest song and the best ever given in Mr. Haynes's Music Hall, and one of the greatest treats that musical science can boast of in this town. The audience were fairly aroused by this fine declamatory power, this scholar like reading and tremendous force of power at command. May Mr. Stanton again visit Malvern; all will be enraptured to hear a gentleman rising so high in his profession, by possessing as bell toned like voice as can empty itself in the human ear. Several songs were most artistically given. Col. Moncrief is quite a favourite, singing with sound judgment and great expression. The good music he selects and which he always interprets well, proves him to be a gentleman of soul and appreciating what is good. Mr. John Evans also delivered very sweetly "Salley in our Alley." Mr. Evans having made great progress in song is always ready to give his note and throw into the treasury anything for the promotion of good and sound music. He has always evidenced very strongly his attachment for these "Monday Popular Concerts" and they recognize him as one of their urbane supporters.

The Rev. Jewell of the College has obtained a high position in musical matters; he has given Malvern some of the best bass songs. We hear his reading of music is perfect, and most kindly has he contributed his talents to these enjoyable entertainments.

The programme was interspersed, with instructive readings and recitations, in which the popular names of Dr. Grindrod, Lucy, Wilson, and Fisher were eminently prominent. Messrs. H. Wilson and T. Lucy are old contributors deserving the high commendations which they have so meritoriously deserved.

Mr. Brown was fortunate in securing Messrs Haynes and Rogers for the piano. The Committee are very much indebted to these gentlemen for the able position they occupy at the piano. Mr. Rogers greatly improves as I hear him, possessing a most exquisite touch, particularly in his accompaniments—never banging the instrument to bury the voice—but, like a wise artist holding it in subjection. Mr. Stanton was most ably supported by Mr. Haynes in the "Message," Mr. Stanton conveying the same compliment, as Mr. Sims Reeves did when Mr. Haynes assisted Mr. Reeves at Malvern Hills concert—that seldom has he the great tenor sang to an accompanyist whom he felt greater confidence in. If Mr. Haynes could give more time to the assistance of these attractive concerts much good would ensue. I hope in behalf of all who take interest in what is high and noble in the art of music Mr. Haynes will as often he can spare time. His name in the programme will always attract, and give the evening a more lively charm. I congratulate Mr. Albert Brown on his sound judgment in catering so costly for the musically disposed. The energetic committee who labours hard desire most heartily to render their thanks to all gentlemen for their splendid services so kindly given. Should Mr. Stanton make another visit to this evergreen spot I hope sincerely, he will again accomodate Malvern with "The Message" in which he has made such indelible impression, on all who had the fine opportunity of hearing this rising *virtuoso*.

To Sutherland Edwards Esq.—March 21. HOLMES OF HALLOW.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contra-Bass (by desire and for the last time this season)—MM. JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... ... *Beethoven.*

LULLABY, "Golden Slumbers"—Miss ELENA ANGELO ... *Old English.*

SONATA, in B flat (posthumous), for Pianoforte alone (second time of performance in public)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

ROMANCE, in G, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "L'addio"—Miss ELENA ANGELO ... ... *Schubert.*

TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 30TH, 1868.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI *Mozart.*

SONG, "The Post"—Miss CECILIA WESTBROOK ... ... *Schubert.*

FANTASIA, Op. 77, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. CHARLES HALLE ... ... *Beethoven.*

LIED OHNE WORTE (posthumous), for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time of performance in public)—Signor PIATTI ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

RECIT. and AIR, "Deeper, and deeper still"—Mr. SIMS REEVES *Handel.*

PRELUDE and FUGUE, in E minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SOLOS {a. "Slumber Song" / b. "Traumeswirren"} for Pianoforte alone ... *Schumann.*
Madame SCHUMANN.

SONG, "When the moon is brightly shining"—Mr. SIMS REEVES *Molique.*

ROMANCE, in F, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "The Fisher Maiden"—Miss CECILIA WESTBROOK ... *Meyerbeer.*

CONCERTO, in C major, for three Pianofortes (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame SCHUMANN, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, and Mr. CHARLES HALLE (accompanied by MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Bach.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

Both Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MENDELSSOHN'S POSTHUMOUS SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE.

In consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded to MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE SONATA IN B FLAT, played for the first time in public by MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, at her Benefit, at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS (March 16th), it will be REPEATED (for the Last Time this Season), at the Concert TO-DAY, March 28th, when MADAME GODDARD will also perform Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor (No. 1) with HERR JOACHIM and SIGNOR PIATTI.

IMPORTANT TO MUSICAL STUDENTS, COMPOSERS, & AMATEURS.

Now ready, in one vol., demy 8vo., 6s. 6d.,

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT: Being an attempt to show the action in Music of certain fundamental laws of human expression, with a view to deduce the true spiritual aims of the chief forms of composition, and to lay down the broad principles which should regulate their construction. By JOSEPH GODDARD, Author of "The Philosophy of Music."

London: THOMAS MURBY, 32, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.; SIMPKIN & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.; J. GODDARD, 136, St. Paul's Road, N.W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.—On TUESDAY NEXT, March 31st, the first night of the Season, will be performed (for the eighth time in England) VERDI'S last new opera, entitled "DON CARLOS." Principal characters by Signor Naudin, Monsieur Petit, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Graziani; Madame Sherrington, and Mdlle. Fricci. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Prospectuses of the arrangements of the season to be made to Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre; and to the principal Musicsellers and Librarians.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.—The Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that the Season will commence THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), the 28th inst., on which occasion will be performed DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Fraschini; Il Duca Alfonzo, Mr. Santley; Rustighello, Signor Agretti; Liverotto, Signor Zoboli; Gubetta, Signor Foli; Petrucci, Mr. Lyall; Gazella, Signor Casaboni; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens.

After the Opera, the National Anthem.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini.—On Tuesday next, March 31st, will be presented Rossini's Opera, "Semiramide." Idreno, Signor Bettini; Assur, Signor Gassier; Oroe, Signor Foli; L'Ombra di Nino, Signor Casaboni; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Mdlle. Titiens.—Thursday next, April 2nd, Donizetti's Opera, "Lucrezia Borgia" (refer above).

Mdlle. Clara Louisa Kellogg.—Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg will make her first appearance on Saturday, April the 4th.

The doors will be open at Eight o'clock, and the Opera will commence at half-past Eight.

Prices:—Stalls, One Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Reserved Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Boxes, Stalls, and places, also prospectuses of the arrangements of the season, may be obtained of Mr. Nugent, at the Box Offices of Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the portico in Brydges Street, open daily from Ten till Six.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

—Box Office.—Special Notice.—The OFFICES of Her Majesty's Opera are at the Box Office of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, under the portico, in Brydges Street, open daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from Ten till Six.

Illustrations by Gustave Doré, Tilbe Hix du Roy Florendos de Madrigores et de La Belle Graine, Allo de Rondeles, Empereur de Constantinople, by Alfred Bunn, dit le Petit Augustin. A portrait copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-ONE GUINEAS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. HORACE MAYHEW.—By no means; —— *nec campos liceat lustrare patentes.*

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Bather of Ledbury.

MR. AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.—The Sophies of Persia.

DR. WHYTE COAL.—Beethoven was not born at the time. Read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

FORGOTTEN TEACHERS.

2. ROMANO MICHELI.*

(*Continued from page* 197.)

MICHELI, also, was a disciple of the Roman school of music, having been a pupil of the Nanini already mentioned, and of Suavini. He possessed a speculative, acute mind, and, when he had only just completed his studies, attracted universal attention by his ingenious discoveries in counterpoint, so that he experienced no difficulty in soon finding plenty to do as a popular teacher. His position as such was, however, only a subordinate one; what lends him an especial interest in our eyes, is the fact of our being obliged to designate him the most combative fighting-cock of his time; always ready to break a lance for the principles he had imbibed

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

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from Palestrina; always prepared to repel the attacks of any opponents, whoever they might be, and perfectly indifferent as to whether the attacks were directed against himself personally or not.

There was no scarcity of assailants, so that the doughty champion really had enough to do.

The most interesting contest in which he was engaged was that which he waged with some musicians of Dantzic, not for himself, but for a countryman and old fellow-student, as well as for the musical teaching of Italy generally. Paul Syfert, organist of the Republic of Dantzic, in conjunction with Kaspar Forster, chapelmaster of the same Republic, had come to the conclusion that the Italian mode of composition (that of a certain Palestrina and his pupils) was by no means the correct one, or the most beautiful, but was far surpassed by that which Syfert himself, and others like him, cultivated. This was certainly an exceedingly modest opinion on the part of the worthy organist. It appears, however, to have sprung from his inmost heart. He had an opportunity of becoming acquainted, almost in his immediate neighbourhood, with the style of composition followed by the Roman school, for, at the Royal Polish Court in Warsaw, there resided, as chapelmaster, Marco Scaccsi, a Roman composer of the first water, and a pupil of Palestrina's pupil, Felice Anerio. Apart from his qualities and importance as a musician, Scaccsi did not exactly belong to the class of persons of a quiet temperament, for the opinions enounced by the Dantzic colleagues so stirred up his Italian blood, that (in 1643) he came out with a publication addressed more or less directly to Syfert, and the musical style he followed. This struck the worthy organist as going beyond a joke; he, too, was seized with a fit of indignant enthusiasm, and (in 1645) answered the audacious Roman, also, with a pamphlet. In this, he did not, however, condemn his opponent alone, but all Italians, accusing them of not knowing how to compose anything except ariettas, canzonettas, and other trifles, and inviting them to visit Dantzic where alone, he said, they would enjoy the opportunity of learning what *real* music was. As a matter of course, the pamphlet of the northern barbarian excited Italian composers not a little, and the champion of Italian art, and of the honour of Italian artists, Romani Micheli, immediately took up the cause of his insulted countryman at Warsaw. He sent Paul Syfert, as well as Kaspar Forster, the Dantzic chapelmaster, some of his printed compositions, that they might see, by absolute facts, what Italians had learnt and how they could compose. That he sent only some of his best compositions will easily be believed. He accompanied them with a proposal for the Dantzic musicians to have a trial of skill, before they dared to disparage, in the eyes of all Europe, Italy, the high school of music. Whether the name of Romano Micheli had a different sound for them than that of Marco Scaccsi, or whether the compositions sent them showed they were wrong, we cannot say, but the long and short of the matter was that these Dantzic champions answered Micheli (at the commencement of 1647) very politely, abstained altogether from further strife with the Roman in Warsaw, and did not reply to a fresh pamphlet published by the latter (1649).

But ingratitude is the thanks of the world.

Impelled, perhaps, by Paul Syfert's assertion, Romano Micheli published in 1645 a small work, in which he made known and dedicated to the musicians of Italy, a new class of compositions, namely, canons in several parts on the vowels of various words. Scarcely did Marco Scaccsi receive the work, before he entered on a fresh dispute, and this time with Micheli. In 1647, he wrote a long dissertation against his countryman, endeavouring to prove that the pretended discovery was nothing more than a piece of arrogant assumption on the part of Micheli, as such canons had existed in days of old. So direct an attack, and from one, too, whose cause he had so truly defended, naturally excited the just resentment of Micheli, who was not a man to let it pass in silence. His answer bore this title: *La Potestà Pontificia diretta dalla Santissima Trinità*. These words were worked into two, three, four, five, and six-part canons, the conclusion consisting of a very perspicacious treatise against Scaccsi, which drove him victoriously from the field. Most of his contemporaries sided with Micheli, though they spoke also in high terms of the musical ability of his opponent.

With regard to the other events in the life of Romano Micheli, we will merely mention that in the year 1625 he was appointed chapelmaster at the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi, at Rome. He must have lived to an advanced age, for a manifesto which he addressed in the decline of his life to all the composers of Italy is dated in the year 1684, from Rome, and furnishes us with a proof that the combative propensities of the old gentleman were still undiminished.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye opens on Tuesday with Verdi's *Don Carlos*, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Fricci, Signors Naudin, Petit, and Bagagiolo.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Mr. Mapleson begins to-night at Drury Lane Theatre with *Lucrezia Borgia*, the principal characters by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Santley, and Signor Fraschini, who has not been heard in London since 1847, the first year of the Covent Garden opposite, when he was Mr. Lumley's famous "Tenor of the Curse" (*Lucia*).

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At this afternoon's concert Madame Arabella Goddard is to play for the second time Mendelssohn's Posthumous Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte alone, and also, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, the same composer's first trio.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the concert to-day Schubert's *Rosamunde* music is to be given entire, and a violinist from Belgium, M. Sternberg, will make his first appearance in England.

THE SISTERS DORIA are engaged to sing at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, in Mr. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, as well as at Warrington and Clifton, where it is also to be given.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS & Co. announce their intention of publishing, by subscription, a collection of the National Melodies of Wales, arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Brinley Richards, in a guinea volume. A more interesting publication to the lovers of Welsh music could hardly have been devised, and it could not have been placed in more competent hands than those of Mr. Brinley Richards, a true "Son of Cambria."

MR. JOHN BLAGROVE, the obliging manager of the St. George's Hall, has announced his benefit for this evening, when *The Beggar's Opera*, in which Mr. W. Harrison, Madame d'Este Finlayson, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs will appear, and the *Ambassadress*, with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr. Wilford Morgan, &c., will be given. A large attendance may be expected from the attractions offered.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—*(From a Correspondent)*.—An association for the performance of classical music has lately been established in this town, composed of the resident artists and principal amateurs, under the direction of that most talented organist and musician, Alexandre Guilmant. I attended the second concert of the society, which took place last Monday evening. The programme contained, amongst other things, Beethoven's trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and a sextet by Bertini, both of which were listened to with the greatest interest, and received with well-merited applause. The vocal part of the concert consisted of songs by Schubert, Schumann, and an "Ave Maria" by Righini, admirably sung by Mdme. Bohrer. The audience was too numerous to be accommodated in the *salle*, and many were content to find standing room in the corridor; proving that good music has only to be provided in this town to be heartily appreciated. All honour is due to the director for his praiseworthy endeavours to cultivate a taste for a higher class of music in his native town than has hitherto been attempted.

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NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday night the members of this society, under the active direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, gave a performance of unusual interest, the programme comprising Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn. That the combination of two such works would prove attractive might have been anticipated, and a large crowd assembled in Exeter Hall to hear them. There were certain curtailments in the *serenata* of Handel, owing, for one reason, to the indisposition of the principal tenor, Mr. Leigh Wilson, for whom a printed apology was circulated in the hall. To this gentleman had been assigned the music of Acis, but after the first air, "Where shall I seek the charming fair?" he was compelled to desist, and so "Love in her eyes", and the other air was omitted. The performance on the whole, however, afforded evident satisfaction, the other singers being the ready and versatile Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Kerr Gedge, who undertook the second tenor part (besides some of the music of the first), and Mr. Santley, whose magnificent delivery of the recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn," and air, "O ruddier than the cherry," brought down, as never fails to be the case, an enthusiastic "encore." No singer now before the public can give the famous love-song of Polyphemus with the spirit, power, and fluency of this gentleman. The choral-singing was in several instances remarkably good, although the members of the society are by no means so familiar with *Acis and Galatea* as with other works of Handel. One point especially struck us as excellent—the well-sustained *pianissimo* at the end of the pathetic apostrophe, "Mourn all ye Muses." But the charm of numberless fresh voices in each department was everywhere apparent, and in a great measure atoned for deficiencies that time and assiduous practice alone can remedy.

The *Walpurgis Night* was a still more responsible task, inasmuch as, though by no means "little known in this country," as has lately been given out, it must be even less familiar to the members of the National Choral Society than *Acis and Galatea*. Perhaps on this account the greater pains and attention were bestowed, for certainly the performance of Mendelssohn's work was superior to that of Handel. The bright and sunny chorus, "Now comes sweet May," immediately succeeding the clearing away of the storm, supposed to be represented in the overture ("bad weather on the hills," as Mendelssohn himself used to describe it), exhibited the strength and vigorous freshness of the voices to the best advantage; and in each of the other choruses, not omitting the most trying and difficult of them all, "Come with torches brightly flashing" (to quote the original English version of the words) and its exciting sequel, there was, amid much to criticize, a great deal to merit almost unqualified praise. The solo singers were Madame Osborne Williams, a new contralto, who gave the one air allotted to that voice, an air which, though generally voted "ungrateful," is of considerable importance, with a point and emphasis quite uncommon; Mr. Kerr Gedge—tenor; and Mr. Santley, whose reading of the music of the Druid priest was, from first to last, superb. The overture was extremely well played, as were all the picturesque and by no means easy accompaniments, by an orchestra thoroughly competent, led by Mr. Willy, a violinist of no less ability than experience. Mr. G. W. Martin conducted with his accustomed energy and diligence.

The Passion-week performance of the *Messiah* is announced for Monday week.

New Philharmonic Concerts.—Herr Jaell is engaged to play at the first New Philharmonic Concert, April 29th, and Herr Lubeck at the second concert in May.

Pimlico Rooms.—The concert in aid of the funds of the Broadwood Volunteer Band was a great success, the room being crowded to excess. The principal artists were Madame d'Este Finlayson, Miss Fanny Haldane, Mr. Jeykell, M. Fontanier, Mr. Sullivan, &c. (singers), Mr. Svensden (flute), and Mr. Hartvigson, pianist to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales (pianoforte). The band acquitted themselves in excellent style and evinced good and careful training. Madame d'Este Finlayson was received with flattering applause, and the lady's artistic rendering of "Robert o! tu che adoro" was highly appreciated. The concert was under the direction of Mr. A. Hipkins, who deserves special commendation for the *éclât* with which the performance passed off.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The Philharmonic Society, the oldest institution of its kind in England, gave the first of its series of eight concerts on Monday night week—as usual, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme was interesting for more reasons than one, but most of all because it contained the two movements of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, of which no more was written by the young genius, so early to be snatched away, with the exception of a few bars of the *scherzo*. For these exquisitely beautiful movements the musical world is indebted to Mr. George Grove, of the Crystal Palace, an indefatigable and enthusiastic musical amateur. Mr. Grove we have equally to thank for several other welcome things by Schubert, that might, but for him, have still remained buried in the private library of a Viennese Doctor (Schneider), or in the dungeon-cellars of Herr Spina, the publisher, and for none more heartily than for the music to the drama of *Rosamunde* and the symphony in C minor (No. 4), which bears the curiously inappropriate title, its almost humorous character taken into consideration, of "Tragic Symphony"—possibly, as Schubert was a bit of a wag, a joke on his part. The movements in B minor and E major, from the unfinished work in question, were described at length on the occasion of their production at the Crystal Palace, where they have already been twice performed. Last year they were also given by the Philharmonic Society. It is, therefore, enough to say that the oftener they are heard the better they are liked. They were admirably executed when first essayed under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, Professor Sterndale Bennett's able successor; but the second performance showed so marked an improvement that the new conductor may fairly be congratulated on this fresh evidence of his thorough fitness for the post he occupies, and of the wisdom of the Philharmonic directors in appointing him. The other symphony was the B flat of Beethoven, the exhilarating "No. 4," which, as a contrast to the sustained vivacity of the rest, contains one of the most placid and lovely slow movements in existence—the incomparable *adagio* in E flat. The overtures were Weber's fiery *Euryanthe* and Cherubini's to his opera, *Elise*, one of the most vigorous and original, though one of the most rarely heard of his dramatic preludes, all of which, without exception, are models.

The pianist at this concert was Madame Schumann, who introduced for the first time her late husband's *Concertstück* in G, a work greatly prized by his admirers. Those who wish to hear the pianoforte music of Schumann in the highest imaginable perfection must hear it played by his widow. She throws heart and soul into it, and her fingers obey every impulse with unerring accuracy, as though where Robert Schumann is in question they could not possibly go wrong. Madame Schumann also gave, later in the evening, Mendelssohn's well-known Introduction and Rondo in B major and minor. She was unanimously called forward after each of her performances.

Vocal music was contributed by Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mdlle. Carola, for the last of whom an apology was circulated on the plea of a severe cold. The songs were "Dalla sua pace" (*Don Giovanni*), for the gentleman, "Parto" (*La Clemenza*), and "Bell Raggio" (*Semiramide*) for the lady, the clarionet *obbligato* in "Parto" being played by Mr. G. Tyler of Her Majesty's Opera.

At the next concert, "by special desire," besides Haydn's familiar symphony, "Letter T," Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, a pianoforte solo (Hummel), by Mdlle. Mehlig, and selections from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, a MS. *scena* by Mendelssohn, the words by Ossian (or rather Ossian Macpherson), "On Lena's gloomy heath," will be introduced by Mr. Santley. This, in all probability, is the *scena* expressly composed for Mr. Henry Phillips, and dated "1846," in Herr Rietz's *Catalogue of Unpublished Works*, at the end of the second volume of "*Letters*."

Mr. Alfred Baylis, a promising young tenor, is announced to make his *début* in London this season.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, are engaged to appear on Wednesday and Friday next at the Classical Harmonists' Society's Concert at Belfast.

Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, is to be given at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, April 4. It is also announced at Warrington and Clifton for the following month.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts in St. James's Hall seem to be getting more and more into vogue. At the fifth the remarkable features of a very rich programme were a hymn for soprano solo (Madame Gilardoni) and chorus ("Inclina Domini") by Cherubini, a master whose admirable music for the church has not been anything like half explored, and the best performance hitherto heard in London of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," the whole of which was loudly applauded, the *scherzo* being encored with rapture. Mozart's greatest pianoforte concerto, the one in D minor, played by Madame Schumann, the impressive chorus "Envy! eldest born of hell," from Handel's *Saul*, very finely given by Mr. Leslie's choir, and some other features, including the charming romance from Mr. Leslie's *Holyrood* cantata, "In my pleasant land of France," sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, made this one of the most attractive concerts of the series.

The programme of the sixth concert was exclusively devoted to English part-songs, glees, ballads, and choruses, relieved by pianoforte solos from the promising Miss Austine, and a trumpet solo by the unrivalled Mr. T. Harper. Although all was good at this performance no point in it demands especial notice. At the seventh concert there were well-made selections from the *Antigone* and *Œdipus* of Mendelssohn, both of which masterpieces Mr. Leslie had previously given entire, with a success recorded at the time. The striking feature of the *Antigone* music was the magnificent "Hymn to Bacchus," which was encored and repeated. From *Œdipus* only one number was given, but that perhaps the finest of all—the chorus welcoming Œdipus to Colonos, with the description of the resources and treasures of that favoured land ("Thou comest here to the land, O friend," &c.). Between *Antigone* and *Œdipus* came one of the most splendid performances ever heard of Beethoven's splendid violin concerto in D, a work fit to match with the 4th and 5th pianoforte concertos, or almost any of the symphonies. It is scarcely necessary, after what has been said, to add that the violinist was Herr Joachim; and it is hardly possible to convey an idea of the enthusiasm created by his glorious execution of the concerto, and of his own elaborate and masterly "cadenzas," in the first and last movements—an enthusiasm revived, however, in all its plenitude, later in the evening, by his no less glorious execution of John Sebastian Bach's *Chaconne* in D minor, with variations, the most remarkable piece among the six sonatas for violin solo so many characteristic specimens of which have been introduced by the great Hungarian artist at the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme was further enriched by a very complete selection from Mendelssohn's music of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—as much of it, indeed, as could effectively be included in a concert performance. The overture, the *scherzo*, the duet with chorus, "Ye spotted snakes" (solos by Misses Vinta and Emma Cellier), the *intermezzo* in A minor, describing Hermia's search for Lysander in the wood, one of the most characteristic and beautiful episodes in the work; the well-known *notturno*, and still better known Wedding March; the Funeral March played by Bottom the Weaver and his companions after the suicide of Pyramus (the quaint humour of which took the audience by surprise, and provoked a general encore); the dance of the clowns and the chorus and dance of Fairies ("Thro' the house give glimmering lights"), which brings this most poetical of dreams to a close, were, every one included, and the performance of each and all, under Mr. Leslie's direction, was extremely good. The air of Mathilde, from the second act of *Guillaume Tell*, for Miss Vinta, and Handel's "Hallelujah" (which terminated the concert) were the remaining pieces of the programme.

At the eighth concert Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was performed, with Mr. Santley as Polyphemus, besides three of the compositions which have met with the warmest approval this year—the "Sanctus" from Bach's great mass in B minor, the "Kyrie eleison" from Schubert's mass in E flat, and Mendelssohn's psalm for eight-part choir ("Judge me, O God"), and other attractive things. But of this hereafter.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—On Saturday last (21st inst.), the examination of candidates for the "Potter Exhibition" took place. Board of Examiners—Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, Cipriani Potter, and John Hullah. Elected—William Townsend (pupil of Mr. Harold Thomas). Commended—C. Couldery.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—Mdlle. Liebhart took a benefit at St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, and attracted one of the most fashionable audiences of the season. The house was attended by the *élite* of the German families resident in London, as well as of our own aristocracy. The *Ambassadress*, and an operetta, *Das Versprechen Hinter'm Hird*, were the pieces given. Mdlle. Liebhart's success in the *Ambassadress* during the season is well known to our readers. On the present occasion the clever German vocalist, who exerted herself to the utmost, was rewarded throughout the evening with enthusiastic applause, and a hecatomb of bouquets at the conclusion of the opera, when she was recalled before the curtain with her "fellows," Madame d'Este Finlayson, Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Terrott, and Mr. Wilford Morgan, who, by-the-bye, was in capital voice, and acted with more than usual spirit. The operetta, *The Lover concealed behind the Cooking-Stove*, played in German, and for the first time in England, is calculated to exhibit the talent of a lively *prima donna* of varied accomplishments. Singing, dancing, cooking, &c., are all expected of her, and Mdlle. Liebhart proved herself *au fait* at each. Besides the national Austrian *Folks-Lieder*, Mdlle. Liebhart introduced her popular songs, "Ruck, Ruck" (Kücken), and "At Morning's Break" ("Morgen Fensterln"—Proch), with great effect, the audience enthusiastically applauding each. Mdlle. Liebhart was assisted by several amateurs, whose names not being published we are unable to give. They acted well up to their spirited compatriot, and materially contributed to the success of the evening. Before the operetta, the band played the overture to *La Muette di Portici* with great effect, under the direction of Mr. Ganz.

MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN, a young pianist, of whose performances we have had occasion often to speak in terms of encouragement, gave her annual concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening. The rooms were filled with an elegant company, many of the best French families in London being present. Mdlle. De Beauvoisin was assisted by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mdlle. Angelina Salvi, Miss Palmer, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Leigh Wilson (vocalists); Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), Mr. F. Chatterton (harp), Messrs. Barret (oboe), G. Tyler (clarionet), Charles Harper (horn), and Hutchins (bassoon). Mdlle. De Beauvoisin exhibited a notable advance in her art; and this was especially manifest in Beethoven's E flat quintet (Op. 16), for pianoforte and wind instruments, which was given with spirit and precision throughout. Her performance of fantasias was always brilliant, but we were hardly prepared to find her so familiarly at home with music of a very different kind. The applause at the end of the quintet was honourably earned, alike by the fair pianist and her able coadjutors, Messrs. Barret, Tyler, C. Harper and Hutchins. The other pieces played by Mdlle. De Beauvoisin were Chopin's *Polonaise* in E flat, Benedict's fantasia on Irish airs, entitled, "Erin" (on being recalled at the conclusion of which, she substituted some effective and showy variations on "Home, Sweet Home"), and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." All these were played in her very best manner, and the warm applause (very warm for an aristocratic audience) that followed each, showed how highly they were appreciated. Two other solos, both excellent of their kind, were given during the evening, one on the violin by Mr. Viotti Collins (Paganini's "La Clochette"), who was recalled, and the other, on the harp by Mr. Frederick Chatterton ("Reminiscences of Dublin"), who was also called back at the end. Madame Florence Lancia, who was "in capital voice," gave a brilliant interpretation of "Bel Raggio" (*Semiramide*), and with equal success, a song by Mr. Frank Mori—"Gentle Spirit, sing again." Mdlle. Angelina Salvi sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Isle of Beauty," very pleasingly; Miss Robertine Henderson, "Voi che sapete," and Mr. Macfarren's "Pack Clouds away" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. G. Tyler), as perfectly as could be imagined, winning the cordial approbation of the audience; Madame Laura Baxter "Fanciulle che il core" (*Dinorah*), and "Home, Sweet Home," both well calculated to exhibit her rich "contralto" to advantage; Miss Palmer a *scena* from Benedict's *Undine*—"The Baron's old Castle," and Mr. Sullivan's "Will he come," each of which produced a sensible impression; Mr. Leigh Wilson a ballad song by Mr. Henry Smart, which pleased and deserved to please; Mr. Wilford Morgan a song composed expressly for him by Signor Traventi, "Her I love," with a new ballad of his own composition, "Nor Angel, nor Fairy," in an earnest and unaffected manner which spoke for itself, and won general sympathy. Mr. Benedict, Mr. G. B. Allen, Signor Traventi, and Mr. Frank Mori were the accompanists. The whole concert gave evident satisfaction to Mdlle. De Beauvoisin's numerous patrons.

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PROVINCIAL.

PORTSMOUTH.—The *Hampshire Telegraph and Sussex Chronicle*, of the 21st inst., writes as follows:—"Thanks to Mr. C. J. Mew, the people of Portsmouth and its vicinity were presented with an opportunity, on Thursday evening, of being present at one of Madame Arabella Goddard's famous pianoforte recitals at the Portland Hall, Southsea. The weather was inauspicious, and the attendance was in consequence far from being up to the mark, considering the reputation of the artist and the superior character of the programme, which comprised an almost unique selection of classical music. It was as follows, and it is not too much to say that a better one has seldom been presented out of London:—

"'Sonata, in B flat, No. 9 (Mozart); song, 'The Ave Maria' (Schubert); selection from the Eighth Book of 'Songs without Words' (Mendelssohn); song, Swedish Winter Song (Mendelssohn); Invitation *a la* Valse (Weber); song, 'Rock me to Sleep' (Benedict); Grand Sonata Appassionata (Beethoven); song, 'Hast thou seen the Young Day Blushing?' (Gounod); fantasia, 'Mosè in Egitto' (Thalberg).

"The principal attractions of a programme which was full of them were undoubtedly the selection from the posthumous collection of Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' and the immortal sonata, Op. 57, of Beethoven, which has been so suggestively nicknamed *L'Appassionata* by the great master's admirers. Of course Madame Goddard did them commensurate justice, as she did, indeed, to all the other compositions; and equally, of course, it was impossible not to admire the elasticity of her touch, the distinctness of her phrasing, and the exquisite rounding off of each passage in its weaving with the orchestral features of the score. The lady is not only an executive performer of the very highest power, but an artist. She has rapidity of execution, but she has also a delicate perception and appreciation of the masters whose compositions she interprets. We are astonished at the manual dexterity, and the gymnastic facility of certain performers, but we cannot help *feeling* the inimitable power of Madame Arabella Goddard over her instrument. Every light and shade of the composer's meaning is faithfully presented; every delicacy of sentiment is perceived and converted into sound. Ordinary performers would have made a meaningless jumble of the splendid harmony of Mendelssohn, and have converted the singularly constrained yet wonderfully balanced *tarantella* into a vulgar galop. We need scarcely remind those who heard Madame Goddard how *she* went through the movement. To those who had not that pleasure it is impossible to describe the effect produced. The *Appassionata* sonata is a massive exposition of passion,—sad, fitful, and grand, and its execution on Thursday held the audience spell-bound. Up to the last moment Madame Goddard had delighted her hearers with the emotional powers of her art, but the fantasia from Rossini by her master, Thalberg, at the end of a programme gave her an opportunity of displaying some of its lighter graces. It was a true fantasia, inasmuch as it embellished the original *motivo* with all the resources of fancy, playing with the theme until the ear was taxed to its utmost to keep pace with the rapid manipulation of the pianist. Madame Goddard was frequently encored, but she confined her acknowledgments to bowing her thanks. She was accompanied by Miss Edmonds, a vocalist of good education and taste, and with a voice of much sweetness but not of great compass. Her songs were almost exclusively of the pathetic kind, and she gave the *cantabile* phrases very felicitously. In answer to an encore, she sang a pretty little expressive song entitled "Cupid has Eyes," which she gave with such fine spirit both of voice and manner as to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience. The only drawback to the success of the concert was the weather."

CRAWLEY.—A correspondent writes as follows:—Mr. J. L. Hatton, the well-known composer, and the equally popular Mr. Walter Maynard, entertained a crowded audience at the George Assembly Rooms, Crawley, on Thursday last, with pleasant musical chit-chat and humorous songs and descriptive pieces. The entertainment, introduced for the first time we believe in the pretty little Sussex village, is excellent, and was most enthusiastically applauded; and we have no doubt that Messrs. Hatton and Maynard will be encouraged by their success to take their "novelty" north, south, east, and west, and let the inhabitants of other towns enjoy the anecdotes of the "*Enterprising Impresario*," and the rich comic singing and remarkable pianoforte playing of the author of "Old Simon the Cellarer," as well as the good people of Crawley.

"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Professor Bennett was censured in some of the criticisms upon *The Woman of Samaria*, on the ground that his subject was not sufficiently dramatic. The suitability of music to the drama is a wide question; but, there are two remarks to be made on it, both of which justify Professor Bennett.

In the first place, it is the tendency of modern music to overbear the words. The Italian Opera is conducted in a foreign language. In the songs the words are disregarded by the audience, while the recitatives in which the music is supposed to be subservient to the words for the purpose of developing the plot are generally but little attended to. The reason is that that the essence of dramatic poetry consists in action, while the essence of the opera consists in situations. Music is just as inadequate to the development of a complicated plot as it is capable of intensifying the interest of a particular moment. It brings into prominent relief the striking scenes, and curtails the action which links the scenes together, because it can only present it in the form of recitative.

This is the first difficulty in allying poetry and music. How, then, does Professor Bennett deal with it? Knowing that if the words are to be understood they must be simple, he has chosen not an action but a situation. Hence he is altogether relieved from the necessity of merely descriptive recitatives. The secret of his recitatives, which are acknowledged to be most striking, is that they are not dramatic but lyrical.

This distinction between the dramatic and the lyrical leads to a second and deeper difference between dramatic poetry and music. Dramatic poetry traces the conflict of internal passions to their external result, partly by representing it to the eye, and partly by developing it in a continuous action. The art of the poet is to convince his audience that the climax of the drama is the inevitable consequence of the passions exhibited by the characters. For instance, the interest of *Macbeth* consists in the stern necessity with which the death of Duncan is followed by continual murders, and is at last revenged by the death of the murderer himself. All these consequences flow naturally from the ambition of Macbeth. Music, on the other hand, represents the passions, but not their consequences. It is, in fact, lyrical, not dramatic. The opera to a certain extent preserves the dramatic element by representing the plot to the eye, though the continuity of the action is partly sacrificed and partly not attended to on account of the inattractive character of most recitatives. But an oratorio not being represented on the stage cannot even convey the dramatic action to the eye, so that, if its subject is dramatic, it must be detailed to the understanding of the audience in a book, which, if read at all, diverts attention from the music. On the other hand, a situation is essential to an oratorio, because, otherwise, the *dramatis personæ* would be lost in vacuity. The object, therefore, of the musician, is to select striking characters and a simple scene.

The emotions in *The Woman of Samaria* present a contrast between the dignified benevolence of Christ and the surprised incredulity of the woman, while the choruses represent the Christian sentiments called forth by the declaration that "God is a Spirit," which is the key-note of Christianity. On the other hand, the situation is quite simple. It affords a framework into which the characters fit, and get as easily understood. At the same time the scene is pervaded by a calm and poetic serenity. It is a moment of repose in the active life of Christ, to which we feel that music is quite natural.

MUSICUS.

SIGNOR ARDITI has returned from Paris, to commence his duties as conductor of the orchestra at Her Majesty's Opera. During his stay in the French capital, Signor Arditi had interviews with Rossini and Auber, with reference to the production, at Her Majesty's Opera, of *La Gazza Ladra* and *Gustave III.* He was graciously received by both. Auber presented him with a pianoforte score of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*; Rossini presented him with a pinch of snuff. Signor Arditi attended performances of Auber's new opera and of the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas. He was charmed with Auber's new opera and charmed with Christine Nilsson.

WURZBURG.—*L'Africaine* has been most successfully produced.

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Shaver Silver across the Italian Operas.

Sir,—The Opera Company having died before it had fairly begun to live, I was in hopes that I should hear no more on the subject. If nothing but good should be spoken of the dead, nothing, good or bad, ought to be said of the stillborn. But Mr. Gye will not let the Opera Company die in peace. His programme is full of it; and it is not until after he has devoted four long pages to explanations as to why it was not formed, assertions that it must have met with great success if it *had* been formed, and hints that it may be formed yet, that he proceeds to announce the engagements which he has made for the coming season. My opinion is that the Company could not have been formed; that if, by some miracle, it had been formed, it would have failed; and that—upon the basis laid down in the prospectus of the late Opera Company—it will be impossible ever to form it. Accordingly, on the unfortunate subject of the Opera Company, I am not very likely to come to an understanding with Mr. Gye. Not that I have the slightest ill-will against that gentleman—the most liberal and enterprising opera-manager the country has known. But his arithmetic is not my arithmetic, his logic is not my logic, his facts are not my facts. Mr. Gye had a perfect right to sell the Italian Opera for £270,000 if it had been possible for him to get that sum. But only a company of imbeciles would have paid that sum for it, seeing that a similar theatre could be built and furnished for about half the money; and the writers who hastened to show the impracticability of a project based on the payment of the amount in question, deserve well of Mr. Gye for having saved him at once from a disappointment which, sooner or later, inevitably awaited him. If the Company had been formed, or partially formed, it would never have got the whole of the advertised capital together, and Mr. Gye at the very last moment would have been in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether the Royal Italian Opera was to be managed, during the 1868 season, by himself, or by a company with limited liability, and with unlimited ignorance of operatic affairs. It is evident from Mr. Gye's programme that he personally knew very little of the transaction into which he had heedlessly drifted.

It had never struck him that a company which proposed to purchase the Royal Italian Opera for the sum of £270,000, and to give Mr. Mapleson £15,000 for consenting to become its manager at a high salary, would want a capital of something over £285,000; and that to pay the fifteen per cent. promised to shareholders (the prospectus promised "from fifteen to twenty per cent.") an annual profit of £42,750 would have been required. Accustomed from my youth to figures, I saw this at a glance; and, as the framers of the prospectus only estimated the annual profits from the Royal Italian Opera at £20,000 per annum (they guessed them roughly at "from £19,000 to £21,000"), I could not help perceiving that a little deception was being practised somewhere. There has never yet been an example of an opera-house in England paying its expenses for several years together. But, in spite of that, let us admit that the Royal Italian Opera, one year with another, yields an annual profit of £20,000. Even then, the promoters of the Opera Company were not justified in promising fifteen per cent. to their shareholders. Mr. Gye is now obliged to admit that they did not keep faith with him—that is to say, they did not fulfil their purchase-contract; and if he had listened to those journalists whose opinions he has a clear right to ignore, he would have understood thus much from the beginning and have taken his measures accordingly. There was never much chance of the British public (by no means so blind an animal as is generally supposed) being deceived; but I was at one time very much afraid that both Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson would, by placing too much faith in the Opera Company, injure their property for the season; and I shall always congratulate myself on having helped to open their eyes in time. Mr. Gye now protests that he never meant to do business with the Opera Company at all, but with some "financial company" unnamed. I do not feel equal to the task of discussing this point. However, the Opera Company is at end—Mr. Mapleson is installed at Drury Lane, and Mr. Gye still governs the affairs of the Royal Italian Opera. Long may he reign!

The prospectuses of both Operas are published, and what strikes me, in each, is the unusual and remarkable modesty of the tone. Instead of the old Dulcamara business, to which we had so long been accustomed, the competing managers—for a time reconciled, now rivals once more—come before us with the timidity of Nemorino. Mr. Mapleson begins with a lament over the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, which is one of the most touching things we ever read. Nevertheless, Mr. Mapleson will try what he can do at Drury Lane; and, considering that Mdlles. Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellog, and Madame Trebelli, Signor Mongini, Signor Fraschini, and Mr. Santley are members of his company, it seems to me quite possible that he may do very well. Mr. Gye cannot get over the failure of the Opera Company, partly because he was tired of managing the Royal Italian Opera, and would willingly have given it up with the income of £20,000 a year derivable therefrom, and partly because the interests of art would have been advanced by a concentration of all the operatic talent of the day at one theatre. There is, according to Mr. Gye, so little operatic talent in existence that it is quite a pity to divide it. Nevertheless, I find Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Signor Mario, and Signor Graziani, all engaged at the Royal Italian Opera—which, for a theatre whose manager complains of the dearth of artistic ability, is really not so bad.

I cannot imagine why the failure of the Opera Company should have had the effect of diminishing that noble self-appreciation by which Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Gye were in former days so eminently distinguished. Something, however, seems to have gone wrong with them; and instead of calling upon the public with drum and trumpet to hurry to their support, as of old, I now find them throwing themselves upon the public mercy, and apologizing for an insufficiency which, even with Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson to guide us, I protest that I cannot discover. Mr. Gye may take my word for it, he has an admirable company. Madle. Patti alone would almost be enough to carry him well through the season. So also would Signor Mario. But with Patti, Lucca, and Mario together—besides an efficient company of "lesser stars"—his chances of success are so great as to amount to certainty. If Mr. Gye has not the finest company in Europe, there is certainly no company equal to it except that of Mr. Mapleson; while if Mr. Mapleson's company is not absolutely the finest ever formed, it is inferior only to the company engaged by Mr. Gye. Does not Mr. Mapleson know the value of that enchanting singer Mdlle. Nilsson? Has he forgotten the brilliant success achieved last autumn by Mdlle. Kellogg? Has Mdlle. Trebelli lost her fluency? Has Signor Mongini lost his voice? Is Mr. Santley an indifferent singer, and Signor Fraschini, the celebrated "*tenore della maledizione*," not worth a ——? I should have been the first to reprove the rival managers if they had indulged in vain boasting; but I do not like to see them go to the other extreme They have nothing to apologise for—nothing to be ashamed of. No capital in Europe possessed last winter such a company as has been assembled for the coming summer by Mr. Gye at Covent Garden—by Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane. Shaver Silver.

[Mr. Shaver Silver has a positive right to his opinion, or opinions; but so has, assuredly, his obedient servant, A. S. S.]

Shaver Silver across the Philharmonic.

Sir,—There was no novelty of particular importance at the first concert of this once exclusive institution, which, though seven or eight years ago seemingly tottering on its last legs, has since held a "jubilee" in St. James's Hall, and is now beginning its 56th season. The concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, as from time out of mind, and was attended by an audience of professors and amateurs such as in earlier days was wont to lay down the law about matters musical, but in the actual period of universal competition is of no more account than any other audience that might be gathered together to listen to symphonies, overtures, and concertos.

The two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, introduced to the English public last year at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and already made known to the Philharmonic audience, were again heard with unqualified satisfaction by all who were capable of appreciating them. That a work which promised so well should have been left by its author only half accomplished, is indeed a pity; but, where there is so much of genuine beauty, that two movements are better than none will be unanimously admitted. The execution was good—very good on the whole—if a little wanting in light and shade,

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and occasionally somewhat rude. But Mr. W. G. Cusins is an excellent conductor, as was sufficiently proved last year, the year of his probation; and if he could only persuade the seven wise men who regulate the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society to allow him a few more rehearsals during the series of eight concerts, he would probably be able to make his orchestra play with delicacy just as easily as he now makes them play with accent and precision. The movements of Schubert, by the way, were not half as much applauded as they might have been by an audience less used to regard itself as judicially paramount. Schubert's orchestral music is perhaps too ingenuously melodious for them. Schumann, with his far-fetched ideas, or rather ideas of ideas, speaks more directly to their self-esteem, and his imaginary profundity is specious enough in a measure to take them in. How otherwise account for the fact that the comparatively poor and stilted *Concertstück* in G of the latter seemed to be more heartily relished than the glowing and exquisite loveliness which everywhere—amidst all its imperfect art—prevades the music of the former? True, Madame Schumann herself played the pianoforte part in the *Concertstück*, and how inimitably she interprets her late husband's music, with what enthusiasm she enters into its every detail, no amateur can be unaware. Many an indifferent dramatic piece, however, has been saved from condemnation by the zealous exertions of a highly-gifted performer; and the same holds good of musical compositions. Madame Schumann's second piece, the brilliant rondo in B minor of Mendelssohn, spoke—as it has often spoken since its composer first played it in London more than thirty years back—for itself in unmistakable language.

Of Beethoven's admirable fourth symphony (in B flat), which but for its divinely-soothing *adagio* would be from one end to the other an unrestrained flow of exuberant vivacity uncommon in Beethoven, it is enough to say that it was extremely well given; as were the two overtures, the familiar prelude to Weber's least successful and, as some critics insist (perhaps on that account), very best opera (*Euryanthe*), and the less known though spirited and ingenious overture to Cherubini's *Elise*.

The vocal music, as usual at these concerts, rare occasions allowed for, was of comparatively subordinate interest. Mr. Cusins directed the entire performance with incontestable ability.

Shaver Silver.

[Mr. Shaver Silver has a positive right to his opinion, or opinions; but so has, assuredly, his obedient servant, A. S. S.]

—o—

MR. GEORGE TOLHURST AND "RUTH."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The composer of the "Australian oratorio" is irrepressible. I have treated him as an art missionary from a distant land should be treated—with all gentleness and consideration. I reviewed his work, and contented myself with simply expressing wonderment at its novel features, and inability to distinguish those merits which I allowed it might possibly contain. Then, when Mr. Tolhurst appealed against my remarks, you threw open your columns to give him the opportunity of enlightening the darkness of this hemisphere upon the true principles of the musical epic. Yet he is not satisfied, and now writes to ask why you do not insert a report of the first (and only) performance of *Ruth*, in addition to the review which gave him so little satisfaction. I imagine that the tone of that review, hopelessly inappreciative as I was compelled to make it, would supply the required reason to any ordinary man. But Mr. Tolhurst is not an ordinary man—or he could not have written *Ruth*—and hence his persistence. It seems, then, that I must be very plain with this gentleman. In being so I shall probably hurt his feelings, but for such a result he will have only himself to thank. When a man practically adopts the cry of the immersed Irishman: "I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* help me," nobody need trouble themselves much about his fate.

My reason for withholding a report of the *Ruth* performance can be stated in few words—*I was present and heard it.* But Mr. Tolhurst will probably require something more precise than this. He shall have it. In the first place, I kept silence out of consideration for the composer, whom I understood to be a self-taught man and a stranger. There was absolutely nothing to be said for the work, and to say anything against it appeared quite superfluous. Next, I kept silence because, with every disposition to be merciful, it was hardly to be expected but that the remembrance of two or three hours' continuous outrage upon good taste would give a tinge of bitterness to my remarks. True, I might have treated the matter as a joke by straining a point (for it was beyond a joke), but such a course would have pleased Mr. Tolhurst even less than the one I adopted. Lastly, I kept silence because I wished to avoid putting on record that any English audience, however made up of friends, could award frequent encores, and more frequent applause, to music which is simply unmusical. For these reasons I would have allowed *Ruth* to drop quietly into oblivion, whither it was sure to go in any case, but Mr. Tolhurst has not permitted me. He has insisted upon receiving an explanation, and, having got it, I hope he will return to the antipodes a wiser, if not a sadder man.—Your obedient servant,

March 24th. THADDEUS Esq.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—Miss Isabella Glennie's concert on Tuesday was well supported. The artists included Mesdames d'Este Finlayson, Ransford, Laura Baxter; Messrs. Ransford, Chaplin Henry, Cottell, Lehmeyer, &c.; pianist, Miss Matilda Baxter. Madame d'Este Finlayson sung in her usual charming style, both her songs meeting a well pronounced encore. Madame Laura Baxter's unaffected rendering of "Home, Sweet Home" was much appreciated, as was also Miss Ransford's "Should he Upbraid." Mr. Chaplin Henry gave a new song, "Homeward Bound," in capital style. The fair concert-giver also contributed "Where the Bee Sucks" and "The Dream at Sea," which were well received.

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREE D'INVITATION took place on Wednesday last. The following was the programme: Piano solo, Caprice in D flat (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar; Romanza, "Come placida rugiada" (Signor Ciabatta), Aguilar; Sonata, Piano and Violin (Mr. Aguilar and Mr. Henry Holmes), Beethoven; Song, "Tornera" (Miss Lindo), Mattei; Piano solo, "Valse Caprice" (Miss F. Stains, pupil of Mr. Aguilar), Ketterer; Barcarole, "Où voulez vous aller" (Signor Ciabatta), Gounod; Violin solo, Romance in G (Mr. Henry Holmes), Beethoven; Song, "Le Reveil des Bois" (Miss Lindo), Aguilar; Piano solo, "The Blue-bells" (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar; Duetto, "Io resto fra le lagrime" (Miss Lindo and Signor Ciabatta), Donizetti; Piano solos, "The Birds at Sunset" and Valse Brillante (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar. At the pianoforte, Miss Grace Aguilar.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"Appendix to Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Pianoforte;" "St. Patrick's Day," transcribed for the piano by W. S. Rockstro; "He was despised," arranged for the piano by G. F. West; "The Pilgrims of the Night," for the piano, by I. Liebich; "The Child's First Music Lesson," by C. Natalia Macfarren; "The Pianist's Library," No. 11: "Caprice," by Brinley Richards.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Hanover Square," Musical Magazine, for April.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed, that the Opera Season of 1868 will commence

ON TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 31st.

The following are the arrangements of the Season, and which will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit:—

ENGAGEMENTS—

Mdlle. ADELINA PATTI, Mdlle. ANTONIETTA FRICCI,
Mdlle. LAVROFSKA,
(From the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh, her first appearance in England),
Madame FIORETTI (her first appearance this three years),
Mdlle. VANZINI,
(From the Teatro della Scala at Milan, her first appearance in England),
Mdlle MEYER (her first appearance in England),
Mdlle. LOCOTELLI (her first appearance in England),
Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mdlle. MORENSI,
Madame DALL' ANESE, Madame TAGLIAFICO, and Mdlle. PAULINE LUCCA.

Signor MARIO, Signor FANCELLI, Signor NERI-BARALDI,
Signor ROSSI, Signor MARINO, and Signor NAUDIN.

Signor GRAZIANI, Signor COTOGNI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, Mons. PETIT.
Signor COLINI (his first appearance in England), Signor CIAMPI,
Signor FALLAR, Signor POLONINI, Signor CAPPONI, & Signor BAGAGIOLO.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

Principal Danseuses—Mdlle. MARINA MORA and Mdlle. ROSALIA,
(Her first appearance in England).

Maestro al Piano	Signor LI CALSI.
Leader of the Military Band (Coldstream)	Mr. F. GODFREY.
Chorus Master	Mr. SMYTHSON.
Prompter	Signor LAGO.
Maitre de Ballet	Mons. DESPLACES.
Machinist	Mr. H. SLOMAN.
Appointments by	Mr. LAVHART.
Stage Manager	Mr. A. HARRIS.

Scenic Artists—
Mr. M. MORGAN, Mr. DAYES, Mr. H. CRAVEN, and Assistants.
Artistes Costumiers—
Madame VALLET, Mons. HENNIER (of Paris), Mrs. JAMES, and Miss SMITH.

THE UNRIVALLED ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Répertoire of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA has now become one of the most extensive—if not the most extensive—of any Italian Theatre in Europe.

PRODUCTION OF ROSSINI'S GRAND OPERA,

L'ASSEDIO DI CORINTO.

This Work was originally composed by ROSSINI for the Italian Stage, but at a subsequent period it was brought out at the *Académie Royale*, at Paris. For that purpose the illustrious *maestro* composed several new pieces of music, added to the choruses, and generally re-arranged the whole work, so as to adapt it to the exigencies of the Grand Opera. In th s form it will, towards the end of June, be produced, for the first time in England, with New Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments. The Principal Characters will be sustained by

SIGNOR MARIO, SIGNOR NAUDIN, SIGNOR COLINI; MADEMOISELLE LAVROFSKA and MADEMOISELLE ADELINA PATTI.

During the Season the following Operas will, among others, be performed:—

ROMEO AND JULIET.—This work of the Composer of *Faust* was produced at so late a period last Season, that it may be considered almost as a new work, having been performed only five times. Romeo, Signor Mario; Mercutio, Signor Cotogni; Capulet, Signor Graziani; Tybalt, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Friar Laurence, Signor Bagagiolo; and Juliet, Madlle. Adelina Patti.

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.—This grand work, the first success of the great composer MEYERBEER, will be revived, and be given with all its magnificent Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments. Roberto, Signor Naudin; Bertram, Signor Colini (his first appearance in England); Raimbaldo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Isabella, Madame Sherrington; and Alice, Mdlle. Fricci.

LE DOMINO NOIR.—A wish having been expressed to Mons. AUBER to produce his *chef d'œuvre* on the Italian stage, he at once most kindly offered to re-arrange much of the Music, to write Recitatives, to replace the dialogue in the French version, and generally to adapt his work to the Italian stage. An entirely new translation in Italian has been made expressly for the Royal Italian Opera, by Mons. DE LAUZIERE. The music is now very nearly completed by Mons. AUBER, and the Opera will be produced soon after the arrival of Madlle PAULINE LUCCA, who will sustain the principal *rôle*. The principal characters by Signor Mario, Signor Cotogni, Signor Ciampi, Signor Tagliafico, Monsieur Petit, Madame Sherrington, and Madlle. Pauline Lucca.

L'ETOILE DU NORD.—(For the first time these two years.) Peter the Great, Signor Graziani, his first appearance in that character; Danilowitz, Signor Naudin; Giorgio, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Gritzenko, Signor Ciampi; Prascovia, Madame Sherrington; and Caterina, Madlle. Adelina Patti (her fourth appearance in that character).

LA FAVORITA.—Fernando, Signor Mario; Alphonso, Signor Graziani; Balthazar, Signor Bagagiolo; and Leonora, Madlle. Pauline Lucca.

I PURITANI.—Elvira, Madlle. Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character in England), Riccardo, Signor Graziani; Giorgio, Signor Bagagiolo; and Arturo, Signor Fancelli.

FAUST E MARGHERITA.—Faust, Signor Mario; Valentino, Signor Cotogni; Mefistofele, Mons. Petit; and Margherita, by Madlle. Adelina Patti and Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

L'AFRICAINE.—This great work, the last production of the lamented Musician, MEYERBEER, will be given towards the end of May. Vasco De Gama, Signor Naudin; Nelusco, Signor Graziani; Inez, Madame Sherrington; and Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca.

NORMA.—Norma, Madlle. Fricci (which character she has lately performed with the greatest success in Italy); Adalgisa, Madame Sherrington; Oroveso, Signor Bagagiolo; and Pollio, Signor Naudin.

LES HUGUENOTS.—Valentina, Madlle. Pauline Lucca; Margherita, Madame Sherrington; Urbano, Madlle Locotelli; De Nevers, Signor Cotogni; St. Bris, Mons. Petit; Marcel, Signor Colini; and Raoul, Signor Mario.

IL BARBIERE DE SIVIGLIA.—Rosina, Madlle. Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

RIGOLETTO.—Il Duca, Signor Mario; Rigoletto, Signor Graziani, and Gilda, Madlle. Vanzini (her first appearance in England).

DON GIOVANNI.—Zerlina, Madlle. Adelina Patti; Donna Anna, Madlle. Fricci; Donna Elvira, Madame Sherrington; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani (his first appearance in that character at the Royal Italian Opera); Leporello, Signor Ciampi; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Commendatore, Signor Capponi; and Don Ottavio, Signor Mario.

DON CARLOS.—This Opera, the last production of Signor VERDI, will be given early in the season.

LE NOZZE DE FIGARO.—La Contessa, Madlle. Fricci; Susanna, Madame Sherrington; Il Conte, Signor Graziani; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Figaro, Mons. Petit; and Cherubino, Madlle. Pauline Lucca.

FRA DIAVOLO.—Zerlina, Madlle. Pauline Lucca; Lady Koburg, Madame Sherrington; Lorenzo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Beppo, Signor Tagliafico; Giacomo, Signor Capponi; Lord Koburg, Signor Ciampi; and Fra Diavolo, Signor Naudin.

GIOVANNA D'ARCO.—This Opera *eroica*, the work of Signor VERDI, will be produced towards the end of June, and be performed for the first time in England. The part of Joan of Arc will be sustained by Madlle. Adelina Patti (her first appearance in the character in England).

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF FORTY NIGHTS,

But as there will (after the first week) be regularly FOUR NIGHTS in each Week—viz., MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the Season, have the choice of selecting either Two of the Four Nights. Subscribers of last Season are also respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same *at once* to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the Box Office.

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Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1868.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

First Appearance of Signor Mario.—Debut of Mdlle. Vanzini. Debut of Mdlle. Mayer.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), APRIL 4TH, will be performed (for the first time these two years), Verdi's Opera,

"RIGOLETTO."

Extra Night.

On MONDAY NEXT, April 6th, Verdi's last new opera, "DON CARLOS." Principal characters by Mdlle. Fricci, Madame Sherrington; Signor Naudin, M. Petit, Signor Capponi, and Signor Graziani.

On TUESDAY NEXT, April 7th (for the second time these two years), Verdi's opera, "RIGOLETTO."

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY NEXT, April 9th (for the first time these four years), Bellini's opera, "I PURITANI." Elvira, Madame Floretti (her first appearance these three years).

On SATURDAY, April 11th (for the first time this season), Verdi's opera, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Principal characters by Signor Mario, Signor Graziani; Mdlle. Fricci, Mdlle. Mayer, and Mdlle. Vanzini.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

First Appearance of Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), APRIL 4TH, Verdi's Opera,

"LA TRAVIATA."

Violetta, Mdlle. Kellogg.

NEXT WEEK.

Titiens, Trebelli-Bettini, Fraschini, Foli, Santley.

TUESDAY NEXT, April 7th, Verdi's opera, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Fraschini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Foli; Ruiz, Signor Agretti; Un Zingaro, Signor Casaboni; Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Inez, Mdlle. Hersee; and Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens.

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.

THURSDAY NEXT, April 9th (Subscription Night, in lieu of Tuesday, July 14th), Donizetti's opera, "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI." Carlo, Signor Bettini; Antonio, Mr. Santley; L'Intendente, Signor Casaboni; Il Prefetto, Signor Foli; Il Marchese, Signor Zoboli; Pierotto, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Maddelena, Mdlle. Corsi; and Linda, Mdlle. Kellogg (her second appearance). Conductor, Signor Arditi.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Box Office.—Special Notice.—The OFFICES of Her Majesty's Opera are at the Box Office of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the portico, in Brydges Street, open daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from Ten till Six.

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Her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place EARLY IN MAY, when she will perform (from memory) Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and Mr. Lindsay Sloper's Ballad Fantasia on Popular Airs sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. Can accept engagements for Concerts, etc., Town or Country. Address "Miriam," 32, Princes Square, Kennington Park, S.E.

EXETER HALL.—"MESSIAH."—MR. SANTLEY.—PASSION-WEEK PERFORMANCE, MONDAY, April 6th.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Miss Banks, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Santley. Organist, Mr. J. G. Boardman. Band and chorus, 700. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s, 6d., 21s. Offices, 14, 15, Exeter Hall (first floor).

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—GOOD FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 10TH.—"STABAT MATER," and Selections from "MESSIAH," "CREATION," and other Oratorios. Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Romanelli, Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Aynsley Cook. Conductor, Mr. Jennings. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—MISS KATE ROBERTS'S THIRD PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place in MAY. Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s., at the Hall—4, Langham Place.

MISS CLINTON FYNES' SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Series of Six) at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 8th April, 1868. Vocalists—Miss Adelaide Newton, and Mr. Denbigh Newton. Instrumentalists—Herr Wiener, Mr. Aylward, and Miss Clinton Fynes. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets—Single, 5s.; Reserved and Numbered, 7s. To be had at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and of Miss Clinton Fynes, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square. The dates of the remaining Recitals will be Wednesday Evenings, April 8th and 22nd; Wednesday Mornings, May 6th and 20th, and June 3rd.

MR. ERNEST will give his FIRST CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 15th (Easter Week). Vocalists—Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Nora Somerville, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Carl Hause; Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward. Conductor, Herr F. Weber. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS JULIA DERBY and MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" at the Albion Hall, London Wall, April 4th (THIS DAY).

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MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing (for the first time) "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME," New Ballad, composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO, Composer of the popular Ballads, "The Lover and the Bird," "The Three Homes," "Under the Hazel Tree," "The Merry Maid," etc., at Belfast, on Monday next.

MISS BINFIELD and MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "ONE WORD" and "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at Tenby, Narberth, Pembroke, Caermarthen, and Newport, during Easter Week.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Miss Berry-Greening's Matinée will be held, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 5th. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS ANNA JEWELL will sing Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS' new song, "MAY'S WEDDING," at Mr. Ernest's Concert, St. James's Hall, Wednesday Evening, April 15th.

MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN having REMOVED to 8, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W., requests that all communications respecting Concerts, etc., may be addressed there.

MISS SPILLER will sing (for the first time) "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME," new Ballad (poetry by H. J. St. Leger), composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO, at Belfast, April 6th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing SCHIRA'S admired Waltz Song, "IL BALLO," at the Albion Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 7th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," at the Albion Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 7.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 21, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends, Pupils, and the Profession that she is now obliged to resume her Professional Duties after her late sad bereavement. For lessons on the Guitar and Concertina, address—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to inform his Friends and Pupils, that he returns to town for the season on the 20th May. All communications for Concerts, Lessons, &c., to be addressed care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MR. GRATTEN KELLEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed by EMILE BERGER), at Glasgow, April 4th (To-Night); and Dumfries, April 13th.

"WAKE, MARY, WAKE!"

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" at the Beethoven Rooms (Miss Fynes' Concert), 8th April.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" during his Tour in South Wales.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—6, Lower Porchester Street, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS and Miss MARIE STOCKEN will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD," at Barnstaple, Tuesday Evening, April 14th.

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	s.	d.
LONELINESS	3	0
LO IMPROVISATORE DEL VILLAGGIO	3	0
L'ORTOLANELLA	3	0
LA SPINAZZOLESE	3	0
L'ITALIA	3	0

London: CRAMER & Co. (Limited), 210, Regent Street, W.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season began on Tuesday night with a very effective performance of *Norma*, the three principal characters in which were sustained by Madame Fricci, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Signor Naudin. Habitual frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera would hardly be satisfied without one or two representations of Bellini's long-familiar work in the course of the series; and as Mr. Gye has no Pasta, Grisi, or even Cruvelli, to assume the high-tragedy part of the Chief Druidess, it is, perhaps, as well that these representations should be given as early as possible. Few managers are fortunate enough to count among their "*prime donne*" a lady like Madame Fricci, who, without ranking among absolutely first-class singers, so nearly approaches the desired standard, and at the same time would not willingly consent to hold a subordinate position. Madame Fricci's performance on Tuesday was remarkable for sustained energy and for a dramatic feeling which imparted meaning and emphasis to every striking situation. She has evidently a conception of the character of Norma which, closely resembling in its outward manifestations that of Madame Grisi, is to herself, no doubt, wholly satisfactory and convincing. In the grand trio at the end of the first act her reading is precisely the same as that of her illustrious predecessor; and she delivers the three most telling solos—"Oh! non tremare," "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima," and "Vanne, si, mi lascia, indegno"—to the best of her ability, physical and mental, exactly as Madame Grisi was wont to deliver them. The effect of the first of these upon the audience was such as to bring down unanimous applause; and in accordance with a general wish the solo was repeated. Other points created an equally strong impression, and, on the whole, this performance of Norma may be fairly cited as the most remarkable which Madame Fricci—a truly painstaking and conscientious artist, if there ever was one—has given since she was introduced to the English public. Nor on any previous occasion that we can call to mind were her efforts more warmly appreciated.

In Madame Lemmens-Sherrington Madame Fricci enjoyed the co-operation of a consummate musician, one who thoroughly knows her art and whose voice is well adapted to give expression to the tender and sympathetic music which Bellini has put into the mouth of the gentle and confiding Adalgisa. Madame Lemmens has never sung with more spirit and refinement than on this occasion. Her duets with Pollio and Norma—masterpieces, in their style, of operatic dialogue—and her duet with Norma, the popular "Deh conte" (Act II.), were equally successful. How that versatile and ever-ready tenor, Signor Naudin, sings the music of Pollio, most fickle and, until just at the moment when he cannot help himself, most heartless of Proconsuls, we need not say; nor is it at all requisite to dwell upon the dramatic significance with which he invests the character. A Pollio more vigorously demonstrative was never seen; and it seems cruel that so much energy should be comparatively thrown away upon such a thankless air as that in which the Proconsul confesses himself to his not over-lively friend, Flavio (Signor Rossi), of which it is difficult to say whether the preamble, "Meco all'altar di Venere," the description of the dream, or "Me protegge, me defende, un poter maggio di loro," in which the peccant Pollio sets Irminsul, the god of Adalgisa, at defiance, is the most empty and pretentious. Happily, Signor Naudin finds compensation in the two very dramatic musical dialogues with Adalgisa and Norma, in the first of which (Act I.), Pollio persuades his newly-beloved Druidess to promise to accompany him to Rome and snap her fingers at Irminsul; while in the second (Act I.), Norma unanswerably proves to him that Irminsul, backed up by a crowd of armed and furious devotees, is a little too much for Pollio.

To the part of Oroveso, chief of the Druids, Signor Capponi brings a stentorian voice, if nothing more; and the small character of Clotilda, Norma's confidant, could hardly be intrusted to better hands than those of the generally useful and always competent Idlle. Anese.

About the excellence of the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera it would be superfluous to speak. Nothing could be more admirable than their playing on Tuesday, under their justly famous chief, Mr. Costa—from the short introductory overture, parts of which one might imagine had been suggested to Bellini by Auber's overture to *Masaniello*, to the very end. The chorus, too, were effective, like in the pompous opening scene, the scene of the conference with Oroveso, and the declaration of war proclaimed by the Druids against their Roman oppressors—"Guerra, guerra!" In short, the general performance of *Norma* was quite up to the Covent Garden standard. Previous to the opera the National Anthem was sung by the chorus.

Glancing at Mr. Gye's prospectus for the season, the details of which are already pretty widely circulated, we find, besides the two new singers just mentioned, the names of three others—Mdlle. Lavroska (from the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburgh), Mdlle. Locatelli, and Signor Colini, of whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. A welcome addition to the company of last year—in the list of which we find again Mdlles. Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca, together with other recognized favourites—is Mdlle. Fioretti, whose legitimate Italian method of singing won for her such universal consideration three years since. The forty operas which constitute the repertory at the immediate disposal of the management will, of course, be drawn upon as occasion may offer; and it is only necessary to say that among those absolutely promised are M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, for Mdlle. Patti and Signor Mario; *Robert le Diable*, in which Signor Colini is to make his *début*, as Bertram; *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Mdlle. Patti as Caterina, and Signor Graziani (first time) as Peter the Great; *I Puritani*, in which Mdlle. Patti will be heard for the first time by an English audience as Elvira; *La Favorita*, *L'Africaine*, and *Les Huguenots*, in each of which Mdlle. Lucca is to be the heroine; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, with a new Don Giovanni in Signor Graziani; *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Fra Diavolo*—every one of which will be welcome. As novelties we are promised Signor Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco* (never yet heard in England) with Mdlle. Patti as Joan of Arc (fancy Mdlle. Patti in armour!); Rossini's magnificent *L'Assedio di Corinta*, for Mdlle. Patti and Signor Mario—an opera which has not been heard on the Italian stage in England since the first years of Madame (then Mdlle.) Grisi, and of which the Parisian version, a remodelling of the earlier work, which bore the title of *Maometto Secondo*, will, of course be adopted; and an Italian adaptation of Auber's ever fresh and delightful *Domino Noir* (with recitatives expressly composed by the greatest of French musicians himself), with Signor Mario as Horace and Mdlle. Lucca as Angèle. Here is surely enough, and more than enough, to make the season one of the most attractive since the Royal Italian Opera was first established.

LEGHORN.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has proved a great hit. It was exceedingly well rendered by everyone concerned, especially Sigra. De Baillou-Marinoni. The principal male part was sustained by Signor Minetti.

MILAN.—A new opera entitled *Mefistofele* has been produced at the Scala, but has not proved a success, despite the great expectations entertained of it. The composer is Signor Boito, a young man of five-and-twenty.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Twelfth Museum Concert: Duet, Op. 14), Schubert (scored by Joachim); Concerto for Violoncello, Davidoff (Herr Davidoff); Overture to *Leonore*, No. 3, Beethoven; and Songs for mixed Chorus, Gade, Hauptmann, Mendelssohn, etc.—Herr Carl Hill, who enjoys considerable reputation as a vocalist, but has hitherto divided his time between the concert-room and the Post-Office, in which latter he holds an appointment, has resolved on renouncing official life, and accepting an engagement next season at the Operahouse, Schwerin.

BARCELONA.—*Fra Diavolo* has been produced with brilliant success at the Teatro del Liceo. Sigra. Rey-Balla gave great satisfaction as Zerlina, and the same may be asserted of Sig. Stagno as the redoubtable bandit chief. On the first night, the band and chorus were not quite up to the mark, but there was a marked improvement in them at the second performance.—A young and highly talented scenic artist, Don Juan Ballester, died after a very short illness on the 19th ult. It is not long since he completed the scenery for *Dinorah* at the Teatro Principal. The effect produced by his scene at the end of the second act, created a deep impression, and, on the day he died, the audience called out as usual: "¡*Al Pintor!* ¡*Que Salga el Pintor!*" ("The Artist! The Artist!") Alas! he was already in his coffin. But this the audience did not know. They were, consequently, greatly shocked when the fact was communicated to them, and when Sigra. Vitali, Sigri. Stagno and Petit each laid a wreath upon a funereal urn, surrounded by the attributes of painting, which had meanwhile been brought upon the stage. Señor Ballester was only thirty-two.—According to report, Sr. Ottani has been accepted by the proprietors as the new lessee of the Teatro del Liceo.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Although Her Majesty's Theatre is burnt down, "Her Majesty's Opera" survives; and the same company which was to have appeared during the spring and summer in the Haymarket is engaged to perform in Catherine Street, Strand. That Drury Lane Theatre was the place of refuge to which Mr. Mapleson in his difficulty must have recourse, was stated by us very shortly after the fire. No other theatre in London would have suited him so well, inasmuch as no other theatre offers such advantages, whether the accommodation of the audience or the practicable efficiency of the representations be taken into account; and the director of Her Majesty's Theatre was fortunate in being able to come to terms with Mr. Chatterton, the Drury Lane lessee. Only a brief period has elapsed since the ordinary Drury Lane winter season came to an end; and little more than a week to prepare everything was at the disposition of the new comers. The interval, however, has been employed to excellent purpose. Scarcely a visitor entering the theatre on Saturday night would have recognized the interior of "Old Drury," so completely is it metamorphosed. We have now to all intents and purposes the brilliant "auditorium" of a *bona fide* Opera-house. The galleries excepted, which are divided into what are termed "dress circle stalls," and, we presume, seats for the first comers, the entire amphitheatre is divided into private boxes; while the pit is exclusively absorbed by reserved seats, named, after the Parisian fashion, "orchestra-stalls."

That the acoustical properties of Drury Lane Theatre are favourable to musical effect need hardly be stated; and had there existed any doubt upon the point it would have been speedily dispelled by the orchestral prelude to the rise of the curtain in *Lucrezia Borgia*, the opera selected for the occasion. That on the opening night of the season, and especially under such circumstances as rendered the present opening night exceptional, a conspicuous share in the performance should be allotted to Mdlle. Tietjens was only natural; and, perhaps, in the purely Italian repertory no work better calculated to exhibit to advantage the dramatic and vocal capabilities of that genuine artist than the universally admired "*opera seria*" of Donizetti could have been chosen. That Mdlle. Tietjens received a hearty welcome may be taken for granted. She was in fine voice, and never in our remembrance has played and sung the part of the Duchess of Ferrara more admirably. To say anything new, however, about so familiar a performance—anything, indeed, that has not been said over and over again — would tax the ingenuity of the readiest and most skilful of word-spinners. Nor, when it is recorded that the character of the Duke of Ferrara was assigned to Mr. Santley, and that of Maffeo Orsini to Madame Trebelli Bettini, is it requisite to add more than that Mr. Santley, who continually makes progress as an actor, has rarely sung more splendidly, and that Madame Trebelli's clever and animated delivery of the famous *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esser felice," brought down such applause that the dirge-like admonition to the poisoned affronters of Lucrezia:—

"La gioja de' profani
E un fumo passagier"—

which, sung behind the scenes, separates one couplet from the other, was drowned in the noise; so that by simply giving the second verse as it occurs, and when the noise had subsided, Madame Trebelli enjoyed all the honours without paying the penalty of an encore. Audiences are too prone to overlook the coming of the dirge, and many habitual frequenters of the Opera will remember that Alboni was constantly forced on this account to sing both verses of the *brindisi* twice over.

The novel incident of the evening was the first appearance since 1847 of a tenor renowned in his day, and who still shows traces of his former powers. Twenty-one years (in a large measure devoted to the "singing and hallooing" of Signor Verdi's music) have inevitably left their mark on the voice of Signor Fraschini, whose energetic performances in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, and other operas, made so lively an impression during the memorable season when Mr. Lumley had to strive with unexpected and formidable opposition at Covent Garden Theatre—the season when the "Swedish Nightingale" first captivated the ear of musical London. There is still, however, much to recommend him—and, before all, his declamation in recitative, from which many a younger singer might with benefit take a lesson (instance—"Uso a mentir non sono"—in the scene where Gennaro is questioned by Alfonso in presence of Lucrezia). The somewhat exaggerated expression which, so many years back, used to be counted among his faults was as noticeable as ever on Saturday night in his delivery of the simple melody, "Di pescatore ignobile," and of the "aside" in the celebrated trio with the Duke and Duchess, "Guai se ti sfugge un moto"—which last, however, commanded the usual encore; nor did it heighten the attraction of a very indifferent air from a modern Italian opera by one of the many imitators of Signor Verdi, interpolated at the beginning of the last act.* As an actor Signor Fraschini is now no better than he was in 1847; his gestures are just as strained and unartificial, and his stage demeanour generally as little prepossessing. Thus the scene in which Gennaro is most prominent—the scene of the death before Lucrezia—went for nothing. Nevertheless, whatever the reason—whether the simple one that an unfamiliar apparition, if of any account, invariably carries with it a certain interest, or that some undeniably good qualities, vigorously displayed, were irresistible in their effect—Signor Fraschini was received with unquestionable favour, and his first appearance in England since twenty-one years may be fairly recorded as a success.

The subordinate characters in the opera were represented by Signor Foli (strange phenomenon—a Gubetta with a voice), Mr. C. Lyall, Signors Agretti and Zoboli. The chorus, the same for the most part as last year, was excellent throughout, and the orchestra (leader, Mr. Carrodus), conducted with his well-known zeal and ability by Signor Arditi, all that could be wished. The *mise-en-scène* looked uncommonly fresh and inviting, the costumes of the "principals," as well as of the chorus, being in almost every instance new; while as much as could be possibly effected in so short a time in the way of scenery had been carefully put together by Mr. W. Boverley. The house was brilliantly attended, and among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales. A more good-humoured audience, one more evidently disposed to be pleased with everything, has rarely been assembled. At the end of the opera, in accordance with long precedent, the National Anthem was sung, Mdlle. Tietjens giving the solo verses with marked emphasis.

Mr. Mapleson's prospectus for the season has been so widely advertised and circulated that its contents are tolerably well known. His company, pretty nearly the same as that of last year, again includes Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (whose Ophelia, in M. Thomas's new opera of *Hamlet*, has been turning the heads of all Paris), Mdlle. Sinico, Signor Mongini, and others unnecessary to name. Mr. Mapleson will, of course, draw as largely as possible upon the repertory already familiar to his company—for every opera in which, it need scarcely be added, new music, scenery, and costumes will have to be provided; but he promises, further, *La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini), with Mdlle. Kellogg as Ninetta, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Pippo, and Mr. Santley as Fernando; *La Fille du Reggimento* (Donizetti), with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as the Vivandière; *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* (Mozart), with Mdlles. Tietjens, Kellogg, and Nillson in each; the *Huguenots* (Meyerbeer), with Mdlle. Kellogg as the Queen; a most interesting revival in Auber's *Gustave III.*, which has not been given for eighteen years: and last, not least, Herr Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin (the Knight of the Swan)*, a substitution for the promised *Tannhäuser*, by the same eccentric composer, of which his own disciples—himself even—would not think of complaining. If all these are brought out—and sufficient proofs have been afforded of the vigorous activity of Mr. Mapleson's management—the operatic public will have no reason to be dissatisfied with the first season of "Her Majesty's Opera" since the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre.

EISENBACH.—On the 21st March a very interesting ceremony took place to commemorate the affixing of a tablet to the house in which J. S. Bach first saw the light. The tablet, which is very simple, bears the following inscription: "Johann Sebastian Bach was born in this house on the 21st March, 1688." The church choir of the town sang a chorale by the great composer, and the motet, "Lob und Ehre," under the direction of Herr Thüreau, the musical director; and the Rev. Herr Stier made an appropriate speech. The funds for the tablet were raised by the inhabitants, thanks to the exertions of Herr Bitter, J. S. Bach's biographer.

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* *L'Ebrea* of Signor Apolloni.

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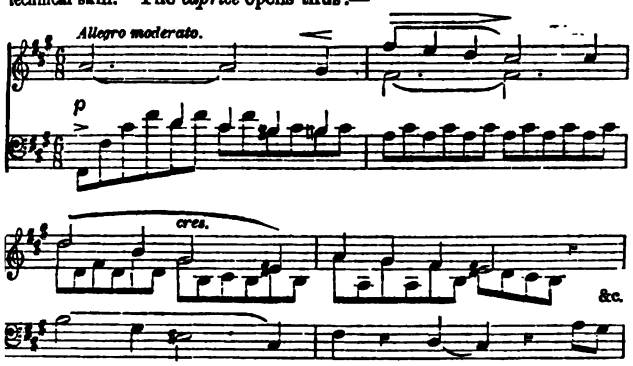
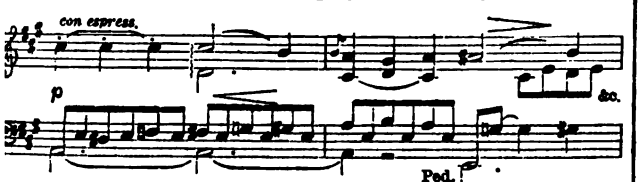
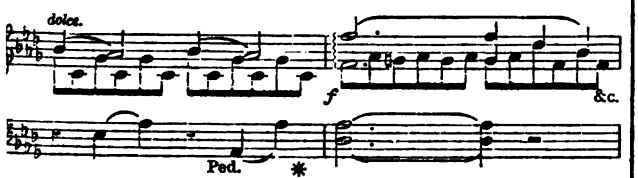
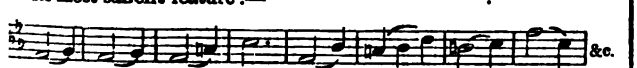
REVIEWS.

The Pianist's Library. A collection of pianoforte works from the best masters, classical and modern. Edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS. No. 11. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THE present number of this excellent collection of sterling pianoforte works contains a *caprice* by the editor, which fairly deserves a place in any "pianist's library." That Mr. Richards can write serious music for the popular instrument as successfully as he can the lighter effusions which come from his pen with such happy facility, has long been known. The piece before us supplies an additional illustration of this power. It is throughout piquant, graceful, and refined in no ordinary degree, evincing abundant fancy, judiciously held in check by adequate technical skill. The *caprice* opens thus:—

The second subject is in pleasant keeping with the foregoing:—

After a consistent working out of these themes, we come upon an episode in D flat major, the graceful opening of which deserves to be indicated:—

the close of the episode an enharmonic change brings back the ginal key and subject. We are inclined to rank this composition ong Mr. Richards's best efforts.

legro Vivace alla Polacca. For the Pianoforte. Composed by CHARLES FOWLER. [London: D. Davison & Co.]

CHEERFUL and well-written movement in E flat major, by no means ficult to play, yet worth playing. Here is a *cantabile* theme, which ms its most salient feature:—

e cheery are the Mariners. Song. Written by PARK BENJAMIN. The usic composed by HENRY KILLICK MORLEY. [London: D. Davison & Co.]

ERY song that has the sea or sailors for a subject must of necessity full of dash and vigour, or the public idea of fitness is offended. We not grumble at this, though we have a strong opinion that the idea esaid is scarcely founded upon fact. Our slight experience of the an tends to prove that going down to it in ships is not the jolliest of spending one's time; and we have hitherto failed to observe t mariners are specially "cheery," except when squandering money shore. However, fashion hath decreed on the matter, and hence accept this song, among other things, as perfectly legitimate. Mr. rley's melody is vigorous and effective, adequately bringing out the se of some capital words.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. No. 6. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE number of this serial for the present month contains the usual quantity and kind of matter. First, is an impromptu by Lefébure-Wely, scarcely adapted to be popular, but which, nevertheless, is likely to have many admirers, especially among those who entertain a preference for the French composer's mannerism. The second pianoforte piece is a serenade by Henry W. Goodban, the theme of which is monotonous in its rhythm, but otherwise pleasant enough. The episode in the subdominant key (C) will be found agreeable, and, no less, the decorations appended to the original subject upon its recurrence. Mr. Goodban's piece is not difficult, and, on that account, will be additionally acceptable to many. The first song is a setting by Virginia Gabriel of some words by Christina Rosseti entitled "Echoes." In some respects Miss Gabriel has been as successful as is her wont—the modulation into the tonic major at the close of each verse may be cited for an example—but we cannot help thinking that she has striven after expression, and in doing so lost sight of beauty. At any rate we can see in her song very little of that refined charm which the passionate and beautiful words invite. It seems to have been sacrificed in an attempt to write with a meaning. A diminished seventh is a "desolate" interval we admit, but it is by no means essential to the words, "Come back in tears," and certainly is not pleasant to sing. The second song is a *stornello* by Alberto Randegger, the English words (a translation from Francesco dalla' Ongaro) by Campbell Clarke. This is beyond question one of the very best compositions that has yet appeared in the serial. It is full of charming melody delicately and unobtrusively accompanied. Moreover, it gives evidence on every page of the hand of a true musician. If only for the sake of this song, we can heartily recommend the April number of *Hanover Square.*

—o—

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*Communicated.*)

The Meeting of the Three Choirs will be held in this city in the week beginning Sept. 7th. A few years ago, when half-a-dozen gentlemen were with difficulty obtained to incur the certain money loss and to undertake the large amount of work attached to the office of stewards, one festival was scarcely over before arrangements for the next were of necessity begun. Now, a far different system of things prevails in both senses. Mr. J. H. Brown, the indefatigable hon. secretary, has already received acceptances of the office from no fewer than ninety noblemen and gentlemen connected with the county; this number exceeds the total number ever obtained before—and we may expect it to be increased to a hundred. At the Hereford Festival last summer the collections amounted to over £1,400: the stewards, in noble rivalry, will leave no effort unmade to exceed even that. One or two preliminary meetings of the standing committee have lately been held. As a first step the Rev. Canon Murray Browne was asked to apply to the Dean for the use of the Cathedral at the festival and of the library for the future meetings of the stewards. The request was made, and to it the Dean returned a gracious assent. Dr. Wesley has been appointed conductor; and he is now preparing a programme of oratorios and a list of principal singers to be submitted to the stewards for consideration and approval at their next meeting on the 17th of April. Following a plan successfully adopted at Worcester and Hereford, at the festival here in 1865, the orchestra was erected against the great west window. But at Gloucester the change was no improvement. It gave no important musical advantages, the obtaining of a special organ was costly, and its appearance when erected was unsightly. This year, therefore, the plan infringed upon on that occasion for the first and only time since the festivals have been held in the nave will be again reverted to: the orchestra will be placed against the organ-screen as of old. The choir will not be opened during the festival save for the purpose of ordinary daily service. Another alteration to be made is that all the seats in the aisles will be numbered, and the prices of the tickets for those seats will be increased from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings. There will, of course, be cheap seats in the transepts.

SEVILLE.—Sigr. Stagno is to sing here at Easter.

VALENCIA.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been brought out at the Teatro Principal for the purpose of introducing Sig. Bremond as the Duke. Sigra. Lanzi, was the Lucrezia, and Sig. Carpi, the Gennaro.

MADRID.—Donizetti's *Favorita* was produced at the Teatro Real for the benefit of Signor Naudin, who sustained the part of Fernando, and sang, also, with Sig. Tamberlick the romance and duet from Mercadante's *Bravo.* Both singers were vociferously applauded and repeatedly recalled.—Sig. Bottesini has appeared for the third and last time. He has left a most favourable impression behind him in the *Coronada Villa,* as the Madrilinese term their capital.

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Shaber Silver across the Opera.

SIR,—The musical world was troubled, some weeks ago, with rumours of an astonishing kind as to what was to be done this season in the matter of Italian opera. Mr. Gye's interest in Covent Garden Theatre was to be ceded to a company, and Mr. Gye was to be replaced as manager of the Royal Italian Opera—which was somehow to be constituted the sole operatic establishment, "one and indivisable," in London—by Mr. Mapleson. Mr. Augustus Harris, according to one announcement, was to be "provided for at St. Petersburgh;" and similar consideration would, no doubt, have been shown in selecting a place of exile, either for Mr. Costa, the orchestral chief of the outgoing, or for Signor Arditi, the orchestral chief of the incoming manager. The two companies were to have formed one united happy family; and Mdlle. Patti, Mdlle. Nilsson, Mdlle. Lucca, Mdlle. Kellogg, and Mdlle. Tietjens would, it was hoped, live harmoniously together, at least for one season, and share the soprano music among them. But Adelina Patti, the singer of the South, and Christine Nilsson, the singer of the North, like the palm tree and the pine of Heine's poem, are not to meet, and must still salute one another's perfections from a distance. It is fortunate for both; and the numerous other vocalists of high talent who are under engagements either to Mr. Mapleson or to Mr. Gye may be congratulated all round on not being restricted to one common arena. It would be strange indeed if London could not support two operas for four months in the year, when Paris, with a population only half as numerous, supports four, at each of which the season lasts much longer than it does with us. Mr. Gye, in his recently issued prospectus, maintains that the dearth of first-rate singers renders it desirable that only one great musical theatre should exist in London. Yet it is certain that each of the five *prima donnas* above named has a large class of admirers, and that Mdlle. Nilsson is now drawing crowds to the Académie in spite of a heavy opera, just as Mdlle. Patti filled the Théâtre Italien last season in spite of the general incompleteness of the company. Vocalists so attractive need separate spheres for the full exercise of their power.

Neither Mdlle. Patti nor Mdlle. Nilsson has yet arrived, but there is already an abundance of vocal talent in London, and before the end of the week more than half the great singers in Europe will be here and in possession of what were once called our two great nationa, theatres. The head-quarters and entire establishment of Mr. Maplesonl driven from Her Majesty's Theatre by fire, are now at Drury Lane, which is for the present to be known as Her Majesty's Opera. The house has been re-decorated and re-embellished in a lavish manner, and presents a very brilliant appearance. A number of new private boxes have been constructed; the pit has been abolished, or rather has been converted entirely into stalls; an amphitheatre has been arranged somewhere upstairs; in fact, everything has been done to make everyone comfortable and to make the whole theatre highly ornamental. Whitened, gilded, hung with amber curtains (Mr. Lumley's famous old amber curtains, miraculously saved from the fire); the whole physiognomy of "Old Drury" is changed. It had long been known as the dingiest and dirtiest theatre in London, and it is now the brightest and cleanest.

The representation of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with which Her Majesty's Opera commenced operations on Saturday, calls for no particular notice. The cast, except as regards the part of Gennaro, was the same with which the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre are already familiar—Mdlle. Tietjens appearing as Lucrezia, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini as Maffeo-Orsini, Mr. Santley as the Duke. The orchestra is the same orchestra, the chorus the same chorus, the conductor (Signor Arditi) the same conductor. "Il n'y a qu'un ténor de plus." That tenor, however, is Signor Fraschini, who, to judge by his Parisian reputation, ought to be the first tenor of the day, or at least second only to Signor Mario, still the first of all first tenors. Signor Fraschini would be a better singer if he had a better voice; and I do not believe that Signor Fraschini, under any circumstances, would endeavour to astonish an audience by emitting, in and out of season, high C's from the chest. That *pons asinorum* of young and vigorous tenors is impossible to Signor Fraschini. In the days of Jenny Lind, when operatic feeling ran high and the partizans of the Royal Italian Opera and those of Her Majesty's Theatre attacked one another with more than political violence, a tenor came out at the latter establishment who was said by friends to possess a voice that was young and fresh if somewhat uncultivated, by his enemies a voice that was old and worn, and which had long lost whatever beauty might originally have belonged to it. Signor Fraschini's present style of singing is sufficient proof that his friends and enemies of the year 1847 were determined to say something. He must have been younger then than he is now, or he would by this time have lost vigour and elasticity.

Signor Fraschini was one of the first to cultivate the declamatory style brought into fashion by the music of Verdi. The English public did not know what to make of it. Some said that he could no longer sing, others that he had not yet begun. Fraschini not only liked Verdi, but he had no objection to Meyerbeer; and in the part of Robert he proved that he possessed strong lungs and a sonorous voice. It was startling, too, to hear Signor Fraschini shout the imprecation addressed by Edgardo to Lucia in Donizetti's *finale*. But times have changed, and Signor Fraschini has changed; and what we now admire in him is not physical power, but intelligence. His appearance is against him. His demeanour is tolerable; but his costume is unsightly, and his "get-up" grotesque.

As to Mr. Mapleson's future arrangements, full information is given in his prospectus. Instead of the long-promised *Tannhäuser*, we are to expect Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin*. It is time that some work by the "Musician of the Future" were brought out. I doubt the success of the experiment; but it will be interesting to see it made, and noble on the part of an unsubsidized manager to make it. The cast of *Lohengrin* is all that can be desired. An Italian version of Auber's *Gustave III.* is the second novelty mentioned. It is too bad that one or other operatic manager does not produce this work, if only to give the public an opportunity of comparing it with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, founded on the same subject. In consequence of the immense success of Mdlle. Nilsson as Ophelia, in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, some idea, I believe, was entertained of bringing out that opera. I trust the idea has been abandoned. No one who has heard *Mignon* can wish to hear any other serious work by the same composer. But the scene of Ophelia's death—the scene which has made the success of the piece—is said to be beautiful, in a picturesque and dramatic, as well as musical point of view. This scene might, and perhaps will, be given by itself, of course with Mdlle. Nilsson in her original part. Mdlle. Nilsson, in spite of the efforts which have been made to induce her to remain in Paris, will come to London at the beginning of May. Signor Mongini, too, has to arrive; and with Mdlles Nilsson, Kellogg, and Tietjens for sopranos, MM. Mongini and Fraschini for tenors, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini for contralto, and MM. Santley, Gassier, and Foli for baritones and basses, Mr. Mapleson will have a very admirable company.

Shaber Silver.

FETIS ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

SIR,—Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was played for the first time in France at Pasdeloup's Popular Concert on Sunday week. While listening to it, in the midst of the excited and enchanted audience, it was curious to remember, and indeed difficult to believe, that one was in the same country where, in 1842, a musical editor wrote such lines as the subjoined on the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"The first impression made by Monsieur Mendelssohn's overture is not advantageous. I do not speak of *the incorrectness in harmony, and the contempt for the art of composing, which are manifested in this work.* Monsieur Mendelssohn is of a school which is not very severe on these points."

We need not believe that this heathenish criticism of M. Fétis was the echo of the general opinion; but that his words were published and read is a sufficient condemnation of those dark ages. It was long, as is well known, before the great composer was really applauded, and not until nineteen years later that the whole of his *Midsummer Night's Dream* was played at the Conservatoire, and that Mendelssohn won an entire and glorious revenge. Fortunately, we are now far from the opinion of M. Fétis. Time has marched on, Mendelssohn has risen and triumphed, and shines out here, as elsewhere, in all the splendour of his genius. His "Reformation Symphony," perhaps his *chef d'œuvre*, in which he attains the greatness, majesty, and power of Beethoven, was a revelation. The grand dramatic introduction, the marvellous *scherzo*, which was enthusiastically encored, the *andante* ending in the Lutheran chorale, and awaking all thoughts of goodness and purity, were rapturously received, and the event has formed an era.—Your old correspondent,

GROKER ROORES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

TO HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.

SIR,—There is no accounting for tastes. The latest novelty in photographic cartes is a group of "Miss Ada Menken and Swinburne the poet," which may be described as "after Dumas." As it appears in the shop windows it looks very real; but as there is a trick of photography which enables the artist to place the same person in two different positions and costumes in the same picture, I am not prepared to say that the poet and the actress posed for the carte of which I speak. I hope not; but if it should be proved that it is not a genuine

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representation after all, what a libel has been committed! Whether the poet or the actress has most reason in such a case to complain, I shall not presume to say. The conception is not a pleasant one, and it has not even the merit of originality. It is a poor adaptation of a French scandal, and as such nothing can be worse. A lower deep could not be found.—Yours truly, THOMAS KNOX DOWNE.

ENCORES.

SIR,—Singers will cease to be "too ready to repeat their performance" when reporters and musical critics cease to avoid favourable mention of vocalists, unless their songs *are* encored. Every one must observe that notices of concerts now consist merely of a recapitulation of those singers who have repeated their songs, others being treated as unsuccessful. For this reason very many who would be little content to rank among the "second and third rate singers" betray an equal readiness to respond to "encores"; and, in fact, it would seem that "the great tenor" is the exception which proves the rule. It is, therefore, to the reporters and critics that we must look for the abolition of a custom which is becoming a perfect barrier to the enjoyment of the concert-going public.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

"HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The *Choir* of the 7th ultimo having given some very contradictory statements respecting *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and the Selection of Hymns by an Incumbent, I addressed the editor of that paper on the subject. As he has not inserted my letter, I send it to your journal, hoping you will favour me by its insertion—I remain, yours respectfully, TRUTH.

"To the Editor of 'The Choir.'

"SIR,—In your last number of the *Choir*, you say you 'cordially approve' of an incumbent selecting *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for his church, and yet in the same article you speak of the danger of a minister choosing hymns for the use of his congregation 'lest he may give them collections full of pious sillyisms or the still more objectionable versifications derived alike from the Roman Oratorian or the fanatical Revivalist.' I can scarcely suppose you would so express yourself if you knew the derivation of a large portion of those first-named hymns. In *Strictures on Hymns Ancient and Modern* (published by Walbrook, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden), you will find that about *one hundred and twenty* of them are from Romish sources, and are now used by Romanists for their complines, lauds, octaves, 'presentation of Christ at first vespers, written for the occasion of the reception of a portion of the Holy Cross sent to St. Rudigund at Poictiers,' &c., &c. Among those hymns are prayers for the dead, prayers to saints, and many other objectionable fallacies.

"As your laudatory remarks on the hymns in question might lead many persons astray (especially after your appearing to have a dread of Romish tendencies), your insertion of this letter in your next number will oblige one who loves consistency and most particularly in the Church.—Your obedient servant,

"*March 10th*, 1868. "TRUTH."

LEIPSIC.—Herr F. L. Schubert, the well-known composer and arranger, died on the 17th March.—Gewandhaus Concert for the Benefit of the Poor: Overture to *Otto der Schütz* (unpublished, first time), Rudorff; Air from *Faust*, Spohr (Mdlle. Seehofer); Violin-Concerto (new, unpublished, Herr W. Besckirsky), W. Besckirsky; Air from *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn (Herr Hasselbeck); Solo-Pieces for Pianoforte (Herr von Inten); Songs, Schubert (Mdlle. Seehofer); and Suite, No. 2, Esser.—Fourth Evening for Chamber Music (compositions by Beethoven): Sonata for Pianoforte, E minor, Op. 90; Quartet for Stringed Instruments, A minor, Op. 132; Variations, on a theme by Handel, for Pianoforte and Violoncello; and Septet, Op. 20.

WURZBURG.—*L'Africaine* has been produced and achieved a triumphant success.

SINGAPORE.—An Italian operatic company lately gave two very successful concerts on their way to Manilla, where they are engaged for the ensuing season.

VENICE.—Sigra. Mongini-Stecchi, and Sig. Carrion, have been favourably received at the Fenice, as Amina and Elvino respectively in *La Sonnambula*. *L'Africaine* will be performed on the occasion of the *fêtes* given to celebrate the marriage of Prince Hubert, the principal parts being sustained by Sigra. Lotti, Sigri. Carrion and Merly. According to report, it will be followed by Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*, which will be got up on purpose.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

This Society held its One hundred-and-thirtieth Anniversary Festival at the Freemasons' Hall, under the presidency of Alderman Salomans, M.P., on Thursday evening. The chairman was supported by Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., one of the trustees; Sir Henry Thompson; Sir. C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart.; Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Whalley, M.P., &c. After grace, dinner; and after dinner, "Non nobis Domine," in due form, was sung as admirably as ever, by an efficient choir under the direction of Mr. James Coward, who also undertook the direction of the concerted music, the solos being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. C. E. Stephens. The usual loyal toasts succeeded in the accustomed order, that of "Her Majesty" being followed by "God save the Queen," solos by Mdlle. Carola and Madame Patey-Whytock. Then came Horsley's glee, "Marked you her eye," sung by Messrs. Dawson, Mason, Chaplin Henry, and Barnby; and "I will extol thee," from Costa's *Eli*, sung with great spirit by Mdlle. Carola, accompanied on the pianoforte by Signor Li Calsi, of the Royal Italian Opera. This performance elicited loud applause. In proposing the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain"—the Chairman made some significant remarks relative to the position and support that music and musical societies received from the Government. The toast was acknowledged by Sir Thomas Gladstone, who urged on the Chairman, as a member of the Legislature, the claims that music had on the country, as a branch of the Fine Arts—which the Chairman promised "faithfully" to bear in mind at the proper period, when they should have his own hearty support, and that of as many friends as he could muster.

James Elliott's glee, "The Bee," was the next piece; and then we had Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," sung with unaffected expression by Madame Patey-Whytock, and loudly applauded. The toast of the "Patrons of the Society" being drunk, Signor Tito Mattei played his brilliant "Fantasia on airs from *Norma*," which evoked such unanimous applause that the player was compelled to return to the pianoforte and play again. This time he selected his "Grande Valse," which was equally successful. Sir Henry Thompson now, in eloquent language, proposed the "President of the day," which being drunk with all the honours, Mr. Wilford Morgan sang his own ballad, "My Sweetheart when a Boy," which being loudly applauded, Mr. Morgan came forward to acknowledge the compliment. Mr. G. F. Anderson, Honorary Treasurer, then read the list of donations and subscriptions received during the evening, &c, which realized over three hundred pounds, including 50 guineas (making over £3000 received at several periods) from the honoured house of Broadwood & Co., 10 guineas from Messrs. Ashdown & Parry (fifth donation), 10 guineas from Messrs. Kirkman & Son, 5 guineas from Mr. Lamborn Cock, 5 guineas from Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, 10 guineas from Messrs. Novello & Co., 5 guineas from Mr. Costa (eleventh donation), 5 guineas from Mr. Jules Benedict (eighteenth donation), 5 guineas from Messrs. Duff & Stewart, 3 guineas from Signor Tito Mattei, 2 guineas from Mr. S. Brewer, &c. Mr. Anderson's labour accomplished, Miss Rosamunda Doria sang one of Gordigiani's Tuscan "Popular Melodies," delighting the company by the genial vivacity she threw into it. After the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," Mr. Edward Howell performed, on the violoncello, Kummer's "Fantasia on Scotch Airs," his tone and execution being the theme of general admiration. "The health of the Chaplain and Honorary Officers of the Society" having been proposed, drunk, and responded to, that of "The Ladies" was given, appropriately coupled with Bishop's "Sleep, Gentle Lady," sung to perfection by the gentlemen already named, joined by others. This worthily closed the musical performance. Amongst the professional members and friends of the Royal Society present, we noticed Professor Bennett, Messrs. Charles Coote, Robert K. Bowley, J. B. Chatterton, Ferrari, F. Kinkee, Lazarus, H. R. Eyre, Aguilar, J. H. Maycock, Chalmers Masters, L. Cock, Frank Romer, Hutchings, F. B. Jewson, J. Westrop, Wallworth, G. Hammond, C. E. Stephens, Kirkman, junior (who provided the grand pianoforte used on the occasion), J. Barnby, H. Littleton, &c. The gentlemen then joined the ladies, to partake of coffee and refreshment, and the company separated after a most cheerful and enjoyable evening. B. B.

NAPLES.—*Poliuto* has been produced at the S. Carlo, with Sigra Palmieri, Sigri. Sirchia and Pandolfini.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIND BETTER THAN BEST.—Here is what our correspondent has been anxiously looking for, *in extenso*:—"Testimonial to Mr. W. T. Best.—It is proposed to present Mr. W. T. Best with a practical mark of the appreciation in which he is held as an eminent member of the musical profession: one who, by a life's study, has earned for himself a reputation which inseparably connects his name with the grand instrument to which he has devoted all his energies. Mr. Best has held the appointment of Organist at St. Georges's Hall, Liverpool, for more than twelve years, during which time his performances on the celebrated instrument at which he presides have been familiarized to thousands, —including not only residents of the town, but strangers from all parts of the world. To have so long and successfully maintained the public interest in performances upon a single instrument, unaided by the usual accessories of ordinary concerts, is no slight proof of Mr. Best's extraordinary talent as an executant; whilst his numerous compositions and arrangements for the organ indisputably bear witness to his musician-like abilities and remarkable skill. It being felt that many who have listened to the organ concerts will be only too glad of the opportunity of acknowledging the pleasure Mr. Best has afforded them, the testimonial will not be confined, as was originally intended, to his more immediate friends; but in order to give the musical public an opportunity of contributing to the fund, the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, and will be happy to receive subscriptions in behalf of this object:—Mr. W. C. Ashlin, 23, Kenyon Terrace, Birkenhead; Mr. Joseph Beausire, The Temple, Dale Street; Mr. James Gardner, 19, Fenwick Street; Mr. Henry Hime, 77A, Canning Street; Mr. H. E. Hime, Church Street; Mr. Richard Hooton, Exchange Alley; Mr. Henry Lovatt, Brown's Buildings; Mr. George Percival, 18, New Quay, W.; Mr. W. Roscoe Pemberton, 22, Fenwick Street; Mr. Charles W. Smith, 76, Lord Street; Mr. Henry Tate, 101, Dale Street; Mr. Jonathan Whitehead, 37, Exchange Alley; Mr. W. H. Wordley, 15, Sweeting Street; Mr. J. Bolingbroke Cooper (honorary secretary)."

A MANIAC FOR SCHUBERT.—We can happily satisfy our maniacal correspondent. The note issued was as supposed:—"Dear Sir,—You will be interested and glad to hear that the Crystal Palace Company have become possessed, amongst other works of Schubert, of two of his symphonies, viz., No. 4 in C minor, entitled by the author "Tragische Sinfonie" (1816), and No. 6 in C major (1818). These works have never, to our belief, been performed entire either in Germany or elsewhere. Through the kindness of Dr. Schneider, of Vienna—the possessor of the autograph manuscripts of five out of Schubert's nine symphonies—the Crystal Palace Company have been allowed to take a copy of the scores of the two just named, and it is intended to perform the former of the two on Saturday next, the 29th inst. We propose to have a rehearsal by the ordinary band at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 28th, and by the enlarged Saturday band at twelve on Saturday, prior to the concert at three, and it will give us much gratification if you can arrange to be present on one or each of these occasions.—Yours faithfully, G. GROVE, A. MANNS."

NOTICES of the second Philharmonic Concert, Mr. Henry Leslie's eighth concert, and other places of interest, are unavoidably postponed till next week.

DR. WHYTE COAL.—Wrong again. It was Méhul, not Boieldieu, who composed *L'Irato*.

MR. HORACE MAYHEW.—"Carnificium exercent" (Nicholas Damascen).

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

AT last we have had a novelty at the Royal Operahouse. I refer to *Die Fabier*, a five-act opera by Herr A. Langert, already favourably known by his first essay in operatic composition, *Des Sängers Fluch*. The libretto of *Die Fabier* (*The Fabii*) is founded upon G. Freitag's tragedy of the same name, and is from the pen of Herr G. von Meyer. The following is an outline of the plot.

The proud and haughty patrician family of the Fabii are informed by Marcus, son of the Consul Fabius, that the Veiientes have devastated and pillaged their lands, and that the Senate, as well as the peaceful and aged Consul himself, have determined to declare war against the aggressors. The Fabii are burning to avenge the injury done them, but Marcus goes on to say that Sicanius, the Tribune of the People, has forbidden the war. This inflames the patrician Fabii against the representative of the plebeians, whom they so much despise. The Tribune now approaches surrounded by a large number of the People. He is received with biting sacasm, but answers in a way which is deeply insulting to patrician pride. His retorts raise the indignation of the Fabii, who rush forward with the intention of killing him, but are prevented, by the arival of the Consul, from carrying out their purpose. Sicanius waits till the Consul has taken his departure, and then, addressing the Fabii and their adherents, says that he will deliver them up, as the tyrants of Rome, to be the prey of the vultures and the ravens; that he will employ the People's whip till he has driven them, howling, out of the gates of the city. This is more than they can bear, and they take an oath to murder their reviler. They cast lots who shall strike the blow. The lot falls upon Sextus, but he fails to effect his murderous design, and seeks safety in flight. Marcus, the son of the Consul, on hearing that the Tribune has recognized Sextus, rushes into the bedchamber of the former and despatches him. But something which proves who was the murderer has remained in the victim's hand, for the Tribune has torn from Sextus the wolf's head, which all the Fabii wear as a badge upon their breast. This is found by Icilius, a friend of the murdered man. Icilius has grown up from childhood with Fabia, the Consul's daughter, and is deeply in love with her. Mindful, however, of the gulf between him, a plebeian, and the daughter of the haughty patrician race, he has never divulged his passion. But Fabia, grateful for his having rescued her from the hands of the Veiientes, confesses that she has always loved him. Forgetting the difference of their respective stations, he opens his heart to her, and they swear eternal constancy. He now discovers the murder committed by the brother of her he loves. He hastens to the Consul, whom he informs that Sicanius has been murdered, and adds that he knows the murderers. He begs the Consul to grant the People the same rights as the patricians, assuring him that, if he does so, all will yet be well. Fabius haughtily repels him, though certain hints dropt by Icilius, as well as his own presentiment, tell him that the murderers belong to his own race. Fabia now appears and reveals her love for Icilius. The Consul spurns her from him with contempt. He will not acknowledge as his daughter the future wife of a plebeian. Icilius has it in his power to be avenged for this affront; he needs but pronounce one word, and all Rome will rise against the Fabii. But he is too noble-minded to pursue such a course. Delivering up to Fabius the wolf's head, which proves who was the murderer, he swears to keep the secret. Fabius, however, resolves to show the

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People that he is just. He says that the assassin shall not escape, but shall pay the penalty of his crime—blood for blood, life for life—aye, even were it his own son. The Fabii are summoned to meet in the Campus Martius. "To whom belongs the badge held in the hand of the murdered man?" Sextus steps forward. The Consul breathes more freely. The assassin is not his son! But his joy is of short duration. Marcus cannot allow another to be sacrificed for him. Despite all the entreaties of his friends and comrades, who conjure him to remember that he is destined to be one day the head of their race, he advances boldly and declares that he is the murderer. His father struggles to subdue his emotion, and orders the Lictor to decapitate the criminal. Marcus bows his head undauntedly to the axe. But the Lictor cannot execute the order. He has carried Marcus, as a child, in his arms; he has loved him, fondled him! His eyes fill with tears, and the axe falls from his grasp. Hereupon, the Consul snatches up the weapon, and prepares to carry out the sentence himself. This excites the indignation of the Fabii, who renounce their allegiance to the Consul, and elect Fabius to be their chief. Meanwhile, the storm bursts forth in Rome. It is in vain that Fabia begs the adherents of her family to remain quiet; they haughtily determine to assert with the sword the pre-eminence of the patrician order. Icilius, on whom the People have conferred the post formerly held by the deceased Sicanius, appears, and, in the name of the People, banishes the Fabii from Rome. He is deeply moved by the bitter entreaties of Fabia, to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who intercedes for her father. But he is obliged to perform his duty; he dare not listen to her. The Fabii now resolve to resist the People sword in hand, but the new Tribune represents to them that the enemy, who are then advancing against Rome, will profit by their intestine strife, and, probably, succeed in destroying the Republic. The aged Consul comes forward, and declares that peace shall reign in Rome, for that he and his banished son, together with those of their own race, will alone carry on the war against the Veiientes. The annihilation of the little host is a certainty, and the People are lost in admiration of their heroic courage. In the last act, we find Fabia entreating her lover to conduct the Roman army to the field of battle, and save her father, her brother, and their followers. Icilius, moved by her prayers, leads the Romans against Veii, and overcomes the foe—but the Fabii are destroyed. The Consul, mortally wounded, gives his consent to the marriage of his daughter with Icilius, whom, "as a hero and a victor," she may now love, and then dies.

Such is an outline of the plot, which affords scope for a great many highly interesting situations, well carried out by the librettist, though for myself I think it would have been far preferable to have laid the scene somewhere else, and adopted some other period for the action: Roman antiquity *pur et simple*—or, if you come to that, Grecian antiquity also—is apt to be rather "caviare to the general." Classic furniture and classic stories were all very well in the time of the first French Republic, but more modern subjects are liked better now.

The music is not of the highest order, but it is fresh and passably original, warranting the belief that Herr Langert will, at some future day, make his mark. One thing is certain, Herr Langert has studied, what so few German composers do study, namely the stage, and to this fact I attribute no small portion of the success he has achieved. His music is emphatically *dramatic* music, and deserves to be taken as a model by the great mass of German musicians at the present day, who will not understand that music admirably adapted for the concert-room or the chamber is not necessarily the music best fitted to be sung behind the footlights. A thorough German in musical sentiment, in his instinctive feeling of what will suit the stage, Herr Langert, like his great compatriot, Meyerbeer, more resembles the French composers. Among the most successful numbers may be mentioned the Consul's song in the first act; the duet between Fabia and Icilius, and the grand chorus, in the second; the trio for Fabia, Icilius, and Fabius, in the third; the introductory chorus, and that of the Fabii and the People, in the fourth; the duet between Fabia and Icilius, and the duet between the Consul and Marcus, in the fifth.

The cast was as follows: Fabia, Mdlle. Grün; Marcus, Herr Betz; Icilius, Herr Woworsky; the Consul, Herr Fricke; Sextus, Herr Krüger, and Sicanius, Herr Saloman. All these artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the composer is much indebted to them. Mdlle. Horina, too, as Quintus Fabius, a boy of fifteen, and the Consul's youngest son, fully contributed her quota to the general success. The costumes and scenery were exceedingly fine, and the *mise-en-scène* everything that could be desired. On the first night, there were no end of calls both for the composer and the singers. No one appeared to trouble himself, however, about Herr von Meyer, who had written a libretto far above the average merit of such productions. But this is the way of the operatic world. If an opera fails, the poor librettist generally has the blame of the failure: "Who could compose music to such a book! Utterly impossible!"—"How the deuce, old fellow, can the singers do anything with words like those! As for getting any effect out of them, they might as well expect integrity in a railway-board of the old pattern!" If, on the other hand, the opera proves a hit, all the credit goes to the composer. This, however, is not the case in France, I must own, because French dramatic authors have pertinaciously refused to allow themselves to be treated like—well, like dramatic authors, in England at least—and, since the time of Beaumarchais, have absolutely insisted on being fairly remunerated, and, what is more, have carried their point.

Mdlle. Lucca has returned—in fact, she has now been returned for some weeks—from her two months' engagement in St. Petersburgh, where she created a profound sensation. And a good thing it was for the Royal Operahouse that she did return, for the season was beginning to get *tant soit peu* dull without her, seeing that Herr Niemann was on leave of absence, Herr Wachtel not well, and Mdlle. Artôt, who has been since playing with great success in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, Gounod's *Faust*, and Verdi's *Trovatore*, had not arrived. The character selected by Mdlle. Lucca for her re-appearance was that of Mrs. Ford ("Frau Fluth"), in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*. The house was crammed, and the audience were profuse in their manifestations of delight at once more beholding their old favourite, safe and sound, and with her splendid voice uninjured by the rigours of a Russian winter. Mdlle. Lucca has since sung in *Faust*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Don Juan*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. What a pity that she will soon be flitting away again, to go and enchant Mr. Gye's patrons!

Herr Wachtel has left, and is not to return till the 1st of December next. He took his leave as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. Need I inform you that he sang in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* a short time before he departed? What he would do without that postillion's jacket and large boots, I really do not know. There is one consolation left me: I am not obliged to go and hear him every time he takes it into his head to play the part. He is now in Hamburgh, charming the inhabitants of that Hanseatic city. What I long ago predicted, as you may see, by turning over the back numbers of the *Musical World*, has come to pass. Herr Wachtel and Herr Niemann do not hit it off very well together; their artistic interests—and, dare I add, their personal vanity—render the Operahouse, large as it is, too small to hold both of them simultaneously, for you must remember that not only do they

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play the same line of business, but actually alternate the same part in several operas, such as *La Muette*, *Le Prophète*, *Fra Diavolo*, *L'Africaine*, etc. Thus, on one night, Herr Wachtel represents Masaniello, while on the next it is Herr Niemann who appears under the garb of that impetuous and patriotic fisherman. Of course, each gentleman has his admirers, who think everything he does charming, and everything his rival does horrible—a state of things which strikes me as possessing some mysterious, but logically inexplicable, analogy with that described by Mrs. Bouncer in Maddison Morton's celebrated farce, when she says: "What's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox is the foot of the bed for Mr. Box, and what's the head of the bed for Mr. Box is the foot of the bed for Mr. Cox." Matters attained such a pitch, I have been told, though I cannot vouch for the fact, that both the rivals were on the point of throwing up their engagements. What, however, I *can* vouch for is: that an arrangement has been arrived at which will, at any rate, save Herr Wachtel from the misery of seeing the theatre full when Herr Niemann sings, and *vice versa* Herr Niemann will begin and end the season, while Herr Wachtel "will be active," as we say in German, from December 1st to March 15th.

Great efforts were made by the management to give Prince Napoleon a favourable idea of the Royal Operahouse and its resources. The best operas were produced in quick succession during his stay, and Taglioni's celebrated ballet, *Sardanapal*, celebrated for the richness of its costumes and the magnificence of its scenery, added by "express desire"—or, to adopt the expression in use here: "auf allerhöchsten Befehl," and a very nice expression it is, not at all redolent of haughty superciliousness on the part of those from whom it emanates, nor of abject inferiority on that of those to whom it is addressed. However, the spirit that invented such expressions, and the spirit that permitted them to be employed are not quite so general as formerly. At the present day, even the King of Prussia would take some time to consider before he imitated the practice of Frederick the Second, and contemptuously addressed his General in the third person singular.—On the 21st inst., Herr Dorn celebrated his fortieth anniversary as *Capellmeister*. There was a grand gathering at the Operahouse on the morning of the day in question, when the members of the orchestra, after the speechifying *de rigueur*, presented Herr Dorn with a bust of Beethoven, and the King sent him, through Count von Redern, the Royal Order of the Crown.

The Italian operatic company still continues to do very well, all things considered, at the Victoria-Theater. Sigra. Sarolta, Sig. Tombesi, and Sig. Padillo, though not singers of the highest rank, possess many good qualities, which have rendered them favourites with the public. The company made a trip to Hamburgh a short time since, and played at the Stadt-theater. They did very well eventually at the ordinary prices. At the outset they raised the tariff of admission, and the consequence was that the house presented "a beggarly account of empty boxes," and, let me add, deserted stalls.

At the Friedrich-Wilhelm Städtisches-theater, the manager, as a rule, puts up nothing but pieces by M. Offenbach—*Die Grossherzoginn; Pariser Leben; Schöne Helene;* and *Orpheus*. Sometimes, though rarely, he gives something by some one else. For instance, a few nights ago, a trifle entitled *In Saus und Braus* was announced. During the performance, Mdlle. Anna Schramm, a talented young lady, engaged for the "chambermaids," suddenly fell, apparently lifeless, on the stage. She had been struck down by an apoplectic fit. Medical aid was immediately called in. Mdlle. Schramm, I am glad to say, is now in a fair way of recovery.

There have been plenty of concerts lately, and of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, but I have not much time or space to descant upon them this week. I will, therefore, confine myself to chronicling the one fact that Stern's Gesangverein gave an admirable performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the other day, in the large room of the Singacademie. The choruses went splendidly, and the solos were most satisfactorily given by Mdlles. Zinkeisen, Meineber, Herren Otto, Krause, and Bulsz.

VALE.

MADAME SCHUMANN was to leave for the Continent on Thursday.

HERR JOACHIM left England on Thursday morning. He will give a concert of chamber music with Madame Schumann, and also play a concerto at the "Concerts Populaires" in Brussels, on his way to Berlin.

MR. DEACON'S *matinee d'invitation* last week was attended by a highly fashionable audience, who thoroughly appreciated the selection of music performed by Mr. Deacon himself, MM. Sainton, Politzer, Hann, and Pezze. The works of Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and Schumann were largely drawn upon for the occasion.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the concert this afternoon Mr. J. F. Barnett's already popular cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, will be given, under the direction of its composer. The soprano and contralto parts are to be sustained by Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria.

DR. S. S. WESLEY has been in town on business connected with the Festival of the Three Choirs, to be held this year at Gloucester. He was present at Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening last.

GOOD FRIDAY.—Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and selections from the *Messiah* and other oratorios are announced to be given in St. James's Hall on Good Friday evening. Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr. George Perren, and other popular artists will assist. Mr. Jennings will conduct.

THE Passion-Week performance of the *Messiah* will be given on Monday next, by the National Choral Society, Mr. G. W. Martin, conductor, at Exeter Hall. Miss Banks, Madame Osborne Williams, and Mr. Santley, &c., are among the principal singers. The band and chorus will number 700 performers. A few two-shilling tickets have been issued for the performance.

HOBART TOWN (TASMANIA).—We have received the *Tasmanian Times* of February 1st, with a long account of the *fêtes* given in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. M'Millan, the spirited proprietor of the *Tasmanian Times*, must have spared no trouble and expense in obtaining so much interesting information for the English public.

HANDEL'S WORKS.—Dr. Chrysander, author of the *Life of Handel*, has bought from Victor Schoelcher the conductor's scores of Handel's complete works for the sum of £800.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Miss Kate Roberts's second "Pianoforte Recital" took place on Saturday March 21, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme was even more varied than on the last occasion, but the young artist proved herself fully equal to her taste, and both surprised and charmed her audience by the versatility of her talent, keeping their interest alive to the very end. Three pieces by Weber, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, which concluded the first part, were judiciously selected to relieve each other, and to display to excellent advantage the thorough ability of the executant to identify herself with the genius of each of these masters. Miss Dove Dolby gave Rossini's "Bel Raggio" with admirable taste, and, with the aid of Mr. Denby Newton, agreeably varied the programme.

MEMORIAL TO SIGNOR ARDITI.—The principal members of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre some weeks ago presented to Signor Arditi an illuminated address, in which they begged to testify their appreciation of his unremitting exertions on their behalf after the late fire, and of his having been one of the foremost to promote the movement set afoot to compensate them for their losses. The address concludes by stating that the disinterested kindness manifested by Signor Arditi in managing and conducting the concert for their benefit on the 9th of January, would always be gratefully remembered by them—accompanied by a wish that the time might not be far distant when they would meet once more under his able direction. [The address was presented before it had been decided that the operatic company of Her Majesty's Theatre should perform at Drury Lane Theatre. The time *has* come—and again Signor Arditi occupies the position he has so long graced by his courtesy, ability, and zeal.—A. S. S.]

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The last concert of the season, for the Benefit of the Director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, took place on Monday last, when St. James's Hall was crowded in every part—a result due to the occasion and the excellence and variety of the attractions. What these were the following will show:—

PART I.

Quartet, in D minor	Mozart.
Song, "The Post"	Schubert.
Fantasia, Op. 77, Pianoforte	Beethoven.
"Lied ohne Worte," Violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Air, "Deeper, and deeper still"	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, Op. 35, Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Solos, "Slumber Song," and "Traumeswirren," Pianoforte	Schumann.
Song, "When the Moon is Brightly Shining"	Molique.
Romance, in F, Violin	Beethoven.
Song, "The Fisher Maiden"	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, in C major, for three Pianofortes	Bach.

It would be absurd to criticize such a concert in detail. Enough that the pianists were Mr. Charles Hallé, whose solo was Beethoven's Fantasia; Madame Arabella Goddard, whose solo was Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue; and Madame Schumann, whose solos were the well-known bagatelles of Schumann; and that the three combined their thirty ready fingers in Bach's Triple Concerto (played as written by the master), which was accompanied by a quintet of string instruments—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, Piatti, and Reynolds. The performers in Mozart's Quartet were the four first named gentlemen. The *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn (posthumous) was played by Signor Piatti, and Beethoven's Romance by Herr Joachim—both being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Zerbini, who also (Mr. Benedict being at Liverpool) accompanied Miss Cecilia Westbrook and Mr. Vernon Rigby, in the songs of Schubert and Meyerbeer, Handel and Molique. How crowded was St. James's Hall may be gathered from the fact that more than 100 people were squeezed into the place than had ever been accommodated there before, and that hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The audience was enthusiastic, and called back everybody after everything; forbearing, however, from a call, which, under the circumstances, would have been the most graceful and appropriate—viz., a call for Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, who, by establishing and directing the Monday Popular Concerts, has done more for the cause of healthy music in this enormous capital than anyone whose name stands honourably recorded among caterers for the public benefit and entertainment

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

This Theatre (Drury Lane) opened on Saturday, the opera being *Lucrezia Borgia* (*see elsewhere*).

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was performed, with Mdlle. Tietjens (Semiramide), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Arsace), Signor Gassier (Assur), Signor Foli (Oroe), and Signor Bettini (Idreno).

On Thursday, owing to the illness of Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Fraschini, the *Barbiere* was substituted for *Lucrezia*, Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Rosina), Signor Bettini (Almaviva), Signor Gassier (Figaro), Signor Zoboli (Bartolo), Signor Foli (Basilio), and Mdlle. Corsi (Berta). In the "Lesson scene" Madame Trebelli introduced a waltz by Signor Alary.

To-night Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, the young American singer, who, in the winter season which ended so disastrously, created an impression that can hardly have been forgotten, will make her re-appearance in the character which first introduced her to an English audience—that of Violetta, in *La Traviata*.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Theatre opened on Tuesday, with *Norma* (*see elsewhere*).

On Thursday Verdi's *Don Carlos* was performed, with Mdme. L. Sherrington (Elizabeth), Mdlle. Fricci (Princess Eboli), Mdlle. Doria (Tebaldo—in place of Mdlle. Locattelli), Sig. Naudin (Carlos), Sig. Graziani (Rodrigo), Sig. Bagagiolo (Grand Inquisitor), M. Petit (Philip II.), Sig. Rossi (Herald), and Sig. Fallar (Friar). Of this next week.

To-night *Rigoletto*, for the *début* of two new singers, Mdlles. Vanzini and Mayer, and the first appearance of Sig. Mario.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme of Saturday included the music composed by Schubert for *Rosamunde*. In November, 1866, two instrumental *entr'actes* and a vocal *romanze*, and in March, 1867, an additional piece of ballet music were produced. All these, together with the overture and four pieces never before heard, were given on Saturday; being the whole of the *Rosamunde* music, except an *entr'acte* in D. The overture generally known as *Rosamunde*, belongs properly to *Die Zauberharfe*, an opera which Schubert composed three years earlier (1820). The overture originally prefixed to *Rosamunde* belongs to *Alfonso and Estrella*, an opera composed in 1822. Both have long been admired. The pieces given for the first time on Saturday were a "Shepherd Melody," a "Chorus of Shepherds," a "Chorus of Spirits," and a "Huntsman's Chorus." The first-named is full of pastoral beauty, the melodic phrases being given chiefly to the clarionet. The "Chorus of Shepherds" is sung to three verses of text by a choir of mixed voices. The charm of the vocal writing, and the delicacy of the orchestral accompaniments, belong to the most refined art, the use of the clarionet in the prelude, and the drone bass in the accompaniments, giving a specially pastoral character to this movement. The "Chorus of Spirits" (for male voices), full of an impressive gloom, was probably intended to be sung off the stage, and depends much on the dramatic situation. Here, the trombones are used with great effect. The Hunting Chorus is animated, but scarcely equal to the other movements. The pieces already known and repeated on this occasion produced as great an effect as formerly—the long *entr'acte* in B minor, as important as a movement of a symphony; the "Air de ballet;" and the *entr'acte* beginning like its composer's Impromptu in B flat—all these, with the additional numbers, being listened to with intense delight. The orchestral performance, under Mr. Manns, was admirable; and we have already adverted to the increasing efficiency of the Crystal Palace Choir.

Another novelty at Saturday's concert was the first appearance of Monsieur Sternberg, a young violinist from Brussels, who achieved a decided success in a very difficult fantasia by Vieuxtemps. M. Sternberg has brilliancy and certainty of execution, accurate intonation, a light and facile bow-arm, a fine tone, a specially good *staccato*, and a style devoid of affectation. In short, he is a genuine artist, and will doubtless soon be heard again—in music, let us hope, of more sterling weight and character. M. Sternberg was frequently applauded during his performance, and unanimously called back at the end.

The remainder of Saturday's programme comprised Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Mr. Sullivan's deeply felt and masterly overture entitled *In Memoriam*; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in G, on the organ, by Mr. Coward; and vocal solos by Mdlle. Carola and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.

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GOOD FRIDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated*).

The Crystal Palace will be open on Good Friday from nine in the morning. After one o'clock there will be continuous performances of sacred music, and at half-past three a grand concert on the Handel Orchestra, in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Santley, Messrs. T. Harper, Levy, and the band of the Coldstream Guards are to take part. The "Old Hundredth," "Evening Hymn," and "God save the Queen," will be sung by the assembled thousands. Special trains will run from all parts of the metropolis, the Midland Company running excursions to London. This being an unusually early spring the gardens and shrubberies—especially those near the Extinct Animal Department—are now in great freshness and beauty. The noble design of the late Sir Joseph Paxton in laying out these beautiful grounds becomes yearly more apparent as the trees and plants attain a large growth and finer foliage.

BARCELONA.—The Italian operatic season was to conclude on the 2nd April. *Fra Diavolo* was the last novelty produced. Signor Steger has been prevented by illness from singing as usual. The manager of the Teatro Real of Madrid, who came on purpose to hear him, was consequently disappointed.—The Gran Teatro del Liceo is to let. The proprietors may experience some difficulty in finding a tenant, the expenses connected with the establishment being very heavy.

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PROVINCIAL.

SCOTLAND.—We learn from the Scotch papers that Mr. Herbert Bond, the son of Mr. J. C. Bond, of Brighton, is making the tour of Scotland as *primo tenore* of an operatic company under the direction of Mr. H. Corri. The local journals speak in the highest terms both of his musical and his histrionic powers. The *Greenock Advertiser* observes that he is "a good actor and musician. His voice and style are most wonderfully improved since we last heard him in Greenock. He is also possessed of a good figure, and looks well on the stage." Referring to his performance of the part of Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, the critic speaks of Mr. H. Bond's exquisitely sweet voice, and goes on to say that "his opening solo, the song of the Troubadour ('Deserto Sulla Terra') was warbled in a most enchanting manner—so perfectly in tune and expressively plaintive that the audience were enchanted with it. He also displayed great vigour and force in the *finale* to the third act, and received a well-merited recall. His solo in the tower ('Ah che la morte') was perfectly ravishing for sweetness—so beautiful was it, that the audience could not resist calling for its repetition." Equal praise is bestowed on Mr. Bond's execution of the music of *La Sonnambula* and that of Don Cæsar de Bazan, in the late Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*. He has evidently succeeded in winning the favour of his northern fellow-countrymen, and we look with eagerness to his re-appearance among us in the south.

TUNBRIDGE.—At Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital, on Tuesday, March 10th (according to a correspondent), the Town Hall was so crowded that many were unable to obtain even standing room. The programme included sonatas by Beethoven and Dussek, selections from Bach, Mozart, Vincent Wallace, Schulhoff, Litolf and Brissac, with songs sung charmingly by Miss Banks, three of which were repeated by general desire. The grace and vivacity with which she gave Mr. Macfarren's "Half-past Nine" so delighted the audience that they would willingly have listened to it a third time. Mrs. John Macfarren's own performances were one and all appreciated as they deserved.

DUBLIN.—Herr Joachim has been here, enchanting all by his splendid performances of the Chaconne and another piece of J. S. Bach, and the *andante* from Spohr's ninth concerto, at the last "Monthly Popular Concert." It was in consequence of the rapturous encore elicited by Spohr's graceful *andante* that we were treated by the great violinist to a second specimen from his favourite, Bach. Herr Joachim also led Mozart's quartet in C, but his fellow-performers were by no means up to his standard. Had we space at command we might quote some eloquent passages from the Dublin papers, which recorded this interesting event in glowing (and befitting) language.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD played at a concert in Sheffield on Thursday night.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—An electric organ is being built by Bryceson Brothers and Co., for Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The organ is to be erected at a distance behind the scenery as usual, but the organist will, for the first time, take his place near the conductor and in the orchestra. An electric cable of insulated wires will pass beneath the stage connecting the keys with the instrument.

MADAME PAREPA IN AMERICA.—A thoroughly charming performance of the *Barber of Seville* was given at Pike's Opera-house on Wednesday evening, and attracted, as it deserved, a large and fashionable audience. Rossini's master-work always calls out the legitimists, and the applause in consequence is usually discreet. The Rosina on the evening in question was Mdme. Parepa, and she rendered the music perfectly. We have always thought that the lady shines to best advantage in the heaviest works of the Italian *répertoire*, but she is so thorough an artist that nothing really comes amiss to her. Her vocalism was faultless, and she has the art to display it with the least amount of effort. The character is a light-footed sprightly one—but it lacked nothing in this respect, Mdme. Parepa Rosa being as quick and lively as any of her slimmer competitors. In the "Singing lesson" she gave one of Arditi's waltzes ("L'Estasi") and received an encore which she responded to by singing a Tyrolienne, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. Both pieces "brought down the house."—*American Paper*, March 6th.

MDLLE. EMILIE GEORGI has been singing at La Scala (Milan) with great success. After the *rondo* from *La Cenerentola* she was recalled several times.

A NEW ENGLISH TENOR.—The *Flyveposten*, a Copenhagen newspaper, writing about a new tenor (Mr. Bentham), says:—"A great surprise was reserved for the public in the performance of the part of Manrico (*Trovatore*) by Mr. Bentham. His soft, sonorous, sympathetic voice is made for the tender melodies of the Troubadour. His intonation is pure as the sound of a silver bell, and he threw himself with so much ardour into the execution of the music that he enraptured and excited the audience to enthusiastic acclamations."

MR AGUILAR'S SOIREES.—The following is the programme of last Thursday: Piano solo, Andante and Rondo Cappriccioso (Mr. Aguilar), Mendelssohn; Song, "Break, break, break" (Miss Lindo), Aguilar; Piano solo, Fantasia on *Semiramide* (Miss Grace Aguilar), Ascher; Song, "Farewell" (Mdlle. Angèle), Aguilar; Duet, Harp and Piano, on airs from *Faust* (Herr Oberthür and Mr. Aguilar), Oberthür and Aguilar; Romanza, "Non è ver" (Herr Stepan), Mattei; Solo, Harp, "Souvenir de Londres" (Herr Oberthür), Oberthür; Song, "Le reveil des Bois" (Miss Lindo), Aguilar; Piano solo, "Weber's last Waltz" (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar; Song, "Love, wicked, teasing love" (Mdlle. Angèle), Chalmers Masters; Duet, Piano and Harp, on airs from *Norma* (Mr. Aguilar and Herr Oberthür), Aguilar and Oberthür; Song, "Christmas Bells" (Herr Stepan), Hatton; Piano solos, Pensée fugitive and Mazurka (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar. A very numerous audience were evidently pleased with the attractions offered them.

"GIOVANNA D'ARCO"—(*From the "Queen"*).—An opera which we have not heard for a long time, Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco*, was to be resuscitated on Saturday at the Italiens. It was for Madame Frezzolini that Verdi "created" the character. At that time she possessed all the talents requisite for personifying the heroine of Orleans—youth, beauty, energy, passion, and the superb voice, warm and supple, which she has lost since. No *cantatrice* has yet dared to succeed her in the part, and *Giovanna d'Arco* has remained in the shade for want of interpreters. But now a singer has come forth and demanded Joan's oriflamme and coat of mail, and the singer is Patti! Adelina, after laughing through *Don Pasquale* and weeping in *Lucia*, longed to brandish the sword at the head of an army. [And doubtless she will brandish it right gracefully.—A. S. S.]

AN OLD BON MOT OF ROSSINI.—A composer who had contrived to make himself look like a caricature of Bach, asked an audience latterly of Rossini. Rossini received him kindly, and, contrary to his usual habit, asked his fellow-musician to let him hear one of his compositions. The musician seated himself at the piano, began playing so extravagantly that hands, elbows, and head seemed all at work together, and stopped at last exhausted. "What is that?" asked Rossini. "It is a funeral march," said the other, ostentatiously, "that I composed on the occasion of Meyerbeer's death. What do you think of it, *maestro?*" "Not bad; only it would have been better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the music."—*Queen.*

INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK, IN DUBLIN CATHEDRAL.—Doctor Francis Robinson has been specially appointed, by the Lord Lieutenant, to superintend and direct the music in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the occasion of the installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick. A large choir, selected by Dr. Robinson, has commenced rehearsing the choruses—taken from the works of Handel, Haydn, together with Sir John Stevenson's *Te Deum*, which will also be performed on the occasion.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The second concert this season, which took place on Monday, 30th March, was very interesting, the first part being almost entirely devoted to compositions by the President, Mr. Benedict. Three songs from the *Lily of Killarney* were sung by Miss Barry Eldon, Miss Billinie Porter (her first appearance in London), and Mr. Greenhill. The other vocalists were Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Danielson, and Signor Nappi. The instrumental part was excellent, including Spohr's String Quartet in G minor, well played by Messrs. Bruce, Risegari, Cooper, and Schuberth; La Calsi's Pianoforte Concerto, played with great fluency and vigour by Signor Tito Mattei (with quintet and additional pianoforte accompaniment); two solos on the pianoforte, by Mdlle. Skiwa, the clever young pianist from Vienna, who made her first appearance in this country some time ago with such eminent success at the Crystal Palace; a solo on the violoncello, capitally played by Herr Schuberth; a sonata, Beethoven's, in F, for violin and piano, played by Signori Risegari and Tito Mattei. Everything went off satisfactorily, and the concert was decidedly one of the best given by the society since its foundation. The rooms were well attended.

BOLOGNA.—Mad. Borghi-Mamo has appeared with undoubted success in *Saffo*. She was well supported by the other artists, among whom were Sig. Tagliazucchi and Sigra. Vicini.

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CAMDEN AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society lent its valuable aid on the 24th ult. in the performance of a miscellaneous selection of sacred music at Upper Holloway Chapel. The object of the evening was to inaugurate the opening of a new organ, built by Mr. T. Robson, of St. Martin's Lane, but, unfortunately, the instrument was not ready for use, the builder having forfeited his word as to its completion. Under these circumstances a pianoforte was introduced at the last moment, and Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin (who had most carefully arranged the organ parts for the occasion), was necessitated to accompany the whole upon a small cottage instrument. His able performance, and the thorough good nature with which he complied with the wishes of the committee, cannot be too highly commended. The performance consisted of a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Costa, &c., under the able direction of Mr. Charles Dury, the conductor of the society. With regard to the solo singers, we must express our approbation of the lady who sang the contralto song, "O, rest in the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah;* and of the tenor (Mr. Julius Charlier) who gave the air, "If with all your hearts," from the same work, in a highly creditable manner. The choral music was effectively rendered by the members of the Camden Amateur Musical Society, who are already known to have distinguished themselves by previous performances in the neighbourhood. The Rev. S. H. Booth, the minister of the chapel, presided on the occasion, and in returning thanks to the society for its valuable services, regretted that he could not add a few words in praise of "his noble instrument," which unfortunately had been mute that evening, although the ostensible cause of the meeting was to try its powers. He announced that the performance would be repeated, "with the addition of the organ," on the following Monday evening; but as we were unable to attend, we can add nothing as to the capabilities of Mr. Robson's organ.

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WEEK AFTER NEXT.—SIGNOR ARDITI'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on MONDAY WEEK NEXT, May 25th, on which occasion he will be supported by the whole strength of Her Majesty's Opera. Commence at Two o'clock.

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MADAME RABY BARRETT begs to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, TUESDAY, June 2nd.

MISS STEELE'S CONCERT at HANOVER SQUARE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 10th. Mesdames Carola, Doria, Talbot Cherer, Steele, and Kingdon; Messrs. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, Balsir Chatterton, John Thomas, Macfarren, Regondi, and Carrodus. Conductor, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Stalls, 7s.; Tickets, 5s., at the Rooms, and of Miss Steele, 28, Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square.

FRAULEIN MEHLHORN begs to announce her SOIREE MUSICALE, at 18, CRAVEN HILL, Hyde Park (by kind permission), on FRIDAY, May 29th, at half-past Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle. Valentini, Mdlle. Angele, and Fraulein Mehlhorn, Signori Agretti and Caravoglia. Instrumentalists—Mdlle. Strindberg, Signori T. Mattei, Resigari, Giulio Regondi, and Herr Oberthür. Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Herr W. Ganz. Tickets One Guinea each; to be had of Fraulein Mehlhorn, 31, Eastbourne Terrace Hyde Park, W.

SIGNOR CATALANI'S MATINEE MUSICALE, at his residence, 59, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, WEDNESDAY, May 27th. Programme—Ballad, "In the Woodlands" (Mdlle. Luigia Léali)—L. Léali; Mazurka, "Belinda" (Signor Catalani)—Catalani; Duo from "Ernani" (Mdlle. Léali and Signor Gualtieri)—Verdi; Melody, "Softly Day is Dawning" (Mdlle. Léali)—Catalani; Galop, "Now or Never" (Herr Coenen)—Coenen; Song, "Er non m'amava" (Signor Gualtieri)—Guercia; Song, "Il Pescatore" (Mdlle. Léali)—Pinsuti; Scena, "Piano Piano" ("Softly Sighs") (Mdlle. Léali)—Weber. Tickets of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN MUSIC by MASTERS CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, May 28th, Eight o'clock. The Programme will be varied with Pianoforte and Vocal Music. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., to be had of Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith & Prowse, Cheapside, and at the Hall.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of all pecuniary aid from Her Majesty's Government, it was resolved at a general meeting of the Directors, Subscribers, and Professors of the Institution, on the 2nd inst., to make an appeal to the general public, with a view to raise an adequate fund for the future provision of the Institution. A SUBSCRIPTION LIST has therefore been opened at MESSRS. COUTTS' BANK, 59, Strand; and the names of those who are willing to become contributors, either as annual subscribers or as donors, will be received and duly acknowledged by the Secretary of the Institution.

By order
J. GIMSON, Secretary.
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MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing GUGLIELMO'S celebrated Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Chichester, To-night

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S new Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME" (composed expressly for her), at all her engagements this Season.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing—26th inst., at Mr. F. Westlake's Concert, Beethoven Rooms; June 18th, St. George's Hall; 23rd, Mrs. John Macfarren's Matinée, St. James's Hall; 27th, Mr. Marshall Bell's Matinée, Beethoven Rooms. All communications relative to engagements to be addressed to her residence, 19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's Matinee Musicale, at Dudley House (by kind permission of Earl Dudley), on Tuesday, June 9th.

MISS JENNY PRATT will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at St. George's Hall, May 25th.

MISS BERRY-GREENING will sing "THE SONGSTERS OF SPRING" (composed expressly for her by ALFRED CARDER) at her Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 5th.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Miss Berry-Greening's Matinée will be held, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 5th. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 7, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

"A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT."

MDLLE. SINICO will sing Signor ARDITI'S admired song, "A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT," at the composer's Concert at Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on Monday morning, May 25th.

MDLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing MORI'S admired song, "A THOUSAND MILES FROM THEE," at Mrs. Dowell's Concert, St. George's Hall, May 25th.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHIRA'S brilliant vocal waltz, "IL BALLO," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 26th; and St. George's Hall, June 1st and 4th.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing PROCH'S admired Lied "AT MORNING'S BREAK" (Morgen-fensterln), at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 26th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will shortly sing GUGLIELMO'S new Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME."

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MDLLE. ZEISS, First Contralto-Mezzo-Soprano, from the Théâtre Italien, Paris, begs to announce her arrival in London for the Season, and that she is open for Operatic Engagements, Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S new and highly successful song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" at his Concert, at the Horns, Kennington, To-NIGHT (23rd May, 1868).

MR. PHASEY will play his arrangement for the Euphonium, of the popular song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Myddelton Hall, May 25th.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—6, Lower Porchester Street, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA are now in London for the Season. Engagements for Concerts, Soirees, &c., &c., to be addressed to them, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Though there has been no absolute novelty since our last record of proceedings at this house, the production of several of the most admired operas of the repertory may claim a brief notice. The first of these was *Martha*—with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Martha (Lady Enrichetta); Mdlle. Grossi, as Nancy; Signor Mario, as Lionel; Signor Graziani, as Plumkett; and Signor Tagliafico, as Lord Tristan. About M. Flotow's well-known work, which still seems to attract the public, any critical remarks are unnecessary. Nor need we repeat what has been already said of Mdlle. Patti's Martha—one of the most piquant and lively, where piquancy and liveliness are demanded, and where sentiment is required, as in the last part of Act 2, and the whole of Acts 3 and 4, one of the most gracefully sentimental performances imaginable. The feeling of a simple melody could not possibly be conveyed in a more expressive and natural manner than by Mdlle. Patti in "Qui sola, vergin rosa," which she sings equally well in Italian and English—for, being invariably called upon to sing it twice, it is her custom to substitute the words of Moore for those of the poet of the libretto. But we can really say no more about *Martha* except that in Mdlle. Grossi (formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre), who played Nancy, Mr. Gye has at last got a genuine contralto; that Signor Mario, in excellent voice, never gave the lakadaisical ditty, "M'appari tutt'amor," with more warmth and tenderness; that encores were awarded to the lively quartet at the spinning-wheel, to Signor Graziani, in Plumkett's apostrophe to the English national beverage, and to Mdlle. Grossi, in the last movement of Nancy's air, "Il tuo stral;" and that the scene of the Statute Fair was as animated, picturesque, and skilfully devised a piece of stage business as in previous years.

The first performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* brought back Signor Fancelli, who though he might be rendered serviceable in parts less exacting, is over-weighted by Edgardo, originally composed for the great French tenor, Duprez, and the "*cheval de bataille*" of so many renowned singers, from Moriani to Mario and from Mario to Sims Reeves. Signor Fancelli did nothing to encourage us in modifying the opinion already pronounced of him, or to induce a belief that he would not be much more at home in the character of Arturo (extremely well sung, by the way, by Signor Marino) than in that of Edgardo, which only a tenor of exceptional gifts and acquirements can approach with any chance of success. He has, nevertheless, decidedly good qualities; and how rare, now-a-days, are first class tenors, we need scarcely add. But the revival of *Lucia*, season after season, can never be unwelcome with a representative of the heroine like Mdlle. Adelina Patti, whose progress, as singer and actress, is so remarkable, and who has now gone so far on the road to perfection that it would be almost unfair to expect her to go further. We have so frequently spoken of her admirable performance of Lucia, from the time when she first essayed the character (in 1862), with Herr Wachtel, most vociferous of Teutons, as Edgardo, that we are absolved from the task of dwelling in detail upon its many and characteristic beauties. She has never sung the opening recitative and air, "Regnava il silenzio," more brilliantly, or given a truer portrayal of innocent and confiding love in the duet with Edgardo, which brings down the curtain on the first act. She has never exhibited her remarkable powers as an actress more convincingly—in the duet where Enrico, by means of the forged letter, persuades Lucia that her lover is unfaithful, or in the scene where, having signed the fatal contract, Lucia falls prostrate under the despairing curse of Edgardo, or, last not least, in the scene where, after giving utterance to the unconscious ravings of a shattered intellect, in musical tones so eloquent and deeply felt, she rushes off to suicide. The effect upon the audience, who had listened in breathless silence from the first note to the last, was electric; and never was the ear of an artist gratified with applause more spontaneous, enthusiastic, and prolonged. The other parts were sustained by Signor Graziani (Enrico), Mdlle. Anese (Alisa), Signors Rosti and Capponi (Normanno and Raimondo); the great *finale* to the second act was superbly executed, and the famous septet with chorus, descriptive of the astonishment of the bridal party at the unexpected apparition of Edgardo, unanimously encored.

What more can be written about M. Gounod's *Faust*? Happily, that very popular work has already been heard this year; and we have merely to record that, on the occasion of its most recent performance, the character of Margaret was assumed by Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, in lieu of Mdlle. Manzini, and that of Faust, Sig. Mario being indisposed, by Signor Naudin, who seems to be familiar with every opera in the repertory, and whose readiness and versatility are intolerable. Mdlle. Lucca appears to have modified and toned down her idea of Margaret. Her impersonation is now less sprightly, if not less piquant—more pensive, and, as we cannot but think, more dramatically faithful. In the Garden-scene, earnest and contemplative throughout, she won the sympathies of the audience by her impassioned utterances, and fascinated them by the natural grace that accompanied her every movement and gesture. This and the scene of the Cathedral, in which the hapless Margaret, thwarted by the admonitions of Mephistopheles, her invisible and relentless enemy, endeavours vainly to expiate her sin by prayer, were Mdlle. Lucca's great points; though, both in the scene where the murdered Valentine dies, cursing, instead of pardoning, his sister, and that of the prison, the concluding trio in which demands just such a strong and penetrating voice as is possessed by the German songstress, she exhibited unquestionable power. Signor Naudin acquitted himself of a task no less ungratetul than difficult in a manner that fairly entitled him to the indulgence of an audience accustomed to the Faust of Signor Mario—singing the music as glibly as though he had sung it a hundred times already. The other characters were as before.

The opera on Saturday night was *La Sonnambula*, which attracted the most brilliant and crowded house of the season. It was in the part of Amina, as all our opera-going readers know, that Mdlle. Patti, seven years since—a girl in years, but already an artist—made her first appearance before an English audience. From that time till now, not a season has passed without several performances of Bellini's ever-fresh and popular work. And it could hardly have been otherwise, with such an Amina in the theatre, to say nothing of melody so spontaneous and beautiful that time can never make it stale, or of the pastoral story itself, as dramatically interesting as it is simple, and embodying characters—not merely in the village lovers, Amina and Elvino, but in Lisa, Amina's rival, and in Count Rodolpho—which are genuine types of humanity. To write a new criticism about Mdlle. Patti's Amina—to say one word more, in short, than that it has grown, step by step, from a very striking performance of unequal merit into one absolutely perfect in all its parts, would be quite superfluous. Enough that on Saturday night it roused all the old enthusiasm, and—from "Come per me sereno," in which the young affianced bride confides her hopes to her companions, to "Ah non Giunge," where, all suspicion cleared away, the innocent somnambulist restored to love and happiness, gives rapturous expression to her joy—won a series of legitimate triumphs for Mdlle. Patti. Signor Fancelli was the Elvino we remember last year and the year before, M. Petit a somewhat hard Rodolpho, and Mdlle. Locatelli a livelier and more prepossessing Lisa than we have for some time been accustomed to.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-ODER.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced here, with the same success that it has achieved everywhere else.

WORMS.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* has been selected as the work to be performed at the grand national festival of uncovering the Luther Monument, on the 25th of June.

GRANADA.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has proved a great success. The principal parts were sustained by the Signore Spezia, Torricelli, Signori Rosnati and Aldighieri.

MUNICH.—Herr Walter, from Vienna, and Mdlle. Leonoff, from Brünn, have appeared as Roul and the Page, respectively, in *Les Huguenots*, and made a very favourable impression.

MADRID.—The Italian operatic season at the Teatro Real, which commenced on the 10th October, 1867, with *L'Ebrea* (*La Juive*) by Halévy, was brought to a termination on the 3rd inst., when the performance, which was for a charitable purpose bore a somewhat miscellaneous character. It consisted of the third act of M. Gounod's *Faust*, with the Signore De Maesen, Llanes, Mora, Signori Tamberlick, and Selva; the second and the third act of *Rigoletto*, by the Signore De Maesen, Mora, Signori Tamberlick, Bonnehée, Ugalde, Becerra, Ferri, Deszan, and Velasquez; and the grand duet from the opera of *Otello*, the singers being Signori Tamberlick and Bonnehée.—The manager of the Teatro de la Zarzuela has announced a series of six Subscription Concerts, to be executed by seventy artists under the direction of M. Arban.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg is entitled to the thanks of all who admire the legitimate Italian school of operatic music for having been the means of enabling Mr. Mapleson to revive the picturesque and charming *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini, which, since Mdlle. Patti played Ninetta at Covent Garden (1863), has been banished from our stage. Half a century old (*La Gazza Ladra* was produced at Milan, in 1817), the style of much of the music has gone somewhat out of date, though the genuine beauty of its melody and the dramatic character of its concerted pieces must always save it from oblivion. The pretty and touching story of *La Pie Voleuse* has been known in England, time out of mind, as *The Maid and the Magpie;* while it was as the heroine in Rossini's opera that Malibran and Grisi, in years long past, earned much of their renown as lyric comedians. Alboni attempted the character at one period of her career, when tired of being what nature made her, the contralto of contraltos, she essayed in succession the *Sonnambula*, the *Favorita*, the *Gazza Ladra*, and other essentially dramatic operas, intended for soprano or mezzo soprano singers, and utterly opposed to her idiosyncrasy, physical and mental. But since Grisi there has been scarcely a Ninetta—Mdlle. Patti and, in a less marked degree, Madame Penco, excepted—that could help to keep the opera on the stage. Another difficulty lies in the part of the scheming and rascally Podestà; which, though inimitably acted by Ronconi, has perhaps never been satisfactorily represented, in a musical and dramatic sense combined, except by Lablache, whose noble bass (the part of Fernando, in which Tamburini was renowned, being written for baritone) made a solid foundation for the concerted music. The other responsible parts, those of Fernando and Pippo, have been luckier; for if Tamburinis and Albonis were not constantly at hand, substitutes more or less competent have been from time to time obtainable; and the present representatives at Her Majesty's Opera —Mr. Santley and Madame Trebelli-Bettini—may fairly be cited as at least equal to any and superior to most of them. Mr. Santley's impersonation of the soldier father, to save whom Ninetta sacrifices her character and risks the sacrifice of her life, is admirable—another forward step, indeed, in his career as an actor; while his execution of the music is as good as Tamburini's, even when Tamburini was in his prime. Mr. Santley is so thoroughly practised an artist that florid passages come as easily to him as those which are simply expressive; and thus he fulfils every indispensable condition. Exacting, too, must be the critic who, now that Alboni reposes on her laurels, could desire a Pippo more admirable in every respect than Madame Trebelli, a more spirited delivery of the *brindisi*, "Tocchiamo, beviamo," or more faultless singing in the great duet of the Prison-scene ("E ben, per mia memoria")—where Ninetta, condemned for a theft she has not committed, gives Pippo her cross has a memento. In former days the part of Giannetto, Ninetta's lover, used to be thought worthy any first tenor (Mario, for example); but for a long time those most competent to sustain it have subdued it, as beneath them; it is, therefore, now agreeable to find it in the hands of so practised a singer as Signor Bettini. Signor Foli does not appear to have given very serious consideration to the Podestà—the peccant magistrate, as he delineates him, being a mere lay-figure, without life or humour; nor can such florid music as Rossini has written be glibly executed by so heavy a voice as this gentleman's without a great deal more assiduous study than he can possibly have bestowed upon it. On the other hand, the Jew Pedlar (Isaac) of Mr. C. Lyall is capital—an instance, in short, of what a man resolved to do all that lies within him can manage to do with the most subordinate of characters. Miss Rose Hersee's Lucy, too, might be unexceptionable if she would only contrive to make herself look a little older—a little more like the mother of Signor Bettini, and the possible mother-in-law of Mdlle. Kellogg.

But the central figure of *La Gazza Ladra*—the figure in which the chief interest reposes—is, of course, Ninetta. The part was, we understand, wholly strange to Mdlle. Kellogg; and if that be so, it is merely another proof furnished of the young American's singular quickness and intelligence. Her performance the first night was very good, on the second far better. The music, take it all together, scarcely suits her so well as the music of other operas in which she has been heard with unqualified satisfaction; she has, nevertheless, mastered it completely. Her impersonation of Ninetta throughout shows what is apparent in every character she has hitherto essayed—that she has formed a conception for herself, and embodied it with scrupulous consistency and truth. There is not a more thoughtful artist on the stage than this lady, and her Ninetta is only another example of it. The idea which Mdlle. Kellogg makes dominate over all is that of filial affection; and this she works out with consummate skill. Her tendency is plainly realistic, and thus, as she never allows us to forget that Zerlina is merely a peasant, so she never allows us to forget that Ninetta is merely a servant. But, without adding a word, we may say that this new assumption of Mdlle. Kellogg's is an honourably earned success; and that her Ninetta will be always welcome to the public, as much for its own sake as for that of the beautiful music it has once more helped to rescue from oblivion. It was a treat to hear the picturesque overture and the tuneful and vigorous choruses of this genuine opera, executed as they were under Signor Arditi's vigilant direction.

That M. Flotow's *Martha*, with Mdlle. Nilsson in the company, would be one of the operas of the season, might have been taken for granted. Its first performance attracted a brilliant audience. A more elegant and lady-like impersonation than Mdlle. Nilsson's Lady Enrichetta it would be difficult to name. Besides this, she sings the music in perfection. Her "silvery" high notes in the spinning-wheel quartet had no little to do with the boisterous encore that greeted it; while a voice that has a charm in every tone, accompanied with a sentiment so exquisitely tender as hers, could not be heard with indifference in a melody like "Qui sola vergin rosa" (the "Last Rose of Summer"), which was similarly honoured, and with no less unanimity. But really we can say no more about *Martha*, than that the other parts were assigned to Madame Demeric Lablache (Nancy), Signor Fraschini (Lionel), Signor Zoboli (Lord Tristano), and Mr. Santley (Plumkett). Moreover, one of the characters in which Mdlle. Nilsson appeared last year was Martha, as all frequenters of the Opera must well remember.

Of *Don Giovanni*, already played this season, we have only to say that two performances have been given with as effective a distribution of the chief characters as at the present time is practicable. Mdlle. Tietjens (Donna Anna), Mdlle. Kellogg (Zerlina), and Signor Bettini (Don Ottavio), were in the first cast; but Mdlle. Nilsson has replaced Mdlle. Sinico, in Elvira; Herr Rokitansky is now Leporello, *vice* Signor Zoboli; and Mr. Santley takes Don Giovanni, in lieu of Signor Gassier. Herr Rokitansky's deep bass voice is a manifest advantage, the music of Leporello having been written for a genuine bass, and not for a baritone. Mr. Santley's Don Giovanni improves visibly in that wherein it was at first most deficient; in other respects it hardly admitted of improvement, for certainly the music has not been so uniformly well sung by any of Mr. Santley's predecessors within the memory of the actual generation. Mdlle. Nilsson's Donna Elvira, from whatever point of view regarded, is charming; and both the prepossessing manner and the exquisite singing of this gifted lady so entirely win the sympathy of the house that Don Giovanni himself is not looked upon merely as a graceless libertine, but as a libertine of extreme bad taste, for showing a disdainful indifference to such perfection. But all this, and more, was said last year of Mdlle. Nilsson's Elvira—which, we may simply add, loses nothing, but rather gains much, by closer familiarity.

The first performance of the *Huguenots* brought forward an unknown tenor as Raoul de Nangis. Signor Ferensi (Ferensky—a Hungarian) enjoys considerable reputation at Vienna; but in the Austrian capital the orchestral "pitch" is nearly half a tone lower than it is here, and the difference was enough altogether to disconcert the new comer. This was observable in every passage of importance, and painfully so in one or two instances, where he had to strain his voice to no purpose. Signor Ferensi, however, being certainly not without merit, we prefer waiting till he has conquered his nervousness, and (if that is possible) becomes reconciled to a "pitch" so inimicable to tender voices, and even—as was perceptible in Herr Rokitansky's performance of Marcel on this very occasion—to the most robust. The other chief characters in the *Huguenots* were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens (Valentine), Mdlle. Sinico (the Queen), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (the Page), Signor Gassier (St. Bris), and Mr. Santley (Nevers)—whose performances are too familiar to require a single word of description. The general representation of Meyerbeer's magnificent work was not quite equal to what has hitherto been witnessed at Her Majesty's Opera; but the production within so brief a space of time of no less than thirteen operas, for every one of which all the necessary materials, including even the music for the orchestra, had to be found, is sufficiently creditable to Mr. Mapleson, and those who act for him, to justify us in withholding on exceptional occasions some part of that criticism which might, under other circumstances, be dealt out freely and impartially.

PESTH.—A posthumous opera, *Flesko*, by the late Gustav Fay, who died young, has been produced, but did not prove a great success.

AMSTERDAM.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the last concert given by the Society for the Promotion of Music.

COPENHAGEN.—Concert given by Herr Joachim: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Violin-Concertos, in A minor, Viotti, and E minor, Mendelssohn; "Agnate und die Moorfranen," Gade, etc.—Concert of the Musical Union: Symphony in E flat major, Haydn: Arietta and Chorus from *Oberon*, Weber; Violin Concerto, grand March and Chorus, from *Die Ruinon von Athen*, Beethoven, etc.—Concert given by the Musical Union under the direction of Herr Gade: Symphony in E flat major, Mozart; Concerto for Stringed Instruments, Handel; fragments from *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, etc.

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REVIEWS.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 4. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The contents of this number are marked by the usual variety and interest. Signor Randegger has contributed a song, "There's Rest in Heaven," which, though extremely simple, shows in every bar the hand of a skilled musician. Another vocal piece is a duet by Henry Smart, called "Rest Yonder." To this, even more emphatically, a similar remark applies. The hymn tune is the work of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, who could not write a bad one if he tried; and the arrangements for piano and harmonium include a selection from Schubert's Mass in B flat, and Mendelssohn's "But the Lord is mindful."

In the Summers Long Ago. Song. Words by J. P. Douglas; music by Arthur S. Sullivan. [London: Metzler & Co.]

In this song, as in most others bearing his name, Mr. Sullivan shows a profound sympathy with the words he undertakes to illustrate. Mr. Douglas's verses breathe an air of tender melancholy, which is embodied in the music. Hence the simplicity of the latter, hence also its success, a success far greater than could have been secured by ever so much straining after effect. We wish that composers less capable than Mr. Sullivan would copy his self restraint. From what "afflictions sore" we should be delivered!

Mother, Oh! Sing me to Rest. Song. Words by Mrs. Hemans; music composed by E. N. Grazia. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

This is a song, or rather ballad, which relies for effect more upon the skill of the singer than the character of the music. Its melody is of the simplest, though no way deficient in taste and feeling, and the accompaniment (*arpeggio* throughout) is to match. Yet, delivered under the influence of feelings inspired by the words, there is a certain merit about it.

The Child and the Storm. Ballad. Composed and dedicated to Madame Ferrari, by N. Gardner. [London: R. W. Ollivier.]

A song not without merit of a conventional sort. Both melody and accompaniment are good of their kind, but, unfortunately, the kind is too familiar. Mr. Gardner must try for more originality. Not, however, for the originality of the last verse, where he has accompanied this line—

"The shadow of the Saviour falls on childhood's sleeping brow,"

with *arpeggios* for both hands.

Evening Song. Written and composed by E. N. Grazia. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A very pretty song, adapted for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice. The words are good, and the music is full of expression.

Les Petits Concerts. Series of compositions for Voice, Piano, and Flute *obbligato*. No. 15. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The latest issue of this series is a setting by E. N. Grazia of Tennyson's often set verses, "Sweet and Low." There is a good deal of sentiment in the music, while its effect is heightened by the *obbligato* flute part. Families who have survived the learning of the flute by one of their number, will be glad to hear of, and then to hear, the pieces contained in "Les Petits Concerts."

My Sunny Gascon Shore. Song. Written by Thomas Lee, Esq.; music composed by H. A. Rudall. [London: W. Czerny.]

There is a good deal of pretension in this song, some of which is justified by the merit it displays. On the other hand passages here and there make us regret the composer's eagerness to be uncommon. But while the music looks very like what might be picked out on the pianoforte by an ambitious novice, there are some things in the song to redeem its *gaucherie*.

The Tendril Waltzes. By E. D'Auvergne. [London: R. W. Ollivier.]

A fairly tuneful set, occasionally marked by merit out of the common.

The Children's Hour. Song. Written by Longfellow; composed by George B. Allen. [London: Metzler & Co.]

If not very original in theme or construction, this song is a favourable example of its kind. Mr. Allen has chosen to be conventional, but his conventionalities are pleasant enough, and so, therefore, is the work before us.

Sister Star. Duet for equal voices. Written by H. B. Farnie; composed by F. Gevaert. [London: Metzler & Co.]

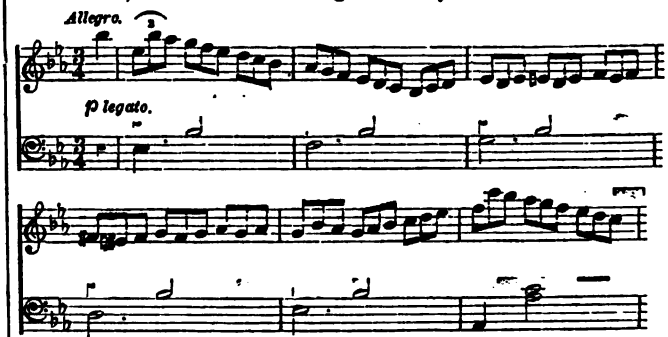
In this duet two stars are represented as wishing each other "Good night" in the morning, their work for the day, as we suppose Mr. Farnie would call the night, being ended by the appearance of Aurora in her car, strewing the sky with blushing roses. The music is pretty enough and we can commend the duet as of more than average interest, when once the verse-maker's anachronism is overlooked.

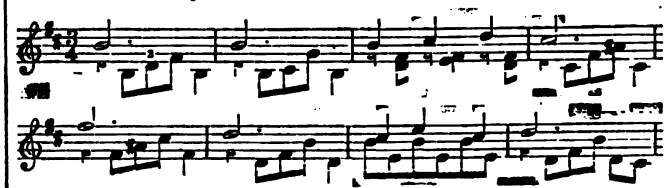
E FLAT MAJOR OR C MINOR.

Sir,—In an article on Hallé's first Recital, the *Athenæum* singles out some of the pieces included in the programme, and among others an Impromptu by Schubert:—

"an Impromptu *designated as in E flat (should it not have been in C minor?)* Op. 90." &c.

Having possessed myself of a programme, as I invariably do, at these interesting performances, I am able to give you two citations from the examples it contained. The Impromptu is built upon two themes, the first of which begins as subjoined:—



The second as subjoined:—

I do not pretend to be learned in keys, but perhaps some of your professional readers will tell me if either of the foregoing examples are in C minor, and oblige yours obediently,

To Dr. A. S. Silent. Thomas Noon Gadd.

[Will any erudite peruser of the *Musical World* go so far as to enlighten Mr. Gadd? At any rate by so doing he will also oblige, if not enlighten, A. S. S.]

Leipsic.—Having accepted the post of musical director of the new School of Music at Basle, Herr Selmar Bagge retires from the editorship of the *Leipziger Allgem. musicalische Zeitung*, and is succeeded by Herr Arrey von Dommer.

The Theatres of Venice.—From some statistical returns compiled by order of the Government we learn that: the Teatro la Fenice belongs to a company, and was built in 1790-1791, the architect being Antonio Selva. The first performance took place on Ascension Day, 1792, the opera being *I Giuochi d'Agrigento*, by Paesiello. Destroyed by fire, on the 12th December, 1836, the theatre was rebuilt on the old plan, with certain improvements, the next year, by Tommaso, and Giovanni Battista Meduna.—The Teatro S. Benedetto belongs to the brothers Gallo. It was erected, in 1755, by the noble family of the Grimani, Francesco Costa being the architect. The first opera given in it was *Zoe*, by Cocchi. Destroyed by fire on the 5th February, 1778, it was rebuilt according to the plans of Pietro Chegia. It was restored in 1847 by Giuseppe Japelli, architect.—The Teatro Apollo was formerly called the Teatro S. Luca. It belongs to the Vendramin family, and was erected in 1629, being opened with the opera entitled *La Pasifae*, composed by Castrovillari. Burnt down in 1750, it was rebuilt the same year, the architect being Pietro Chegia. It was restored in 1848.—The Teatro Malibran was first known as the Teatro S. Giovanni Grisostomo. It belongs to the Brothers Gallo. It was erected in 1677 by the noble family of the Grimani, and opened in 1678 with the opera of *Vespasiano*, by Pallavicino. It was restored in 1834, according to the designs of the architect Salvadori.—The Teatro S. Samuele belongs to Signor Giuseppe Camploy. It was erected by the Grimani family in 1655, and having been burnt down in 1747, was rebuilt by the architects Romualdo and Alessandro Mauro. It was recently restored by the present proprietor.—As regards the capacity of the above theatres, the Fenice will hold 2000 spectators; the S. Benedetto, 1300; the Apollo, 1250; the Malibran, 2500; and the S. Samuele, 1300.

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LITERATURE OF THE STAGE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—On referring to the circular letters signed by the provincial managers, I find that Mr. Gordon did alter the phraseology of his acknowledgment of piracy, which I had studiously made gentle, and substituted stronger language than I thought proper to dictate. He says:—"I hereby acknowledge the performance of what has since proved to be a pirated version of your piece. Of course in future I shall be more guarded against such impudent frauds as that of Mr. Weston, of Bolton, as I at all times desire to avoid encouraging spurious imitations." Mr. Gordon prefers his own strong language; I regret that I deprived him of it. To the other correspondent it is needless to refer. My drama was underlined at the Princess's last December. The title found its way into the newspapers in January. I must remind you that as soon as I produced *Flying Scud*, a drama appeared immediately under the title of *Flying Jib*. *Arrah-na-Pogue* was followed by *Arrah-ma-Beg*; *The Streets of London* by *The Streets of Lambeth*; *The Long Strike* by *The Great Strike*, and so on. The pirates always professed indignant amazement at any objection taken to their proceedings; they declared the similarity of the pieces and titles to be quite accidental. But on taking the Vice-Chancellor's opinion on two occasions, and that of a jury on another, these gentry were judicially informed that such accidents must not occur again.

In my former letter I mentioned the sums realized by successful dramas. It must be remembered that such amounts are divided between the author and the manager. But a dramatic work is not only produced in London, it is played in every provincial theatre, in all the theatres of the United States, in California, and in Australia. Sixty millions of people speaking the English language form an intellectual market. In each of these five markets the author, according to the plan introduced by me, receives a share of the profits. A city like Manchester can pay, and has paid, £1,5 0 for the run of a piece; thus recognising a profit of £3000. Liverpool has paid more; Dublin more than either. New York is as liberal as London. A simple calculation will suffice, then, to explain my figures *The Colleen Bawn* at the Adelphi Theatre was estimated by the Income Tax Commissioners at £20,000, and the manager and I paid the tax on our shares of that amount.

I state these things to enable the English public to perceive that literature is becoming as profitable, and therefore as respectable, as brewing and soap-boiling. When convinced of this, brains will not be outlawed, as they practically are now, since the author's property, his brain produce, is insufficiently protected. Last year a noble member in the House of Lords derided the idea that a novelist should have protection against a penny-a-scener. If Mr. Bass had required protection for his red triangle against a small-beer brewer who was imitating his labels, the noble legislator would have approached the subject of beer with that reverence due to the wealth of the brewer. Authors, like the Abyssinian peasantry, have become so accustomed to pillage that we may be said to have recognized in established piracy the prescriptive right of theft.—Yours obediently,

May 18. DION BOUCICAULT.

—o—

TO HORACE MAYHEW ESQ.

SIR,—We are being invaded by Vienna beer. Vienna beer! What next? They are taking up their position already, so as to rake the Grand Opera, and two outposts are planted so as to command the two entrances which are not built. I thought France was the Paradise of Bordeaux, or whatever you like to call the "Clary wines" of the middle ages; but that idea, too, is swept away like a borough in the original Schedule A. Why, licensed victuallers, who I supposed always retailed the worst of spirits which inebriated, have, I am told, undertaken to tea-totalize France. Well, tea is very well, and this very good; but for my part I recommend the dwellers in Paris not to be seduced away from the pleasant paths of Bordeaux.—Yours obediently,

Paris—Jockei Club, May 19. THOMAS KNOX DOWN.

—o—

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In the following notice of the second New Philharmonic Concert of the season, which appeared in the *Musical World* of last week, signed T. N. Gadd, the writer implies that the programme incorrectly states that Mendelssohn's Symphony in C minor was published only a year before his death.

On reference to the said programme, you will find *no such statement is made.*

It is merely remarked in the programme that Mendelssohn seemed to regard this work with less interest than others, an opinion which his matured judgment corrected; and that he reproduced it a year before his death at a concert given by him at Leipsic.

As you have called attention to the mysterious work italicized as *Cæption*, I beg to state the printer is responsible for the coinage from the original MSS., which should have been correctly read "Caption."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

May 21st. WYLDE.

DR. DOMINIC METTENLEITER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

A letter from Ratisbone brings me news that Dr. Dominic Mettenleiter died there on the 2nd inst., after a long and painful illness. As he occasionally contributed to the *Musical World*, you will, I am sure, feel disposed to give a line to his memory. He was the author of many valuable works upon the history of music, and was corresponding member to many scientific societies at home and abroad. Devoted to art, and thoroughly honest and impartial in his judgment, his loss will be deeply felt by all who knew him. By careful collection during many years, he was in possession of a most interesting and valuable musical library, which has now become the property of the Bishop of Ratisbone.—Yours obediently,

May 21*st.* CHARLES OBERTHUR.

—o—

MR. PAUL BEDFORD'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

The curtain has at last fallen on an old actor who has amused two generations of playgoers, and who has probably enjoyed more personal popularity in his time than almost any living member of the theatrical profession. There is something odd in the fact that one of the oldest living actors should take his farewell benefit in one of the newest of the London theatres, but the enormous seating capacity of the new Queen's in Long Acre—a seating capacity that exceeds that of any theatre in London with the exception of the Standard and Drury Lane, fully justified the choice of the committee. Mr. Paul Bedford's farewell benefit at the Queen's on Saturday—though in some degree a repetition of the ceremony which took place on the 2nd of February, 1865, at Drury Lane Theatre, was a great and gratifying success. It proved (if such a thing requires proof) the cohesive power of the theatrical profession, and the steadfast friendship of the public for a popular favourite. Mr. Paul Bedford may not have represented the highest walks of dramatic art, but he thoroughly amused his public, and was one of the main props of that theatrical institution—the Adelphi drama. He began life as an opera-singer, which made him useful in vaudevilles and burlesques, and had a certain original personal humour which no one has ventured to copy.

The performance of Saturday afternoon was necessarily made up of dramatic scraps, to give the companies of the various London theatres an opportunity of testifying their respect for an old companion. This respect was testified in various ways by the principal actors and actresses from the Surrey, New Royalty, the Adelphi, the Queen's, and the Prince of Wales's, with the addition of Mrs. Stirling, Miss Herbert, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr. Arthur Stirling, and others. Miss Glyn was to have appeared, but was unhappily prevented by a domestic bereavement; Mr. Santley came too late, owing to a mistake in his instructions; and Mr. Sothern and Mr. Buckstone tried to amuse the audience as representatives of the Haymarket company by a half serious performance of part of the third act of Shakspere's *Othello*. The audience, as many expected, were not very patient with this well-intentioned outrage on the national poet, and both actors had to make apologies and shelter themselves behind the convenient cloak of charity. The last scene was a gathering of some of Mr. Paul Bedford's private and professional friends on the stage, in which Mrs. Keeley stood prominent. Mr. Paul Bedford, who had previously appeared in a fragment of one of his old Adelphi parts, was received with every demonstration of affection by the whole house, and after a short and feeling speech, retired into private life with the best and warmest wishes of all present. The stage arrangements were well managed by Mr. Henry Irving, and the pecuniary success of the performance was largely due to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Donald Nicoll.

HAMBURGH.—Herr Wachtel, who has been singing at the Stadtheater, concluded his engagement by appearing as the inevitable Postillion in Adolphe Adam's well-known opera. He has been succeeded by Herr Niemann, who has made a brilliant success in Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Thanks to Imperial patronage, Mr. Alfred Holmes has been fortunate enough to get his heroic symphony to *Joan of Arc*, for orchestra, chorus, and soloists, performed twice at the Grand Operahouse by four hundred artists. The work was well received, and the young composer called for five times.

LONGEVITY AMONG MUSICIANS.—Geminiana lived till he was ninety-six; Dr. Burney till he was eighty-eight; Gluck and Zingarelli till they were each eighty-seven. But they were all surpassed by a composer of antiquity, Zenophilus, who was as celebrated a musician as he was a Pythagorean philosopher He lived till he was one hundred and five, without feeling the slightest sign of decay. According to Lempriere, he did not die till he had attained his one hundredth and seventy-first year, and even then he was in possession of al lhis faculties. It is to be hoped that Auber and Rossini will follow his laudable example.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

Begs to announce

THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS,

On the MORNINGS of THURSDAY, MAY 28TH, JUNE 11TH and 25TH, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, at which she will have the honour of performing the EIGHT BOOKS of MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE" ("Songs without Words"), Sixteen at each Concert, so as to include

THE WHOLE FORTY-EIGHT "LIEDER."

The Programme of each Concert will be divided into Two Parts, Eight *Lieder* in each Part, with a Vocal Piece by Schubert to separate one group of four *Lieder* from another.

At the End of the First Part of each Programme, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will introduce ONE OF THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS; at the First Recital, a Selection from the newly-published PRELUDES AND STUDIES; at the Second, the SONATA IN G MINOR, composed by Mendelssohn when he was Twelve Years old; and at the Third, the GRAND SONATA IN B FLAT, which was received with so much favour at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST RECITAL, THURSDAY, MAY 28th.

PART I.—Songs without Words—No. 1, Book 1; No. 5, Book 7; No. 3, Book 5; and No. 3, Book 3—Mendelssohn; Song, "Weary Flowers"—Schubert; Songs without Words—No. 4, Book 2; No. 5, Book 2; No. 6, Book 2; and No. 6, Book 5—Mendelssohn; Song, "The Trout" ("Die Forelle")—Schubert; Selection from the Posthumous Works—Etude, No. 1 (Op. 104, Book 2); Præludium, No. 1 (Op. 104, Book 1); Etude, No. 2 (Op. 104, Book 2—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Songs without Words—No. 6, Book 3; No. 6, Book 6; No. 6, Book 8; and No. 5, Book 4—Mendelssohn; Songs: "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark! the lark"—Schubert; Songs without Words—No. 1, Book 3; No. 2, Book 3; No. 1, Book 5; and No. 4, Book 6—Mendelssohn.

Vocalist, Miss Annie Edmonds; Accompanist, Miss Lucy Murray.

Pianoforte—Broadwood & Sons' Concert Grand.

Reserved Stalls for a Single Recital, 5s.; Subscription Tickets (Stalls) for the Three Recitals, Half-a-Guinea. To be obtained of Madame Arabella Goddard, at her residence, 26, Upper Wimpole Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and of Mr. Austin, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

FOURTH RECITAL, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 29TH.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

VARIATIONS and FINALE ALLA FUGA, in E flat	*Beethoven.*
AIR, "Adelaida"	*Beethoven.*
IMPROMPTU, in F minor, Op. 142, No. 1	*Schubert.*
MOMENTS MUSICAUX, Op. 94, Nos. 5 and 6	*Schubert.*

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in B major, Op. 147	*Schubert.*
SONG, "Una Furtiva Lagrima"	*Donizetti.*
BAGATELLES, Op. 119, Nos. 11, 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 4	*Beethoven.*
POLONAISE, in C major, Op. 89	*Beethoven.*

PIANOFORTE ... ... MR. CHARLES HALLE.
VOCALIST ... ... MR. VERNON RIGBY.

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DEATH.

At his residence, 134, Marylebone Road, Mr. FREDERICK WILLIAM COLLARD MOUTRIE, musicseller, of 55, Baker Street, leaving a wife and nine children.

MARRIAGE.

On the 16th inst., at the British Consulate, Bayonne, France, and at the Cathedral afterwards, Mr. JAQUES BLUMENTHAL to LEONIE, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Core, of Yandilla, Queensland, Australia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—It was "La Fioraia," a new song by Signor Bevignani, that Madame Sinico sang, and for which she obtained an "enthusiastic encore."

W. C., on Welsh music, received. Will appear next week.

NOTICE.

Owing to an unusual press of matter we are again compelled to hold over notices of several important musical events.

We shall always be happy to receive any information our readers may have to give with regard to organ appointments, choral festivals, and church music generally.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

*BELLINI'S SONNAMBULA.**

BELLINI was the more desirous of making a great hit, and seeing his darling work, *La Sonnambula*, achieve a success in keeping with his hopes, because he had obtained, to interpret the principal part, an incomparable artist, who united in herself exceptional qualities carried to the highest perfection. Beautiful as the day; endowed with a voice which, for richness and volume, could not be rivalled; and an actress from head to foot, not invariably the same, but displaying such variety of accent and such fidelity to nature, that Talma, on hearing her, when she was still very young, sing one of her leading characters, exclaimed with rapture: That girl has found what I have been looking for these twenty years!"—and, in addition to all this, as impassioned, pathetic, and captivating as any one could be, Madame Pasta—for it is of her I am speaking—was then in all the splendour of her admirable talent.

That talent which the men of our generation had not an opportunity of appreciating, must have certainly been very overpowering, very astounding, and very extraordinary, for all her contemporaries, including the most illustrious artists, agreed in allowing that she possessed most sublime qualities.

One evening that Madame Pasta sang in Rossini's *Tancredi* (it was in 1824), Talma, whose own sublime accents had so often been heard in the *Tancrède* of Voltaire, went to the Italiens to see the great artist whom he had heard so highly praised. From the noble and majestic entrance of the proud and graceful Tancredi on the stage, Talma had no eyes for any one else, paying attention to his slightest gestures; hanging on the slightest accents that fell from his lips; and following the least play of his features.

The actress's look, her attitude, her proud bearing, her splendid voice, and the beauty of her singing, her powerful execution, and her impassioned play, natural, touching, and true, all contributed in her to produce the most complete illusion; the more she advanced in the character, the more Talma's gaze appeared to hang upon her lips. When she enunciated the luminous and inspired phrase:

> "O patria! dolce e ingrata patria; al fine
> A te ritorno; io ti saluto, o cara
> Terra degli avi miei! Ti baccio, e, questo
> Per me giorno sereno,
> Comincia il core a respirarmi in seno!
> Amenaide!"

Talma, with his eye fixed, his features contracted, and his breast heaving, remained motionless for a time; at length he exclaimed in a perfect transport of admiration: "It is very fine!"

Some days afterwards, the illustrious tragedian obtained an introduction to the celebrated singer, who received him with touching grace. It is related of him that, referring to his grave and

* From *Bellini, sa vie, ses œuvres*, by M. Arthur Pougin. Paris: L. Hachette and Co.

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melancholy voice, from which he could draw such profound and truthful accents, he said to her, with tears in his eyes:

"Madame, you realize the ideal I have dreamt; you possess those secrets for which I have never ceased to search ardently ever since the career of the stage was opened to me, and ever since I considered that the power of moving men's hearts is the highest object of art."

* * * * * * *

Bellini quickly perceived the great advantage to be derived from such qualities for the interpretation of the work he was writing. By a fortunate coincidence, Mad. Pasta visited nearly every day the house where he himself had met with such affectionate hospitality. There were other artists, also, among the visitors, and the drawing-room of the villa was frequently transformed into a kind of intellectual cœnaculum, where questions of art and literature were discussed and debated with genuine ardour. The company met, chatted, and played music, so that the composer was enabled to appreciate at his leisure the admirable artist who was to give life to his inspirations and transmit them to the public. He studied attentively her appearance, the character of her voice, the exceptional nature of her talent, and, lastly, the infinite resources which that talent placed at his disposal.

All this, however, might, perhaps, have been insufficient, but for some motives of a private nature, to cause him to create one of those works which are all the more beautiful, the more expressive, and the more impassioned, because the artist pours into them the best part of his own being, and because they are, as it were, an echo of his own past sufferings, anguish, and grief. Bellini had loved, he had wept, he was able to open the book of his heart, and I have no doubt an inward voice whispered to him accents similar to those which Musset attributes to the Muse in his beautiful piece *La Nuit de Mai*:—

"Poëte, prends ton luth; c'est moi, ton immortelle,
Qui t'ai vu cette nuit triste et silencieux,
Et qui, comme un oiseau que sa couvée appelle,
Pour pleurer avec toi descends du haut des cieux.
Viens, tu souffres, ami; quelque ennui solitaire
Te ronge; quelque chose a gémi dans ton cœur,
Quelque amour t'est venu, comme on en voit sur terre,
Une ombre de plaisir, un semblant de bonheur.
Viens, chantons devant Dieu, chantons dans tes pensées,
Dans tes plaisirs perdus, dans tes peines passées;
Partons, dans un baiser, pour un monde inconnu."

However this might have been, *La Sonnambula* was brought to a happy conclusion, and represented on the 6th March, 1831, with colossal success, the interpreters of it being Mad. Pasta, Rubini, and Mariani.

Whatever the faults that may be alleged against it, with regard to its style, properly so called, and to its instrumentation, it is no less true for every sincere artist, for every man who loves the Beautiful, and is susceptible to the accents of truth and passion, that this score is an admirable masterpiece. I own that, for my own part, I am not very much inclined to condemn the secondary faults of a work which moves me profoundly, and opens my heart to find itself a place there, even though its violence should make my heart bleed. But such was not the case where Bellini was concerned. With him, the expression of passion did not find utterance in ungovernable accents, and yet it did not agitate the souls of the audience any the less. Always simple, always natural, and always true, Bellini catches in a marvellous manner the character of each of his personages, and possesses the power of reproducing with scrupulous exactitude the particular sentiment which animates them all respectively.

Where shall we find accents of more perfect truthfulness; more exquisite delicacy; better sustained grace; more poignant and more affecting emotion; more intense passion; and, at the same time, a more happy sobriety of language, than in the adorable poem entitled *La Sonnambula*?

I do not speak of the melody. Every one knows that melody flowed spontaneously with Bellini, and the freshness of his cantilenas, now more than thirty years old, has not withered, or even only changed, while we see so many others, much more modern, prematurely die off and lose their charm. But are not even the character of his songs, and the nature of his musical language, in perfect keeping with the sentiment he wishes to express, and with the situation he has to interpret?

Amina and Elvina are two joyous peasants, two *contadini*; to divine this, we do not require to see them, and the simple and ingenious expression which the composer has succeeded in imparting to their strains, while preserving the elevated tone natural to delicate minds, suffices to make us understand their modest station. Where shall we meet with more vivid, more touching, tenderness than in Amina's delicious air, "Come per me sereno," and especially in the exquisite *andante*;—

"Sopra il sen la man mi posa,
Palpitar il cor mi senti."

And the *finale*—so fine, so grand, so noble, so pathetic—is that a vulgar page to be treated with contempt? It becomes you well, respected rhetoricians, before so perfect and highly finished a picture, before a dramatic page overflowing with passion, and of such striking effect, it becomes you well to talk about Bellini's ignorance, and about his incapability of developing a motive. Where will you find anything finer, more magnificent, more inspired, and, at the same time, more simple, more pure, and more irreproachable as regards form, than the magnificent progression of the melodic design constituting the second part of the above admirable piece of music?

Again: Is not Elvino's air in the second act the most poignant expression of despair; the cry of a broken heart; of a soul which is wrung by grief, and yet which would not have the love that once constituted the enchanted dream of its existence changed into hate? Remember the sorrowful and tender expression imparted to the verses:

"Ah! perchè non posso odiarti,
Infedel, qual io vorrei!
Ma del tutto ancor non sei
Cancellata del mio cor!"

and tell me if it is not the language of passion expressed in truthful, noble, and touching language.

But these are beauties which do not require to be discussed, for those persons who are not moved by them, and whose tears they do not cause to flow, could never comprehend their scope.

I own that, for me, among all the works Bellini wrote, there is no work superior to *La Sonnambula*. His style is, perhaps, more grandiose and more energetic in *Norma*; while the character of *I Puritani* is without doubt more complex and more thoroughly dramatic. I shall have to treat at greater length of these two remarkable works, elsewhere. But there is nothing which more charms me, nothing which more profoundly moves me, than this idyll, which is full of such intoxicating grace and freshness; which sometimes approaches an elegy, but which stops short on the threshold of drama, properly so-called, as though affrighted at the consequences that might result from an excursion into the domain of pure tragedy.

To speak accurately, *La Sonnambula* is what the Italians call a work *di mezzo carattere*, impassioned and pathetic, but not furious and ungovernable; one of those works in which a smile is sometimes mingled with tears, and which gently introduce into your soul that sentiment of soft and tender melancholy which penetrates to the innermost recesses of the heart, without, however, cruelly wounding it.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday—*La Sonnambula* (first time).
On Monday—*Don Pasquale* (first time).
On Tuesday—*Faust* (first time).
On Thursday—*Don Giovanni* (first time).
To-night—*La Favorita* (first time).

—o—

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday—*Don Giovanni.*
On Monday—*Martha.*
On Tuesday—*Il Barbiere* (in lieu of *Fidelio*).
On Thursday—*La Sonnambula* (first time).
To-night—*Lucia di Lammermoor.*

—o—

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The last but one of Mr. Leslie's series given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, was for the director's benefit. Hardly less, however, was it for the benefit of the public present, who were regaled with an admirable selection of music admirably performed. The concert was opened by the familiar yet always welcome overture to *Zampa*, after which came the cream of *Acis and Galatea* in the shape of "Hush, ye pretty warbling Choirs," and "O ruddier than the Cherry," with the opening chorus, "Oh! the pleasures," and its more magnificent neighbour, "Wretched Lovers." The soprano solo was very expressively sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, and the amorous ditty of Polyphemus was what it always is in Mr. Santley's hands. An attempt to encore the latter turned out a failure. Both the choruses were well rendered and much applauded, more especially that in which the lovers are so forcibly warned of coming evil. Following the selection came Weber's *scena*, "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster," splendidly sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, whom we have rarely heard in better voice. That the popular *cantatrice* should be recalled amid general acclamations was a simple act of justice after so unusually fine an effort. The choir next sung Wilbye's beautiful madrigal, "Flora gave me Fairest Flowers," in a manner worthy of the composition, and then Mr. Henry Blagrove played—and played excellently well—Beethoven's romance for violin. We need not dilate upon the merits of so familiar a work, and it will suffice to say that, as rendered by our talented countryman, it lost none of its accustomed fascination. "Non piu andrai," by Mr. Santley, and a good deliverance of the conductor's always agreeable *Templar* overture brought the first part to a close. Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was the great feature in the second part. Mr. Leslie deserves praise for having given this favourite work a second time, especially as the later performance was, in some respects, the better. It was heard, we need not say, with pleasure, and every movement—the *scherzo* not least—heartily applauded. Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" followed (solo by Mdlle. Tietjens), and with it Weber's *Concertstück*, which Miss Madeline Schiller played in really admirable style. As regards precise execution, intelligent phrasing, and graceful style the young pianist left very little to be wished for.

Mr. Leslie's last concert takes place next week, in our report of which a *resumé* of the season's doings will be included. T. E.

THE monument erected by the "Alfred Mellon Memorial Fund" over the grave of the late lamented artist will be formally inaugurated on Saturday next, at three p.m. The committee invite their subscribers to attend at Brompton Cemetery on the occasion.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—According to an advertisement in our impression to-day, it was resolved, at a general meeting of the directors, subscribers, and professors of the Royal Academy of music, to appeal to the public to raise a fund to assist in carrying it on, Her Majesty's Government having withdrawn their accustomed annual grant to the institution.

IN one respect Signor Piatti is an unfortunate artist. He has a noble instrument and unbounded skill, with but very little good music to play. This is no doubt why he has fallen back upon Romberg, whose Swiss Concerto he is announced to perform at the Philharmonic Concert of Monday next. The revival will be as interesting as Signor Piatti's rendering of the work will be perfect, which is saying not a little.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily News," May 21.)

The third concert took place last night. The symphonies were Haydn's in G ("letter V") and Mendelssohn's "Italian;" an interesting contrast between the genial quaintness of the elder and the poetical romanticism of the younger master. The overtures were Weber's *Der Freischütz* and Cherubini's *Les Abencerrages.* A prominent feature was the playing of Herr Rubenstein—a pianist held in almost as high esteem abroad as Liszt, the style of the two, indeed, possessing somewhat in common. That Herr Rubinstein is a pianist of great powers of execution, unbounded energy, and vigour of style, with a touch at once firm and elastic, and capable of great delicacy, can scarcely be disputed. That his energy is occasionally in excess, his impulse somewhat too unrestrained, and his ardour a little exaggerated, appears to us equally true. In many instances if he would do a little less he would do still better. His chief performance consisted of Beethoven's concerto in G—a work scarcely inferior to the great E flat concerto. The concerto in G demands not only exceptional powers of execution but also a high faculty of poetical expression; and perhaps those who have had the good fortune like ourselves to hear it played by Mendelssohn are apt to be a little hypercritical on its rendering by other hands. Herr Rubinstein's performance, with many admirable points, offered also some instances of the demonstrative style to which we have alluded; all the more remarkable since the *andante* was played with unaffected grace and delicacy throughout. His *cadenzas* (in the first and last movements) were neither of them to our taste; the second especially, which was crude and spasmodic, and had no merit beyond its enormous executive difficulty—if that be a merit. The other performances of Herr Rubinstein consisted of two pieces from the *Fantasiestücke* and *Waldscenen* of Robert Schumann, and Liszt's elaborate transcription of Schubert's *Erlkönig.* In each instance Herr Rubinstein was received with loud demonstrations of applause.

The chief feature in the vocal portion of the programme was the exquisite singing of Mdlle. Adelina Patti in "Una voce," and "Ah! non Giunge," the latter encored and responded to by "Home, sweet home." Other vocal solos were given by Signor Fancelli and Mdlle. Clara Doria.

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OUT OF VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Gentlemen's Choral Society (Wiener Männer Gesang's Verein) whose splendid singing on the occasion of the French Emperor's visit to Salzburg was so much talked of, has just received from the Emperor of Austria a magnificent flag, as a proof of his admiration. At one of the *réunions* of the Choral Society, which took place the other evening in the rooms of the Conservatory. M. Goldberg,* who is now in Vienna, received quite an ovation. Herr von Dumba, the president, being aware that he was in the room, appeared on the platform, and addressing himself to the audience, said—"Gentlemen, I am sure you will have great pleasure in knowing that our countryman, Herr Goldberg, the celebrated professor, of London, has honoured us this evening with his presence." Scarcely had he pronounced the words when all the members, four hundred in number, began to applaud in such a manner that Herr Goldberg was obliged to rise from his seat to acknowledge the compliment.—Herr Sontheim, from Stuttgardt has just finished his Gastrollen at the Opera. There has been for many years such a want of good tenors that the Viennese public welcomed Herr Sontheim in a most enthusiastic manner. At each of his performances the house was over-crowded, and tickets were sold at enormous prices several days before. He has a splendid tenor voice, resembling in quality that of Fraschini; and although his method is not faultless, he sings with great finish and expression.

THE electric organ, built by Messrs. Bryceson for Her Majesty's Opera, is now completed. We hope to give a description of this remarkable instrument in our next.

* M. Goldberg, who left Vienna very young, and before devoting himself to music, was a pupil of Mayseder and Leyfried. At the age of ten years he was an admired performer on the violin, for which instrument he composed several concertos.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Miss Emma Busby gave her annual *matinée* at the Hanover Square Rooms before an appreciative audience. The pieces chosen by the clever pianist were Beethoven's trio in E flat (Mr. Henry Holmes and Signor Pezzi holding respectively the violin and violoncello), three of the posthumous works of Mendelssohn (Prelude, *Lied*, and *Etude*), for pianoforte alone; Mozart's sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin (with Mr. Henry Holmes), and two pianoforte pieces by Schumann ("Des Abends and Novelletten, No. 1"). The artistic style in which Miss Busby executed each of these compositions gave great satisfaction. She was warmly applauded after each composition. Miss Robertine Henderson and Signor Ciabatta were the vocalists. The gentleman pleased greatly by his style of singing Mattei's "Non è ver," and the lady was compelled to repeat Spohr's "The Bird and the Maiden," the *obbligato* clarionet accompaniment of which was well played on the violin by Mr. Henry Holmes. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music.

On Tuesday Mr. Sydney Smith and Mr. Henry Blagrove gave a recital of pianoforte and violin music at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was attended by a large audience, and resulted in a marked success. Each artist played several solos. Those given by Mr. Smith including Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, his own "Golden Bells," "Study for Left Hand," and "Danse Napolitaine." In all these the popular composer for the pianoforte showed his mastery over that instrument to the undisguised satisfaction of the audience, who recalled him with acclamation. Mr. Blagrove's solos were a *réverie* and *tarantelle* by Vieuxtemps, and two charming *impromptus* from his own pen. That this artist, who has so long and deservedly enjoyed public favour, acquitted himself well need not be pointed out. The concerted music was, however, the great feature, including as it did, Mozart's pianoforte and violin sonata in A major, Beethoven's trio in B flat, for piano, violin and violoncello; and Mendelssohn's "Tema con variazioné," for the first and last named instruments. In these works (assisted when necessary by Mr. Aylward) the concert-givers left little to be desired, proving themselves to be as much at home as in compositions of a lighter cast. Miss Cecilia Westbrook was the vocalist, and sang, very nicely, songs by Arditi, Sullivan, Boscovitch, and Molloy.

The last two concerts (fifth and sixth of the series) given by Herr Carl Hause at the Hanover Square Rooms, have well sustained the interest excited by their predecessors. On each occasion Herr Hause has been assisted by Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), and Mr. Aylward (violoncello), with whom he has given several concerted works of the highest importance, including Hummel's trio (Op. 93), Beethoven's Kruetzer Sonata, Mozart's quartet in E flat (viola Herr Weber), and Bethoven's trio (Op. 97). All these were admirably performed and extremely well received. Among the solos played by Herr Hause were his own "Impromptu Brilliant" and "Theme Varié" both being creditable to him as a composer no less than their execution showed him to be excellent as a performer The vocalists on each occasion were Miss F. Armytage and Fraulein C. Baum.

Signor Giulio Regondi's concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday, was in every respect a success. The attendance was excellent, and so, also, were the programme and its performance. Of Signor Regondi's share in the last we cannot speak too highly. He played (with Signor Li Calsi) Mozart's sonata in B flat, Spohr's "Concerto Dramatico," a prelude and fugue by Bach, and an adapted movement from Mozart's Fifth Mass, in admirable style, showing most clearly the extensive resources of the concertina when in the hands of a master. Besides the above pieces, Signor Regondi gave a solo on airs from *Les Huguenots*, and, leaving the concertina for the guitar, two of his own compositions for the latter instrument, which displayed still further his versatility and talent. Signor Regondi was assisted by, among others, Miss Poole; Signor Gustave Garcia, whose rendering of "Non è ver," with the concert-giver's guitar accompaniment, was much admired; and Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang with his usual genuine expression, "Be thou faithful unto death," and Depret's "Chante pauvre petit."

Miss Clinton Fynes gave her Fifth Recital at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday with her usual success. Miss Fynes played Mendelssohn's Study in F minor, some of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, Beethoven's sonata in F minor, and a selection from Moschelles, Hiller, and Chopin, in all of which she proved herself an able and conscientious executant. She was assisted by Mr. Lazarus, who in Weber's "Duo Concertante" on Danish Airs, made a great impression; Mr. Lazarus also played the *adagio* from Mozart's concerto in A (accompanied by Miss Fynes), in a style which could hardly be excelled. Miss Emily Muir, a rising young singer, and Miss Dové Dolby were the vocalists. The rooms were filled, and the whole performance gave much gratification.—B. B.

Miss Edwards, one of the most meritorious of the artists who annually give concerts in the saloons of the aristocracy, received her friends on Thursday, at the residence of Mrs. Jamieson, in Prince's Gardens, and was assisted by the Mdlles. Doria, Signora Parisotti, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Mr. Penna (vocalists); Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Herr Oberthür (harp), and Mr. Lazarus (clarionet). Miss Edwards, as usual, appeared both as vocalist and pianist. She sang, with Signor Parisotti, "Quis est homo;" "Voi che sapete;" a French romance; a charming song, "Sweet and Low," by Grazia, with clarionet *obbligato*, beautifully played by Mr. Lazarus; and a ballad by Signor Bevignani, "To him I gave my heart." Her pianoforte pieces were a duet by Oberthür for harp and piano, on subjects from *Il Trovatore*, and some selections by M. Ascher and Mr. Cipriani Potter. Miss Edwards evidently gave great pleasure to her audience, who frequently testified their admiration. Among the most successful efforts by the other artists were a duet from *Il Profeteo*, by the Mdlles. Doria; a song by Balfe, "Didst thou but know" ("Si tu savais"), tastefully sung by Mr. Trelawny Cobham; a duet by Herr Oberthür for harp and clarionet, carefully played by the composer and Mr. Lazarus; and some pianoforte solos by Signor Mattei, who was called upon to repeat his transcription of "Non è ver." Mr. Frank Mori was the accompanist.

Mr. F. Weber, organist of the German Chapel Royal, gave a concert in St. George's Hall on Monday last, assisted by Fraulein Auguste Mehlhorn, Miss Abbott, and Miss Zuliani (vocalists); Miss Marie Weber, Carl Hause, Herr Oberthür, Messrs. Aylward and Henry Blagrove (instrumentalists). Several of Mr. Weber's works, both vocal and instrumental, were performed with more or less success. Mr. Weber played a pianoforte sonata, and, with Messrs. H. Blagrove and Aylward, a trio; he also gave two performances on the organ, and, with Miss Marie Weber, a pianoforte duet, entitled "The Happy Home." Miss Weber gave with effect one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* and a *tarantella* by Carl Hause. Fraulein Mehlhorn sang an effective song, "I would I were," accompanied by the composer. Herr Oberthür also played his "Souvenir de Londres" with much effect. The hall was well attended.—B. B.

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PROVINCIAL.

Leicester.—A concert, in aid of the funds for the erection of the clock tower, was given recently in the Temperance Hall. Miss Adelaide Newton and Mr. Denbigh Newton were the London artists engaged. Among the local professors who assisted were Miss Gill, Miss Deacon, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Carter, &c. Miss Newton made an impression by her singing in "Rock me to Sleep," and Mr. Newton's voice had ample scope for display in Henry Smart's "Wake, Mary, wake." The lady had to repeat her song, and Mr. Newton gave general satisfaction in the serenade. Mr. Nicholson's flute fantasia was warmly applauded, and Signor Randegger's popular trio, "I Naviganti" ("The Mariners"), sung by Mr. Sargeant, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Newton, was similarly complimented.

Worcester.—The following report of the Festival Choral Society's last concert is condensed from the *Worcester Journal*:—

"Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was selected as the *pièce de résistance*, a miscellanous selection following the cantata. The overture was moderately well played; and the rendering of the opening chorus led us to hope that the whole of the pastoral would have been well performed. This hope, however, was far from being realized, the performance being mediocre almost throughout. 'O Melancholy Plight' was quite sufficient to arouse a feeling of melancholy in all who heard it; but there was an improvement in the succeeding solo and chorus, 'With a Laugh as we go Round,' which is the liveliest portion of the work, and was better sung than anything else. The pageant music, which heralds the arrival of the Queen, is quaintly beautiful. For an amateur band this part of the cantata was very fairly performed, although the incompleteness of the orchestra detracted from the effect which might otherwise have been produced. Of the selection which followed the cantata nothing need be said, with the exception that some portions of the overture to the *Crown Diamonds* were excellently played by the band, and constituted a redeeming feature of the concert. There was a large audience."

Dedham.—Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital, under the auspices of the Literary Society, and patronized by the Lord of the Manor and all the best families of the district, came off last Tuesday, May 19, with great success. The audience manifested their appreciation of a choice selection from the pianoforte works of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, &c., and of Mrs. John Macfarren's brilliant playing, by cordial applause, renewed each time that she quitted the instrument. Miss Bessie Emmett, to whom was entrusted the vocal portion of the programme, has a bright, fresh voice,

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and an unaffected manner; she made a marked impression in "Vedrai Carino," and was unanimously called upon to repeat G. A. Macfarren's sacred song, "Late, late, so late," and a Welsh melody.

LIVERPOOL.—A concert was given at the Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday, in aid of the Orphan Asylum. In its notice the *Liverpool Daily Post* observes:—

"The attendance was very gratifying, all parts of the house, except the stalls, being well filled. The audience, though somewhat niggardly in their applause, roused themselves towards the end of the concert. In the absence of an ordinary orchestra, the accompaniments were played on the organ by Mr. Hirst, who did the utmost with the instrument. The part-songs were well sung, Kreutzer's and Hatton's being encored; and it is hardly necessary to say that the performances of the boys' band were received with the utmost favour by the audience. Mr. Palgrave Simpson, brother of the dramatic author of that name, gives his services to the culture of the band, and the success of Tuesday evening will, we hope, lead him to proceed still further by including pieces on the next occasion of higher musical interest. The remarkable talent of the boys called forth many demands for repetition, which were willingly complied with."

GLASGOW.—The managers of the Glasgow Theatre Royal are spirited North Britons, if North Britons they be. Not long ago they put *Œdipus at Colonos* on the stage, with Mendelssohn's music, and on Tuesday last they did the same good office for *The Tempest*, with Sullivan's music. In noticing the latter performance the *Daily Herald* says anent our young countryman's early work:—

"It begins with an *andante* movement that at once arrests the attention on account of the simplicity and beauty of its theme. This gives place to an *allegro con fuoco*, carefully instrumented and worked out. The prelude to the third act is replete with grace and beauty, and is certainly one of the most striking in the work. In the overture to the fourth act the most ambitious movement in the composition occurs. It is a very effective piece of writing, and the audience applauded it heartily, an encore being narrowly escaped. Then follows the dance of nymphs and reapers. For this the composer has been fortunate in writing music at once characteristic and beautiful."

The *North British Daily Mail* delivers itself on the same subject to this effect:—

"The chief attraction of the occasion was the music written for the piece by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has already acquired high reputation as a composer. Chiefly, we think, is it admirable in the purely instrumental portions. These are at once fresh and delightful in character, and most musicianly in their construction and scoring. As an example of a power in instrumentation, quite rare amongst writers of the day, we might notice the whole of the music of the fourth act. We should add that the music throughout had the advantage of being capitally rendered by forty able instrumentalists, conducted by Mr. Foster."

DUBLIN.—The recent "Harp and Vocal Recitals" of Miss Emilie Glover are attracting considerable attention, and her rooms were filled on Saturday week by a fashionable assembly. Miss Glover is a great favourite with lovers of the harp, her performances at the opera concerts during the Dublin Exhibition having rendered her exceedingly popular. She gave another capital recital on Saturday last, when her duet for harp and piano, entitled "Erin," was performed. Professor Glover played a prelude and fugue from his "Organ Book," on an instrument erected for the occasion. Miss Glover had both amateur and professional vocal assistance on the occasion.

WAIFS.

A contemporary adjectively describes *Don Pasquale* as a "musical masterpiece of elegant mischief, with a lightsome jest in every bar which is not a liquid protestation of love, or a comic ebullition of senile irritation."

The Paris correspondent of the *Star*, who keeps more than half an eye on music, writes thus:—

"It appears that the Prince Imperial has decided musical tastes which the Emperor does not wish to be cultivated to any extraordinary degree, as he does not ambition for his son the *rôle* of a troubadour, so unfortunately adopted by the young King of Bavaria. The ex-King of Hanover is engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of his *Lieder*, which will soon be published."

Those who are fond of logical entanglements, and can appreciate their felicitous unravelment, will be pleased at a trait recorded in proof of the acuteness of old Mendelssohn, the philosopher, as the father of the great composer was called. In his presence some young sophist propounded this paradox: If the saying that there is no rule without an exception be true, how fares it with the truth of that maxim itself? Mendelssohn's way out of the dilemma was that, in the case in point, the rule was its own exception. It takes some time to see it when you are not accustomed to dialectics, but the answer is perfect.

[Very good, O "Table-talk"-er of *Once a Week*; but "old Mendelssohn, the philosopher," was the composer's grandfather.—A. S. S.]

The gossiping Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*, thus gossips in that journal:—

"On Saturday Rossini, that, prematurely old fellow, whom the youthful Auber denounces as a man who is not half young, gave a little party, at which one Antonio Tamburini sang. Now this artist also comes into the category of Auber's young fellows, for he was born in 1800, and was in his zenith when he, with Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache, sang "I Puritani," as I fear it will never be sung again. Signor Tamburini sang three *morceaux*, and produced a great effect."

Corneille's house, 18, Rue d'Argenteuil, is doomed to destruction. The Haussmanic fiat has gone forth, and the historic walls will speedily be reduced to dust beneath the city pickaxes. Antiquarians may groan over the spirit of the age, which ruthlessly sweeps all that is antique and venerable into the dust-hole; but Paris must have another avenue, and this new one is to surpass in breadth and magnificence any as yet erected, and will run from the Boulevard des Capucines right up to the Place du Théâtre Français, so you will drive over the spot where Corneille wrote his tragedies, to see them acted at the Français.

There is to be a festival at Grenoble, to inaugurate a new equestrian statue of Napoleon the first. M. Berlioz whose *Harold* Symphony has made an irruption into the classical boundaries of the Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipsic, will conduct.

Madlle. Emilie Georgi, the well known contralto, has made a successful *debût* at La Scala in Milan. An extract from a private letter states:—

"Last night, at a concert given for the benefit of the *Philarmonica*, Miss Emilie Georgi made an extremely successful *debût*. She sang the *largo* and *rondo finale* from *La Cenerentola*, and the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Madlle. Georgi was recalled four times and Prince Humbert was graciously pleased to send her his warm congratulations through one of his *aides-de-camp*.

Mdlle. Geneviève Halévy, youngest daughter of the composer, has just been married to a Bordeaux wine merchant.

Auber's *Premier jour de bonheur* still keeps its attraction, not even the increasing heat of the weather being able to diminish its audiences.

The anniversary of the adoption by the Poles of their famous Constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, was celebrated this year at Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, with more national demonstrations than usual. Huge placards were posted up in all parts of the town with the inscription "3rd of May," reminding the people of the absolutist times of Bach, when the students used to write the memorable date on the walls secretly and at night, the police arresting any one whom they caught, thus reminding the Poles of one of the greatest events in their history. In the theatre a patriotic play was performed, entitled *Kosciusko on the Seine*, after which patriotic hymns were sung, followed by a grand tableau representing the national hero at Raclavice, the scene of one of his most celebrated battles. In the afternoon the Polish Musical Society gave a concert, at which it was remarked that Prince George Czartoryski sang in the chorus side by side with a number of poor men and women of the working class.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Madame Harriers-Wippern has been "starring" it very successfully as Elizabeth in Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and Margaret in M. Gounod's *Faust*. Mesdlles. von Edelsberg and Georgine Schubert have, also, been singing here, and Mdlle. Löwe, from Hamburg, is expected shortly.

COLOGNE.—Franz Schubert's operetta, *Der häusliche Krieg*, is in rehearsal and will shortly be brought out.

PRAGUE.—Kittl's opera, *Die Franzosen vor Nizza*, has been revived, after a lapse of twelve years.

SCHWERIN.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Rienzi* has just been produced here for the first time.

WEIMAR.—Schumann's *Manfred*, with connecting text by Pole, was performed at the 5th concert given by the Singacademie.

MOSCOW.—Alexander Serof's opera, *Rogneda*, is to be performed here in the autumn. According to report, the *mise-en-scène* will be very magnificent. The Emperor has bestowed a pension of 1500 roubles on the composer for life.

RIGA.—M. Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* has found its way as far as here.

MDLLE. NILSSON.—The bust of Mdlle. Nilsson, by M. Francia, which we mentioned in a former number of the *Musical World*, may now be seen at Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond Street. It is an excellent likeness of the popular artist, in the character of Ophelia.

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At Eight o'clock.

MADRIGALS AND PART-SONGS.
BACH'S MOTETT, "I WRESTLE AND PRAY."

SOLO VOCALISTS—MDLLE. PAULINE LUCCA AND MR. SIMS REEVES.
SOLO PIANOFORTE—MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN.

Accompanist—Mr. BENEDICT. Conductor—Mr. BARNBY.

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BENEFIT CONCERT,

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 8th,

Commencing at Eight o'clock.

MR. CHARLES HALLE, SIGNOR PIATTI, M. WIENIAWSKI,
And other Eminent Artists, will appear.

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MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "TOTAL ECLIPSE," "ADELAIDE" (BEETHOVEN), "FRA POCO" ("Lucia di Lammermoor"), and the "MACGREGORS' GATHERING," at his BENEFIT CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY EVENING, June 8th. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. Admission, 1s.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The THIRD RECITAL, on SATURDAY MORNING, the 6th of June, at Three o'clock, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Vocalist, Miss Robertine Henderson. Violoncello, Mr. Henry Holmes. Tickets, 7s.; at the Rooms, and at 3, Osnaburgh Terrace, N.W.

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MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S
GRAND MORNING CONCERT,
AT
ST. JAMES'S HALL,
MONDAY, JUNE 1st,
Commencing at Two o'clock.

MADEMOISELLE. ADELINA PATTI.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI, at MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, June 1st.

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20TH JUNE.—MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mesdames Titiens, Adelina Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg, and Christine Nilsson at Mr. Benedict's Grand Annual Morning Concert, the only occasion of these celebrated artists appearing together. The full programme will be published on the 8th June. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.: Area and back balcony, 5s.: upper balcony, 3s. Immediate application is solicited for the remaining sofa and balcony stalls at the principal Musicsellers and Libraries; at Mr. Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly, and at Mr. Benedict's, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY and MONS. SAINTON'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY, June 3, commencing at Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists — Mesdames Titiens, Sinico, Trebelli-Bettini, and Christine Nilsson; Mesdames Enequist, Watts, Vinta, Angele, Wells, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; MM. Gardoni, Bettini, Gassier, Foli, and Santley; MM. Cummings, Burleigh, Lloyd, and Lefort. Violin, M. Sainton. Conductors, MM. Benedict and Arditi; MM. Bevignani, Thodless, Deacon, and Lindsay Sloper. Sofa Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d.—Tickets to be obtained at all the principal Musicsellers'; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and at Mons. and Madame Sainton's Residence, 5, Upper Wimpole Street.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MORNINGS AT THE PIANOFORTE, in ST. JAMES'S HALL. Pianoforte—Mrs. John Macfarren. Vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. The Pianoforte by Erard.

PROGRAMME FOR TUESDAY, JUNE 9TH.

PART I.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE, 8th Book	Mendelssohn.
TRIO "Soave sia il vento"	Mozart.
MENUETTO CAPRICCIOSO (Sonata, Op. 39)	Weber.
SONG, "The Bell-ringer"—Mr. PATEY	Wallace.
TOCCATA (Sonata, No. 6)	Paradies.
DUETTO, "Dolce conforto"	Mercadante.
VALSE BRILLANTE DE BRAVURA	Brissac.

PART II.

PASTORAL SONATA	Beethoven.
BALLAD, "Recollection"—Madame PATEY ...	Roeckel.
ETUDE, "Reveil des Fées"	Prudent.
SONG, "The Faithful Echo"—Miss BANKS ...	Ganz.
TRIO, "The Troubadour"	G. A Macfarren.
BRILLIANT FANTASIA, "Merrie England"	Brissac.

Stalls, 5s.; of Mrs. John Macfarren, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND has the honour to announce that his PIANOFORTE and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY MORNING, June 18th, to commence at Three o'clock. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each (all reserved) to be had of Mr. G. W. Hammond, 11, St. Leonards' Gardens, Maida Vale, W.

THE MISSES JEWELL beg to announce that their ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY, June 12th, 1863. Tickets to be had of the Misses Jewell, 20, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce that her SIXTH and LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL of the Series will take place on WEDNESDAY MORNING next. To commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle. Clari Doria and Mdlle. Rosamunde Doria; Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes, and Violin, Mr. Carrodus. Tickets—Single, 5s.; Reserved and Numbered, 7s. To be had at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and of Miss Clinton Fynes, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

MR. W. G. CUSINS has the honour to announce that he will give his ANNUAL GRAND ORCHESTRAL MORNING CONCERT, on THURSDAY, June 4th, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, at Half-past Two o'clock. Mr. Cusins, in addition to performing Beethoven's Concerto in E flat (first movement), and Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor, will introduce a new Concert Overture, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," composed expressly for this occasion. The Orchestra will be complete. Principal Violin—Mr. Carrodus. Conductors—Mr. Benedict, Mr. W. G. Cusins, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street; and of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 33, Nottingham Place, W.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his SECOND SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 10th, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS at Eight o'clock, when the following eminent artists will appear—Miss Lucy Franklein, Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Hunten, Madame Sauerbrey, and Miss E. Jenkens; Herr Argiafy, Mr. Alfred Heming, and Signor Caravoglia. Violin, Herr Langhans, from Paris. Conductors, Mr. Ganz and Mr. Louis Emanuel. Several of Herr Lehmeyer's piano pupils will make their first appearance. All applications to Herr Lehmeyer, 14, Store Street, Bedford Square

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI'S THIRD and LAST MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on THURSDAY, June 11th, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Artists—Miss Katharine Poyntz, Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Gustave Garcia Harp, Mr. Boleyne Reeves; Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Pianoforte, Signor Li Calsi; Concertina and Guitar, Signor Giulio Regondi. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each, or Three for a Guinea; Unreserved Tickets, 5s. To be had of Messrs. W. Wheatstone & Co., 20, Conduit Street, Regent Street; and of Mr. Fish, at the Rooms.

MDLLE. SEDLATZEK begs to announce that the MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at DUDLEY HOUSE, Park Lane (by the kind permission of the Earl of Dudley), on TUESDAY, June 9th, under the immediate Patronage of the Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck and Prince Teck. Tickets to be had at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's residence, 34, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

APTOMMAS'S RECITALS, EVERY SATURDAY MORNING at Half-past Three, and EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, at Half-past Eight, at his Residence, 13, Nottingham Place, Regent's Park. Tickets, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; of Mr. Aptommas only.

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LES DEMOISELLES DORIA will sing GUGLIELMO'S new Duet, "UN MATTINO D'AMORE," at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street on Tuesday, June 2d.

MISS FANNY HOLLAND will sing GUGLIELMO'S new and immensely successful Ballad "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, June 9th.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S immensely successful Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME," composed expressly for her, at all her engagements this season.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing Mr. MARSHALL BELL'S new song, "SUNSHINE," at the Composer's Concert, Beethoven Rooms.

MISS CLINTON FYNES will play with MR. CARRODUS, BEETHOVEN'S SONATA in E FLAT, Op. 12, DUSSEK'S in B FLAT, and BENEDICT'S and DE BERIOT'S DUO CONCERTANTE on "SONNAMBULA," at her Recital on Wednesday Morning next.—27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's Matinee Musicale, at Dudley House (by kind permission of Earl Dudley), on Tuesday, June 9th.

MISS BERRY-GREENING will sing "THE SONGSTERS OF SPRING" (composed expressly for her by ALFRED CARDER) at her Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 5th.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Miss Berry-Greening's Matinée will be held, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 5th. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

MDLLE. ROMANELLI will shortly sing GUGLIELMO'S popular Ballad, "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE."

MDLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing MORI'S admired song, "A THOUSAND MILES FROM THEE," at Myddelton Hall, June 3rd.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHIRA'S brilliant vocal waltz, "IL BALLO," at St. George's Hall, June 1st and 4th.

MDLLE. ZEISS, First Contralto-Mezzo-Soprano, from the Théâtre Italien, Paris, begs to announce her arrival in London for the Season, and that she is open for Operatic Engagements, Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," at Mr. Barnby's Concert, St. James's Hall, Wednesday evening, June 3rd.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will shorly sing GUGLIELMO'S new and immensely successful Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME."

HERR REICHARDT and MISS ANGELE will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD," at Mr. Lindsay Sloper's Concert, St. James's Hall, Monday Morning, June 1st.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA are now in London for the Season. Engagements for Concerts, Soirees, &c., &c., to be addressed to them, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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The above charming Waltz has been sung by many of the popular sopranos of the day. The *Morning Advertiser*, in a notice of the Concert given by Messrs. Rawlings' Private Band, at the Hanover Square Rooms, writes that "Miss Marie Stocken's song, 'Il Ballo,' brought out her vocal powers in grand proportion, and, receiving from her a thoughtful and harmonious interpretation, the effect, heightened as it was by her engaging manner and interesting face, was pleasing in the extreme."

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN'S NEW DUO for PIANOFORTE and VIOLONCELLO will be played at the Hanover Square Rooms on June 12th, by MISS ELLICE JEWELL and MR. W. H. AYLWARD.—Copies to be had of LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street, W.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

Notwithstanding prognostications to the contrary, we have still two Italian Operas. The grand scheme which was to combine the two in one, at Covent Garden Theatre, with Mr. Mapleson to control the musical and stage departments, and a bubble company to control Mr. Mapleson, happily fell through. A more impracticable idea was never entertained; and as about the least desirable thing in the conduct of operatic affairs is a monoply, we are by no means disposed to lament over its failure. Both Her Majesty's Opera and the Royal Italian Opera have now been open more than six weeks; but, with a solitary exception, neither the production of a new work nor the revival of an old one has marked the proceedings at either house. Several singers, however, have been heard, who claim notice, as absolute strangers, or as absentees for so long a period that their merits form a legitimate topic for renewed discussion.

Mr. Mapleson, contrary to precedent, was this year first in the field. Upon the house he has provided for himself in Drury Lane, after the conflagration which left him houseless in the Haymarket, he may be felicitated. The "Auditorium" wears the refined and aristocratic appearance which one is accustomed to expect in a fashionable theatre, and which is traditionally indispensable to Italian Opera. But, to eschew questions with which music has nothing in common, the acoustical properties of Drury Lane Theatre are singularly good; and this we need hardly say is a point of the utmost importance. The only difference between Her Majesty's Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre is in the building. Nearly all the singers of last year are re-engaged, while the same orchestra, the same chorus, and the same conductor are present to support them. The services of Signor Arditi can hardly be overestimated. His orchestra is now almost as renowned as that which, at the rival theatre, obeys the energetic direction of Mr. Costa; while his chorus, gathered from all parts of Europe, is notoriously first-rate. In short, this Italian gentleman, who came over to Mr. Lumley from America, is a host in himself. Zealous and indefatigable, he thoroughly understands his business; and every well-wisher to Her Majesty's Opera must be glad that the rumour, at one time general, as to Signor Arditi's intended secession from the post he has occupied so honourably for many years was, like so many rumours of the kind, unfounded.

It will not take long to review the history of Her Majesty's Opera since the beginning of the season. The activity of the management under circumstances so trying may be gathered from the list of operas already produced. This list embraces no less than thirteen works—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Semiramide*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Linda*, *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Rigoletto*, *Fidelio*, *Norma*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and the *Huguenots*. New music properties, costumes, and scenery had to be provided for every one of these; and when we say that every one has been creditably brought out, and every one more than creditably executed, it will be allowed that an extraordinary degree of energy has been exhibited. True, there were stage-properties already in Drury Lane Theatre that could be drawn upon at will; and there was Mr. W. Beverley ready and able to make any bit of scenery at hand fit any given situation at an emergency; but what has been done has been on the whole well done, and we have had few occasions to complain of more glaring inconsistencies than are customary at the Italian Opera. Gorgeous scenic display has in no instance been attempted; and indeed, had the resources at Mr. Mapleson's disposal been unlimited, the time was too restricted for anything of the sort.

The theatre opened on the 28th of March with *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Santley, and Signor Fraschini playing the chief characters. Thus the cast included the greatest tragic soprano, the most accomplished contralto, and the finest baritone at present on the Italian lyric stage. But this would be no excuse for devoting another sentence to so hackneyed an opera as *Lucrezia*, or to performances so familiar as those of the three singers to whom we have referred. There was a Gennaro, however, unknown to the majority of the actual generation of opera-goers, although remembered by a minority of those whom the late Mr. Thackeray would have designated as "fogies"—a tenor of some renown in his day. One-and-twenty years ago Mr. Lumley brought out Signor Fraschini at Her Majesty's Theatre, and a good deal was talked and written about him, more especially as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Connoisseurs, admitting certain vigorous qualities in the new-comer, nevertheless found him on the whole somewhat rough, ungainly, and exaggerated. His first appearance among us took place in March 1847 (the same year as that of Signor Gardoni); but he was already well-known in Italy, where he made his *début*, in 1839, at Bergamo. So that Signor Fraschini has now been close to thirty years on the stage. At any rate, after appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre as Edgardo, and winning a sort of notoriety as a vociferator of the "Maledizione," in the scene of the Contract, he lost ground step by step, in *Ernani* and the *Due Foscari*, till he collapsed on the memorable 4th of May, when Jenny Lind came out as Alice in *Robert le Diable*, and Signor Fraschini made sad havoc with Robert. The only other part he essayed was Pollio; but that failed to re-establish him in public opinion; and in 1848 his name was not to be found in the prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre. Twenty-one years have elapsed, and Signor Fraschini, who has been able to maintain a reputation on the Continent as representative of the music of Signor Verdi, returns to us with the same qualities, the same defects, and a voice much impaired by time. If he did not greatly please in 1847, it is not surprising that he should not greatly please in 1868; and for the credit and consistency of our musical press, it is but fair to add that the criticisms on Signor Fraschini at the present moment differ in no material respect from the criticisms published when he first was heard. In short he has made little impression at Her Majesty's Opera; and the most that can be said in his favour is that he is an energetic declaimer. As Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, and as Pollio in *Norma*, he has been appraised at precisely the same value. But, if we are not misinformed, his engagement is nearly fulfilled, and his place will shortly be taken by Signor Mongini—another "robust tenor," who, with faults that no competent judge can fail to observe, is by many degrees Signor Fraschini's superior.

Lucrezia Borgia was successively followed up by *Semiramide* and the *Barbiere*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as Semiramide and Madame Trebelli as Rosina; the other parts in either instance, if we except the Arsace of Madame Trebelli—not equal to the Arsaces we remember, from Brambilla to Alboni, but still the best of its day, and, for a French Arsace, by no means unacceptable—being indifferently filled.

The first excitement of the season was created by the persistently vilified *Traviata*, in which Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, the young American singer of whom we had occasion to speak so favourably last winter, made her re-appearance. Mdlle. Kellogg has eminent gifts that may in time place her in the foremost postion. She is, before all, dramatic, and her singing lends itself as readily as unmusical speech might do to the business of the scene. Her voice, though a powerful and genuine soprano, is rather difficult to manage, not being naturally flexible; but we are mistaken if its young and spirited possessor does not succeed, through force of perseverance, in completely subduing it to her will. The public were rejoiced to listen to Mdlle. Kellogg again, and the *Traviata* was once more unanimously greeted for her sake. Verdi's peccant opera (after one performance of his now, under any circumstances, no matter how played, scarcely endurable *Trovatore*) was followed by *Linda di Chamouni*, a work in which Donizetti, who was nothing if not Italian, eagerly but fruitlessly strove to make himself *tant soit peu* German. The dullest and most laboured of all the many operas of Donizetti are those composed for Vienna and —allowing for the charming fifth act of *La Favorita*—those composed for the Grand Opéra in Paris. His *Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Fille du Régiment* are worth the whole of them put together. But the representation of *Linda* was welcome, if only on account of Mdlle. Kellogg's striking and impressive performance of the character of the heroine, about which we have merely to reiterate the very high opinion already recorded. *Linda* has been followed in due order by *Rigoletto* and *La Gazza Ladra*. In both of these Mdlle. Kellogg was heard for the first time in England, and in *Rigoletto*, at any rate, her success may be pronounced unequivocal. Hitherto the character of Gilda, the Jester's unhappy daughter, has been made a simple vehicle for singing. With Madame Bosio this was essentially the case; But Madame Bosio atoned for her indifference to dramatic expression by executing the music in a manner to rival which was comparatively hopeless. Mdlle. Kellogg does not precisely sing the music as Madame Bosio

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used to sing it, although she sings it for the most part extremely well; but she represents Gilda to us as a creature of flesh and blood, in whom we are involuntarily compelled to take a deeper interest than we could possibly take in a mere nightingale, however enchantingly mellifluous its tones. To have accomplished this is much to the credit of Mdlle. Kellogg; for none can deny that Gilda, on our stage at least, has been little more in reality than a seemingly unconscious utterer of sweet sounds. Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*—for the revival of which racy example of the Italian style of half a century back (the only novelty with which we have hitherto been favoured) we must thank the American *prima donna*—is a far more difficult task, both in a dramatic and a musical sense. The music belongs to a school now gone by; while to act the character as it should be acted demands a sacrifice to nature of what is called "effect," such as is rarely condescended to in our time. Say what we please about the old French melodrama of *La Pie Voleuse* (by Daubigny and Laigniez), it is a simple and touching story, simply and touchingly narrated; and Ninetta is a character the faithful interpretation of which exacts histrionic powers of no mean order. Since Malibran, and Malibran's legitimate successor, Giulia Grisi, we have had few Ninettas worth recalling. By far the best, not forgetting Madame Penco, was Mdlle. Adelina Patti, who only played the part during one season; after which, for reasons unknown, the opera was never brought out again at Covent Garden. Mdlle. Kellogg has been perhaps a little too used to the operas of Verdi, where "effects" are easily produced by fits and starts—more or less musical, as the case may be. In the earlier operas of Rossini—and *La Gazza Ladra* was brought out at Milan in 1817—there is nothing of the kind. Consisting mainly of legitimate vocal phrases, these demand legitimate vocal execution. Further schooling, however, in such music—or we are greatly in error—would make Mdlle. Kellogg a thorough mistress of it, as further experience in the delineation of characters simply natural would enlarge her sphere of histrionic attainment; for her intelligence is remarkable, and her second performance of Ninetta was a noticeable advance upon her first.

In the last three operas named—*Linda*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Gazza Ladra*—it has been agreeable to note the advance made in a very important department of his art by an English singer who for some time has fairly held the position of foremost baritone in Italian opera. We mean, of course, Mr. Santley. This gentleman, even while singing almost as well as he does now, was about as poor an actor as ever trod the lyric stage—as poor as Mario when he first appeared, as poor as Rubini to the very end of his career. But very recently Mr. Santley has progressed in a wonderful manner, of which his various assumptions of Rigoletto, Antonio (Linda's father), and Ferdinando (Ninetta's father), may be cited as examples. No other part in the *Gazza Ladra*, excepting that of Pippo, by Mdlle. Trebelli, was more than tolerably represented. Signor Bettini scarcely does justice to the music of Ninetta's soldier-lover, while Signor Foli makes absolutely nothing of the character of the Podestà. This young American, who promised so well, should strive more earnestly to deserve the general acceptance he has obtained. Lablache did not become the Lablache we all remember by listlessly contenting himself with his first-won laurels. His motto was "Excelsior!"—and he acted up to it. On the whole, indeed, although charmed to listen once more to the ever fresh melodies of *La Gazza Ladra*, we were not altogether satisfied with the manner of its performance.

Skipping *Fidelio*—in which Mdlle. Tietjens, the only possible Leonora, was feebly supported by Signor Bettini, who has no idea of the music of Florestan, and by Signor Foli, whose Rocco is wanting in dramatic life, and which, but for the Pizarro of Mr. Santley, the Marcellina of Mdlle. Sinico, the Jacquino of Mr. C. Lyall (a singular improvement on the Jacquino of last year), and the admirably trained orchestra and chorus of Signor Arditi, would have fared ill; skipping also *Le Nozze di Figaro*—of the very effective representation of which, with Mdlles. Tietjens and Sinico as the Countess and Susanna, Mr. Santley as the Count, and Signor Gassier as Figaro, we spoke at length last season, and which still labours under the disadvantage of a contralto in the lively part of Cherubino (although that contralto is now Mdlle. Trebelli, *vice* Madame Demeric-Lablache), again necessitating the transposition of the most beautiful of beautiful songs; and skipping *Norma*, which Mdlle. Tietjens, with laudable ambition, will persistently keep alive, although no one would greatly miss it for the next ten years—we come to Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, the brilliant star of last season, and likely to shine with equal lustre during the present. The young, gifted, and prepossessing Swedish songstress has, up to this time, attempted no fresh character. She has again presented us with her refined and elegant impersonation of the luckless Traviata, and again with her no less refined and elegant impersonation of the at first adventurous, afterwards love-struck Lady Henriette (*Martha*), in both of which she has revived her successes of last year. Lovelier *soprano* tones than those of Mdlle. Nilsson never issued from the throat of a sweet singer; and that she is one of the sweetest of sweet singers we need hardly insist. But Violetta and Martha, even wearing the features and assuming the voice of Mdlle. Nilsson, cannot charm for ever; and every one of Mdlle. Nilsson's admirers must have been enchanted the other night to see and hear her as Mozart's Donna Elvira, singing the music, too, as she did in the finest performanace of the masterpiece of Italian opera that has been heard for many day—a performance in which Mdlle. Tietjens (Donna Anna), Mdlle. Kellogg (Zerlina, a Zerlina, reminding us, more than any other, of Charlotte in *Le Festin de Pierre*—Molière's Zerlina), Mr. Santley (Don Giovanni), Herr Rokitansky (Leporello—a Leporello with a genuine bass voice), Signor Bettini (a mild Don Ottavio), and Signor Foli (the Commendatore), took part. It may seem unjust to Mdlle. Sinico, the hitherto very excellent Elvira, to be ousted from her place by Mdlle. Nilsson, and unjust to Signor Gassier, a no less competent Don Giovanni, to be thrust aside by Mr. Santley; but few will deny that in either instance the change is for the better. Mdlle. Nilsson's presence ensures us another performance no less attractive, in the *Nozze de Figaro*, with herself as Cherubino (which will enable us to hear Mozart's delightful songs in the proper keys), Mdlle. Kellogg as Susanna, and all the other characters as before. In every conceivable respect the arrival of the fair and gracious Scandinavian is a happy event for Mr. Mapleson and his supporters. It is a pity that the opera of *Hamlet* should be so laboriously heavy as to render its production here unadvisable, and the publishers so fastidious that they will not allow the one scene to be represented in which Mdlle. Nilsson, as Ophelia, has been driving all Paris wild. Some consolation, however, may be derived from the fact that, in default of *Hamlet*, we are promised a revival of Auber's *Gustave III.*, with Mdlle. Nilsson as Oscar (the page), and new music by the greatest of French composers, expressly written for her. This, and the magnificent *Medea* of Cherubini, are far more pleasant things to look forward to than the threatened *Lohengrin*—that first approved example of Herr Richard Wagner's "Art-work of the Future"—which is a conspicuous feature in the prospectus of Her Majesty's Opera.

Altogether, notwithstanding the quasi-failure, only the other night, of a new tenor, Signor Ferensi, "from the Imperial Opera at Vienna," in what, on the whole, was a somewhat indifferent performance of the *Huguenots*, Mr. Mapleson may be congratulated on the progress he has made, and the spirit with which he has faced the difficulties that beset him.

To Horace Mayhew, Esq.

Sir,—The value of coin underwent many changes during the existence of the Roman Republic, and stood, as Pliny mentions it, as follows:—

In the reign of Servius	The *as* weighed	1 pound	
A. U. C 490	of brass	2 ounces	
A. U. C. 537		1 ounce	
A. U. C. 586		½ ounce	

A. U. C. 485	The *denarius* exchanged for	10 *asses*
A. U. C. 537		16 *asses*

A. U. C. 547, a scruple of gold was worth 20 *sestertii;* coined afterwards of the pound of gold, 20 *denarii aurei;* and in Nero's reign of the pound of gold, 45 *denarii aurei.*

In the above tables, it should be observed, the silver has been reckoned at 5s., and gold at £4 per ounce.—I am, Sir, your faithful Servant,

Short Commons, May 26. T. Duff Short.

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A Remarkable Record.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

By accident we have recently come upon a little book, the contents of which are so curious and interesting that we hasten to lay them before our readers. The work is entitled "Twenty-third Annual Record of the Musical Union, dedicated to His Grace the Duke of Leinster, President, containing Portraits of Rubinstein, Jaell, and Lubeck, drawn on stone, a List of Members and Artists engaged from 1845 to 1867, with various Information on Music and Musicians, and a Supplement of Musical Prizes given at the late Exposition, and a sketch of Music in Paris, &c., by J. Ella, Director and Founder of the Society, and Hon. Mem. Phil. Acad. of Rome." Apart from the copious information foreshadowed by this very copious title, we were glad to light upon the book because of its connection with the Musical Union. Our notions concerning that institution had been chiefly derived from curt advertisements, stating who could *not* be admitted to its *matinées* on any account, and what ordeal had to be passed by those fortunate enough to be eligible. We looked in vain for notices of its doings in the columns of our contemporaries, and in vain asked privately for some information respecting it. Hence an idea that the Union represented a sort of musical freemasonry, with its initiatory rites and its vows of secresy, the mysterious organization being visible to the outer world only in the person of "J. Ella, 18 Hanover Square." This illusion the book before us has dispelled. We find the society to be a concert-giving association remarkable for the aristocratic names on the list of its managers; that every season it gives eight *matinées* of more or less good music by more or less good performers; that it unduly assumes an intense eagerness on the part of the public to be present at those entertainments; and that by the mouth of Mr. Ella, it is addicted to a tremendous blowing of its own trumpets. Such a prosaic discovery, when something romantic was looked for, proved disappointing. Not so another and unexpected revelation. It is impossible to take up the Record without seeing that, in its pages, the Musical Union is second, and Mr. Ella first. That gentleman's name faces us on the title page, and the last two letters on the last page are the initials J. E. Everywhere between those extremes Mr. Ella confronts the reader. The business details in the book—lists of members and artists, programmes and analyses—are only "padding," the sensational contents being the worthy director himself. We confess to being perfectly charmed with him, and wish the Record twice as long on his account. As far as possible the reader shall share our enjoyment.

It must first of all be explained that the programme (or "synoptical analysis" as Mr. Ella calls it) of each concert is studded with brief notes from the director's pen. It is in these that the charm of the book—a collection of such programmes for the most part—is found to consist. They are perfectly delicious, not so much on their own account, as for the light they reflect upon their author. A few examples will suffice to show this. That Mr. Ella should have a high opinion of the Musical Union is natural enough. Hence we gather from his notes that every artist in Europe burns with anxiety to appear under its auspices. "We," says Mr. Ella, who often affects the plural, "are solicited to introduce the young Hungarian pianists." Again, the unexpected visit of Antoine Rubinstein last year "induced more than one new pianist to defer his *début* at the Musical Union." Furthermore Lubeck is represented as having actually "escaped" from Paris in order to attend one *matinée*; and Servais, the late violoncellist often wanted to come to terms, but they were, writes Mr. Ella "extravagantly high, and I gave him no encouragement." We are not informed whether Mdlle. Rosa Czuk, another violoncellist said anything about terms high or low, but when she "expressed a great desire to visit London," Mr. Ella again gave "no encouragement." Let it not be supposed that this ardent longing is confined to professionals. One "sketch" in the form of a dialogue shows the contrary. It tells how a lady waited upon the D. M. U. and being "middle-aged, married, and *far* from handsome," was at once—we suppose from the D. M. U.'s experience of his members—assumed to want a subscription ticket. Instead thereof the lady desired to play at the M. U. concerts, and offered a specimen of her powers. The director vainly pleading that a "distinguished foreign pianist" awaited him in the next room, was compelled to hear one of Hummel's sonatas. Still unmollified he urged that expenses could only be met by engaging "new and eminent professors from the Continent" upon which he was accused of being mercenary. Mr. Ella begged pardon, but he had spent lots of money in pursuit of the art. "Then," said the lady, "I will buy fifty half-guinea tickets if you will let me only play one sonata." This was the crisis of the interview; but Mr. Ella was equal to it. What a magnificent indignation (mixed with a little gratuitous spleen) rings out in his answer—"There are plenty of concert-givers who gladly would accept your offer, madam, but the director of the Musical Union will never accept a bribe." Of course Mr. Ella put an end to the interview at once, leaving the lady to apologize to his servant, which we are assured she did. It would be affectation to wonder at all this anxiety for Musical Union honours. The Record shows that they are stepping-stones to others yet higher, if such be possible. Referring to Leopold Auer, Mr. Ella says, "No sooner had he contracted an engagement to play at the Musical Union, than another of great honour and emolument was afforded to him in Germany." Nor is this all, for when once a performer has obtained a footing on the M. U. platform, the director comes forward as a guarantee for his possession of all possible excellence. Mr. Ella's fondness for, and pride in, his artists is altogether paternal. He compresses their biography into his "sketches" and sings their praises in little notes with touching devotion. Yea, more, he vouches for their moral and physical, as well as professional virtues. Thus we learn that the Brothers Thern are "intelligent, modest, and amiable;" that Mdlle. A. Bolar an intending *debutante*, is "tall, with handsome features, and an intelligent expression;" that Grutzmacher is deservedly esteemed for his social virtues; and that Auer is "obliging and modest." This is a feature altogether unique, and is, of course, all the more valued. Elsewhere artists are regarded as such merely; at the Musical Union they are, in addition, proclaimed to be "jolly good fellows, every one." What wonder that they love the M. U.

But the Record shows the D. M. U. in a yet more interesting light. When making those royal progresses abroad which used to be so succinctly advertized in the first page of the *Times*, Mr. Ella was very properly the object of much polite attention. He tells of this with a *naïveté* absolutely delicious in its freshness, as though he were unconscious of its character, or his own deserts. In one note, after observing that "musicians of moral worth have much reason to be satisfied with the friendly relations that exist between them and the noble *dilettanti* of Austria," we are informed how Prince Czartoryski gave the director an *entrée* to his opera box for the season; in another how Ella and Auber, after a friendly musical discussion, "parted on the most affectionate terms;" in a third how Grisi and her "triad of charming daughters" received him into their circle of *intimes* at the Villa Salviati; and in a fourth how, when confined to his Paris lodging by a bad cold, an English professor—no ordinary one, but an M.A. Cantab—came and played to him the whole of Schubert's sonatas. Furthermore, we learn from a note, the innocence of which is quite Edenic, that the director of the Vienna Philharmonic Concerts begged Mr. Ella not to be critical, as he had only been able to obtain *four* rehearsals. Yet even these stories are exceeded in refreshing interest by some others in the Record. Mr. Ella, for example, tells of his encounter in the Italian Tyrol with a lady who, mistaking him for Gye or Mapleson, never ceased worrying him for a London engagement. He does not say that he disclaimed being either of those potentates, and hence he may have brought the infliction on himself. A still better anecdote relates that when Mendelssohn hesitated to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts with a bâton, because of the orchestral leader's opposition, "X. Y. Z. of the *Morning Post*" (no other than Mr. Ella himself), threatened to attribute to him the imperfections of the concert. Mendelssohn promptly yielded, and when afterwards reminded of the incident, "jocularly replied that he should not have had the moral courage to usurp the authority of the leaders but for the threat of X. Y. Z." Upon this we have only to say that the reply must have been jocular indeed. But perhaps the best story of all is the shortest. Under the heading "Antoine Rubinstein," Mr. Ella says, "The musical diary of the late esteemed Mr. Ayrton, now in my possession, contains a printed description of a wonderful Russian youth, in London in 1842, then only twelve years of age. On the margin of the note is pencilled '*this is a real prodigy.*'" As Dominie Sampson would say, "Pro-di-gi-ous!"

After this, may we not ask who will despair of making "records" interesting? Here is a collection of programmes, the reading of which is nothing short of delightful. Would that Mr. Ella could communicate his peculiar talent, but seeing that to be impossible, we rejoice in being able to take comfort from his last paragraph:—"Musical sketches at home and abroad, included in Records out of print, with others from my recent journals, will be published in a separate form with pictorial illustrations." Such are Mr. Ella's parting and consoling words, in response to which we can only ejaculate, "May their publication be speedy."

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WELSH MELODIES.

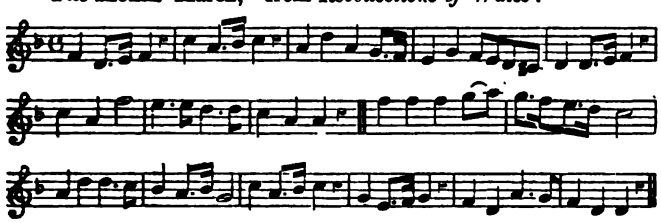
To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—When a collector of national melodies relies entirely upon tradition that airs have originated in the district where he may have heard them, he will always be liable to error, and will very rarely escape it. Neither the mountains of Wales nor the distinct language of the people have proved an effectual barrier against inroads in the universal language of music. Indeed, this may be proved upon Welsh authority of early date, for, of the twenty-four terms anciently applied to music in Wales, the second was "Allmharach"—foreign strain.

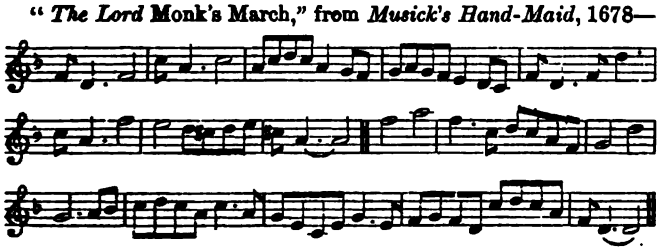
A Comprehensive Collection of the National Melodies of Wales is announced in the *Musical World*, and this is to be "a standard of reference upon the subject of which it treats," yet, but a few weeks ago, we saw one of these so-called Welsh melodies, "The Monks' March" (No. 15 of *Recollections of Wales*, transcribed by Brinley Richards), and your reviewer thought it so full of character as to extract the air for the pleasure of your readers. From this it appears that Mr. Richards, or whoever takes the responsibility of the collection, has been relying upon Edward Jones's *Welsh Bards* as an authority. The tune is to be found at p. 162 of the first volume of that collection. Assuming, therefore, a real desire on the part of the editors to make the new work "a standard of reference," it is desirable that some one should point out, in time, the frailty of the reed to which they are about to trust themselves.

To begin—let a comparison be made of the supposed Welsh air, first printed in 1784, with the English original, "General Monk's March," often printed in the preceding century.

"*The* Monks' March," from *Recollections of Wales*:—



"*The Lord* Monk's March," from *Musick's Hand-Maid*, 1678—



The most amusing part of Edward Jones's mistake is his note upon the air. Having first mistranslated "Monk's March" into "*The* Monks' March," he searched Welsh histories and traditions for a band of military monks, but not finding them ready to hand, he says—"Probably this is the tune of the monks of Bangor, when they *marched* to Chester, to assist the Prince of Powis *with their prayers*, about the year 603." (!)

A few centuries, more or less, are as nothing to an imaginative Welshman, and Edward Jones might almost have rivalled his famous countryman, who painted Noah coming out of the ark with a huge scroll of the pedigree of Wynne, of Wynnestay, under his arm. After that brilliant example, collectors of Welsh music may seem to have been modest in the extreme in their pretensions. The first printed collection was by John Parry and Evan Williams in 1742. They entitled it, *Ancient British Music, or a collection of tunes never before published, which are "retained" by the Cambro-Britons, more particularly in North Wales, and supposed "by the learned" to be the Remains of the Music of the Antient Druids, so much famed in Roman History.*

Whoever, therefore, would dispute their antiquity, would only thereby prove himself to be an illiterate ass. "*Procul, o procul este, profani!*" But it is curious that although these airs have been so perfectly "retained," yet no two versions are alike. Edward Jones, indeed, admits that the "performers of the latter ages have forgot and mutilated the original harmony of these ruins of genius," (therefore he added new basses), but "the original melodies," says he, "are preserved with the most scrupulous fidelity."

It would be difficult to test this assertion by a druidical standard, but there was a collection printed just three years before Jones's, entitled, *British Harmony, being a collection of Antient Welsh Airs, the traditional remains of those originally sung by the Bards of Wales, carefully compiled and now first published, by John Parry (of Ruabon, Denbighshire)*, 1781. To test how far identity has been preserved for an interval of only three years, let any one take the tune called "White Locks" in Jones's, and then the same in Parry's version. How came they to differ so widely? Lastly, let him compare the two with their original—Lord Commissioner *Whitelocke's* Coranto, which can readily be seen in either Hawkins's or Burney's *History of Music*. It is to be feared that the assertion of "scrupulous fidelity" in the transmission of melodies will not be very readily accorded to Welsh Bards.

"I have collected these songs of the bards," says Jones, "with infinite pains, from hearing the old musicians or minstrels, of Wales, play them on their instruments, and from their being chanted by the peasantry. . . . Most of them were never before committed to writing, at least not in modern notes." But where are the ancient notes? Is it only a guess that they ever were in ancient notes? The oldest Welsh manuscript of music hitherto known to the world is an elementary one of the time of Charles I., and Jones does not quote it, or any other, in support of his traditions.

No one can doubt the great celebrity of the Welsh in music in early times, and no one can wish to detract from it. The cultivation of the art was a distinguishing feature of the Welsh gentleman, as well as of the bard. A gentleman's harp could not be seized for debt, because he would thereby have been degraded from his rank. The songs of the bard could fire a whole people. But alas! all these are lost. The world does not boast of a single early manuscript of harp music of any European nation. We might as well go hunting through English villages for the songs which Aldhelm sang on the bridge, or Dunstan at the Court of Ethelstan, as the Welsh for the tunes of the Druids in books of airs collected from harpers in the eighteenth century.

The "foreign strains" in Jones's collection are not limited to the two before mentioned. He prints the tune of "Happy We," in *Acis and Galatea*, under the title of "The Rising Sun," and tells us that "Mr. Handel borrowed the air" (p. 138). Handel would, no doubt, have borrowed anything that suited his purpose, but one little difficulty in Jones's version of the borrower is, that the oratorio of *Acis and Galatea* was published some twenty odd years before Handel passed through Wales (if he *did* pass through on his way to or from Dublin), and that his publication was some fifty odd years anterior to the appearance of the air in Jones's collection. Jones's "Melody of Cynwyd" (p. 129) is the English country dance of Dargason; "The Welcome of the Hostess" (p. 172) is "The Mitter Raut;" "Flaunting Two" (p. 176) is "The Hemp-dresser, or the London Gentlewoman;" "The Delight of the Men of Dovey" (p. 129), a corruption of "Green Sleeves;" "Hunting the Hare" (p. 174), an English song. In Jones's second volume, "The Willow Hymn" (p. 25) is "By the Osiers so Dark;" "The First of August" (p. 44) is "Come, jolly Bacchus;" "The Britons" (p. 33), a country dance, from the *Dancing Master* of 1696; "Mopsy's Tune, the Old Way" (p. 45), is "The Barking Barber;" and "Prestwich Bills" is "Talk no more of Whig or Tory." In Vol. 3, "The Heiress of Montgomery" (p. 15) is a version of "As down in the Meadows;" "Captain Corbett" (p. 16) is "Of all Comforts I miscarried;" "If love's a sweet passion" (p. 49), an English song.

If it is desired to claim any of the above, after due examination, as Welsh, they may generally be taken from better copies than those in Jones's *Welsh Bards*. If, on the contrary, they are admitted to be "foreign strains," it is well that a beacon should have been held up to avoid them.

W. C.

ALTENBURG.—The Meeting of Musicians will be held here this year on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd July. The musical part of the proceedings will be under the direction of Dr. Langer, Dr. Stave, and Herr Riedel.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The revival of Donizetti's lively and sparkling *Don Pasquale* is always welcome, no matter who may play the other characters, while such a Norina is to be found as Mdlle. Adelina Patti. Mdlle. Patti first tried this part in 1862, when it was at once acknowledged by connoisseurs that, since Giulia Grisi (the original Norina) in her prime, there had been no such Norina on the Italian stage. Nevertheless, here and there, certain points in her performance were found more or less open to criticism, whether on account of excess or the opposite. But with Norina the most variously gifted of existing dramatic singers has done precisely what she has done with every other character in her repertory. She has studied and restudied it, with such conscientious perseverance that she has simply brought it to perfection. It is now a piece of musical comedy not to be excelled. The life, fun, and spirit of the personage are there, in all their pristine vigour; and yet the impersonation belongs to legitimate comedy—so rare now-a-days on the lyric boards that one scarcely knows where to look for it. It is difficult to imagine an eccentric, infirm old bachelor, who labours under the hallucination that he is in love, by turns fascinated, tortured, perplexed, and in the end completely duped, by a young widow so full of mischief, and yet so provokingly irresistible. Scene after scene reveals some point in Mdlle. Patti's performance from which it is impossible to withhold the heartiest admiration. The duet in which Dr. Malatesta (represented with no little vivacity by Signor Cotogni) explains to Norina the part she has to play in cajoling Don Pasquale (Signor Ciampi) is a genuine specimen of the genuine Italian school of acting and singing—as easy and refined as it is piquant. The first interview with Don Pasquale, where, previous to the contract of betrothal being signed and countersigned, the cunning widow comports herself with a sly demureness that entirely captivates the enamoured old gentleman, until, her aim attained, and he in her power, she throws aside the mask, and, to his astonishment and dismay, reveals herself under quite a different aspect, awing him into submi-sion by a demeanour of assumed haughtiness, and terrifying him by professions of extravagance, is not less racy and effective. Best of all, however, is the climax to Don Pasquale's discomfiture, the point at which the feigned attributes of Norina put on their most uninviting aspect. Here every musical sentence tells, while the dramatic by-play is inimitable. It is easy to understand the utter prostration of the sexagenarian would-be Benedict under the infliction of Norina's saucy admonition to him to betake himself to repose, while she goes jauntily to the opera :—

"Va a letto, bel Nonno,
Sia chieto il tuo sonno," &c.

—accompanied by a promise that she will awake him when it is time to get up in the morning. At this juncture the condition of the helpless old bachelor is such that, in spite of his stupid self-esteem, we are almost inclined to take his part, especially when, in an agony of despair, he ejaculates—

"Divorzio! divorzio!
Che letto! che sposa!" &c.

—for, with a worse wife no man could possibly be mated. One might have imagined that the letter Don Pasquale picks up when Norina has flitted out of the room, and which proves to be an assignation addressed to his faithless spouse, would rather have consoled than further disconcerted him. This scene, as represented by Mdlle. Patti, is a masterpiece, and the provoking unconcern with which she throws off, in brilliant tones, the lively measures of the waltz-tune—

"Via, caro sposino,
Non farmi il tiranno."

—rapidly traversing the stage to and fro, and mocking her affianced spouse the while, could not be surpassed. It is scarcely requisite to speak of the sentimental duet, "Tornami a dir che m'ami," with which the lovers comfort each other, after Ernesto, by means of "Com'e gentil la notte," gains entrance to the garden, the gate of which is opened to him, at the signal, by Norina. The familiar serenade, delivered by Signor Naudin with his ordinary care and emphasis, is, as usual, encored; and the *rondo*, "La moral di tutto questo" (Donizetti's own original *finale*), sung with wonderful fluency by Mdlle. Patti, whose embellishments are alike tasteful and effective, brings down the curtain amid general and hearty applause. In short, although we have no Lablache, no Rubini (no Mario!), no Tamburini (no Ronconi—who has played both Dr. Malatesta and Don Pasquale), a pleasanter evening could hardly be spent than in listening to this genial and delightful *opera buffa*, which Donizetti has never excelled, except in his *Elisir d'Amore*—the life and soul of which, by the way, of late, has again of late years been Mdlle. Patti's Adina, as the life and soul of his *Don Pasquale* is her Norina.

On Saturday night the *Favorita* was to have been produced, but Mdlle. Lucca being indisposed, *Don Giovanni* was substituted.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday night Mdlle. Christine Nilsson achieved one of those marked successes that impress themselves for a long time on the memory. The announcement that she was to play Lucy of Lammermoor, in the well-known opera of Donizetti, filled the house to the roof with an audience on the tiptoe of expectation. It was not merely the first time on the London stage, but also the first time in her career, that the fair Scandinavian had essayed the part; and many a popular songstress would be only too happy, after repeated trials, to succeed in it so entirely. That Mdlle. Nilsson would look the character of Scott's romantic heroine to the life every one felt assured; and, in fact, no painter could conjure up in his mind's eye a more perfect embodiment of the ideal Lucy, even with the great novelist's own description to aid his memory and stimulate his imagination. Nor was any doubt entertained—at all events by those who have heard Mdlle. Nilsson in other operas—as to the style in which the music generally would be executed. To such an exceptional voice as hers, a legitimate high soprano, every note of which is sympathetic, the tender melancholy that pervades so much of it could hardly come amiss; while the simply mechanical difficulties could be no difficulties at all. But even the young lady's warmest admirers were unprepared for a conception so poetical, a working out of that conception so lifelike, and at the same time so full of delicate touches and so highly finished in every one of its details. Mdlle. Nilsson evinced, indeed, on this occasion, a dramatic power the possession of which neither her Margaret nor her Violetta had given us cause to suspect. So that her triumph at all points was unquestioned, and justified a belief in the many fine things that have been said and written about her Ophelia on the other side of the Channel

The first apparition of Lucy, in a costume remarkable for simplicity and good taste, was the signal for one of those hearty greetings by which our English audiences are prone to anticipate a treat to come, of the realization of which they feel tolerably certain; and this expression of confidence was repeated with increased ardour after Mdlle. Nilsson had given the recitative, "Regnava nel silenzio," with the air and "cabaletta" to which it forms the introduction—admirable examples of her command of vocalization in different styles. The duet with Edgardo, in which the lovers plight eternal troth, brought down the curtain amid unanimous and unmistakable marks of satisfaction. No sooner had the "drop" descended than, in obedience to the general wish, it was lifted again, and Mdlle. Nilsson must have felt as thoroughly convinced as the audience that her success was from that moment undoubted.

The best, however, was in store. Hitherto Mdlle. Nilsson, although she had done everything that was fairly expected of her (*noblesse oblige*), had done nothing to raise her higher than she already stood in the estimation of good judges. Every one knew she had a beautiful voice, and to what use she could put it; every one knew that she could graduate a tone ("filer un son," as the French term it) from loud to soft, so artfully as now and then to tempt her to abuse the acquirement; everyone knew that she was graceful and eminently prepossessing. But what everyone did not know was that she could conceive so finely and work out so perfectly a dramatic situation of deep tragic interest—like that which may be said to commence from the duet, when Enrico (Henry Ashton) by means of the forged letter deceives his sister into a belief that her lover is false, and to end with the signing of the fatal marriage contract, the sudden appearance of Edgardo, and the curse with which the indignant lover visits what he naturally supposes to be the perfidy of the woman who has sworn to him undying constancy. If Mdlle. Nilsson would bestow just two or three seconds more on perusing the letter, the contents of which induce her to forswear Edgardo and promise to become the bride of another, and about as many more on affixing her name to the marriage contract, the two scenes of which the second act is composed would be, from the opening to the close, as nearly faultless as could be well imagined. It is needless to dwell upon the familiar details, not one of which was unheeded or slurred over, and not one of which failed to derive an additional interest from the consciousness experienced by the audience that they were witnessing something they had not witnessed twenty times already—and something, let it be understood, intrinsically admirable. If the curtain at the end of Act 1 fell upon a success, at the end of Act 2 it descended upon as fair a triumph. And this triumph was confirmed by the scene of the madness leading up to the unwitnessed suicide. Hackneyed as is this, Mdlle. Nilsson contrived to impart to it a certain genial freshness that kept the interest alive to the very final cadence. All the most delicate and finished characteristics of her singing—such, for instance, as her close and even "shake," the delightful quality of her voice in subdued passages (*mezza voce*), her unerring intonation, and her remarkable fluency, were here exhibited in perfection—in such perfection that it might be worth her pains to change or modify one or two of the embellishments and *cadenzas*. But these were spots on the sun (and easier to get rid of). Enough that the vocal execution of the whole scene was almost beyond criticism, and that the acting was on a par

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with the singing—all the emotions that agitate the shattered intellect of the poor deranged Lucy being as vividly portrayed in look and gesture as they were made audibly eloquent by the musical utterances. At the end the applause was so loud, unanimous, and prolonged that Mdlle. Nilsson came back to acknowledge it; and it was not before some minutes had elapsed that she could tear herself away from the audience she had so deeply moved.

The Edgardo was Signior Mongini, who has returned to us with his magnificent voice wholly unimpaired, with all that enthusiasm which occasionally betrays him into excess, and, by force of anti-climax, robs his best efforts of the effect they could not otherwise fail of producing, and with a dramatic fire and sensibility everywhere shown in the earnestness with which he enters into his task, and the pains he takes to give the exact weight and meaning to every phrase. Drawbacks allowed for, a charm, under any circumstances, must attach to such a voice as this gentleman's; and it is a pity that he cannot give a portion of it (which he might well spare) to Signor Mario, in exchange for a portion (which Signor Mario might well spare) of Signor Mario's consummate art. To Mr. Santley's splendid singing, as Enrico, we have frequently borne witness. The part of Raimondo ("Bide the Bent") was assigned to Signor Foli, who gave his one air remarkable well.

It may be added that Signor Mongini made his first appearance as Lionel, in *Martha*—about which opera we have not another word to say.

PRAGUE.—M. Moniuszko, the composer, of Warsaw, has received an invitation to be present at the approaching festival in commemoration of the establishment of the National Theatre.

SALZBURG.—Dr. Otto Bach has been appointed chapelmaster of the Cathedral and Director of the Mozarteum. He will enter upon the discharge of his new functions in July.

The Power of Street-Music.

O incense-breathing Spring!
What lord of Music's art
Of thee shall help me sing,
Beethoven, or Mozart?
As nightingales in May,
As blackbirds sing in June,
Ah! so would I, but all astray
Am led by that street tune—

Sing, in June,
Not that tune,
Not that music, not that music;
Not that tune,
Not in June,
Not that music, not that tune!

Cecilia, sainted maid,
Do thou my song inspire;
Oblige me with the aid
Of thy celestial quire.
Impart a hallowed strain
Suggesting hope and joy—
O horror, there he goes again,
That grinding-organ boy!

And "Champagne Charlie" is his air,
Low, vile execrable air!
Tune unsuitable for song of flowers,
Cuckoo crying in the woodland bowers.
Airy carol of the lark.

The golden sunlight glows
With love, whose season 's this;
The west wind woos the rose:
My soul is faint with bliss.
To power of sweetest sound
I fain would wed my verse.
Once more that organ-bdy confound!
I copy, while I curse,

The sing-song that is fit to drive one crazy,
And can't help warbling, Oh!
Of all thy flowers that blow,
Thou lovely Spring, I wish I were a daisy.

Punch.

REVIEWS.

Church Music, by BENJAMIN CONGREVE.
I. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord." Anthem for Whitsuntide.
II. "Hail the Day that sees Him rise." Hymn for Ascension.
III. "Approach all ye faithful." Hymn for Christmas.
IV. "The Lord is risen indeed." Anthem for Easter.
[London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

MR. BENJAMIN CONGREVE must be a man of ill-regulated balance. His ability is clearly out of proportion to his industry, that is to say, the latter is in excess. Hence he sometimes produces music when he has fairly outrun his stock of ideas. The compositions before us supply a case in point. They are merely sequences of common place, yet, after all, they cannot be set down as worse than the average of their kind. It is astonishing what twaddle finds acceptance in churches and chapels, though, perhaps, not more astonishing than the long suffering shown towards bad sermons.

When the sweet Spring dawns upon us. Song. Words by L. M. THORNTON; the music composed by BENJAMIN CONGREVE. [London: B. Williams.]

THIS is is a simple song (with chorus) in E flat.

O Thou that Weepest, dry the Tear. The words by L. M. THORNTON; the music composed by BENJAMIN CONGREVE. [London: B. Williams.]

Two lines of this song run thus:

"Trials abound while here we stay,
There is a cross for all."

True, generally; this is especially true of musical reviewers. We beg Mr. Congreve not to increase its weight.

Summer's Moon was Gently Beaming. Ballad. Written and composed by KATE FORRESTER. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A MOST simple ballad, which sings plaintively of an absent one. Miss Forrester touches us through her poetry and her music. We respect her double capacity.

Reverie. Composed by JOHN CHESHIRE. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

MR. CHESHIRE elects to meditate (after a troubled fashion) in D flat. The result is somewhat laboured here and there, but we have met with far worse.

The Fairy Voyage. Barcarolle. Composed by CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Metzler & Co.]

M. GOUNOD starts this song upon that, to him, most useful of musical contrivances, the double pedal, and makes abundant use of it throughout. In the case before us, however, pedals, double or single, are not out of place, while the song, as a whole, is characteristic and pleasing, if not very original.

Gaily o'er the Bounding Sea. Barcarolle. Words by THOMAS LEE, Esq.; music composed by H. A. RUDALL. [London: William Czerny.]

THE words of this song assume that "floating onwards still with the tide," and "lazily playing my battered guitar," is, when both operations are simultaneous, the height of human bliss. Not having actually made the experiment, we cannot dispute the point, but we may say that, entering into the spirit of his subject, Mr. Rudall has written a clever song which even those who object to aquatics and care nothing for guitars "battered" or other, can hear with pleasure.

Serenade. Words by Mrs. ANNIE LOMER; composed by H. A. RUDALL. [London: William Czerny.]

MR. RUDALL'S setting of this song is well meant, but laboured almost to a painful degree. Above all things a serenade should be spontaneous. The one before us gives a very forcible notion of hard work.

Sing, Sing. Song. Words by MATTHIAS BARR, Esq.; the music by JEUAN (W. Evans.) [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A BRIGHT and joyous effusion, easy to sing and play, and pleasant to hear.

The Posthumous Pianoforte Works of W. Vincent Wallace. No. I. Danse Cossaque, transcription. II. Chant Religieux (Felicien David), transcription. III. Caprice Heroique. IV. Air Russe, transcription. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

"BEING dead, he yet speaketh," and we welcome these utterances of the composer of *Maritana* all the more because they come, so to speak, from his grave. The first is an exceedingly characteristic piece, original both in style and treatment. No. II. is a skilful transcription which will recall not a few other works by the same hand. No. III. —pure Wallace from beginning to end—is, perhaps, the best of the set, and contains every element of popularity. Of the Russian air it will suffice to say that the transcriber has increased the attraction belonging to it in any case, by his judicious handling. Among the many pianoforte players to whom the memory of Vincent Wallace is pleasant, these posthumous works will find favour, and will deserve it. T. E.

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SONG, "The Violet" ... ... *Mozart.*
RONDO, in G major, Op. 51, No. 2 ... ... *Beethoven.*
TWENTY-FOUR VARIATIONS on a Theme in D, No. 18 ... ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

FANTASIA SONATA, in G, Op. 78 ... ... *Schubert.*
SONG, "Marie" ... ... *Schubert.*
BAGATELLES, Op. 126, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 ... ... *Beethoven.*
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DEATHS.

On the 26th inst., Mr. ROBERT ADDISON, son of the late Mr. R. Addison of Regent Street, aged 36.

On the 23rd inst., Mr. NUTTING, pianoforte maker, late of the firm of Nutting and Addison.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

C. M. VON WEBER AT MUNICH.

WEBER arrived on the 14th March, 1811, at Munich, having always resolved to make that capital the central point of his artistic tours. King Louis did not yet sit upon the throne of Bavaria, and Munich could not boast of that aureola of glory with which the names of Cornelius, Hess, Kaulbach, Schwanthaler, Stiglmeier, Klenzer, and others, were destined to surround it. But, since Carl Theodor, all its princes had displayed both taste and zeal for musical art. Maximilian Joseph had already done much to deserve the name of the *Father of his People*. The fact is, however, the Bavarians preferred the pleasures of the table, and other sensual pleasures, to those which art could procure them. Artists, therefore could scarcely seek glory among them, but they easily became popular. The stage, which had altogether gone to decay towards the end of the seventeenth century, had risen again under the hand of Babo, a dramatic poet, the author of *Otto von Wittelsbach*, aided by Max Heigel, an admirable, and really superior, actor. But Babo struggled in vain against the fatal tendencies of Count Torring Seefeld, the Court Intendant, who liked only the pomp, splendour, and tinsel of the Italian Theatre. Seeing that he could not resist the Count, Babo retired, and a committee was entrusted with the task of managing the theatre in his place. The principal musical director was Peter Winter, the composer of *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*, who was twice invited to visit Paris, but was not more successful there with his *Tamerlan* than with his *Castor*. His music, says M. Fétis, was considered more antiquated than that of Rameau, and inferior even to that of Candeille. According to Weber, he possessed a certain degree of merit as an orchestral conductor, though he was deficient in delicacy of ear, precision, and warmth. He was, too, a man of petty mind, envious and sly. Louis Spohr, in his autobiography, has characterized him with a few touches. His size was gigantic, and his strength proportionate to it, but he was, with all this, as timid as a hare. He flew every instant into fits of excessive rage, and yet allowed himself to be led like an infant. His old housekeeper exercised the most absolute control over him. If, for instance, she happened to find him arranging and preparing his little dolls for a Christmas tree, an occupation of which he was madly fond, and to which he used to devote himself for hours together, she would run up, interrupt him in what he was doing, and exclaim indignantly:—"When do you mean to leave off playing? Go to your piano directly and finish your air, sir!"

Weber had letters from the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Darmstadt, for the Queen of Bavaria, and, also, for some other persons, among whom were Count von Montgelas, the all-powerful minister, and Wiebeking, the director of public works. The minister served him so well, that, extraordinary as the fact was under the reign of formal etiquette, five days after his arrival, Weber had an audience of the Queen, who talked a long time with him, and, in the King's name, promised him permission to give concerts in the town, expressing, moreover, a wish to hear him herself, and be the first to enjoy that pleasure. At Wiebeking's house, the artist found himself at home. In a very short time, he became attached to Wiebeking, who was an original, and then busy building, on a new plan of his own invention, the great bridge over the Isar. Weber gave pianoforte lessons to Wiebeking's daughter, Fanny, who possessed real talent for the piano united to genuine artistic feeling. At Wiebeking's house, from which he was now scarcely ever absent, Weber made the acquaintance of

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Barmann, the celebrated clarionettist, and wrote for him the Clarionet Concertino, Op. 26, which Barmann played so often. A friendship, which was never interrupted, sprang up between the two men, and ended only with life. But, though they were like each other in sentiment and character, nothing could be more dissimilar than their persons. Weber was thin, pale, and spare, Barmann was tall, with the air of an athlete, and a magnificently fine head. Carl Maria, said laughingly, in reference to his friend's physical advantages: "All the best bits are offered him in a silver dish; poor devils, like myself, are obliged to content themselves with the crumbs which fall from his well-supplied table."

Prince Bariatinsky's brilliant saloons, also, were thrown open to the young composer, who took a strange delight in the manners and polite customs of the old courts, the vestiges of which were still found at the house of the Russian minister. The pick of scholars and artists was, likewise, to be found there. It was there that Weber met Schelling, the celebrated philosopher, whose works he had seriously studied, and whose name inspired him with respect mingled with a kind of fear. "I thought I was dreaming," he says in a letter, "the first time I beheld this truly great man." At a subsequent period, he said, with simple delight, "Schelling and myself are like two good friends."

Peter Winter, the old conductor, behaved at first to Weber as he behaved to all young persons: he kept him at a distance, and overwhelmed him with compliments, as long as he saw in him only an amateur; but, when he found out what he really was, he treated him so roughly, that all the members of his orchestra were indignant at such behaviour. Weber, however, had enlisted their sympathy, and entertained no doubt of their support. His evil star appeared to have softened its rigour. On the 8th April, he gave a concert at the Theatre Royal. He had already become known, and people spoke of him a great deal. The attendance was large. But, though assisted by excellent artists, his Symphony, which, with the exception of the *Allegro*, was feebly executed, failed to excite much enthusiasm. His Cantata, *The First Sound*, too, did not obtain the applause which usually greeted it. The great success of the evening was achieved by the Pianoforte Concerto played by himself, and by the new Clarionet Concertino. The last made a marvellous impression. The King was so enchanted with it that, after the concert, he ordered Weber to write two more pieces of the same kind, for the same instrument.

Weber immediately set about his task. But, while working at the clarionet pieces ordered by the King, he wrote, at the request of the manager, Franzel, four airs for the revival of Kotzebue's *Armer Minnesänger*, and contributed to the *Morgenblatt* an article on the improvement of the flute. "It appears," he writes to Gottfried Weber, "that the very deuce is in the entire orchestra. There is not a member of it who has not asked me to write a concerto for his particular instrument. You see that I have plenty to do; I shall probably stay here all the summer My receipts are satisfactory, and another concert given before my departure will certainly bring in a good sum. The public belief is that I am to be created a chapelmaster, but you know what I think on that head. At any rate I have some hope of getting my operas played here."

This hope was destined to be realized sooner than the young composer anticipated. It is evident that some secret influence had been exerted on Winter, who, from being exceedingly rude, suddenly displayed an excess of attention and friendly politeness. From the lips of the grand director himself, Weber received an intimation that his *Abou Hassam* would be forthwith put in preparation.

Truly enough, the rehearsals soon began, and were rapidly carried on. The orchestra was filled with zealousness for the young composer, and displayed in the execution of his light and easy music a great amount of fire and spirit. The first performance took place on the 14th June. But, alas! the malignant body that Weber persisted in calling his star, and which had spared him on the occasion of his concert, appeared to have determined on repaying itself with usury. The theatre was full, and the overture enthusiastically applauded. The charming duet between Hassam and Fatima had just begun, when cries of "Fire!" were suddenly heard. The public rushed to the doors, and the alarm was general. They soon discovered that it was a false alarm, but it required some time to restore calm, and the state of feeling necessary for appreciating a musical work was gone for the rest of the evening.

The little opera was, however, sung and played charmingly, despite this unfortunate interruption. Several numbers were applauded, to the great delight of the young composer, and the success was all he could desire. Thus encouraged, he wanted nothing better than to compose another opera. "I am sighing most profoundly for a libretto," he wrote to Gansbacher; "without an opera in progress, I am the most unfortunate of men!" His misfortune lasted no less than ten years, since it was decreed that the first creation of his genius after the pretty little opera of *Abou Hassam* was to be the greatest of all his works: *Der Freischütz*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Don Giovanni* (in lieu of *La Favorita*—postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle. Lucca).

On Monday, *La Sonnambula*.

On Tuesday, *La Favorita*—first time (Pauline Lucca, Bagagiolo, Graziani, Mario—Mario transcendant; a performance never to be forgotten).

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni*.

On Friday (last night), the *Huguenots*—first time.

To-night, *Don Pasquale*.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*—first time (Christine Nilsson!).

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*.

On Thursday, *Lucia* (Christine Nilsson!!).

To-night, *Medea* (Medea, Mdlle. Tietjens; Jason, Signor Mongini; Neris, Mdlle. Sinico; Dirce, Mdlle. Baumeister, Creon, Mr. Santley) first time.

MENDELSSOHN'S PRELUDES AND STUDIES.—Mr. Barnby advertizes in the morning papers, that "Miss Agnes Zimmermann will play two *études*, in B flat minor and F—by Mendelssohn," at his concerts in St. James's Hall, on June 3rd—"*first time of performance*." Now, as these *études*, with the addition of the prelude in B flat major, were played on Thursday afternoon, by Madame Arabella Goddard, at her First Recital, and had been advertised a month previously, as about to be played by that lady, we think, in strict justice, Mr. Barnby might alter his advertizement. That Miss Zimmermann will play the *études* admirably, no one can doubt who has ever heard her play. But facts are facts, and the honour of having been the first to play any of the posthumous preludes and studies of Mendelssohn, as well as the honour of having been the first to play his Eighth Book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, and the grand sonata in B flat, belongs of right to our English pianist—Arabella Goddard.

MR. TRELAWNEY COBHAM has resigned his appointment of *primo tenore* at the Farm Street Chapel. The post has not been filled up.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT—the greatest of musical annuals—takes place in St. James's Hall on the 20th proximo. Apart from the esteem in which Mr. Benedict is held—of itself sufficient to secure an overflowing audience—the engagements made are pre-eminently attractive. Among the vocalists are to be Mesdames Tietjens, Patti, Kellogg, Nilsson, Fricci, Carola, Rudersdorff, and Trebelli, MM. Bettini, Gardoni, Reichardt, Bagagiolo, Cummings, and Santley. The instrumentalists will include Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, MM. Sainton, Auer, Straus, John Thomas, and Piatti. What more need be said?

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MADAME GODDARD'S "MENDELSSOHN RECITALS."

(*From the "Morning Post."*)

Last summer the idea presented itself to Madame Arabella Goddard of playing a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, or "Songs without Words." The choice she made was so much approved of, and the success of her experiment was so decided, that in the winter she gave a second selection from the same little masterpieces, which, in comparison with other "bagatelles" for the pianoforte—not excepting even those of Beethoven—are as "cabinet" hock wines to the ordinary vinous drinks for which the world is indebted to the banks of a river that France would not object to as boundary line between herself and Prussia. The second essay was no less successful than the first; and this, no doubt, encouraged Madame Goddard to attempt what had never yet been attempted since the *Lieder ohne Worte* were published—that is, to play the whole of them, from beginning to end, without a single exception. As, thanks to the recent production of an eighth book of *Lieder*, the number of these exquisite "tone pictures" amounts to no less than forty-eight, it was of course impossible to include them all, or even half of them, in one programme, Madame Goddard had, therefore, no alternative but to increase the number of her "Recitals" from one to three. The general scheme of the three "recitals"—the first of which took place on Thursday afternoon in St. James's Hall, before a brilliant and fashionable audience, one-third of whom, at the very least, were connoisseurs—includes not merely the entire forty-eight "Songs without Words," but some extremely interesting specimens from the posthumous publications of the master of whom our great English pianist is the worthiest, as well as the most enthusiastic, advocate.

The programme on Thursday, as on former occasions, was divided into groups of four *Lieder*, separated, group from group, by a vocal song. This not only relieved the pianist at intervals, but, seeing that all the songs were by Schubert—who, though the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and many other wonderful things, were written during his lifetime, never saw Mendelssohn and in all probability never heard one note of what Mendelssohn had composed—delighted the audience. The first group of *Lieder* comprised No. 1, Book 1 (in E), the earliest of all and, strange to say, though often equalled, never excelled; the sprightly *allegretto* in A (No. 5, Book 7); the *andante maestoso* in E minor (No. 3, Book 5), which our prolific composer, M. W. Balfe, often threatened to arrange as a chorus for one of his operas; and the fluent *presto* in E (No. 3, Book 3), in which, with consummate art, Mendelssohn has made a graceful and spontaneous melody float upon rolling waves of *arpeggios*, just as a tiny shallop, under favourable meteorological circumstances, might float securely upon however restless a sea—the sun shining serenely the while, as who should say, "Float on; it is rough, but there is no danger." The second group included the *agitato e con fuoco*, in B minor (No. 4, Book 2), one of Mendelssohn's own special favourites, and in which, if we except Sterndale Bennett, years gone by, no one has so nearly approached Mendelssohn's own way of playing as Madame Goddard; the tuneful *allegretto grazioso* in D (No. 5, Book 2), with its continuously moving bass, a *Lied* far more difficult than it sounds when flowing glibly from the fingers of a consummate artist; the melancholy "Barcarolle," in F sharp minor (No. 6, Book 2); and—delight of all pianists, professional and amateur—the *allegretto grazioso* in A (No. 6, Book 5), to which, for what reason it is difficult to make out, the nickname of "Frühlingslied," or "Spring Song," has, by general consent, been attached. All these eight *Lieder* were played by Madame Goddard as she invariably plays the music of Mendelssohn; and, as a matter of course, she was compelled to return to the pianoforte and go through the last again.

What is above all to be admired in our gifted countrywoman's interpretation of these unique tone pictures is the calm serenity that distinguishes her performance. She is thoroughly aware that in them Mendelssohn intended pieces for the fireside—for home, in short, winter or summer; and while many of them severely tax the manual dexterity of the executant, the way to play them as they should be played is to approach them with as much composure as if they presented no difficulties at all. This Madame Goddard accomplishes to a wish. Without noise, fuss, or self-display, all that is requisite is there; and, as Schumann says, speaking of the first hearing of a quartet by Cherubini—"You feel" her "power to the soles of your feet." This was just as apparent in the two other groups of four *Lieder*, as in those of which we have already spoken in detail. The *andante con moto*, in A flat (No. 6, Book 3), which Mendelssohn, rarely given to fancy titles, himself styled "Duetto," and in which the voices of soprano and bass may be clearly distinguished throughout—that is, when the skill of the player can make them apparent, and subdue the accompaniment to a sort of rippling undercurrent; the so rarely played *allegretto non troppo* in E (No. 6, Book 6)—another simple melody, supported by a most ingeniously woven accompaniment; the placid *andante* in C, from the newly-published Eighth Book of *Lieder*; and the magnificent *allegro con fuoco* in A minor (again christened by Mendelssohn "Volkslied," and characteristically bearing out the title), formed the third group. The fourth comprised the tender and flowing *con moto cantabile*, in E flat (No. 1, Book 3); the more impassioned *allegro non troppo* in C minor (No. 2 of the same book); the *andante espressivo* in G (No. 1, Book 5), one of the most eloquent, and among the most eloquently played, of all; and the irresistible *presto* in C (No. 5, Book 4)—which bears, and has always borne, although with no authority from Mendelssohn, the double title of "Spinnlied" and "Bee's Wedding," but which is neither more nor less than a quick movement of extraordinary spirit and vivacity. These were played by Madame Goddard precisely as she played the others, and charmed the audience just as powerfully.

The novelty of the programme on Thursday, however, was a selection from the "Preludes" and "Studies," which, though for the greater part written more than thirty years ago, have only just been allowed to see the light. The "Reformation Symphony" itself is hardly a more convincing argument than these admirable pieces in favour of the publication of everything by their illustrious author that still remains locked up. Mendelssohn's "Preludes" and "Studies"—terms by which are ordinarily meant exercises for the acquirement of mechanical proficiency—while offering all the advantages to a scholar aiming at uniformly correct manipulation, have something else besides, not to be found in the "Preludes" and "Studies" of any other master since Bach and Handel. They are, in fact, not simply exercises, but musical poems, and afford another argument for that which scarcely needed further proof, that Mendelssohn, whatever he wrote, could not by any possibility write otherwise than musically. A more magnificent study for *arpeggios* in the *bravura* style (*arpeggios* such as Thalberg himself, the Emperor of "Arpeggio," would delight in) could hardly be cited than the "Etude" (*presto*) in B flat minor (Book 2, Op. 104, No. 1). But amid all its unceasing shower of *arpeggios*, up and down the key-board, a plaintive, touching melody is heard throughout this *étude*, which, if only the player possesses the art to make the theme speak, as Madame Goddard possesses it, must cause the hearer to forget all about the seemingly (to look at on paper) impracticable *arpeggios*, and think exclusively of the song itself. Then, a bolder, nobler, grander piece in its way than the "Præludium" in B flat major (*allegro molto e vivace*), with its rapid passages of octaves for both hands, its rich clothing of harmony in full chords, and its masterly conduct from first to last, could hardly be imagined. But perhaps most beautiful, ingenious, and satisfying of all is the *étude* in F major (*allegro con moto*), one of those "perpetual movements" for the carrying out of which, with sustained and unflagging animation, Mendelssohn stands wholly alone. He has left us many such movements, but not one more interesting, and at the same time it must be added—in justice to Madame Goddard, who played this *étude* (as she had already played the other two) in absolute perfection, winning an encore, with which she had no choice but to comply—not one more mechanically difficult. It may be interesting to musical readers to learn that these "Preludes" and "Studies" were all written in the composer's prime—the "Etude" in B flat minor in January, and the "Præludium" in B flat major in December, 1836 (the year of the oratorio of *St. Paul*); the "Etude" in F major in April, two years earlier—the first at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the second at Leipsic, and the third at Düsseldorff.

Nothing could have fitted better in with the pianoforte *Lieder* of Mendelssohn than the inimitable vocal *Lieder* of Schubert, which

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comprised the well-known "Serenade" ("Ständchen"), and the delicious little song called "The Trout" ("Die Forelle"), together with "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark, the lark" (two of Schubert's most genial settings of Shakspere)—all of which were sung with refined and exquisite taste by Miss Annie Edmonds, one of the youngest, most gifted, and most rapidly progressing of our soprano singers, and accompanied on the pianoforte with remarkable ability by Miss Lucy Murray.

We have devoted more space to this "Recital" than it is our custom to devote to such entertainments in ordinary; but we are justified not only by the superb performances of Madame Goddard, but by the unusual character of her programme, in which both the known and the unknown Mendelssohn play a part that must deeply interest all the admirers of the greatest composer of modern times—in other words, the greatest composer since Beethoven.

At the second recital (Thursday, June 11), Madame Goddard is to play sixteen more of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, together with other excerpts from the posthumous publications.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER'S "RIVAL BEAUTIES."

(*From a very old and highly esteemed Contributor.*)

This amusing operetta, which some four years ago was performed at the Crystal Palace, and was also taken into the provinces by a body of travelling vocalists, was represented in a semi-professional manner on the 13th inst., at Cromwell House, the magnificent residence of Mrs. Treake, of South Kensington. The "at home" was attended by upwards of four hundred members of the fashionable and artistic world, and was probably one of the most brilliant *réunions* that the present season has afforded. The operetta was performed in the music hall of the mansion, at the end of which a stage, with an appropriate proscenium was erected, while the side of the vast room opened into the conservatory, filled with the choicest flowers, the effect of which, when profusely lit, was alike tasteful and fascinating. Mr. Randegger conducted the operetta himself, and commanded a body of five-and-twenty instrumentalists, obtained from the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera. The story of the *Rival Beauties* it will be remembered, turns upon the embroglio arising from the temporary exchange of dresses by a village girl and a young lady of rank, in order to enable the latter to escape a distasteful marriage, and the difficulties that result when the latter desires to reinstate herself, in consequence of the "double" objecting, for purposes of her own, to confess her real identity. This pleasant little piece is provided with some extremely pretty music by Signor Randegger, who is seldom deficient in melodic originality, and who, at all times, writes like a skilled and experienced musician. Certainly the songs are gems in their way, and have achieved no small celebrity in private circles. The composer was fortunate in the personators of his operetta. Miss Young, a grand-daughter of the late eminent tragedian, was an excellent representative of the lively rustic, who has never worn such fine clothes, and who affects the "lady" with a great deal of comic exuberance. Her singing, too, if not quite up to the mark of her acting, was neat and flexible. The lady proper was sustained by Miss Cordelia Mitchell, a singer well known in Belgravian circles as the owner of a contralto voice of superb quality throughout its entire register, and, what is a still greater recommendation at all times, exquisitely in tune. So excellent an amateur, indeed, we have rarely met with before; and the contralto music of the operetta could not possibly have been confided to more attractive hands. Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and a Mr. Barraud, embodied the male personages, and all three acquitted themselves satisfactorily, notwithstanding that they were histrionic attempts in each case. That Mr. Cummings and Mr. Thomas could sing the music effectively will be easily conceived. The performance, altogether, was a great success, and Mr. Randegger, and his lady and gentlemen colleagues were especially complimented, as they well deserved to be, at the close of each act. D. H. H.

MR. J. F. BARNETT'S cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, is to be performed at Solihull, near Birmingham, on Tuesday, June 2nd. The working classes are to be admitted on the Monday previous to hear the rehearsal.

ON the Derby evening, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, and attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, Major Teesdale, and Captain Land, honoured the Lyceum Theatre with their presence. Their Royal Highnesses remained to the end of the performance, and were much pleased with the Imperial Japanese *troupe*. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales personally congratulated Mr. Risley on his success.

Shaver Silver across Charles Halle.

SIR,—The summer musical season would hardly look, or hardly sound, like itself without Mr. Hallé's interesting performances (not that I object to the word "recitals") of what, the exclusive character of his programmes considered, may be reasonably denominated "classical" pianoforte music. This excellent pianist is greatly to be preferred to what I understand by the "virtuoso" proper, for, though a "virtuoso" of enviable skill, his object is not so much to display his capabilities as an executant as to make his hearers familiar with the choicest productions of the art. Happily, unlike the "virtuoso" proper, Mr. Hallé does not himself compose, or if he does (again unlike the "virtuoso," who ordinarily prefers his own music to the music of the greatest of masters), he keeps what he has written for the especial entertainment of a private circle. And while the "virtuoso," apart from such things as he may have concocted for his own immediate glorification (sad rubbish for the most part), is at the best familiar with some half-dozen pieces by the recognized masters, Mr. Hallé has all the works of these masters in his head and in his fingers, and can play any of them with facility at a moment's notice. This it is, after all, to be an artist—a distinction that can be claimed by scarcely a "virtuoso" with whose talent we are acquainted—always excepting the eccentric Abbé Liszt, who, though he regards the mightiest composers *de haut en bas*, and occasionally used to play *with* them, rather than to play them (as M. Rubinstein played *with* Beethoven's concerto in G, the other night, at the New Philharmonic Concerts), is familiar with them all.

Mr. Hallé does not give us this season the entire series of Beethoven's sonatas in chronological order; he does not, indeed, give any of Beethoven's sonatas; nor are his programmes, as they have been on several occasions, "miscellaneous." He confines himself to two composers, one being still Beethoven, whose minor works for pianoforte *solo* (excluding the sonatas) are comprised, without exception. Many of these minor works have been heard already from Mr. Hallé's pliant fingers, as well as from the no less pliant fingers of other eminent pianists. But just as many have not been heard at all (at any rate, in public); and to hear the whole of them in one uninterrupted series is a real boon, inasmuch as they introduce to us the great "tone poet" in his lighter and more familiar moods, and make us, as it were, more personally intimate with him, just as, in imagination, we become more personally intimate with Mendelssohn in listening to his delightful *Lieder ohne Worte*. The composer admitted into Beethoven's company is Franz Schubert; and I am quite convinced that Beethoven, had he known as much of Schubert while Schubert was living as we of the present age know of Schubert, now that Schubert has been forty years dead, "the immeasurably rich musician"—as Herr Wagner, in a non-paradoxical frame of mind, rightly denominates the composer of *Fidelio*, &c.—would by no means have grumbled at the companionship. From Schubert Mr. Hallé does not "select," seeing that he comprises within the range of his eight programmes the whole of that composer's published works for pianoforte, unaccompanied, including his eleven grand sonatas, his impromptus, fantasias, "Momens Musicals," "Characteristic Movements," dances, rondos, &c. Not a few of these have been already made familiar to Mr. Hallé's admirers; but a still larger number must be quite new even to the most curiously eager of musical amateurs. I need scarcely add, therefore, that Mr. Hallé's programme, although only Beethoven and Schubert are contributors, is as rich and varied as could be desired.

The three recitals which have already taken place may be accepted as fair examples. At the first we had Schubert's sonata in A minor Op. 142, and his fantasia in C, Op. 15 (in which the theme of "The Wanderer" is introduced); at the second, his sonatas in D, Op. 56, and A, Op. 120; at the third, his sonatas in E flat, Op. 122, and A minor, Op. 143. All these were more or less interesting—but perhaps most interesting of all was the sonata in A minor, Op. 42 (generally known as Schubert's earliest, though really one of his latest), which, as many amateurs may remember, was originally introduced to the English public by Madame (then Miss) Arabella Goddard, as far back as 1857, at a *matinée* in Willis's Rooms. The other pieces have been selected from the minor works of Beethoven and Schubert already referred to; and all have been played by Mr. Hallé with that scrupulous taste and wonderful neatness of execution for which he is justly renowned. At each recital there have been songs selected from the best masters, the singers, respectively, being Miss Edith Wynn, Mdlle. Rives, and Mdlle. Götze.

Mr. Hallé, as usual, chooses St. James's Hall as his arena for exhibition, and plays upon one of the magnificent "concert grands" of the eminent English makers, Broadwood and Sons. The fourth "recital," announced for Friday next,* promises to be one of the most interesting of the series, the programme including, among other things, Schubert's almost unknown sonata in B major, the same master's fine impromptu in F minor, and Beethoven's noble variations and fugue in E flat.

[* This was yesterday afternoon; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Shaver Silver—for the sake of the readers of *The Musical World*—was present.—A. S. S.]

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A miscellaneous concert was given at Myddelton Hall on Monday, in the programme of which some euphonion solos, played by Mr. A. J. Phasey, were features of considerable attraction and interest. Mr. Phasey is very well known as the first euphonionist of the day, and we need do no more than simply record the success of his efforts on this occasion. Both the pieces selected for performance were familiar and popular songs; moreover both were love songs, but with a difference. In the first, Ascher's "Alice, were art thou," and, in the second, "O ruddier than the cherry" there is the same underlying sentiment, only its development taking diverse forms. Mr. Phasey proved as capable of doing justice to the one as to the other, and the audience received them with equal favour, impartially insisting on a repetition in each case. The tenor air Mr. Phasey repeated, but in response to the second encore, he showed that Bacchanalian ditties come as pleasantly from his instrument as do those of an amorous turn. At the same concert Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea" was sung by Miss E. A. Miller, and encored; and Mr. J. F. Jefferys gave "The Monks were Jolly Boys," from Glover's *Once Too Often*, with good effect.

Miss Virginia Gabriel's operetta, *A Rainy Day*, was performed at the Gallery of Illustration, on Saturday last, with considerable success. The artists were Miss Harriet Young, Miss Elena Angéle, and Mr. E. C. Perugini, each of whom materially contributed to the result just indicated. The large audience, though somewhat undemonstrative as regards applause and encores, were evidently pleased with Miss Gabriel's pleasant little work and the manner of its rendering.

Miss Adelaide and Mr. Denbigh Newton gave a concert at the Horns Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening, which attracted a considerable audience. Miss A. Newton, who possesses a fine contralto voice, sang Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," "Deh non voler," and took part in some concerted pieces with Miss Palmer, Madame Liebhart, Miss Dové Dolby, her brother, and Mr. Frank Elmore. Mr. D. Newton, on his part, sang with special effect Smart's "Wake, Mary, wake." Miss Kate Roberts was encored in Benedict's fantasia on "Where the Bee sucks," as was Mr. Ellis Roberts in a Welsh ditty, "Per osler" (A. D. 1700). Mr. Frank Elmore was heard to advantage in Reichardt's "Thou art so near." Miss Palmer, Miss Dové Dolby, Miss Fanny Armytage, Madame Liebhart, and Mr. Montem Smith also sang; Mr. Bollen Harrison played an impromptu of his own very cleverly; and Mr. G. B. Allen presided at the pianoforte.—B. B.

A concert was given on Thursday evening, in aid of the Horbury Chapel Schools, Notting Hill, which, we have reason to believe, was substantially benefited. The first part was miscellaneous, the second devoted to Bennett's *May Queen*. Miss Louisa Venning, principal vocalist, was encored in "With a carol on the tree," and Mr. G. T. White, an amateur, sang the music allotted to him tastefully. Miss Mary Allen and Mrs. Stow "presided" at the pianoforte, and Mr. James Matthews conducted.

Mr. Frederick Westlake gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms on Tuesday evening, which was fully attended. He played Mozart's trio in E, Dr. Bennett's trio, Op. 26, in conjunction with Messrs. Henry Holmes and Aylward; and, with Mr. Walter Macfarren, Schumann's *andante espressivo* with variations, Op. 46, for two pianofortes; Mr. Westlake also played Niels Gade's sonata (Op. 21, No. 2) for pianoforte and violin, for the first time in this country; and, as solos, Henselt's "Repose d'Amour" and Schubert's Impromptu (Op. 90), in all of which he proved himself an able executant. The *bénéficiaire's Duo Concertante* (MS.), for pianoforte and violoncello, played for the first time, possesses merit, and received every justice at the hands of the composer and Mr. Aylward. Miss Robertine Henderson sang, "Oh, Summer Night," and a new song, "If to thy Heart," both by Mr. Westlake. She also gave two songs with violin *obbligato* (admirably played by Mr. Henry Holmes)—"Regret for Childhood," and "Pack Clouds Away," in all of which she was loudly applauded. Mendelssohn's "First Violet," sung by the same lady, was encored. Mr. Walter Macfarren was the conductor.—B. B.

The celebrated Le Jeune boys gave an organ recital at St. George's Hall on Thursday. Among the selections in the programme were Bach's Grand Prelude and Fugue in A minor (Charles Le Jeune), Hesse's well-known Air with variations in A major (Arthur), Smart's Chorale with variations in E flat (Charles), Bach's Fugue in G minor (Arthur), and Spohr's Adagio in A flat (Charles). These, for the most part, difficult works were performed with a taste and precision really wonderful, bearing in mind the youth of the executants. In addition the lads played several pianoforte pieces with great ability. Miss Blanche Reeves, Mr. G. A. Byron, and Mr. G. F. Jefferys, sang some songs in the course of the evening.

Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has attained its fiftieth representation. It has already brought 300,000 francs to the Opéra-Comiqu treasury.

PROVINCIAL.

The Hampshire Advertiser, of May 23rd, publishes an account of a concert recently given by Mr. Sims Reeves, at the Carlton Hall, Southampton, of which we subjoin a condensed version:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves is familiarly known as the great English tenor, and this distinction has not unjustly been conferred upon one who has obtained his reputation, not alone by the accidental advantage of a gift of Nature, but who has progressively advanced to his present position by making his profession a study as well as an occupation. In thus raising his own character as a vocalist Mr. Reeves has helped to dispel the illusion that our country and our climate are anti-musical. We have few opportunities for the practice of operatic music; but in the higher standard of oratorios the English have stood 'second to none.' The claim was amply supported by the fervent and artistic delivery of 'Deeper, and deeper still,' with the *aria*, 'Waft her, Angels,' as given by Mr. Reeves yesterday evening. His wonderful physical power, sustained by perfect vocalization, elicited rapturous applause. 'Come into the garden, Maud,' was followed by a storm of applause, and 'My Pretty Jane' was substituted. Madame Patey-Whytock, Miss Banks, and Mr. Patey, were the other singers; and Herr Wilhelm Ganz was the accompanist—each deserving more praise than we have space to give."

The *Southampton Observer* of the same date has also a long account, from which we can only find room for an extract:—

"At Mr. Sims Reeves' concert, in the Carlton Rooms, notwithstanding that up to the hour of commencement rain came down in one perpetual drizzle, every seat was occupied, while many stood along the wall at the entrance. When Mr. Reeves appeared he was greeted with loud applause, which, over and over again, he acknowledged with the most graceful bows, not those semi-indifferent or haughty ones that some of his mimics represent. He commenced with 'Deeper, and deeper still,' and 'Waft her, Angels.' After he had ceased acknowledging the reception, he handled the music in his hands as if he had never before seen it, then gave an eccentric look to the left, next placed his right hand between his shirt collar in front and his neck, as if it pinched him, and then stood straight before the audience. To those who have not yet seen the great lyrical vocalist, we may say that his face is of marble whiteness, his nose aquiline, his forehead broad and commanding, his eyes bright, and his moustache, which is neither too small nor too large, is as jetty black as the ample hair on his head, which is parted in the centre, and terminates in a curl round his neck. Great attention was shown by all, and Mr. Reeves was heard for a first time by many. He was in as good voice as one could desire, and his rendering of the song above named was faultless. Without entering into a minute criticism of a vocalist who is acknowledged to be the best in England, we will only say that what strikes one most when listening to him is the feeling, grace, and sweetness with which he gives every note. 'Deeper, and deeper still' is full of pathos and sweetness, now and then towering into tones of exultation, and he is just as touching in the latter as he is in the former. His voice is agreeable in every compass, and as flexible as it is clear and powerful. He was encored, when he returned and politely bowed. We had not time to hear him in 'Come into the garden, Maud' (in which he is unequalled), and the 'Bay of Biscay.'"

Mr. Reeves' many admirers among the gentler sex will be pleased to possess the foregoing elaborate portrait of him as a *merus homo*. The rest (his genius and acquirements as a singer) has been even more happily described.

Exeter.—Mr. Sims Reeves is still perambulating the provinces, bewitching the natives with his singing. From a glowing account of a recent concert in the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette* we condense the following:—

"Of course Mr. Reeves was the hero of the evening. His appearance was the signal for enthusiastic applause; and his singing created the usual sensation. There was also the harmless battle between the great tenor and the audience which occurs almost every time he sings,—the one resisting demands, good-temperedly and properly, the other persevering under the impression of a right to have whatever they please repeated. This little passage-at-arms was, however, conducted with discretion, Mr. Reeves complying with one encore, and acknowledging the rest with politest bows. His first effort (the recit. and air from *Jephtha*) disposed of the rumour that his tones had lost their sweetness. He declaimed the recitative with expressiveness and finish, and gave the air with a mellifluousness and artistic beauty that moved the listeners to rapture. Balfe's setting of Tennyson's invitation to Maud owes its popularity to Mr. Reeves, who is as successful in love ditties as in sacred music. With what delicate grace does he invest the wooer's compliments—with what captivating polish utter sentences of extravagant

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praise. No living singer can warble with such luscious softness and endearing tenderness. Not a word slips from his lips in awkward plight for even the roughest and most unmanageable of English phrases is made smooth and musical. 'Maud's' encore was no more to be resisted than the lady herself could resist an appeal addressed to her as Mr. Reeves addresses it. As soon as Herr Ganz played the first bars of 'My Pretty Jane,' the plaudits were renewed with increased energy, and most intensely was the charming ballad appreciated. It was a delicious performance. The older strain of Dibdin elicited a similar demonstration, and a return to acknowledge the applause did not cause the uproarious solicitations for an encore to cease. Miss Banks delighted the audience; Madame Patey-Whytock's songs were both encored (in lieu of the last she gave 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.'); Mr. Patey's 'Hearts of Oak' was re-demanded, though his 'Bell-Ringer' was a still finer performance. Herr Wilhelm Ganz's accompaniments were unexceptionable, and his pianoforte solos clever examples of manipulation."

Besses-o'-th'-Barn.—Dr. Spark (organist of the Leeds Town Hall) gave a recital on the organ, built for the church in this place by Mr. Edward Wadsworth, of Manchester, on Saturday, the 23rd inst. The instrument contains three manuals and a pedal organ of six stops. The programme included an *andante* by Batiste in G, two organ pieces by Henry Smart, both very effective, a fugue by Bach, chorus by Handel, and an *andante* in C major by Dr. Spark. The performance justified expectation. The Doctor's playing of Bach's fugue (in G minor) and Handel's chorus ("The horse and his rider") was especially admired.

Clonmel.—We learn from the *Irish Times* that the Clonmel musical society gave a performance on Monday evening at the Mechanics' Institute, which was of an unusually interesting character. The Right Worshipful W. L. Byrne, Mayor, occupied the chair. Several solos, &c. comprised the first part, and the second consisted of the overture to *Tancredi*, and Sullivan's comic opera, the *Contrabandista*—first time in Ireland.

Birmingham.—The Festival Choral Society gave a concert in the Town Hall on Monday assisted by Miss Banks, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mdlle. Mehlig, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Patey, and Herr Ganz. On its notice of Mr. Reeves's singing, the *Birmingham Post* observes:—

"Whatever objections may be urged against the programme, the performance, at all events, gave little scope for censure. The artists were all in excellent condition and acquitted themselves throughout with a zeal and ability worthy of better things. Mr. Sims Reeves was not only in capital voice, but, in such unusually good temper as to be guilty of the weakness of complying with two encores. His first effort—the magnificent *scena* from Handel's *Jephtha*—was distinguished by all his wonted fervour and refinement, and even more than his customary vocal brilliancy. The air in particular, was sung with such tenderness, delicacy, and purity of tone as to fairly entrance the audience, whose rapt stillness bore even more eloquent testimony to the merit of the performance than the loud, long, and enthusiastic applause into which they burst on its conclusion. In the second part of the concert Mr. Sims Reeves mounted his old battle-horse—'Come into the garden, Maud'—and the familiar strain proved so acceptable, and the applause it evoked was so determined and enthusiastic, that the vocalist saw nothing for it but to comply with the public demand, and sing two songs where one was bargained for. In place of Balfe's air, however, Mr. Sims Reeves chose 'The Pilgrim of Love.' At a subsequent period his singing of 'Tom Bowling' evoked enthusiasm even greater than that which followed the air of Balfe, and after a fierce and protracted struggle between the singer and the audience, in which the latter exhibited a selfish tenacity of purpose, which we can only term indecent, the great tenor had, as on the previous occasion, to submit to the extortion, and sing his song again."

Leeds.—In speaking of Mdlle. Mehlig's performance the same authority says:—

Mdlle. Mehlig is an artist of unmistakably high powers. Her playing is remarkable for its masculine breadth and vigour, and her mechanical powers are allied to an earnestness and artistic sensibility not often found in combination with so much executive brilliancy. The two items composing her first effort were well fitted to display the diverse qualities of her style, the fantasia of Chopin being as remarkable for florid delicacy and fantastic grace as is the *Tannhäuser* march for breadth and boldness. In the elaborate *Masaniello* fantasia of Thalberg, Mdlle. Mehlig's playing was even more brilliant and effective than in her previous display, and the applause which rewarded her was proportionately enthusiastic.

The vocal selections generally appear to have given great satisfaction, as also the playing of Herr Ganz.

Canterbury.—The Harmonic Union gave *Israel in Egypt* on Friday week, under the direction of Mr. Longhurst. The orchestra numbered 150. The principal singers were Miss Cecilia Westbrook and Jessie Dixon, Messrs. Plant, Rhodes, Farrow, and Wallace Wells; Mr. Weist Hill (violin), Mr. White (contra-basso), and Mr. Goulden (organist), also assisted. The performance greatly pleased the audience, who were liberal in their applause, and encored Mr. Wells in "The enemy said," and Miss Westbrook in "Thou didst blow with the wind." Both deserved the compliment. Several of the choruses were well sung, and Mr. Longhurst may be complimented on his conducting.

WAIFS.

The President of the Royal Academy announced at the Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner that the next exhibition would be held in the new rooms of the Academy, Burlington House, and that although they would not even then be in possession of the whole of the apartments which would be ultimately at their disposal, space enough would be gained to hang 1,500 pictures, the present rooms only affording wall surface for 900. He hoped that enough pictures of the requisite degree of merit to justify their being accepted would be sent in, and did not doubt they would. [*Fancy* 1,500, *or even* 900, *musical works, produced yearly, that would be worth expressing! what a deal of genius and talent must exist in the painting world.*—A. S. S.]

A retiring pension of 6,400fr. has been settled by the Government upon Mdlle. Augustine Brohan, of the Comédie Française, as a reward for twenty-seven years' consecutive services at the Théâtre Française.

The foundation stone of Her Majesty's Theatre buried seventy-eight years ago has been exhumed. In a cavity in the bed were found a guinea, 1788; half-guinea, 1789; shilling, 1787; sixpence, 1787; fourpenny-piece, 1786; threepenny-piece, 1772; twopenny-piece, 1786; and silver penny-piece, 1786. The position of stone was north wall on box corridor, centre line of auditorium, under opening leading from hall to pit corridor, depth 2ft. 3in. below paving of hall. The dimensions of stone are 2ft. 1in. long, 1ft. 1½in. wide, and 1ft. deep. The inscriptions on stone are:—On top—"*The first stone of this new theatre was laid on the 3rd of April*, 1790, *in the 30th year of the reign of King George III., by the Right Hon. John Hobart, Earl of Buckingham*—Auctor pretiosa facit." *On front*—"*The King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, first built in* 1703." At right end—"*But unfortunately destroyed by fire on the 17th of June* 1789." On back—"*Prevalebit justitia.*"

An Italian version of Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* is said to be in preparation at Her Majesty's Opera, as well as one of *Gustave III.*, in which Mdlle. Nilsson is to play Oscar, the page, with some new music, composed expressly for her, by Auber himself.

We understand that an Italian version of Auber's *Domino Noir*, with new recitative by the composer, is in preparation, at the Royal Italian Opera, for Mdlle. Lucca (Angela), and Signor Mario (Horace). *Giovanna d'Arco* will *not* be given this season. *Tant pis.*

The lively Paris correspondent of the *Star* says:—"It is to be hoped that the Emperor will enjoy his reception next Sunday, at Rouen, by twenty-six choral and seventy-two instrumental Orphéon societies, all of which are to play and sing on his Majesty's arrival." Such are the penalties of greatness.

The Leipsic Gewandhaus Society have very appropriately commemorated their 125th anniversary by voting a 1000 thalers towards the erection of a monument to Mendelssohn.

The *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas will probably be given both at Berlin and Leipsic.

Mr. Levy, the cornet player, is playing in Paris to *quasi*-enthusiastic audiences.

The new tenor, Mazzolini, is roughly handled by some of the Parisian musical journals. His voice is described as rough, and his appearance vulgar.

Mazillier, late ballet master at the Grand Opéra, has just died at the age of seventy-one. He was born at Marseilles, and first appeared in Paris at the Porte-Saint-Martin in 1825.

Ambroise Thomas is at Marseilles superintending the production of his *Mignon*.

Subscriptions are being received at the Conservatoire towards the erection of a monument over the grave of Edouard Monnais.

A young English artist, Miss Watson, of whom report speaks highly, is about to appear in Paris. She is studying at present under M. Samuel David.

Madame Miolan Carvalho has terminated her Brussels engagement.

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Shaber Silber across Flotow.

SIR,—According to M. Inféiix Clément, the great musical biographer, M. de Flotow "cannot be numbered with those inspired artists whose lips, like Isaiah's, have been touched with burning coal." M. Infélix Clément, for once, is right. It would never have occurred to any other writer to point out in what manner the composer of *Martha* differs from the greatest of the Hebrew prophets; but the difference undoubtedly exists, and M. Clément has a right to call attention to it. How many other men there are—prophets, pianists, evangelists, poets, statesmen, mighty hunters—whom M. de Flotow does not resemble! Fortunately M. Clément does not attempt to give a list. But he furnishes some particulars about the uninspired composer, which, considering the immense vogue enjoyed by his *Martha*, are not without interest, and which to most readers must be new.

Count Frederic de Flotow was born at Mecklenburg in 1812. Invited by his father to choose between the career of arms and that of diplomacy, he returned an evasive answer, and became a composer. He studied at Paris under Reicha, and was scarcely of age when he produced *Peter and Catherine*, which was executed by a company of amateurs at the Hôtel Castellane. After trying his hand twice more upon amateurs, he felt almost ready to meet the public at an open theatre. By way of transition, however, he had recourse to the Poles, whose misfortunes have been made the pretext of so many strange performances, and in 1840 brought out an opera called *La Duchesse de Guise*, which was played at the Salle Ventadour for the benefit of the Polish exiles. *Le Naufrage de la Méduse*, known in Germany as *Die Matrosen*, *Le Forestier*, *L'Esclave de Camoens*, were M. de Flotow's next works, all produced in Paris, the first at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, the last two at the Opéra Comique. *Stradella*, brought out at Hamburg in 1844, Flotow's first successful opera, was played throughout Germany, and at Schwerin had the good fortune to please the Duke of Mecklenburg, who forthwith gave its composer the title of Chamberlain, and afterwards appointed him director of the Court Concerts. *Stradella* was succeeded by *L'Ame en Peine*, produced at the French Opera in 1846, and subsequently performed in English at the Princess's Theatre, under the title of *Leoline*. Since 1846 M. de Flotow has produced nothing but *Martha*, but he has produced and reproduced that work in so many forms that it must really have afforded him considerable occupation. Already, in 1843, he had joined MM. Burgmüller and Deldevez in composing the music of a ballet called *Lady Henriette*. On the subject of the ballet a German libretto was written, which M. de Flotow set to music and entitled *Martha*. He had adorned his work by introducing in the principal situation the beautiful national air known as the "Last Rose of Summer," and with this rose in his button-hole the chamberlain of the Duke of Mecklenburg will no doubt go, at least a little way, down to posterity. In arranging *Martha* for the Italian stage the composer added two new airs, one for the contralto, the other for the baritone; and he made some further changes in rearranging it for the Théâtre Lyrique, where, thanks in a great measure to Mdlle. Nilsson's charming impersonation of the heroine, it was represented upwards of three hundred nights. In the German piece the action takes place in the reign of Queen Anne. The author of the Italian version has, for some inscrutable reason, gone back to the fifteenth century. Thus the characters in the Italian *Martha* wear, or ought to wear, mediæval dresses, though the heroine invariably attires herself in the most fashionable costume of the season, and Nancy puts on any riding habit that happens to please her. In the French version the librettist has made the incidents of the drama occur almost in the present day. He no doubt believes, like M. Infélix Clément, that statute fairs are still held at Richmond, and that Tristan Mickleford is a probable name for an English nobleman.

A work is sometimes more successful than its author, and *Martha* has certainly distanced M. de Flotow in the race for popularity. I do not know whether M de Flotow has been all round the world, but *Martha* has. It has at least been to every part of the civilized globe; and it might almost be said that where *Martha* is unknown civilization ceases. If this idea should ever occur to the composer and cause him any undue elation, he can at once set himself to rights by reflecting that, after all, *Martha* has not been played so often nor in so many places as *Orphée aux Enfers*. To be sure *Martha* is an opera, a *bonâ fide* work in music; whereas *Orphée* is only a piece of musical buffoonery; and it would be unfair to place M. de Flotow on a level with Offenbach. But *Martha* has had wonderful luck. What a *bonne fortune* for the work to inspire the late Madame Bosio! and, after her, Mdlle. Adelina Patti at the Italian Opera, and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson at the Théâtre Lyrique! M. de Flotow is to be pitied if he has not heard both these vocalists in his work. Hearing either of them, it could never occur to him that the music of the principal part was pretty but trivial. He would think it charming from beginning to end, and, through it, the entire opera. Nor, in the opinion of the great majority of opera-goers, would he be very far wrong.

Shaber Silber.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The leading members—seven *premières danseuses* and five male dancers—of the Imperial Corps de Ballet will give performances during the summer in Germany. They have already signed an engagement with Herr Strampfer, of Vienna, and Herr Wirsing, of Prague.

MISS CLINTON FYNES' concluding pianoforte recital will take place on Wednesday, at the Beethoven Rooms. On that occasion the Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria will sing two of Antoine Rubinstein's vocal duets, "The Angel" and "Song of the Little Bird," both translated from the Russian by Wellington Guernsey. Rosamunde Doria will also sing, for the first time, a new ballad of her own composition, entitled "I dream of the Spring."

MISS AMY COYNE'S SONGS.—*Six Songs, with German Words. The English Translations and Music by Amy Coyne. (London: Duncan Davison and Co.)*—"Just now, when it is especially difficult to procure songs for the drawing-room—the words and music of which are neither coarsely 'comic' nor vapidly sentimental—these six charming songs by Miss Coyne will be heartily welcomed. Miss Coyne is the daughter of the well-known dramatic author and secretary of the Dramatic Author's Society. She evidently inherits no little share of her father's versatile talents, for the translations of these German songs are at once graceful, easy, and flowing; while the music possesses all those charms of sentiment which make German *Lieder* so popular with both the educated musician and the mere amateur whose ear delights in 'strains of linked sweetness long drawn out.' All these songs are, indeed, most 'taking,' and it is difficult to say which is the best, though we think that, on the whole, 'The Request' will be generally preferred. The verses of this song are in every respect exquisite, and breathe the spirit of true poetry, while the air to which they are wedded is instinct with heart-touching melody, as graceful as it is appropriate to the delicate cadence of the words."—*Liverpool Mail.*

FLORENCE.—For the grand tournament given in honour of the marriage of Prince Humbert and the Princess Margherita, Petrella composed a march, but not much of it was heard, on account of the noise. It is to be performed shortly in some theatre.

AMSTERDAM.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Association for National Song was kept on the 9th inst. The entertainment consisted of Netherlandish songs sung by the members. Several gentlemen who have done a great deal for the success of the Association were honoured with especial demonstrations of esteem.

MILAN.—The following new operas were given in Italy during the last Carnival and Lent season: *Mefistofele*, Boito (Milan); *Nadilla, o la Statua di Carne*, Ruggi (Naples); *La nuova Pianella perduta nella Neve*, Chelfi (Venice); *La Tombola*, Cagnoni (Rome); *Pietro da Padova*, Fiori (Milan); *Don Astrubale*, Graffeo (Palermo); *Le Rose*, D'Arienzo (Naples); *Rosamunde*, Gialdini (Florence); *Le false Apparenze*, Zescevich (Trieste); and *Bianca di Rossi*, Amadei, Barri.

ROTTERDAM.—Concert under the direction of Herr Bargiel: Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Mendelssohn; two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Concert Air, Mendelssohn; Ballet Music from *Orpheus*, Gluck; Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; and Symphony in F major, No. 4, Beethoven.—Concert of the Theatrical Union: Two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Concert Air, Mendelssohn; *Egmont* overture, Beethoven; "Frühlingsbotschaft," Gade; Trio, "Tremate, empi, tremate." Beethoven, &c.

LEIPSIC.—Mdlle. Lina Frieb, from the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, and a pupil of Herr Dorn, has appeared very successfully in Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann*.—Herr Karl Gloggner, a tenor-player, and pupil of Piermarini, has been appointed master at the Conservatory, in the place of Herr Götze, who, after fifteen years' service, has been superseded by the managing committee.—Herr C. Vogt, a merchant, has just given 2000 thalers to found a scholarship for poor students of the violin.

MUNICH.—The latest report concerning Herr Richard Wagner's new opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, is that the work will be poduced about the middle of June. *Qui vivra, verra.*—Among the interesting concerts given lately was the Mozart Matinée of the Royal School of Music. The following was the programme: Pianoforte Trio (Mdlle. Heintz, Herren Abel and Werner); Sonata in A major for Piano and Violin (Herren Bärmann, jun., and Abel); Pianoforte Fantasia in F minor, for four hands (Herren v. Bülow and Bärmann); Adagio and Rondo, for Piano, Flute, Oboe, Tenor, and Violoncello (Herren v. Bülow, Fillmets, Vitzthum, Abel, and Werner).

MOSCOW.—Sig. Merelli's Italian company are giving a series of performances, which are well attended. The principal attraction is Mdlle. Artôt, who has appeared in *Faust*, *Otello*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Il Barbiere*. It is said that this accomplished vocalist will return in the autumn, when there will be another Italian company here; indeed the report runs that she has actually accepted an engagement for September, October, and November.—On the 5th inst., Madame Alexandroff, of the Russian Opera, gave a grand concert. She will shortly proceed to Ems and thence to Paris. She intends singing in the French capital.

MDLLE. SONNIERI (late of the Royal Italian Opera), is shortly expected in Paris from Madrid.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Mossat.—"Let there be light," sacred song, by W. Wilson.
T. Murby.—"Whitsuntide Annual."
Ashdown & Parry.—"Hanover Square" for June; "Laugh while you may," song—words and music by E. N. Grazia.

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VOL. 46—No. 24. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JUNE 13TH, will be performed Mozart's Opera,

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Dottore Bartolo, Signor Scalese; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Marcellina, Mdlle. Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in that character); Susanna, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg (her second appearance in that character); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens.

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NEXT WEEK.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

MONDAY NEXT, June 15th, Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Mongini; Enrico Aston, Signor Gassier; Raimondo, Signor Foli; Arturo, Signor Agretti; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alisa, Mdlle. Corsi; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Mdlle. Tietiens.

On TUESDAY NEXT, June 16th, Cherubini's Opera, "MEDEA." Medea by Mdlle. Titiens.

Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg.—Extra Night.

THURSDAY NEXT, June 18th, Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Titiens, Kellogg, Nilsson.

SATURDAY, June 20th, "IL DON GIOVANNI."

MDLLE. TITIENS will appear as LA CONTESSA THIS EVENING, and as MEDEA on TUESDAY NEXT. — HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON as CHERUBINO (for the second time) THIS EVENING, as LUCIA on MONDAY NEXT. —HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG (who has been specially re-engaged) will appear as SUSANNA (for the second time) THIS EVENING.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—Every available place having been disposed of for the representation of Mozart's Opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," THIS EVENING, it is respectfully announced that it will be REPEATED on THURSDAY NEXT, the 18th inst.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MORNING PERFORMANCE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.
TITIENS, NILSSON, KELLOGG.

Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Doors open at Half-past One; commence at Two o'clock precisely. Boxes, Stalls, and Places at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Opera; also at all Librarians' and Booksellers'.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MR. KUHE'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, MONDAY, June 22nd, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Mesdames Titiens and Christine Nilsson, Sinico, Enequist, and Liebhart, Sainton-Dolby, E. Angèle, Drasdil, and Trebelli-Bettini; MM. Mongini, Reichardt, and Bettini, Jules Lefort, Foli, and Santley. Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Harmonium, Herr Engel; Harp, Mr. Aptommas; Pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Conductors—MM. Arditi, Bevignani, Randegger, and W. Ganz. Sofa Stalls, 15s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area and Orchestra, 3s.; Upper Balcony, 1s. To be had of all the principal Musicsellers and Librarians; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and of Mr. Kuhe, 15, Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.

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On TUESDAY NEXT, June 16th (for the first time this season), Meyerbeer's grand Opera, "L'AFRICAINE."

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MR. G. W. HAMMOND has the honour to announce that his PIANOFORTE and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY MORNING, June 18th, to commence at Three o'clock. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each (all reserved) to be had of Mr. G. W. Hammond, 11, St. Leonards' Gardens, Maida Vale, W.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of all pecuniary aid from Her Majesty's Government, it has been resolved by the Special Committee appointed at a General Meeting of the Directors, Subscribers, and Professors of the Institution, on the 2nd of May, to make an appeal to the general public, with a view to raise an adequate fund for the future provision of the Institution. A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST has therefore been opened at the LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, Hanover Square; and the names of those who are willing to become contributors, either as annual subscribers or as donors, will be received and duly acknowledged by the Members of the Committee, as well as by the Secretary; by whom also copies of the *Special Report*, issued by the Committee, will be forwarded on application.

By Order,

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. C. A. BARRY, Secretary to the Special Committee.

MR. GANZ begs to announce his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on FRIDAY, July 3rd. To commence at Two o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart and Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Banks and Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Katherine Poynts, Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Gardoni, Herr Reichardt, Mr. George Perren, and Mdlle. Mela; Signor Ciabatta, Signor Franceschi, M. Jules Lefort, Herr Wallenreiter, and Mr. Patey. Pianists, Mr. Ganz and Mr. F. H. Cowen; Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, M. Paque; Harp, Mr. Wright. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Randegger, E. Berger, and Ganz. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Seats, 5s.; Area, 2s. 6d. Tickets at the Musicsellers', and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 18, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S THIRD and LAST MORNING CONCERT for the introduction of his Singing and Piano Pupils will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd of July, at Three o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will introduce in his Programme Twenty Pupils. Signor Caravoglia and other eminent artists will appear. Conductor—Herr Lehmeyer. For all information apply to Mr. Lansdowne Cottlel, Norfolk House, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

SIGNOR PIATTI begs to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT in the ST. JAMES'S HALL on MONDAY NEXT, June 29th, 1868. Pianoforte, M. Antoine Rubinstein (his last appearance but one this season); Violin, Herr Straus; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Vocalist, Mdlle. Enequist. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 7s.; Balcony, 5s.; Back of Area, 3s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street, and at the Hall, No. 28, Piccadilly.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at MAYFIELD, West Hill, Putney Heath (by kind permission of Mrs. Pfeiffer), under Royal and most Distinguished Patronage, on MONDAY, July 6th. Commence at Three o'clock.

JUNE 29.—MDLLE. TERESITA CARRENO will have the honour to give a MATINEE MUSICALE, under distinguished patronage, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY NEXT, at Three o'clock. Stalls, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; of Messrs. Chappell; Lacon & Ollier; J. Blagrove, 32, Langham Street; all Musicsellers; and of Mdlle. Carreno, 55, Queen Anne Street.

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MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing GUGLIELMO'S Ballad, "THE MERRY MAID," poetry by HARRY HUNT, at the Festival of the National Orphan Home, Richmond, July 8th.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO'S new and immensely successful Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME" (poetry by H. J. ST. LEGER), composed expressly for her at the Freemason's Tavern, Monday Next.

MISS FANNY HOLLAND will sing GUGLIELMO'S new Ballad, "THOU ART THE WORLD TO ME" (poetry by R. REECE), composed expressly for her, at her concert St. George's Hall, July 8th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S popular Variations on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE" (accompanied by the Composer), at Madame Pratten's Matinée, given, by kind permission of the Duchess of Newcastle, at Carlton Terrace.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing Mr. MARSHALL BELL'S new song, "SUNSHINE," at the Composer's Concert, Beethoven Rooms, THIS DAY, June 27th.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—12, Porchester Place, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing GUGLIELMO'S admired song, "THE THREE HOMES" (poetry by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), at the National Orphan Home, Richmond, July 8th.

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"SPEED THE SAIL" (HENRY SMART'S new song) will be sung by Miss ANNA JEWELL, at Mr. M. H. Bell's Concert, THIS DAY, June 27th; Mr. Leigh Wilson's Concert, July 3rd; and at Mr. C. Gardner's Concert, July 8th. Sent free by post for 18 stamps.
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"To Mdlle. Sinico was entrusted a new song, composed by Signor Arditi, entitled 'A Kiss for your Thought.' It is in the composer's best style, having a flowing, piquant, and taking melody, in which blithesomeness of song and archness of expression can be admirably blended by a singer even of moderate attainments. Mdlle. Sinico interpreted it with choice brilliancy, and the audience would not be satisfied till she sang it over again. This new 'Kiss' will, we opine, soon become as popular and esteemed as 'Il Bacio.'"—*Brighton Guardian.*

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THE HANDEL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

The third and last performance was decidedly the best of all. The day of *Israel in Egypt* has, from the commencement, been the day of the Handel Festival; and so it proved on the occasion under notice. The weather was splendid, the crowd was enormous, and the performance was unparalleled in our remembrance. If further testimony had been required to establish the fact that the very grandest of all choral works is the biblical oratorio *par excellence* of the mightiest master that ever made the choir subservient to his ends, it was amply furnished yesterday; and if any one present had doubted whether a host of singers and players numbering by thousands would be able to overweight Handel in Handel's loftiest flights, all doubt must speedily have been set at rest. The splendour of the music has long been recognized; the splendour of the execution cannot be adequately described.

The oratorio was preceded, as we yesterday announced would be the case, by the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, the brilliant performance of which, by the orchestra of 500 players, made even a stronger impression than at the miscellaneous selection on Wednesday. Nothing could have been more appropriately chosen. The final movement of the *Occasional* overture, a pompous procession march, was just the sort of thing to play while the multitude of visitors were being ushered to their seats, by those very courteous gentlemen—members, we believe, for the most part, of the Sacred Harmonic Society—who officiate as "stewards," or masters of the ceremonies. And so delighted were the audience with this same march that they insisted upon its repetition with a vehemence that Mr. Costa could not find it in his heart to resist; and so it was played again.

Grand as was the performance of the *Messiah* on Monday, that of *Israel in Egypt* yesterday was still grander. From first to last it was almost without a flaw. After Mr. Cummings (as at the Festival of 1865) had declaimed the opening recitative, "Now there arose a new King over Egypt," and Madame Sainton had delivered the solo, "And the children of Israel sighed," the pathetic double chorus, "And their cry came up to God," in which the griefs of the enslaved people, under a monarch "that knew not Joseph," are so powerfully set forth, gave a genuine foretaste of the choral treat that was in store. Again, Mr. Cummings, with well-placed emphasis, having in the first recitative, "Then sent He Moses," &c., announced the first miracle, that wonderful chorus, "They loathed to drink of the river," a fugue of the gravest character (condensed from one of the six fugues for the harpsichord) with unaccustomed intervals and chromatic progressions, was sung in perfection by the gigantic choir. This single chorus, the first of the marvellous chain of choruses, descriptive of the plagues, inflicted upon the Egyptians by Moses and his brother Aaron, was remarkable as a contrast to the effect of the double chorus that precedes and the double choruses that follow it, and, with the single intervention of the contralto air, "Their land brought forth frogs" (one of the miracles which Handel was evidently disinclined to illustrate in chorus), proceed in uninterrupted succession to the end of the first part of the oratorio. How the air was sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby we need not say. The choruses from this point to the termination of *Exodus* were given as we have never heard them given before. "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," one of the most elaborate and difficult, with its reiterations of the opening sentence, its characteristic passages for violins, illustrative of the plague "of flies and lice in all their quarters," and the striking phraseology of its concluding sentence, where "the locusts without number" are described as adding to the misery of the Egyptians, was all that could be wished. Of "He gave them hailstones" it is hardly necessary to speak. This marvellously simple and as marvellously expressive double chorus was more than ever overpowering; and, encored, amid a storm of plaudits from every side, it was repeated as a matter of course. More admirable still, because more arduous and trying, was the sombre and expressive choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness over all the land," in which, in spite of the daring and unaccustomed progressions of harmony, the intonation of the singers, up to the very last phrase for the basses—"even darkness which might be felt" was, from end to end unwavering. How the music here rises to the sublimity of the verbal text was sensibly and unanimously felt. The series of choruses that ensue—from "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt," to "There was not one feeble person among their tribes"—which form virtually a connected piece, was without exception, superb. In these Handel's singular genius as a "word-painter" is powerfully evinced. As instances may be cited his manner of setting, at a special point, the emphasised monosyllables, "He—smote—the—chief—of—all—their—strength;" the lovely and suggestive melody which accompanies the sentence, "But as for his people, *He led them forth like sheep*;" that no less suggestive passage, in the fugued style, "He brought them out with silver and gold"—in which it has, not altogether extravagantly, been remarked that "one might almost see the precious metals glitter and hear them clink;" and, last and perhaps finest, the triumphant asseveration, "not one feeble person" so persistently and obstinately reiterated. All this was admirable; and most especially to be praised was the exquisitely subdued *piano*, whenever the tuneful pastoral phrase, "He led them forth like sheep," occurs. Skipping the staid and somewhat rigid fugal chorus, "Egypt was glad when they departed," a connected series next occurs, even grander and more impressive than what has gone before. We need scarcely name the sublime declaration, "He rebuked the Red Sea," in which the chorus speak in a voice of thunder; its eloquent sequel ("*pianissimo*"), "And it was dried up;" "He led them through the deep;" and "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." The large and stately theme of "He led them through the deep," given out first by the basses, one of the most striking in *Exodus*, is graphically suggestive of the miraculous passage of the chosen people through the divided sea; while the wonderful peroration, telling us, repeatedly and repeatedly, that not one of the enemy is left, and narrating the story of their annihilation, is a fitting climax. The execution of this, as of the solemn chorus, "And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord by his servant Moses," which terminates the first part of *Israel in Egypt*, was worthy of the music. More we cannot say.

The second part, the *Song of Moses* (written first, as all know who interest themselves in Handel's biography), is even sublimer than *Exodus* itself. Here the miracles, in *Exodus* one by one described, are referred to in the midst of hymns of thanksgiving and praise. The choruses belonging to the *Song of Moses* are far more complex and elaborate than the choruses in the opening section of the oratorio. But from first to last—from "Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord," with which it jubilantly sets out, to "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," with which it as jubilantly comes to an end, both including the splendid episode, "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea,"—they were as admirably given as any of those already enumerated. Two of the most difficult among them, the two most difficult, in short, in the entire work—"And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together," and "The people shall hear and be afraid"—were sung with as much precision and as much delicate observance of "light and shade" as if they had been the simplest, instead of the most intricate of them all. These were for many years, more or less stumbling blocks at the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in Exeter Hall; but now we heard them, in little short of perfection, from a chorus counting by thousands instead of hundreds. So much for the continuous study of Handel's choruses going on, not merely in London, but in the country, during the three years' interval that separates one Festival from another; so much, also, for the improvement in choral singing generally all over England—no little of which may be more or less directly traced to the influence of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society's own child, the "Handel Festival." The only instance in the second part where the slightest wavering was detected, and where Mr. Costa's unequalled skill in putting things right was manifested with its wonted readiness, occurred in the very trying chorus, "And with the blast of Thy nostrils," of which that wonderfully descriptive passage, "And the floods stood upright as an heap," and that other no less descriptive, "And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," are prominent features. Here an occasional tendency to unsteadiness was immediately corrected as if by magic. This secret possessed by Mr. Costa would be an invaluable boon if communicated to the world of conductors at large. Among other

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remarkable exhibitions of choral power and precision in the *Song of Moses* must be named the exhilarating double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power," and that most characteristic piece of "word-painting" among all the fugued choruses, "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble"—the last of which more especially is not often so fortunate as to go from end to end as might be wished. But to leave the choruses, which in *Israel* are so numerous, varied, and superb, that we are tempted to forget other parts of the oratorio by no means undeserving attention, it may suffice to add that the final chorus, "The horse and his rider"—the recitatives of Miriam the prophetess, which usher it in, being declaimed with consummate skill by Mdlle. Tietjens—was a fitting and pompous climax to the whole.

The airs and duets of *Israel in Egypt*, though every one of them is excellent, are overshadowed by the colossal proportions of the choruses. About the little there is of "solo" in the first part we have spoken. In the second a great deal more occurs. The three duets were all well sung—"The Lord is my strength," by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Rudersdorff; "The Lord is a man of war," by Mdme. Sainton and Signor Foli (encored unanimously, in accordance with a long-prevailing custom); and "Thou in Thy mercy," by Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Cummings—whose exertions, by the way, during the Festival week demand a word of hearty recognition. The first of these duets is plaintive, the second animated, warlike, and declamatory, the third peaceful and fervently devotional. Each is in Handel's most finished style, and serves to exhibit in its particular sentiment the variety of emotional expression he invariably had at command. The two airs, 'Thou didst blow with Thy wind," for soprano, and "Thou shalt bring them in," for contralto, were respectively assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The first, which, in addition to its melodious beauty, is remarkable for one of the most ingenious examples of Handel's employment of the ancient expedient of a "ground bass," was admirably given by Mdlle. Tietjens, the second with true Handelian expression by Madame Sainton, one of the most experienced of Handelian singers. But at this Festival, as at every Handel Festival that has been held, beginning with the bold experiment in 1857, the sensation of the week was produced by "The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake,'" &c., an air which Mr. Sims Reeves has made his own, and which to sing after him would be an ungrateful task for any other living tenor. This superb air was, if possible, sung yesterday by Mr. Reeves more magnificently than on any previous occasion—magnificently as, we need scarcely remind our musical readers, he has so often sung it. He gave it, indeed, with a power of voice, a vigorous accent, a truth of intonation, a fluency, sustained from end to end, a fire and an enthusiasm which we never remember excelled. Every phrase had its well expressed meaning; every note told—even in the most rapid enunciation of *bravura* passages. Its effect was literally "electrical," and at the end a storm of applause broke out from every part of the building, in which the singers and players in the orchestra unanimously joined. To resist the encore under such circumstances was impossible, even for Mr. Reeves, the avowed enemy of encores, and the air was repeated with the same power and unflagging animation as before. A more marked impression was never produced by a solo performance. The 20,000 rose at Mr. Reeves, as the pit, according to Edmund Kean, on some memorable occasion, rose at Edmund Kean.

At the end of the oratorio, as at previous commemorations, the National Anthem was given (by chorus and orchestra—precisely as it was given on Monday). Then there was a loud and universal cry of "Costa," to which the indomitable conductor of the Handel Festival responded by repeated bows, retiring amid applause that seemed as though it would never cease. Mr. Bowley, too, the energetic general manager of the Crystal Palace, to whom the organization of these triennial gatherings is principally due, was loudly called for, but though he might gracefully have done so he made no appearance.

What other remarks we have to offer on this Festival must be reserved till Monday. It has been conducted so admirably that a brief farewell retrospect is nothing less than its just due.

The numbers were:—Admission by season tickets, 13,809; on payment, 9,292; total visitors, 23,101.

Saturday, June 20.

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It is impossible just at present to obtain anything like an accurate financial account of the results of last week's series of performances. A comparison, however, between the numbers of persons who visited the Crystal Palace at the last Handel Festival, in 1865, and those who have attended the present meeting, may help to some estimate as to which was the more successful of the two. Subjoined is the official statement:—

1865.		1868.	
Rehearsal	15,420	Rehearsal	15,597
First Day	13,677	First Day	19,217
Second Day	14,915	Second Day	21,550
Third Day	15,422	Third Day	23,101
Total	59,434	Total	79,465

In 1857, the experimental trial, the aggregate numbers were only 38,114; in 1859—the first real Handel Festival in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the renowned composer's death—they were 81,319; and in 1862, the year of the International Exhibition, when it was first resolved to make the Handel Festivals in the Crystal Palace triennial, 67,567—the absorbing interest created by the International Exhibition satisfactorily accounting for the considerable difference between 1859 and 1862. The second triennial meeting—that of 1865, looked at simply from the point of view of numbers, represented a decadence, although, regarded in an artistic sense, it greatly surpassed, any of the three previous festivals. The falling off in numbers, however, as compared with 1859, when the idea was wholly new, and, therefore, on that account at least, most attractive, and even with 1862, so materially influenced by the International Exhibition, was explained at the time, clearly enough, by the announced dissolution of the old Parliament; the absorbing interest in the approaching elections for the new; the defective management of the railway transit immediately in relation with the Crystal Palace, a subject of general animadversion; the absence of all countenance, direct or indirect, from the highest quarters; the deluge of rain which prevented thousands from attending the performance of *Israel in Egypt* on the Friday; and other eventualities unforeseen and consequently unprovided for. On the present occasion there were none of these drawbacks. The dissolution of Parliament, at one time regarded as probable, was no longer thought of; there was no absorbing interest in new elections, seeing that, for the current year, no new elections would be called for; the railway arrangements connected with the Crystal Palace offered little, if any, fair cause for complaint; there was no "deluge of rain" on the day of *Israel*, but fine weather all the week; and, lastly, two of the Royal family, the Prince and Princess of Hesse, came to listen to the second half of the last day's performance. That the numbers attending the Festival just over should have greatly exceeded those of 1865, and even have surpassed by more than 1,000 those of the memorable Festival of 1859, although much may be attributed to the new privilege, granted to annual subscribers to the Crystal Palace, of admission to all the exceptional no less than to the ordinary amusements, is a sign that the Handel Festival is going up in general estimation, and that no further doubt need prevail about its henceforth being permanently established as a triennial affair. In fact, the success of the commemoration of 1868—which is saying no little—has been almost as great as its deserts.

That a more wonderful series of performances was never listened to, either in England or elsewhere, may be concluded from the remarks that chronicled the proceedings of each successive day. Into further details about these performances we need not enter. It may, however, be remarked, *en passant*, that the largest attendance by some 1,500 was that to *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday, when two of the "shining stars" of Her Majesty's Opera, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson and Mdlle. Clara Louisa Kellogg, whose names gave such "*eclat*" to the miscellaneous concert on the second day, were absent, which warrants a belief that the sublime oratorio of the Bible was itself the object of attraction—assurance, of course, being universally entertained that, with Mr. Costa at the head of the musical department, the solos would be confided to none but the

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most practised and competent hands. And such, it need scarcely be added, proved to be the case.

In reviewing the meeting of 1865, which at the time a vast number of even Handel's most zealous and enthusiastic worshippers felt convinced would be the last, we said—"If the Handel Festival dies on the occasion of its fourth commemoration it will die in a halo of glory; for certainly, nothing to compare with the musical performances of the week has been heard in this or in any other country." That was true; but it is no less true that the performances of the week just passed have excelled those of 1865 just as perceptibly as the performances of 1865 excelled those of 1862; and so back, by equally perceptible degrees, to the earliest experiment of 1857, when even the Handel orchestra itself, to say nothing of the "auditorium" in the Centre Transept, which, through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Bowley and those acting under him, is approaching nearer and nearer to the desired perfection, was, in comparison with what it is now, absolute chaos. It would be hard to cite a more emphatic instance of what may be achieved by persevering industry, accompanied by intelligence in proportion, than the Handel Festival, which, during the whole of last week, kept the lovers of music generally, and of sacred music particularly, in a fervour of excitement. We remember at a Welsh Eistedfodd, in 1850, the ruins of the Castle of Rhuddlan being converted, by ingenious architectural contrivances, into a music hall, where not only Welsh bards, more or less under the influence of inspiration, extemporized, "Pennillion," but where the *Messiah* of the "Saxon" composer, Handel, was performed by Saxon singers and players, to the delight and astonishment of the majority of the aborigines, and to the infinite disrelish of the bigoted and thick-headed minority; but this was child's play in comparison with what has been done at the Crystal Palace, in the construction of that enormous Handel orchestra, and the conversion of the vast area of the Centre Transept into a really admirable concert room—*pro tempore*. More, however, we are convinced, may yet be effected by further exercise of indomitable perseverance in the same direction; and we look forward to the Handel Festival of 1871 with an intimate conviction that it will be an advance on the one that has just been celebrated.

Upon what Mr. Costa has done for these festivals it is hardly necessary to dwell. Musically, from the beginning, he has been the life and soul of them. While he has kept order, he has infused spirit into every performance; and if he never conducted another the remembrance of the closing chords of "the horse and his rider," climax to that marvellous presentation of *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday, would suffice to perpetuate his name with every one who was present on the occasion.

In the general organization of the Handel Festival, which devolved in equal measure upon the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, many able and energetic gentlemen took part, whose names and the duties they perform so ably might fairly be placed on record. But, as our space will not allow of a detailed account of their exertions, we must be content to offer them this general acknowledgment of the services they have rendered. Not only, however, the directing managers, but every one concerned in the Handel Festival, from the conductor of the orchestra to the last member of the orchestra and the last member of the chorus, may justly lay claim to having contributed something towards the magnificent general result of the commemoration of 1868.

Monday, June 22.

TORGAU.—The Musical Union, under the direction of Dr. Taubert, lately gave a performance of Herr Ferdinand Hiller's *Gründung Roms*.

ESSAN.—The Musikverein lately gave a very successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*, the solos being sung by Mdlle. Dannemann, Herren Hill and Ruff.

GRATZ.—The well-known composer, Anselm Hüttenbrenner, died on the 5th inst., in his 74th year. He was an intimate friend of Beethoven and Schubert.

MANNHEIM.—A new operetta entitled *Die Gefährliche Nachbarschaft*, and founded on Kotzebue's comedy of the same name, has been produced with undoubted success. The book is written by Herr L. Rocke, and the music by Herr Ferdinand Langer, musical director at the theatre.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated and Official.)

This great and most successful celebration should not be allowed to close without noticing the important aid which it received from numerous gentlemen whose names are not prominently before the public, but who contributed essentially to its success. The general arrangements were carried out by the directors of the Crystal Palace and the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, a joint committee of the two bodies settling the minor details. All matters appertaining to the regulation of the audience belonged to the Crystal Palace Company, the issue of tickets and the arrangement of the blocks of seats being confided to Mr. Wilkinson, who also designed and carried out the Royal boxes and corridors, with the fountains and other decorations therein. The acoustic screens were fitted up also under the superintendence of the same gentleman. The barriers have been erected, and the temperature of the building regulated, under the direction of Mr. Rose. The entire police arrangements were in the hands of Superintendent Payne, of the P division, and a large force of extra constables. The stewards, about 150 in number, whose exertions to promote the comfort of the audience have been beyond praise, were under the honorary superintendence of Mr. Coe, Mr. Hutt, and Mr. Keene. The orchestral arrangements, generally—subject, of course, to the instructions of the conductor—have been under the control of the Sacred Harmonic Society; the band under the superintendence of Mr. T. Sherrard, with six assistant superintendents, and the respective vocal departments under Mr. Daniel Hill, Mr. F. W. Willcocks, Mr. Carmichael, and Mr. Alex. Durlacher, with an adequate force of assistant superintendents. Never was there an occasion when the advantage of strict individual discipline has been more apparent as productive of comfort to all concerned, and the utmost proficiency in the performance of the music. The professional engagements, both in London and the provinces, have been made by Mr. J. F. Puttick, who has had an excellent opportunity to display to the utmost his zeal and business-like habits in carrying out this important branch of the arrangements. Not the least essential part of this gentleman's duties has been the payment of all the professional performers. The whole of these payments were made within half-an-hour of the conclusion of the Festival; and when it is borne in mind that these are nearly 1,400 in number, it will be obvious that very great praise is due to Mr. Puttick, for the ability with which his department has been managed. Mr. Puttick also visited some of the principal provincial choirs, being accompanied by Mr. E. Prout, B.A., Professor of Music, who conducted rehearsals at Bradford and Birmingham (the head-quarters of the famous Yorkshire and Midland choristers, who, together, sent to the Festival about 500 singers), thus contributing to uniformity in the rendering of the music, and forming an excellent preparation for the general rehearsal under Mr. Costa.

Amongst the gentlemen who assisted the committee by the selection of choristers in the provinces, may be specially mentioned S. Smith, Esq., of Bradford, and R. Peyton, Esq., of Birmingham.

Upon all great labour has devolved, and it has required no small amount of ardour on their parts to labour to the extent required to carry out this undertaking. The success of their labours, however, will, it is hoped, recompense them in some degree for the vast trouble imposed upon them, which, although little apparent to the public generally, must have been undertaken by responsible individuals in each department, in order to secure the results which have ensued.

The duties discharged by the Sacred Harmonic Society's excellent president, J. N. Harrison, Esq., as also by Mr. Thomas Brewer, honorary secretary, and Mr. W. H. Husk, are too numerous to be here specified, but too important not to compel passing reference. The providing of the thousands of music books was carried out with the greatest regularity by Mr. James Peck.

Probably on no occasion has the Crystal Palace been graced by the presence of a greater number of visitors distinguished in various walks of life, or by more members of the aristocracy. The only member of the Royal Family present was Her Royal Highness Princess Louis of Hesse, who with His Royal Highness Prince Louis attended the second part of the last day's performance.

As regards the pecuniary results of the Festival, it is too early to form an exact opinion. Considerable amounts have to be collected from the agencies and the various items of expenditure ascertained, before anything approaching a balance can be struck.

It is, however, clear that the receipts will not vary much from those of the last Festival, while the expenses have been considerably lessened.

The great musical success of the Festival has established the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace as the place for great choral exhibitions like that which has just passed, and we may look with confidence to their continuance.

Nearly one thousand ladies and gentlemen of the provincial press were located in the upper galleries, under the charge of Mr. E. Lee, the superintendent of the Crystal Palace literary department.

BASLE.—Schumann's scenes from *Faust* have been given lately, Herr Stockhausen taking the principal part.

PRAGUE.—The national Bohemian opera, *Dalibor*, by M. Smetana has proved a great success.—Mdlle. Orgény, who is now singing at the Bohemian theatre, has been most favourably received.

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THE STAR SYSTEM.

The converse is sustainable of the old proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Undoubtedly it is a rare wind that blows everybody good. Unmixed good and unmixed evil are almost altogether unobtainable in the world. Our highest and most beneficial arrangement is ordinarily an expedient, our highest wisdom a compromise. Signs of improvement in one direction have manifested themselves during recent years in the theatrical world, but proof is already apparent that the benefits we have obtained are not to be enjoyed without cost. The most signal of theatrical triumphs we have recently obtained is, we cannot but think, the blow that has been dealt to the "Star" system. Everywhere now the Star is at a discount. No single experiment he has of late made has been a success. No matter what the conditions under which he started, how great soever his real talent, how well deserved the public favour previously awarded him, the result of any attempt to force himself into a position of over-prominence or solitary dignity has resulted in *fiasco*. We have in London at the present moment a dozen men or women who hold themselves Stars, and who are firmly convinced in their own minds that the theatre-going public has no other desire in life than to see them in some part in which their talents shall have "ample room and verge enough." If their faith in the certainty of their own success is not entirely assured the doubt only arises from their uncertainty of the capacity of authors to invent for them parts good enough to display their remarkable powers to the fullest advantage. Such ordinary proof as men advance of sincerity of belief they are prepared with. They will gladly risk their own money, when they have any, and that of other people, under all circumstances, upon the result of an appeal to the public. Should failure be the result, it will be attributed to accident. A thought that he can be mistaken never enters the Star's mind. The public is waiting and anxious to give him £25,000 a year if it can only have the opportunity. To do the Star justice he tries to give the public the right chance, and is willing to earn, to the best of his ability, the wages of popular applause. He will appear in as many and as arduous parts as you like, and will commit to memory an incredible number of lengths, stooping even to filch a length or two from his neighbour.

Not very long since a Star—his heaven was legitimacy—was playing the principal part in a revived tragedy not very familiar to the audience. One good speech was allotted to one of the minor characters. In rehearsals the Star insisted upon the excision of the scene in which the speech occurred. His will was law, and scene and speech were removed. At the first representation the reason for this was shown. Our friend the Star came forward and mouthed the whole of the speech he had removed from its original position, and, without giving warning to any one, had interpolated in his own part. Of late, however, such pitiful vanity as this has been checked, and the Star system has received from the public what in the language of the ring is known as a "facer." Every attempt of the Star to thrust himself before the public with a scratch company carefully trained not to interfere with his movements has been a failure. No matter whether legitimate tragedy, sensation drama, or farce has been tried, the result has always been the same. Heavy discouragement and great loss have been the inevitable issue of the experiment. Satisfactory in all respects is this, for of all baneful products of human vanity the Star system is in our opinion the most egregious and intolerable. A natural consequence of its decay has been the rise of the drama and of acting in England. Better pieces have been produced during the last five years than in those by which they were preceded. Our stage, moreover, at the present moment has a larger number of careful and conscientiously trained actors than it has for many years past possessed. But another evil which, if unchecked, may lead to lamentable results seems now to threaten the stage. Respectable plays respectably acted are common enough. Occasionally we see a play really well acted. But there is a tendency visible to reduce all acting to a most undesirable level of respectable mediocrity. At the present moment a great many of our best actors and actresses find only precarious employment. We could name one-half of the very best actors our stage numbers who have not during six months made six appearances on London boards.

Now, for this state of affairs many reasons may be found, and some of these are doubtless dependent upon some want of ductility on the part of the actor. Clever men are most subject to crotchets, and a clever actor is ordinarily the most unmanageable and intractable of all beings. But the main reason for this state of affairs is one with which the actor has nothing to do. Managers will not give a large salary when a small one will suffice. An actor of merit will not, when his position is established, consent to appear unless his salary fairly represents his popularity and the measure of his success. But managers now, when they begin to pay money for pieces, try to save in other directions. Few people engaged in mercantile affairs have the heart to deal on really sound and liberal principles. The tendency of business teaching is to make people screw, and screw accordingly they must somewhere. Many a good ship sinks for want of the proverbial pennyworth of tar. Managers accordingly commence to screw with the salaries of actors. Now, unfortunately, this is a very easy operation. Actors of a certain class can be got for little—for nothing—nay, absolutely for less than nothing. Scores of tolerable actors may be found who, for the sake of a London engagement, will take a small salary, content to wait for that future they are contributing indefinitely to banish. Others, again, will appear for the mere honour of showing on west-end boards. Some, and such cases though uncommon are not unknown, will pay to make their appearance. With women the case is stronger than men. Burlesque has called into existence a class of beings, called by courtesy actresses, who are rapidly rendering the earning by a real actress of a respectable livelihood impossible. Women of some personal attractions, and with a certain amount of courage to display their charms, find engagements easy, more especially as the terms they ask are such as are not likely to scare the managerial mind. From the best of these, unsalaried actresses are obtained to perform principal parts. Some of them even are for a time advanced to management.

From all these circumstances and conditions it results that a manager can get at light expense a company that is tolerable, and with such a company some managers and some playwrights choose to work. One dramatist especially, whose success of late years has been indisputable, is a great sinner in this respect. He never makes an attempt to obtain a good company, and will scarcely consent to engage one actor of reputation for a principal comic part. Trusting to his own skill in stage managership, and to the interest of his dramas, he obtains a company scarcely one of which obtains much more salary than is paid to a skilled journeyman, and contrives to give a fair but colourless representation. Look through half the successful dramas of late produced at the houses with which he is connected, and you will find scarcely an actor whose name a year or two since was known in London. That the general representation is good may be conceded. Get-up is elaborately studied and praiseworthy moderation of acting is enforced. But the stage suffers, and will suffer, from a continuance of this plan. We want acting with originality, individuality, what one may call "stuff" in it. We want to be stirred at times to the depths of our natures, not pleasantly tickled on the epidermis. At the present moment let the reader ask himself who is the "leading lady" at one theatre after another? He will be astonished to find how few of them one knows, how few have made any real reputation. Then let him recal the actresses whose performance she remembers and asks where are they. In the provinces, it may be, or in London doing nothing, because the manager will not give twelve or fifteen pounds a week when he can get off by paying three. Of course there is little herein to marvel at, and not very much to condemn. A theatre is, after all, a mercantile speculation, and must, if it is to be successful, be conducted upon sound mercantile principles. We cannot expect a manager any more than a publisher or a picture-dealer to sacrifice his interests to his love of art. We have yet to learn, however, that stinginess in matters wherein the public are concerned ever pays.

We believe that the manager who, as a rule, got the best pieces, mounted them with most taste, and obtained the best actors, would, in the long run, be the most prosperous. Whether, however, the course on which we have previously commented be wise or unwise, as far as managerial pockets are concerned, as to its baneful influence upon art, there is no question. It tends to swamp us with mediocrities, keep the best men in the background, and degrade the public taste. It is one side of that realism which more than all other things is destructive to true art.

J. K.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The following is abridged from a lengthy report in the *Norfolk Chronicle*:—

The annual choral festival for the Archdeaconry of Sudbury took place last Tuesday week, at Melford, the number of choristers being 356. Many of the choirs had banners, some of which were carried in procession, and others displayed near the piers in the nave. They looked very pretty, but reminded one more of a tournament or Roman Catholic procession than of sober, spiritual worship, and many present considered them out of place. The service commenced by a processional hymn; music by Dr. Steggall. This was sung by the choristers and clergy as they marched down the aisle, the congregation standing. The service was preceded by a short opening voluntary. The Preces and Responses used were according to "Bristol use," the Venite was sung to a chant by G. A. Macfarren, in C; the psalms to Bellamy in B flat, and the remainder to Macfarren, the change of chant suiting the words. The 45th Psalm was sung to Roger in E major, and the 46th to Hayes. All these psalms, particularly the last, were very fairly sung. The hymns were—"Rejoice, the Lord is King;" Old 148th (Croft); "Lift your eyes of faith and see, Alleuia!" (Redhead); and "To Thee, mighty Lord, we offer praise" (Wareham)—in which the congregation joined heartily. Mr. Thomas Smith, of Bury-St.-Edmunds, the indefatigable choirmaster to the association, accompanied on the organ. The Rev. W. Borrow conducted the singing with his well-known skill. The voluntaries played by Mr. Orlando Steed, organist of the church, were Prelude in G, Mendelssohn; Offertoire in D, Batiste; March from *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Offertoire in G (Collin); Offertoire for Feast of Pentecost (Collin); March from *St. Polycarp* (Ouseley); Fugue by Mende sechn; and selections from the works of Battiste.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONCERT SYSTEM. CONCERT ROOMS AND "SALONS." ARISTOCRACY, PLUTOCRACY, LOVERS OF ART, AND MECÆNATES.*

(*Continued from page* 432.)

At that period, however, music was the only occupation at all elevated to which a man dared devote himself, without being suspected of aristocratic tendencies—and, on the other hand, music offered a guarantee that its votaries did not trouble themselves about ideas of freedom. All the elegant wives of the Terrorists cultivated it, and Madame Tallien, subsequently the Princess Chimay, and the grandmother of one of the best female pupils Chopin had, was a zealous admirer of the art. Napoleon, too, as an artillery officer, liked music and musicians. Later, it is true—according to the unanimous testimony of all the memoirs referring to him—he regarded music only as the best means of amusing the people harmlessly. We must, however, not omit to state that it was at his immediate suggestion that Spontini wrote *Ferdinand Cortez*, and Cherubini his *Requiem*. There is another fact, also not to be passed over in silence. He frequently enunciated opinions with regard to music as surprisingly just as those he uttered in conversation with Göthe respecting *Werther* and dramatic poetry, opinions to which, in his later years, the poet-prince refers in his annals with admiration.

Opera was thus tolerably supported in France, but not so concerts. In the year 1725, Philidor, brother of the composer and celebrated chess-player, founded the "Concerts Spirituels," which, during Lent, and on grand fast-days, when there was no opera, were given in a large room at the Tuileries, and at which sacred choruses and airs of the period alternated with instrumental solos, and with concertos for the violin and the oboe. The enterprise was exceedingly flourishing between 1770 and 1780, so much so, indeed, that Mozart considered it an honour to write a Symphony for it. During the time of the Revolution the Concerts Spirituels were discontinued. Somewhere about 1750, a Société d'Amateurs had been formed, but it ceased to exist even *before* the Revolution, In fact, people in Paris did not care a great deal for concerts.

In Italy, even from the sixteenth century, opera had made such progress that there was no room for the development of instrumental music. The fiddle alone, as the vocal instrument, could boast of great artists; the male sopranists exercised their throats in runs which only the most eminent violinists could execute with equal rapidity and correctness, and the violinists, moreover, took every possible pains to produce a noble and grand tone upon their instruments. Their compositions are even now models. With regard to pianists, the only one of eminence is Dominico Scarlatti, a remarkable personage, inasmuch as, in his Piano Sonatas, he treats the instrument in such a manner that we feel inclined to believe he must have been acquainted with, and studied, Bach's works. There is one fact which we may look upon as certain: owing to the almost incredible development of the art of singing—about which Mozart's letters from Italy contain some astounding facts—instrumental music was merely cultivated to some extent by amateur societies and at the various Courts, in the last, as in the present century, concerts possessing no power of attraction for the Italians. With regard now to concert-giving in Germany during the past century—in so far as it is possible to obtain trustworthy information—we must particularly mention one fact which at first sight appears strange, namely, that there were few or no concerts precisely where music was most general. In Vienna, even in Mozart's time, there were only Subscription Concerts (*Subscriptions-Academien*, as they were denominated), that is to say, concerts got up by those musicians who gave a great many lessons, and who went about with a list to their patrons, to whom, and by whose assistance, they endeavoured to dispose of tickets. How unproductive, however, such manœuvres were, is proved by a letter of the year 1784 from Mozart, in which he informs his father with great glee that he had 174 subscribers for his three concerts, that being thirty more than Richter and Fischer together, who were the most popular teachers of the period. The infrequency of these concerts admits, however, of an easy explanation, if we only bear in mind that all noblemen had their own private musical establishments; gave concerts in their own houses; and generally paid artists magnificently. Hence people who in any way belonged to good society had heard every celebrated artist so often at private concerts, that public concerts had but little attraction for them. Only something particularly unusual could reckon upon any great success. This was especially true of female fiddlers, among whom a Mdlle. Ringbauer and a Mdlle. Strinasachi were as celebrated in those days as Mesdlles. Milanollo and Ferni are in our own.

Very different was the state of things in the North. The higher classes there hardly troubled their heads at all about music; but among the classes of burghers and Government officials, on the other hand, music was very generally cultivated, even so far back as a little after 1770, and concerts were everywhere well attended. But we must not assume that a regard for music was the sole principle at work; so far from this being the case, we may conclude with certainty from the light writings of the period that concerts were regarded as the most agreeable and most becoming class of entertainment by many worthy families, only because the latter entertained conscientious scruples against going to the theatre; this was probably the case more especially in the Protestant parts of the country. Between 1770 and 1780, there was not in the whole of north, or middle, Germany, a single town of any importance, where there were not regular concerts of amateurs or professional musicians. Thus in Stralsund there was a concert every fortnight, and there were concerts also in Magdeburg, Erfust, Ludwigslust, Coburg, Schleusingen, Detmold, and Nordhausen. At Göttingen, Forkel founded concerts in 1780, and it is highly amusing to hear him talking *at that time* of the decay of opera, and of church music, and praising up his concerts as the only place of refuge for good music. According to all accounts, Hamburg seems to have been the Promised Land for travelling virtuosi. Dresden was highly celebrated for its chapel, and, when, after the battle of Kesselsdorf, Frederick the Great entered the Saxon capital, one of his first commands was to the effect that he wished to hear a concert. In Berlin, Bachmann's Subscription Concerts existed in 1751. Some time after 1780, they were superseded by Hurka's Orchestral Concerts, in which the Royal Chapel took part, and which were attended by the Royal family. At that time, also, there was a concert saloon for the Jewish colony in the "Flies'schen Haus," the monthly subscription for three persons being one thaler and eight groschens. A Mad. Lewy, a Mad. Wolff, and Herr Flies, appeared there as pianists. The papers said nothing save what was favourable about the music, but added that there was too much talking, and too much bowing and scraping for anyone to be able to hear it well. Between 1780 and 1790, Reichardt founded Concerts Spirituels, on the Parisian model; symphonies by Dittersdorf, Benda, and Kuhman, were the order of the day. Solo-players also gave performances. The favourite concert instruments were the flute, the French horn, and the fiddle; the oboe, the clarionet, and bassoon, were also highly esteemed. The last-named instrument, moreover, was, even at the commencement of the present century, frequently employed for solos at concerts in Berlin. I myself heard a Berlin bassoonist, later than 1830, play, in Vienna, variations on "An Alexis send' ich dich." The worthy man looked as deeply moved when playing the motive as a lyric tenor looks in a highly sentimental part. The piano, now so fearfully tormented, was then but rarely used as a solo concert-instrument. The music catalogues of that time, down to the year 1810, contain only trios, and other concerted pieces, but very few brilliant fantasias, and works of that description. The facts that I here adduce were not to be found in *one* book, but have been collected from the most various journals and periodical publications.

(*To be continued.*)

* From a lecture *On Modern Society and Music*, by H. Ehrlich.

COLOGNE.—The town has just sent a deputation of singers, in consequence of an invitation to that effect, to represent it at the approaching grand Musical Festival in Chicago, U. S. The deputation have taken passage in the Germania, which started a few days since from Hamburgh.

COBURG.—Herr Langert's *Fabier* has become very popular here.—Induced by the especial interest he takes in all matters connected with the stage, the reigning Duke has resolved on himself personally managing the Theatre from the first of September next. The present General-Intendant, Baron Gustav von Meyern-Hohenberg, and Herr Friedrich Hause, the dramatic manager, have consequently resigned their posts.

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AMERICAN NOTES.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. Editor,—Not the "impeachment" fever, which has raged here considerably, prevented me from forwarding to you an account of musical and dramatical doings in this part of the globe, but severe indisposition, which I trust will be an ample apology for the delay. Concerts are so numerous, that it would be quite a serious task to give a faithful record of all; but, inasmuch as most of them are but of local interest, given by local professors to extend their local fame, it would be useless to trouble the English readers by entering into particulars.

That Leopold de Meyer was engaged here, all your readers of course know, and he left us, it is said, with 15,000 dollars clear profit in his pocket; this, however, is believed by few; however, it may not be altogether known that he left in so great a hurry, that not even his *critical* friends were aware of it until the bird had flown, and were, of course, quite disappointed in losing the treat of a farewell *dejeuner à la champagne;* however, L. de Meyer is too great a philosopher to take it to heart, remembering no doubt the old adage, "Fools give feasts and wise men eat them." It is reported that he forgot his celebrated hat, without which he was never able to appear on the platform.

Ole Bull has been here and given a series of successful concerts, including two or three positively *last* farewell concerts; however, he has returned for positively three more concerts only. His style and performance are still the same as in days of yore—his double harmonics in the variations on the "Carnival of Venice" were really exquisite. Speaking of violinists, I may as well mention those I have heard; of which Mr. Listeman ranks first; his playing is full of vigour, excellent tone, and fine bowing. Mr. W. Hopta, although a fair violinist, is greatly wanting in vigour, but as he is still young will no doubt improve.

We had two musical festivals on a large scale—one at Boston, the other here. Unfortunately I was not able to be present at Boston, arriving there just the day after its conclusion; all criticisms which I have read agree in pronouncing it a success. The New York Festival, from the 18th to the 23rd May, was, in a musical point of view, everything that we could expect, and, on the whole, very well attended. But musical festivals are not here the same as in the old country: there it is the praiseworthy effort of a society, headed by an influential committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to bring before the public the best works of the great composers, and handing the profits to some charitable institutions; here it is the enterprize of a speculator to make money. Hence, also, the difference in the efficiency of the choruses: in England they are under constant training, everyone aiming through regular attendance to contribute his part to the general excellency of the chorus; here the singers are taken where they can be got, and a very few rehearsals must suffice: for such a festival as this, it would be quite impossible to bring out any new work requiring special chorus training. Thus we had in this department repetitions of the *Messiah*, *Creation*, and *Elijah*, under the direction of Mr. F. L. Ritter, who is a very good conductor. The principal parts fell to Madame Parepa Rosa; Mr. Simpson, whose fine tenor voice was especially effective in the *Creation;* and Mr. J. R. Thomas. We had such a host of other artists assisting, that it would be almost impossible to enter into details, however much I would wish to do so, as a hint to some of them might be useful, although coming from a long way off; still every intelligent musician here reads your *Musical World*. The orchestra performed several overtures, symphonies, &c., under the direction of Mr. Th. Thomas in excellent style, and pleased me extremely beyond all my expectations, as I had often been greatly disappointed when listening to their performances at the Sunday Evening Concerts in Steinway Hall; however, they did not consist then of more than 30, while upon this occasion they numbered 100 performers. If Mr. Thomas, as conductor, would only exhibit a little more animation—which no doubt would exercise an animating influence upon his orchestra—and take his *tempi* a little more *presto*, I feel confident it would be a great improvement.

We had several works for the first time; among others Reinecke's overture, *Manfred*, a work full of sparkling freshness. Mr. Ritter's symphony exhibits a clever musician as the author, but is too long and requires curtailing; while on the other hand the string instruments are too much employed; and by giving the wood and reed instruments a few solo passages more light would be thrown, which, no doubt, would be a relief and improvement.

Messrs. Mills, Pattison, and Pease, our best pianists here, assisted at the Festival, and sustained the well-earned opinion of the public. Mr. Pease played the second and third movement of his concerto. The *barcarole* is telling and effective, and made a favourable impression, but I cannot say so much of the last *allegro* movement, which, as a *finale*, was wanting in energy. Mr. G. W. Morgan, the great organist, conducted personally an orchestral overture, *St. John the Baptist*, his own composition; but, although bearing a biblical name, it bore little trace of biblical inspiration. This gentleman, formerly of Gloucester Cathedral, and for thirteen years organist at Grace Church, New York, has just resigned his appointment, and is succeeded by Mr. Samuel Warren, a young American organist of considerable merit, and a pupil of Haupt of Berlin.

Now a brief outline of dramatical doings. *The White Fawn* still proves a great attraction at Niblo's Garden, having been performed 150 times successively. Mr. Howard Glover, of London fame, &c., has taken the conductor's appointment since May 1st, and hence we have had occasion to hear part of *Tam o' Shanter*. *Humpty Dumpty*, at the Olympic, has still a great fall every night, and draws good houses. At Wallack's Theatre, *The White Cockade* has been brought out, and crowded audiences have enjoyed the play immensely. This is the only theatre in New York where a good drama is performed, and hence all lovers of the legitimate play flock here every night, never disappointed.

Madame Ristori and her excellent company are *again* for a short *farewell* tour at the French Theatre. *Sor Teresa* and *Marie Antoinette* are the stock pieces.

I cannot conclude this epistle without referring to the struggle which has been going on here for a long time between our two leading pianoforte manufacturers, Steinway and Chickering each claiming to have received the *first* gold medal at the Paris Exposition. Considerable excitement prevailed as to who was right, and musical papers took, of course, opposite views, according to personal interest, when Messrs. Steinway and Sons published the following:—

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

Of the President and Members of the International Jury on Musical Instruments (Class X):—

Paris, July 20, 1867.

I certify that the First Gold Medal for American Pianos has been unanimously awarded to Messrs. Steinway by the Jury of the International Exposition. First on the list in Class X.

Melinet, President of International Jury.
Georges Kastner, Ambroise Thomas, Ed. Hanslick, F. A. Gevaert, J. Schiedmayer, } Members of the International Jury.

This, and the translation of M. Fétis's official report, entering into all the merits of the different makers, settled, of course, the matter; whereupon Messrs. Chickering turn round and advertize that they were the *only* makers who received the *first* gold medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Every one who knows anything of the matter laughs, of course, at the absurdity of mentioning the Cross of the Legion of Honour as a prize of the Exposition. It may, of course, have been obtained at a dear *price* at the Exposition, as a kind of make-up for disappointment in not getting the *first* gold medal, but not direct from the members of the International Jury, for such a prize as the Cross of the Legion of Honour was never put down on the list for competition. As this is not a mere personal, local, nor national matter, but a subject that interests the whole universe, I trouble the readers of the *Musical World* with it.

New York, June 3, 1868.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.*

Leipsic, the 12th April, 1846.

"My dear and respected Baroness,—Since those never-to-be-forgotten days, which I passed in Milan, I have not written to you, and probably you scarcely know how profound and unchangeable my gratitude for you has become in my heart. Few days have passed since then, without my thinking often and long of your kindness and friendliness, and again thanking you for the same. I had my share of all the good and loveable things I since heard about your life, though I was compelled to be far away and remain silent. To-day, after so many years, an opportunity has at length presented itself for writing to you, and I cannot let it escape me, since I know that my writing will afford you gratification.

"The fact is my friend Jenny Lind is going to Vienna, and I should like you to become acquainted with each other, for I never, in the whole course of my existence, met a more noble, more genuine, and more sincere artist, and I also know one thing: that nothing could give you greater pleasure than to make the acquaintance of such an artist. Had she ever sung you a little song, or executed a grand air, I should not require to say any more; you will hear her, and, consequently, I do not add another word.

"I must now beg that you, too, will sometimes kindly give me a place for a moment in your memory. The hours passed in your house were indeed delightful! If you should desire further details of my sayings and doings, Mdlle. Lind is the very best person to tell you all about them, for I have seen her very often, and she knows everything concerning me and mine.

* To the Baroness von Ertmann. Communicated by Sig. S. C. Marchesi.

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"May I beg that you will not doubt the unchangeable attachment and heartfelt gratitude with which I am, and shall be as long as I live, your most devoted FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

The above letter from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to the Baroness Ertmann,* was written at the time Jenny Lind was about to make her first appearance in the Imperial city. It is interesting to learn from it what a high opinion Mendelssohn entertained of Jenny Lind, and what respect he had for the Baroness Ertmann, whose acquaintance he made in Milan.†

As this lady was not merely a distinguished pianoforte player, but, for a long series of years, the friend and patroness of Beethoven, we here append a biographical sketch of her.

Dorothea, Baroness Ertmann, was born at Offenbach, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where her father, a rich manufacturer, resided. From her earliest girlhood, she exhibited an extraordinary talent for music; but as, when a child, she found the first lessons very distasteful, she was frequently tied by her mother to the music-stool, which she often recollected afterwards with a thankful heart. When eighteen, she married the Baron von Ertmann, a captain in the Austrian service, who died as Lieutenant Field-Marshal at Milan.

During her residence in Vienna, where she lived several years, the Baroness Ertmann became accidentally acquainted with Beethoven. She happened to meet him in the shop of Herr Haslinger, the music-publisher, who had shown her some Sonatas of Beethoven's which had just appeared, remarking, as he did so, that they were very beautiful, but that they had many opponents. The Baroness immediately proceeded into a room adjoining the shop, played the Sonatas through with a practised hand, and loudly expressed her rapture at them. She had scarcely concluded speaking, ere a young man of bashful appearance went up to her and introduced himself as the composer. From that moment, Beethoven was a daily visitor of her family. He himself taught her how to play all his Sonatas, and she never tired of relating how strict he was, and how often he used to place his arm upon her hands, while she was playing, so that she might not move them about too much.

The Baroness Ertmann soon found out how difficult Beethoven was to manage, but she bore patiently his whims and caprices, perceiving how unhappy he often felt. His absence of mind went frequently so far that, during dinner, he would complain of want of appetite, suddenly leave off eating, and then, for the first time, remember that he had already dined. He used to call the Baroness his St. Cecilia, saying she was the only person who understood him and his music. This did not prevent him from giving way to outbursts of feeling with her as with other persons, and avoiding her house for weeks together. He would then return, hold out his hand to her without pronouncing a word, and peace was concluded.

When the Baroness had the misfortune to lose her last child, Beethoven was the only person who did not express his condolence with her under the calamity. After the lapse of several weeks, however, he called. Without uttering a word, he proceeded to the piano, making a gesture of invitation for the Baroness to go and sit next him. He played and extemporized. "Such music," said the Baroness, "I had never heard! What he wished to express by it was the death of the child, and the joy of the angels, who greeted its pure soul in Heaven!"

When he had concluded, he was not able to speak for weeping, and left the room. It was not until afterwards that he could tell the Baroness what he had then felt.

As we know, Beethoven dedicated to the Baroness Ertmann his Sonata, Op. 101, in A major. Among the Baroness's papers, after her death, were all Beethoven's Sonatas, with observations written in his own hand.

DRESDEN.—There is at present a great amount of bad feeling in theatrical and literary circles here, in consequence of the Count von Platen-Hallermund, the General-Intendant, having deprived Herr Ludwig Hartmann, a well-known critic and composer, of his free admissions to the theatre. A pamphlet which the incident has evoked from the pen of Dr. Häbler, and which is entitled *Ein offenes Wort an den General-director Herrn Reichsgrafen v. Platen-Hallermund*, has already attained a third edition.

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* Her maiden name was Graumann. She was aunt of Madame Marchesi, also once Mdlle. Graumann, and wife of Professor Marchesi.

† See *Mendelssohn's Letters*, vol. I.

REVIEWS.

Guirlandes de Mai. Cantiques a la Ste. Vierge. Par le Pere FABER de l'Oratoire de Londres; musique de WILHELM SCHULTHES, Directeur de Musique a l'Oratoire. [Londres: Novello, Ewer, et Cie.]

WE have aforetime had to speak favourably of the religious music composed by Herr Schulthes. As a writer for the Roman Catholic service he deserves to hold a high position. His melodies, and, scarcely less, his harmonies, have, apart from their artistic merit, a certain passion—we had almost said sensuousness—admirably suited to a faith which appeals strongly to the feelings. This quality is very apparent in the songs before us. Father Faber's beautiful and passionate verses, which express the very luxury of religious emotionalism, are wedded to most congenial music, and the result is all that can be desired. It is not necessary to notice the six pieces in detail, each being excellent of its kind; but we may instance the last—a "Salve Regina," as of greater pretension and of greater merit than the rest.

Oh! the Happy Days Departed. Song. Written by CHARLES MACKAY; the music composed by FRANZ ABT. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THIS song is written with much fluency, and shows a good deal of the merit apparent in Abt's best compositions. It may have little in common with the songs of classical writers, but on the other hand it is far removed from the ordinary run of its kind. Easy of execution, and moderate in compass, the little piece is likely to be well received.

God Bless our Sailor Prince. A national song, with chorus *ad. lib.* The poetry by J. E. CARPENTER; the music composed by STEPHEN GLOVER. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

IT is pleasant to contemplate the exceeding loyalty of ballad writers and composers. On every possible occasion they come forward with lyrics in honour of "the Queen upon the throne," or her family. Of course, the attempted murder of Prince Alfred was an opportunity not to be lost, and hence the effusion now before us. In such *pièces de circonstance* we look for heartiness rather than art. This condition the work of Messrs. Carpenter and Glover satisfies. The words are earnest if not eloquent, and the music is full of smartness if not of science.

Going Home. Song. Poetry by JEANETTE THREALFALL; the music composed by CELATA. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

IN these verses the poetess tells of a dialogue between herself and a child, after the fashion of Wordsworth's "We are seven." She does it with much of the charming simplicity of her model, and Celata's music shows the same spirit.

The Hyacinth. The music composed by CELATA; the poetry by her Sister. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THE old story of "good in everything" is here once more re-told, and the hyacinth preaches of a "fair haven in the land where all is peace." Some of the music is suitable, but the *coda*—the moral of the whole—by no means satisfies our taste.

Six Part-Songs for Mixed Voices. Composed by HENRY W. A. BEALE. [London: Alfred E. Mallett.]

THE majority of these songs are pretentious, if not in design at least in the character of their working out. Mr. Beale has hardly been successful with one or two—as, for example, the "Volkslied," which is no improvement upon its Mendelssohnian source—but others of the six show considerable taste and skill. Chief of the latter is "The Bashi-Bazonk to his Steed," a composition not at all unlikely to be much in request, and to do for Mr. Beale what his more ambitious efforts may fail to accomplish. All things considered, the set is worth notice.

A Tiny Bark. Ballad. Words and music by ALICE. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

WE have not the least idea who "Alice" is, but her pretty name at once enlists sympathy. Who could upbraid "Alice" let her write words and music ever so badly. On the other hand who will not praise her for an outburst of devotion such as this—

> "I seem to see thee, o'er and o'er,
> Lone watching for me by the shore,
> And waiting patiently the while
> To glad me with thy cheerful smile.
> Oh! I would rather cast away
> All joy that life can give to-day
> Than I no more thy face should see
> When I come drifting on to thee."

Adieu, "Alice;" we wish your "Tiny Bark" *bon voyage.*

Faithless Robin. Ballad. Words by R. M. M.; music by LOUISA GRAY. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A LOVELORN maiden, sitting at her spinning-wheel, waiting for Robin, who never comes—such is the subject of this simple and pretty ballad. We like its unaffected and artless strains.

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L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy Florendos de Macedoine et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Thirty-five Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ERRATUM.

It was M. Langhans (not Laughars), the new violinist from Paris, who played a sonata of his own composition at Herr Lehmeyer's second *soirée*.

BIRTH.

On the 22nd inst., the wife of B. H. W. Way, Esq., of Denham Place, Buckinghamshire, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 17th inst., Robert Sloman, Esq., of Dudley, late of Worcester Street, Gloucester (aged 72), the beloved father of R. Sloman, Mus. Doc.

On the 20th inst., at 10, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, Richard Cusack, son of the late James Roney, Esq., of Demerara. Aged 28. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On the 20th inst., at La belle St. Cloud (Seine et Oire), Madame Josephine Vieuxtemps, wife of M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

With this number of the Musical World *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* time to time, *as expediency may suggest.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE.*

(*Concluded from p.* 409.)

THE first evening commenced with an address, by Herr Schrinck, a lawyer, who, in telling words, directed attention to the high significance possessed by the fiftieth anniversary of the Festival. Immediately afterwards, the opening strains of the *Messiah* resounded through the building. It was originally intended that the solos should be sung by Madame Harriers-Wippern, Madame Joachim, Dr. Gunz, and Dr. Schmidt. But the first-named lady, having been taken ill in Königsberg, sent word to say she could not come. In her case, the committee had time to telegraph to Madame Dustmann requesting the latter to undertake the part. Dr. Schmidt, on the other hand, was not "indisposed" until after the rehearsals had commenced. By a really lucky chance, that valuable artist, Herr Hill, happened to be in Cologne on his way to Holland, and was enabled to come forward like a genuine *Deus ex machina*; but for him, the committee, who, under any circumstances, had no easy task to accomplish, would have been placed in no slight difficulty. I cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning a peculiarity which distinguishes these musical festivals, and which subjects all who take part in them to a very severe, even if very honourable, ordeal. As I have previously hinted, for several years past, the custom has been introduced of selling tickets for the rehearsals. Though these tickets cost much less than those for the evening performances, they give the purchasers a certain right to expect that the performers should do not as if they were at rehearsal, but as if they were at a regular concert. It is easy for an instrumentalist to satisfy this expectation, because, as a rule, he is accustomed to exert all his energies when playing, and because a few hours' repose enable him to overcome the fatigue which he feels from the heat, that is sometimes nearly insupportable. But, with a singer, the case is different. He is, at one and the same time, both instrument and performer. If he is in the least fatigued, his instrument fails him, and anything that even the most eminent singer may do is a failure the moment his voice loses its strength. This has frequently happened with Stockhausen. Again, there is the fact that, if a distinguished and celebrated instrumentalist does not happen to come up to the expectations of the public at rehearsal, he can nevertheless collect all his strength and make a hit in the evening, because, to do so, he merely requires to surmount an attack of momentary nervousness or depression, and he is certain of his instrument. But if a singer has not done well at rehearsal, either because his voice was fatigued, or suffering from some accidental drawback, a still harder lot awaits him in the evening than in the morning; if *his* instrument be out of order, not all the energy in the world is of any use, and the nervousness with which he appears before the public is not to be overcome; every tone which he endeavours to extract from his throat, and which issues therefrom colourless or absolutely out of tune, creates a feeling of dissatisfaction, a feeling of discomfort, among the audience, against which consideration, friendship and respect for the unhappy artist struggle in vain. Now, most *theatrical singers* are accustomed at rehearsal, on those days when they have to sing in the evening, scarcely "to mark," that is, to hum over their part in an under voice, far less to give it with all their force. Just fancy what must be the position of an artist, who, feeling that his voice is touched, and that it is only by the most tender treatment that it may *perhaps* carry him through at night, finds himself face to face with an audience who expect a perfect performance, and on whose verdict his success for the next three days partly depends! He must either sacrifice himself, like Madame Dustmann, or retire altogether, as Dr. Schmidt did after the first rehearsal. Madame Dustmann, we have been generally assured, achieved a great triumph four years since (1864), at Aix-la-Chapelle. On the present occasion, however, her voice was so uncertain, and so tremulous throughout, that immediately after the first rehearsal of the *Messiah* and *Die Vestalin* the only feeling entertained for the fair and esteemed artist was one of commiseration. Dr. Schmidt, who had never sung at any musical festival on the Rhine before, and whose plan of merely marking his part was something quite unexpected by, and not precisely aggreable to, the audience, preferred settling the matter at once. The interest of the audience was, therefore, concentrated the first evening on Madame Joachim, and for three reasons: because a considerable amount of reputation had preceded her from Leipsic and Bremen; because it was the first time she had sung at a musical festival; and because she bears the name of a most celebrated and most popular artist. And the expectations formed of her were most amply fulfilled. She possesses all the qualities requisite for a perfect oratorio singer: a full, beautiful, sympathetic voice, the purest intonation, a noble style, and finished execution. The very first air, "O du, die Wonne verkündet," excited the enthusiasm of the audience, who, after the words, "Er war verschmähet," burst forth into a storm of applause such as was probably never before heard, except after the singing of Jenny Lind. The artist who achieved the greatest success, next to Madame Joachim, was Herr Hill, and the audience let slip no opportunity of bestowing on their favourite

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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the loudest marks of their approbation. That esteemed artist, Dr. Gunz, had a difficult task to perform, but he maintained his old reputation, though his voice has lost much of the clear fresh quality distinguishing it in former years. With regard to the chorus and orchestra, their performance was something truly incredible. So much physical endurance, and so much love for art are requisite, in this hot weather, to sing and play with always the same freshness, and always the same precision, at all the rehearsals and public performances, that it is impossible to indulge in too much praise.

The second day commenced with a *Cantata zum Pfingstfeste* by J. S. Bach, and though we cannot reckon the work among the highest productions of the great master, its introduction into the programme was still very acceptable. The solo parts were sustained by Madame Joachim and Herr Hill, and were thus in the very best hands. F. Hiller's second Concert Overture, which followed, is one of the best works of its class, in conception, realization, and dash, which never flags, and towards the end becomes most brilliant. What now shall I say of Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, "Als Israel aus Egypten zog?" The sunny beauty and clearness of this work have long since penetrated to the heart of everyone who knows it, and, though the final chorus is not on the same level as the preceding numbers, and bears the stamp of formal art rather than of inspiration, the whole is still an imperishable monument of the most sacred poetic fire. The performance was quite worthy of the work. The second act of *Die Vestalin*, the principal parts of which were sung by Madame Dustmann and Dr. Gunz, suffered from the unfortunate fact that the lady's voice was decidedly fatigued, and that her depression extended more or less to the other artists engaged, and to the public. I cannot, moreover, refrain from saying that I think it was a mistake to select that portion of an opera in which one of the principal effects depends upon the dramatic situation, and which, therefore, can only be carried out by acting. The second evening was brought to a conclusion by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the gems in the performance of which were the first movement and the *Adagio*, the latter being executed in a manner not to be surpassed. The *Scherzo* struck us now and then as being taken too quickly, and in the vocal quartet of the last movement (a quartet which certainly is one of the most unsingable and hardest vocal tasks in existence), some confusion was occasioned by the indisposition of Madame Dustmann; the chorus and orchestra were admirable. The third evening—the Artists' Concert, as it is called—began with an overture by J. Rietz, which, from the niceties of its workmanship, and the skill with which it is carried out, has become a favourite piece with the public. A vocal chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, "Frühlingsnacht," composed expressly for the Festival by Hiller, contained some very beautiful bits, among which the middle strophe must be especially mentioned. The third piece was Bruch's Violin Concerto, executed by Joachim. The composer, who is still young, enjoys an early and well-deserved reputation, and several of his works (Scenes from the Frithjofssage, *Schön Ellen*) are very frequently played in the South of Germany. His Violin Concerto had already been executed by Joachim with great success in Bremen, and the fact of the eminent artist's selecting it for performance at the Festival, could not fail to excite public curiosity and reputation to the highest pitch. The Concerto ought rather to be called a Concertstück, since the first movement is not constructed and carried out thematically, but (to use Bruch's own term) is a "Vorspiel" or "Prelude" followed by an *Andante* and a short *Rondo*, in the Hungarian style. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate ranking this work among the best productions of recent times. The Prelude is full of poetic dash; the *Andante* is very noble and rich in melody; and the *Rondo*, which, in a musical sense, we consider the least important part, produces a great and brilliant effect. The instrumentation, moreover, must be designated masterly; the orchestra is treated with a knowledge of the different niceties of tone not to be characterized as the result of great industry, but to be recognized as a peculiar artistic gift. How Joachim rendered his friend's work, I need not say; that the public were transported with delight, and that, after his subsequent performance of Sphor's *Andante* and *Allegro*, they went into perfect ecstasies, which induced him to add a *Gavotte* and *Bourrée* by Bach, will strike everyone of my readers as natural. Madame Joachim sang a profane cantata by Moriello, with all the charm of her magnificent voice and feeling style. Herr Hill sang Schumann's "Flutenreicher Ebro," and "Widmung;" and Dr. Gunz, Schubert's "Frühlingstraum," and a charming "Ritornello," by Hiller, both artists proving themselves masters of song-singing, and being distinguished by liberal applause. A rare treat of a high order was afforded by the execution of Schumann's D minor Symphony; this, for executive perfection even in the finest touches, as well as for enthusiasm and dash, was perhaps the most brilliant orchestral effort of the whole Festival. All that remains to be recorded is that Madame Dustmann sang a song by Kirchner, meeting with the most considerate indulgence from the public, and that Handel's "Hallelujah" formed a most worthy conclusion to the Festival. After the sacrifices had been duly offered on the altar of music, the convivial pleasures commenced; some two hundred and fifty persons, the members of the committee, with their families and friends; Master Hiller; the soloists; and a large number of artistic visitors, and the representatives of the press, supped together in the Casinosaal. There was no lack of toasts; the most unconstrained and unclouded good humour animated the banquet, and the sun had long risen over the hill-tops, ere the last guests had left the building.

If we now cast a last glance on this Festival, and consider its organization and significance, the fact deserving most prominent mention is that Hiller's unshakeable physical and moral powers of endurance excited universal astonishment, a feeling that found vent in the rain of flowers with which the Master was overwhelmed after the third concert, as well as in the enthusiastic exclamations of the artists, when his health was drunk at the supper. A man like him, who, with unvarying elasticity of mind, possesses the art of discharging the social as well as the artistic duties of his position, is necessary to give proper importance to a musical festival. The results are manifold; none of them ought to be undervalued, and it strikes me that one of the most important is the meeting of so many distinguished artists, and the *esprit de corps* fostered thereby. Everyone must contribute and subordinate himself to the general result; any instance of a man's thrusting himself forward, and indulging in self-display, is instantly observed and not received with favour. Just as the public flock together from all parts merely to enjoy themselves intellectually, and to acknowledge immediately everything good, the artists must leave their private tendencies at home, and merely bear in view the general object of the gathering. This is a gain which cannot be too highly prized. It was delightful to see on what friendly terms the professional men were with each other; there were Bargiel, Brahms, Brassin, Breunung, Bruch, Otto Goldschmidt, Grimm, Langhaus (from Paris), Müller (from Frankfort-on-the-Maine), Pasdeloup (from Paris), Samuel (conductor of the Brussels Concerts Populaires), Schmitt (from Schwerin), Soubre (from Liége), Taubert (from Berlin), &c. The French press, too, had sent its representatives, and all agreed in declaring that this Festival was one of the most significant and delightful ever celebrated on the banks of the Rhine.

H. Ehrlich.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In reply to a question asked by Sir George Bowyer in the House of Commons on the 4th inst., with reference to the withdrawal of the annual grant of £500 to the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Sclater-Booth is reported to have said "that it would require four times the amount of that grant,—viz., £2,000—to keep the Academy in a satisfactory condition, and, as other societies were pressing their claims for support, it was thought advisable to withdraw the grant. He hoped, however, that an extended plan for imparting a good musical education would sooner or later be brought into Parliament."

Without entering into the merits of such a method of reasoning, I now ask for a short space in your valuable columns to set forth a few real facts which have not yet been made public.

When I accepted the office of principal, some eighteen months ago, I found that certain communications had passed between the Government and the institution, giving me the hope that the Academy was in a fair way of being permanently adopted and protected by the Government. This hope was strengthened by official documents, now in the possession of the institution, and I was even invited to inspect the rooms provided for the Academy, under a Government roof—an invitation which, although I was ready to accept, was afterwards withdrawn.

After this first act of antagonism to the old institution the directors wrote to the Government, asking in what way aid was to be afforded to the Academy, and received for reply that the granting of rooms, as originally promised, would imply an absolute protection of the institution, which the Government declined to undertake.

Seeing that it was hopeless to lessen the heavy expenses of the Academy by obtaining a house, or even apartments, rent free, another application was made by the directors for a subsidy of £2,000 per annum, it having been ascertained by careful calculation that the increase of gratuitous instruction by means of additional free scholarships, and the general enlargement of the institution, as insisted on by the Government as a condition for granting aid, could not be carried out without this assistance to its funds. To this the following answer was returned:—"That their Lordships were disinclined to grant a sum to be dispensed by private hands."

The directors met this objection by stating that they were perfectly ready to place the Academy under Government inspection; but this time they were met by a new reason—viz., that in lieu of a grant to the institution, a system of "cheap musical instruction" was to be proposed under the direct control of Government.

To the next appeal from the directors (in which it was asked in what manner the free students and scholars who had been admitted on the faith of Government promises should continue their education), yet another reason appeared for the neglect of the institution—viz., that the Irish Academy of Music had also asked for support, and that the directors of the English Academy must see that the two institutions were equally deserving of attention.

Now, there can be no question that all these separate reasons for refusing aid to an institution which has done so much for art in this country may be accepted as an indication that some scheme is concocting with which it is intended to supersede the only national institution that has any pretension to the education of professional musicians.

Such a step, I feel certain, will be most fatal to the interests of the art; and the voice of the profession, and of all who are interested in the continued advance of music in England, will surely be raised against so retrograde a movement, as well as against the wretched parsimony (requiring four varying reasons to excuse it), which denies to the Royal Academy of Music a sum insignificant in amount as compared with the assistance granted to similar institutions by foreign Governments.

I therefore submit, Sir, that the extinction of the Royal Academy of Music would be so discreditable an event for the country, and for the age we live in, that should all aid be still denied by Government, I appeal as a last resource to the musicians throughout the country, both professional and amateurs, to prevent its being closed, and I have little doubt that while a love for high art exists, we may still hope to maintain an institution so highly prized by all who are acquainted with it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, Principal.

Royal Academy of Music, June 18th.

[How entirely we share the sentiments expressed by Dr. Bennett, whose letter was published in the *Times* of Saturday, June 20, shall be set forth next week.—ED. *M. W.*]

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(*From the "Morning Post," June 23.*)

The seventh concert, which took place last night in the Hanover Square Rooms, was one of more than common interest. It began well, it went on, for the most part, well, and it finished well. To take at once the beginning and the end: happier specimens of the genius of the two greatest of modern composers (by which we mean the two greatest composers who come after Beethoven) than Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Spohr's to his opera *Jessonda*, could hardly be named, though the genius of Mendelssohn soared far beyond that of Spohr, while his overture, considering the early age at which it was written, belongs to the phenomenal achievements in the history of the art, which can hardly be said of anything that Spohr ever produced. Both are undoubted *chefs-d'œuvres*; and finely given, as they were last night under the direction of Mr. Cusins, both were right welcome, as was proved by the loud applause with which they were greeted.

There was only one symphony; but that one symphony was the glorious *Pastoral* of Beethoven, a "tonepicture" standing alone—the origin of what has been absurdly christened "programme music," and the forerunner of almost as many bad things (instance the symphonies of Dr. Liszt, the *Ocean Symphony* of Herr Rubinstein, the *Columbus Symphony* of Herr Abert, &c.) as of good ones, such as the concert overtures of Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, the *Weihe der Töne* of Spohr, &c. The symphony was, for the most part, very admirably executed, and each movement was warmly applauded.

Then we had a new violinist, Herr Besekirsky, who brought with him a concerto of his own manufacturing, which he played *con amore*—as might have been expected from the father of his child.

But the most interesting feature, and the most brilliant success, of the concert was the concerto in F minor, the fourth for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, among the published compositions of England's greatest and most gifted musician, William Sterndale Bennett, who, though a "Doctor in Music," and occupying the chair of musical professor at the University of Cambridge, is none the more illustrious on that account, inasmuch as he owes the well-deserved celebrity he enjoys, here and abroad, entirely to the admirable compositions he has given to the world. This concerto of Dr. Bennett—Professor Bennett—or, as we prefer to style him plainly, "Sterndale Bennett"—is one of the noblest things of its class that have enriched the repertory of the pianoforte. It has a first and a last movement, either of which Mozart and Mendelssohn might have written in partnership, evincing as they both do the fluent and masterly treatment of the earlier musician, the fire and unflagging energy, together with the bright and glowing colouring, of the latter. But there is also, for middle movement a *barcarole* of such exquisite melodious loveliness that it can have been nothing else than an inspiration; and this one movement, without reference to its companions, would stamp the concerto in F minor as a production of the highest genius. Like all the published concertos of its author (and it is well known that two—one in the same key, another in A minor—still remain in manuscript), the No. 4 is crowded with difficulties, difficulties only to be overcome by pianists with whom difficulties count for nothing—such pianists, for example, as Mendelssohn, and (as many amateurs still may recollect) Sterndale Bennett himself, about the time he wrote this and many other works more or less approaching it in merit.

The pianist last night was Madame Arabella Goddard, who alone among the distinguished players of the day comes from time to time before the public with one of the concertos of her eminent brother musician and compatriot. For very many years past, but for this lady, the concertos of Sterndale Bennett—the best of which are in no way inferior to those of Mendelssohn, and may be

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ranked, indeed, side by side with those of any known composer—would have remained unheard. That they would have come to light again some future day can hardly be doubted. Such music was not written for oblivion. Meanwhile, however, the present generation of amateurs are indebted to Madame Goddard for the few opportunities afforded them of appreciating the numberless beauties to be found in these concertos. She has performed the No. 2 (in E flat), the No. 3 (in C minor), and the No. 4 (in F minor), at the Philharmonic Concerts and elsewhere, and invariably with brilliant success. But on no occasion that we can remember has she played any one of them so magnificently from end to end as the concerto in F minor last night. Not to enter into detail, we may add that every movement was applauded with fervour; that Madame Goddard, had she felt so inclined, might have repeated the charming *barcarole*; and that at the end of the concerto she was enthusiastically summoned back to the orchestra. A more genuine triumph was never obtained; and as this triumph was shared between an English composer and an English executant, it was all the more grateful to those who cared about English art.

There was also some singing by Mdlle. Sinico and Madame Demeric-Lablache. The rooms were crowded; and among the many well-known and distinguished performers present was the veteran pianist and composer, Herr Moscheles.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Saturday Review."*)

We have had another Handel Festival, the fourth since the experimental one of 1857, and the third since the commemoration, in 1859, of the centenary of the illustrious musician's death. The progress made since 1857 in improving the so-called "Handel Orchestra," and in converting the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace, by slow but sure degrees, into a vast concert-room, at once commodious and favourably adapted for musical effect, is remarkable. Mr. Bowley has done wonders; and Mr. Costa, in his way, has done wonders too. At each successive Festival a step onward towards the desired perfection has been made; and now, at last, the "General Manager," who, compared with any other general manager catering for the public entertainment, is a Colossus to a pigmy, has imagined and carried out the happy idea of two enormous screens, hanging from the roof, on either side of the orchestra, more than three parts down towards the base of the Transept. To have virtually enclosed the area in front of the orchestra, on every side, would be a still greater triumph; but as this was impracticable—for a very sufficient reason, inasmuch as it would have shut out many thousands who come to hear the music as best they may, and who are satisfied with places outside the inevitable barriers, it is of no use speculating further on what might have been the result. Certainly on no former occasion has the effect of the Handel Festival been half so impressive as during the very splendid performances of the present week.

Opinions differ about the absolute good effected by these exceptional gatherings. Some insist that even the chorus and orchestra at Exeter Hall are already in excess of all legitimate requirements; some point to the resources at Handel's disposal in Handel's lifetime; while others cite the oft-quoted opinion of Beethoven—that an orchestra sixty strong was all that is necessary for the adequate execution of his symphonies. No doubt the music at the Handel Festival would have been little to the taste of Othello, who, if we may credit the emissary sent to instruct the musicians serenading the Moorish General on his wedding-night, liked their music so well that he desired them, "of all love, to make no more noise with it." But though Othello, to quote the same authority, "cared not greatly to *hear* music," he is happily an exception. Mr. Costa would by no means have suited him for a chapel-master, any more than Mr. Bowley would have suited him for a master of ceremonies. There is, however, another side to the question. The Handel Festivals—now, we are glad to believe, permanently established as "triennial"—are really the most social gatherings in existence. They bring together people from all parts of the country, who meet for a common purpose, the successful accomplishment of which has been engrossing their thoughts, and occupying very much of their time, during the interval of three years that elapses between festival and festival. The chorus, of some three thousand singers and upwards, represents, as we all know, the flower of the choral societies all over England—societies entitled to respect, not only because they diffuse the taste for a beautiful and civilising art, but because they offer inducements to countless worthy people who might devote their leisure to much less harmless, and, at the same time, much less profitable, occupation than that of the practice and study of part-singing. More than one of our considerable country towns might securely challenge the capital to an encounter in the art of choral singing; and Birmingham, Norwich, Bradford, Leeds, among others, would probably come off victors. But the only common ground on which they can all meet in friendly association is London—which Mr. Bowley, formerly one of the most zealous promoters of the fortunes of the Sacred Harmonic Society, having largely widened his sphere of action, has for years persuaded the world of music to look upon as Sydenham. An ordinary visitor at the Crystal Palace, in the Handel Festival week, may gaze at that biggest of orchestras, from any part of the Centre Transept—the diameter of which is so often exultingly set forth, in the official advertisements, as "twice that of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral," underneath which 5,000 children from the charity schools annually meet and sing—without giving himself a moment's trouble to reflect upon how they can possibly have been brought together. And really the system of organization through which the various members of this gigantic chorus are trained in advance, by separate conductors, and then placed under the despotic control of a single chief, who finds all ready to his hands and has simply to make the best use of the elements at his disposal, is something to be wondered at. No doubt Mr. Costa is the generalissimo of generalissimos in his department; but in the preparations for the Handel Festival he owes very much to certain "provincial" satraps, who smooth the way for him. The only one, perhaps, able to keep in strict discipline so vast a host, it is not the less an advantage to him that the various ingredients which compose this host come thoroughly prepared. They come to him from north and from south, from east and from west, well trained in what they have to do, and all enthusiastic about the result of their united efforts. Thus and thus only can such exceptional performances as those of the Handel Festivals be possibly accomplished. To which it may be added, that no other music than that of Handel, and not all the music even of Handel, could accommodate itself to such conditions. There is a certain breadth of outline in the larger works of this unique master, combined with an absence of minute details, to be found in those of no other composer; and it may be stated, with all deference to Mozart, that at the first performances of this and previous festivals, had the additional accompaniments which Mozart wrote for the *Messiah* been omitted, they would, rare exceptions allowed for, hardly have been missed,

The programme for the week has been almost precisely the same as that of the last Festival, in 1865. The *Messiah* was given on the first day (Monday); *Israel in Egypt* on the last (Friday); and, as usual, a miscellaneous selection on the second (Wednesday). The execution of the *Messiah* was positively marvellous; and when, during the performance of the magnificent "Hallelujah" chorus—an outburst of homage and thanksgiving that has never been excelled, never, in fact, equalled in music—some eighteen or nineteen thousand people reverentially stood up, the impression upon the most indifferent looker-on, to say nothing of those in whose breasts every sentence of the "Hallelujah" and the other great choruses in the *Messiah* find a responsive echo, must have been extraordinary. At such a moment all the talk about superfluous means and appliances, about the number of singers and the number of players, was reduced to insignificance; and the conviction that the "Hallelujah," with twice as many singers and players, would still not be overweighted, can hardly fail to have presented itself to every mind. It was, more or less, the same with other choruses—for example, "And the glory of the Lord;" "For unto us a Child is born;" the superb series contained in the *Passion*-music, commencing with "Behold the Lamb of God" and ending with "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" the jubilant "Lift up your heads;" and last, not least, the glorious final chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," culminating in an "Amen" that Handel himself has nowhere else approached. True there was, here and there, a *quasi*-scramble—as, for instance, in the fugue, "He trusted in God," and—where a multitude of singers are engaged—the almost unsurmountable "Let us break their bonds asunder;" but, regarded as a whole, the choral singing in the *Messiah* on Monday was, without exception, the finest we can remember. The solo singers, too—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Rudersdorff, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, and Sims Reeves—all did their best, the best of the best, however, being Mr. Sims Reeves's pathetic delivery of the music of the *Passion*, from "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart" to "But thou didst not leave His soul in Hell," for the restoration of which last to a tenor voice (in accordance with Handel's own design) we are indebted to the first of English musical critics, Mr. Macfarren.

The selection on Wednesday, though richly varied and extremely interesting, was much the same in its general features as the selection on the Wednesday of 1865. We had again the "Epinician" series of choruses out of *Saul*, from "How excellent is Thy name" to "Hallelujah," descriptive of the exultation of the Jews at the triumph obtained by their hero, David, over the Philistine giant, Goliath; the masterly and impressive chorus, "Envy, eldest born of Hell," from the same oratorio (immediate predecessors of *Israel in Egypt*); the chain of choruses from *Solomon* (which came after *Joshua* and preceded *Susannah*), beginning with the gorgeous and exhilarating "From the censer,"

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and including the whole of the series generally known as the "Passions;" "Immortal Lord," from *Deborah*, Handel's second English oratorio (*Esther* being the first), which used at one time to be, but is now no longer, given by the Sacred Harmonic Society; the so-termed "Epithalamium," from *Solomon*, "May no rash intruder;" and, for climax, "See the conquering hero comes," that perennial trio with chorus, which, originally belonging to the seldom played *Joshua*, is invariably introduced in the often played *Judas Maccabæus*. Besides these, there were two very unfamiliar choruses, "He saw the lovely youth," from *Theodora*, which, if we except the English adaptation of his very first oratorio, composed in Italy (*The Triumph of Time and Truth*), was Handel's last work of the kind but one (the last being *Jephthah*), and "Now, Love, that everlasting boy," from *Semele*, one of the English so-called "*serenatas*." Both of these were interesting, not merely because, the first especially, they are very fine, but because they were utterly unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand of those present—neither *Theodora* nor *Semele* having been performed in England since Handel's time. Then we had the bright, if somewhat *rococo* overture to the hastily manufactured *Occasional Oratorio*, and the "Dead March" from *Saul*, which critics unanimously cite as the "sublime of simplicity," and which, if not exactly "sublime," is unquestionably very simple. It is almost needless to state that these were admirably performed by the orchestra, seeing that, notwithstanding the instruments superadded (by Mr. Costa, we presume) to the march in the overture, there is scarcely anything in either of them which, for such a company of experienced players, is much more than child's play.

The solo singing in this varied selection was excellent; but with very few exceptions it was devoted to pieces so familiar that it would be supererogatory to enumerate them, even in a catalogue *non raisonné*. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson came forward (for the first time in London as an oratorio singer) with precisely the same airs which she sang last autumn at the Birmingham Festival—"From mighty kings" and "Wise men flattering," giving them precisely in the same manner as on that occasion, and with the same changes and *ad libitum* cadences. Mdlle. Kellogg sang "O had I Jubal's lyre," from *Joshua*, and sang it extremely well. Mdlle. Tietjens gave "Pious orgies;" Mdlle. Carola attempted "Let the bright Seraphim" (executed with such wonderful spirit by Mdlle. Adelina Patti at the last Handel Festival), and was charitably allowed to dispense with the second part; Mr. Santley, as a matter of course, gave "O ruddier than the cherry," and, as a matter of course, was obliged to repeat the quick movement; Madame Sainton and Mr. Cummings respectively introduced airs from *Solomon* and *Semele;* Madame Lemmens ventured upon the interminable "Sweet bird," from *L'Allegro* (Jenny Lind's prescriptive property); while Mr. Sims Reeves gave "Deeper, and deeper still," and its melodious and lovely sequel, "Waft her angels," together with the famous war-song, "Sound an alarm" (with chorus), from *Judas Maccabæus*. For judgments upon these various performances we must refer our readers to the profusely eloquent descriptions of our daily contemporaries, who, in the way of mere criticism, have said all that can be said, and left us without expletives to eke out a sentence, complimentary or otherwise. At the same time we may, in a word, express our opinion that the finest and most legitimate singing of the day (all being singularly good), was that of Mr. Sims Reeves, in the most pathetic of declamatory recitatives, "Deeper, and deeper still" ("Jephthah's rash vow," as it was wont to be styled), which the elder Braham earned renown for singing, although he never sang it with the genuine taste and expression of Mr. Reeves, with whom people are so fond of comparing him.

Israel in Egypt, with its picturesque and superb choruses, must be going on as we write; but of the great oratorio of *Exodus* it is unnecessary to speak. The *Israel* day—the last day—has always been, and will always be, so long as the Handel Festival endures, the greatest day of the three. Meanwhile, we may conclude with saying that both the *Messiah*, on Monday, and the miscellaneous selection, on Wednesday, attracted many thousands more to the Crystal Palace than in 1865. The Royal box, most Royally fitted up, has, it is true, been hitherto untenanted by Royalty; but if, as we hear, the Festival of which we speak is likely to prove in a financial, as it may safely be affirmed to have been in an artistic, sense, the most successful ever known, the Handel Triennial Commemoration, like Ulysses—

. . . adversis rerum immersabilis undis—

is not apparently destined to be overwhelmed by the waves of adverse circumstances, from whatever quarter.

MUNICH.—The principal parts in Herr R. Wagner's new opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, are thus cast: Hans Sachs, Herr Betz (from Berlin); Ritter Stolzing, Herr Nachbauer (from Darmstadt); Beckmesser, Herr Gustav Hölzel (from Vienna); Eva, Mdlle. Mallinger; Magdalena Anna, Mdlle. Dietz; David, Herr Schlosser.

OWL'S HOWL.

Moping Hole, Ivy Mantled Tower.

DEAR PETERS,—I would say "my" dear Peters, as more affectionate, but the weather is too hot for me to take needless trouble. You cannot doubt my affection, for I never write to you, and that is the kindest course a true friend can take. I know you feel *that*, my Peters.

Last week you inserted an account of a concert, at which a beautiful song, written by "your friend Shirley Brooks," was sung. I quote "your friend," for, much as I should like to know that gentleman, I have never succeeded in doing so. I never saw the party. But I know, from attentive observation of his style, that he is quite incapable of making "breath" rhyme to "unblest," as your usually most careful compositors have made him do, nor can I believe that he would introduce "this" twice in two connected lines. In fact, I went and bought the song, and I find that instead of the terrible image of fire streaming out in a mother s breath, he wrote—

"Nor dare to call thy lot unblest,
While this is granted from above,
While in thy mother's sainted breast,
Burns holy fire—thy mother's love."

And a truly beautiful verse it is—perfectly exquisite; and, as I see by the papers that the writer is gone to visit Bather of Ledbury—won't there be a row before they have talked for half-an-hour?—I send you this correction.

The reason for the mistake—or I mistake—was that you found the Crystal Palace hot, and the champagne cup cool, and you were quite right. Bless you. How's Penny Mayhew? Ever yours,

To D. Peters, Esq. ZAMIELS OWL.

BENNETT NOT BENEDICT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In your notice last week of the Misses Jewells' concert, you inadvertently named the *Rondo Piacevole*, played by Miss Ellice Jewell, as being the composition of Benedict instead of Bennett.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

June 20th. A SUBSCRIBER.

"L'AFRICAINE."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—Although only an amateur, I beg leave to express my astonishment at the very meagre delineated report and critique given in respect of Meyerbeer's great work, *L'Africaine*. In the general daily papers, where space is of value, I understand these laconic reports; but in a paper treating exclusively of music I wonder that such a work has not been more fully commented upon—at least on its essential part, which is the musical work, and not so much on the plot or one single character, which, although quite appropriate in the present case, yet does at the same time great injustice to the other two principals.

What caused the lamented composer to delay so much in bringing his work forward was the want of a *tenor* able to sing the intricate and trying music, to say nothing of that vigorous, impulsive, and dramatic power which is requisite; and yet this character, actually chosen by Meyerbeer himself, is merely named (among subordinates, you may say) to be dismissed very briefly. Also, very little more is said of the next important character, whose impersonation is extraordinary, and his voice still more so. The next and most important striking feature which makes me wonder at the little comment made—in fact, no comment at all—is the grandeur of the music as performed by the orchestra. In my opinion, humble as it may be, the *mise-en-scène* is too attractive; and people really do not seem to listen to those superb sounds depicting the true originality of the composer's genius.

I have witnessed the opera upwards of ten times, and every time I discover fresh movements—truly splendid—and am always astonished to see how little people seem to be impressed with those parts, however splendid, and with which the opera abounds. As a proof of the foregoing, you will observe during the *morceau à la unisson*, nothing is going on, and attention prevails—and what is the result? Although the opera has been performed often, and particularly that part, they, the public, never fail to burst in applause in the *middle* of it!! You will excuse an amateur addressing you thus, but I know it can give no offence in any way. It is only a wish I have to say a few words, weak though they may be, in favour of what should be said of a great opera, full of deep and wonderfully original music, and of its principal acters.—I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully, O. L.,

London, 22nd June, 1868. A New Subscriber.

[Had our correspondent been an *old* subscriber, he would have read quite enough in the *Musical World* about the *Africaine*.—ED.]

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MR. JOSEPH BARNBY'S CHOIR.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—A report has obtained a considerable circulation through the medium of the press, to the effect that my choir from this time will cease to exist. As the statement is calculated to do me an injury, I must beg to be allowed to give it a most unqualified contradiction.—Faithfully yours,

J. BARNBY.

MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Having been present on Saturday last at the musical *soirée* of Madame Leopald, at St. George's Hall, I beg to draw your attention to the brilliant playing of Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe (violinist). It is indeed surprising to hear this young lady, only 13 years of age, executing the most difficult classical pieces with the deepest understanding and most magnificent performance. The real genius of music approaches the listeners and the effort surpasses all anticipation. Mdlle. Liebe draws from her instrument a tone so full, round, sympathetic, and energetic as to remind us of the wonderful playing of Joachim. Asking you to oblige me by inserting these lines in the *Musical World*, I enclose my card, and I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, C. A. R.

June 23rd.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. FRANK ELMORE'S annual concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday week. His own contributions to the programme began (after joining the Sisters Doria in Lealie's trio, "O Memory") with "Adelaide," in which he had the good fortune to be accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. The peerless love-song was well delivered and not less well received. Mr. Elmore next joined Misses Edith Wynne and R. Doria in Balfe's "I'm not the Queen," afterwards singing Benedict's popular "Rock me to Sleep" with much expression. The concert-giver was well supported by—in addition to the artists already named—Mesdames Baum, Sofia Vinta, Emmeline Cole, Signor Ciabatta and Herr Reichardt, vocalists; Miss Madeline Schiller (encored in Thalberg's *Lucresia*), Miss Sophie Angeline, Messrs. Carl Hause, Tito Mattei, J. B. Chatterton, and Cheshire, instrumentalists.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL lately gave two interesting morning concerts at Mr. Wornum's Rooms, Store Street. All the executants were selected from Mr. Cottell's pupils. The rooms were crowded on both occasions, and the young *débutants* received flattering encouragement. Herr Lehmeyer ably conducted. The third and last concert of the series is announced for July 22.

MDLLE. LUIGIA LEALI'S *matinée* was given on Thursday week, at 7, Buckingham Gate, under distinguished patronage. The *bénéficiare* sang first her own ballad, "In the Woodlands," which was very favourably received. She afterwards gave Schira's "Sognai" (harp and violoncello *obbligato* by Mr. B. Reeves and Mr. M. Albert respectively), Arditi's familiar "Il Bacio," and lastly took part with Mr. C. Stanton in Verdi's "Se m'ami ancor." Other vocal pieces were contributed by Signor Caravoglia, who was encored in Mattei's romance, "Io la perdei." In addition to the instrumentalists above named (each of whom played a solo), Signor Tito Mattei, Signor Regondi, Signor Risegari, and Herr Fittig (Zither), had a share of the programme.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL'S annual concert took place on the 5th inst., at 10, Portman Square, and was attended by a very crowded audience. Herr Engel first played (with Herr Schloesser) an arrangement for piano and harmonium of the *William Tell* overture. This was followed by a solo on themes from *Faust*, the serenade from *Don Giovanni*, and "Home, sweet Home," with variations (encored). Herr Engel also took part in several concerted pieces, in each giving much satisfaction. The concert-giver was assisted by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (encored in Engel's *valse*, "La Rosa"), Miss Fanny Holland, Madame Dolby, Herr Reichardt, Signor Gardoni, M. Jules Lefort (encored in Engel's "Fedale io l'amo"), M. Sainton, Mr. John Thomas, and Herr Kuhe.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave her second pianoforte and vocal recital in St. James's Hall last Tuesday, when she was assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson and Mr. W. H. Cummings, whose very effective singing of Nicolai's popular duet, "One Word," was much applauded. Mr. Cummings was encored in David's *barcarole*, "O ma maîtresse," and Miss Henderson in G. A. Macfarren's new ballad, "The Golden Heart," the beautiful words of which (by Miss Procter) excited as much admiration as the music. Mrs. John Macfarren played several masterpieces of the great pianoforte composers to the great delight of a very numerous audience. Her brilliant execution of Brissac's Fantasia on Welsh Melodies, and of Walter Macfarren's "Third Tarantella," elicited in both cases, the compliment of a re-call; and the bright and felicitous manner in which she threw off Professor Bennett's sparkling musical sketch, "The Fountain," met with such cordial and unanimous recognition, that its repetition was inevitable.

THE programme of Miss Agnes Zimmermann's concert (at Hanover Square Rooms, 22nd ult.) was worthy of that young and talented pianist's reputation. It included Beethoven's Trio (Op. 70, No. 2)—Herr Auer and Signor Piatti assisting the concert-giver; J. S. Bach's *Gavotte*, from his sixth Violoncello Suite (transcribed by Miss Zimmermann); a very clever sonata (MS.) for piano and violin, also the work of Miss Zimmermann, of which we must speak at length hereafter; Schumann's fanciful pianoforte solo, "Carnaval," and Chopin's grand *Polonaise* for piano and cello. In all these the *bénéficiaire* exhibited the talents which have gained for her so enviable a place in public estimation. The vocal music was sustained by Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Cummings.

SIGNOR BELLINI'S concert at St. George's Hall, on Monday week, was one of varied attractions. The programme included several pieces, which served to display the concert-giver's powers as a vocalist. Among these were—Romer's setting of "A Psalm of Life;" Ricci's duet from *Crispino*; "Vedi o cara" (sung with Mdlle. Clara Doria); Mattei's *buffo* song, "Il Farfallone;" and last, not least, "Miei rampolli." Other selections, vocal and instrumental, were given by the Sisters Doria, Mdlle. Valentini, Miss Lucy Franklein, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Henry Gordon, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Caravoglia (encored in Mattei's "Io la perdei"), Mr. Frank Elmore, and Signor Tito Mattei. Signori Bevignani and Li Calsi conducted.

A PIANOFORTE RECITAL lately given by Mr. Ridley Prentice deserves notice. The programme was an excellent one. It began with Mozart's Fantasia and Fugue in C major, after which came Beethoven's Sonata in A major for piano and violoncello (Signor Piatti assisting the concert-giver) Chopin's Fantasia, in C sharp minor, the "Harmonious Blacksmith," Mendelssohn's Variations in D major for piano and violoncello, and the same composer's Sonata in E major for piano alone. In all these Mr. Prentice gave much satisfaction to a full audience. The vocal music was supplied by Madame Dowland, who, in the course of the afternoon sang two pretty songs by the concert-giver.

FRAULEIN AUGUSTE MEHLHORN'S *soirée musicale*, which took place at 18, Craven Hill, was a successful affair. The concert-giver herself sang several songs, much to the satisfaction of her audience. Among these were—"Sombres forêts" from *Guillaume Tell*, Benedict's "Maiden's Dream," Mattei's romance, "Tornera," Meyerbeer's "Fisher Maiden" (encored), Oberthür's "Serenade," and Ganz's "The Faithful Echo," the last two accompanied by their respective composers. Fraulein Mehlhorn was assisted by, among others, Mdlle. Strindberg, Mdlle. Angéle, Mdlle. Valentini, Signor Caravoglia, Signor Agretti, Signor Risegari, and Signor Tito Mattei. Herr Ganz conducted.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, KENSINGTON PARK.—A concert in aid of the funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was given last Wednesday evening in the drawing-room of the above establishment, which was comfortably filled by a fashionable audience. The principal soprano was Miss Blanche Gottschalk, whose singing of the "Air des Bijoux," from *Faust*, was warmly applauded, the upper notes being particularly bright and clear. Miss Amelie Madot sang Proch's "Addio" with much refinement and taste, but the effect was somewhat marred by a little flatness in the violoncello *obbligato*. Madame Elwood Andrea's rich contralto voice told very effectively in "Viva la Patria;" and all three ladies joined in Cimarosa's favourite trio, "My Lady, the Countess," which was one of the most decided successes of the evening. Miss F. Harvey's unexceptionable rendering of the exacting solo in the "Tramp Chorus" gave marked satisfaction. Mr. Holland, who has a fine baritone voice and finished style, sang Sullivan's "If doughty deeds," and also a duet with Madame Andrea. The principal feature in the instrumental portion of the programme was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, played with much power and brilliancy by Mrs. G. Carrew; the orchestral parts being ably represented by a quartet of strings. The other instrumental pieces were an "Air varié" of De Beriot, played by a gentleman who was loudly and deservedly applauded, but whose name was not announced; a cornet fantasia on *Martha*, also very well received; Mozart's Quartet No. 1, and the overtures to *L'Italiana* and *William Tell*, effectively given by the full instrumental strength of the company.

PROVINCIAL.

REIGATE.—A musical performance in connection with a bazaar took place on Thursday, June 18th, in aid of the fund for the enlargement of St. John's Church, Redhill. The principal feature of the *matinée* was the brilliant pianoforte playing of Mrs. John Macfarren, who executed a sonata of Beethoven, and pieces by Weber, Brissac, Wallace, &c., to the great delight of a fashionable audience. Miss Bessie Emmett, also, made a very favourable impression by her effective rendering of several songs, including G. A. Macfarren's "Late, so late," given with much fervour and intensity, and a *valse* of Rosario Asfea, which happily displayed the brightness and flexibility of her voice.

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WAIFS.

Signor Bottesini has arrived in Paris.

Rumour says that M. Obin is about to retire.

Twelve of the Parisian theatres have closed their doors.

Mrs. and Mr. Joseph Robinson, from Dublin, are in London.

Moscheles, the renowned composer and pianist, is in London.

Felicien David's *Herculanéum* was to have been revived at the Grand Opéra on Friday week last.

Vieuxtemps has been prevented coming to England by the death of his wife. He is at present in Paris.

M. Max Graziani has written a quadrille called *The Earl*, which he dedicates to the Marquis of Hastings.

M. Bagier has engaged for his next season at the Italiens, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, Signori Tamberlick, Fraschini, and Delle-Sedie.

The preparatory examinations at the Paris Conservatoire, which began on the 5th inst., were presided over by the veteran Auber.

Among the audience at Madame Arabella Goddard's second recital of the *Lieder ohne Worte* and the posthumous *Preludes and Studies* of Mendelssohn were Mdlle. Adelina Patti and Mr. Costa.

An electric organ, built by Mr. Barker, has just been opened in the Parisian Church of St. Augustin. It appears to have given great satisfaction.

Count Guédeonoff, director-general of the St. Petersburgh Imperial Theatres, is now in Paris, negotiating with M. de Saint-Georges for a new ballet.

Horace Mayhew's Last "Musical Problem."—"Why do players on the violoncello always take snuff?" *Note* (by Printer's Devil).—"Nobody *Nose*."—*Punch*.

The third and last recitals of Madame Arabella Goddard and Antoine Rubinstein took place consentaneously, the one at St. James's Hall, the other at the Hanover Square Rooms.

M. Lenz, the enthusiastic author of *Beethoven et ses trios styles*, is now writing a critical and biographical work upon the composer of *Der Freischütz*. He is at present in Dresden looking up materials.

Madame Rey-Balla (Mr. Gye's *débutante* of to-night) had a very successful benefit performance at Seville. She sang in two acts of *Macbeth*, the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, and the trio from *I Lombardi*.

L'Art Musicale has the following:—"Three pianists have been heard in London at three concerts given by the New Philharmonic Society. They are MM. Jaell, Lubeck, and Rubinstein. Of these the last obtained the least success."

That admirable "*buffo*," Signor Scalese, left London for Paris unexpectedly, the other day, for reasons which, as they say, "have not transpired." Signor Scalese is a loss to any theatre, seeing that he is the best living *buffo* after Ronconi.

La France Musicale wants to know (referring to a paragraph in *L'Evenement*) who is the "Hugo Pierson," spoken of as a celebrated composer. Our contemporary will be glad to learn that Hugh Pierson wrote an oratorio called *Jerusalem*, once performed at the Norwich Festival, and once at Exeter Hall.

Mr. Zerrahn, the conductor of the Boston Philharmonic Concerts, and musical director of the recent great Festival at Boston, is in London for a short visit. He was present at the Handel Festival, at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday, and is busily employed in judging for himself of what is going on among us just now in the art of which he is himself a distinguished professor.

The monster Tower drums which were used at the Handel Festival held in the Crystal Palace this year, were originally manufactured for the Great Handel Festival held in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. They were called "Tower" drums owing to the fact that one of the heads was made from the skin of the celebrated lion known as the "Monster Leo," which was exhibited at the menagerie kept at the Tower of London about that period—a circumstance now almost forgotten. They were supplied by Messrs. Potter & Co., the military musical instrument manufacturers, of London and Aldershot.

A learned morning contemporary, in the course of a brilliant article on Madame Schneider and *La Grande Duchesse*, thus defends its favourable opinion of the music of M. Offenbach:—

"About the light and piquant music of M. Offenbach nothing can be said that has not been said over and over again. That the almost universal popularity it has obtained—and it is notorious that only musicians who, in the aggregate of the human race, are, happily or unhappily, as people may think, in a minority, condemn it—must be founded on some quality or qualities not possessed by every composer, or indeed by one out of a hundred composers, who throw off what they write in the same careless *ad captandum* manner, is incontestable. Wherein the special charm may lie we do not pretend to decide, but the charm is there, and those who feel it may not be curious to analyze their impressions; content to be amused, they know not how and care not wherefore."

The argument is incontestable, and the eminent composers of "Champagne Charley," "Not for Joe," &c., ought to be obliged to our contemporary for putting it into their hands.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

Our readers were informed last week that Madame Parepa-Rosa and her husband are *en route* to California. We take the following impassioned account of their farewell performance in New York from the *Tribune*:—

"The concert last night at Steinway Hall, with all its excellence, was rather a melancholy celebration, being a leave-taking between one of the most estimable vocalists who has ever visited us, and a public who have been for several years her admirers and friends. Madame Parepa has enjoyed an almost unparalleled popularity in New York, and she has richly deserved it. She has sung for us in every style of music, and in all has sung superbly. She has given to the concert-room a brilliancy to which it is not too familiar. She has illustrated the lyric stage with several performances of unexpected excellence; and in the grand strains of the oratorio she has won a glory which no woman in America ever won before. We shall miss her deeply during her absence, and it will be hard for anyone to please us in her place. Last night, to bid her good-bye, she had a fine audience, and they seemed to enter into the spirit of the good old song, 'Auld Lang Syne,' which, with others of her departing *troupe*, she gave at the end of the evening. This is an inconstant world (as somebody remarks somewhere), but in her case we may be pretty sure that old acquaintance will not be forgotten. Her part of the programme last night included several ballads, Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin, piano, and organ accompaniments, and a cavatina from *Semiramide*.

An electric organ, which will shortly be opened by Mr. Glover Wesley, is being built by Bryceson Brothers & Co. for Christ Church, Camberwell. This organ is to be placed in a chamber on the south side of the chancel, above the vestry, but the organist will sit on the opposite side, amongst the choir, some fifty feet distant from the organ. The electric system is forthwith to be applied to the organ in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, Messrs. Bryceson's contract having been accepted for the entire reconstruction of this large organ. The manuals will be placed at a distance of thirty feet from the instrument. Various pressures of wind and other improvements will also be introduced.

The Clapham Junction Estate.—The first portion of the Bolingbroke Park property having been entirely disposed of, the usual allotment took place on the 24th inst., at the offices of the Conservative Land Society, and a large sale thereof was effected. The competition for special plots was so great that as high as £50 was paid for a right of choice to secure priority of selection. Some notion of the high prices which suburban freehold land will fetch near a railway station is afforded when it is stated that the 113 plots sold in the first allotment ranged in price from £58 up to £1,000 per plot, and plots in the second portion were sold from £58 up to £400 each.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Duff & Stewart.—"Vive la joie," by E. Sauerbrey; "A Sister's Love," by C. Gounod; "The Golden Heart," by G. A. Macfarren; "A Dream of Enchantment," by E. L. Hime; "Daybreak," by E. L. Hime.

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Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 14th (last time), Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Corsi; Signori Mongini, Santley, Fiorini, Agretti, Casaboni.

MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 15th, supported by the whole strength of Her Majesty's Opera.

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THURSDAY NEXT, July 16th, Mozart's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI."

SATURDAY, July 18th, production of "IL FLAUTO MAGICO."

MDLLE. TITIENS will appear as LEONORA in "Il Trovatore," on MONDAY NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON as MARGHERITA in "Faust," THIS EVENING; and as LUCIA on TUESDAY NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 15TH, supported by the whole strength of Her Majesty's Opera.

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CONDUCTOR - - - - MR. COSTA.

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On TUESDAY NEXT, July 14th (last time this season), Gounod's Opera, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA."

Extra Night.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 15th (last time this season), Verdi's Opera, "RIGOLETTO." After which will be given the grand Cloister Scene from "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO," including the Ballet and Resuscitation of the Nuns.

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 16th (last time this season), Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA."

Extra Night.

On FRIDAY NEXT, July 17th (last time this season) Gounod's Opera, FAUST E MARGHERITA.

On SATURDAY, July 18, a Favourite Opera.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—GREAT FETE and REVELS OF DRAMATIC COLLEGE. Doors of Palace open at 10. The revels will commence by proclamation about 12 o'clock, and will be continued until dusk.

Full particulars are too lengthy for insertion in advertisements, but Programmes of the Entertainments, Dramatic performances, with names of ladies holding stalls, &c., may be had by purchasers of tickets at the Palace and 2, Exeter Hall.

Admission, 5s.; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NEXT WEDNESDAY.—MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, under the immediate patronage of
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES,
Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES,
His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH,
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE,
Her Royal Highness the Princess MARY ADELAIDE,
The Prince TECK, &c.

MR. MAPLESON has the honour to announce that his BENEFIT will take place at the CRYSTAL PALACE on WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 15th, on which occasion will be presented an extraordinary combination of attractions.

Grand Concert at Four o'clock, supported by the following artists:—Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Corsi, Mdlle. Rose Hersee, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdlle. Bauermeister, and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Signor Mongini, Signor Ferensi, Signor Bettini, Signor Agretti, Mr. Lyall, Signor Gassier, Signor Zoboli, Signor Bossi, Signor Casaboni, Signor Foli, Signor Fiorini, and Mr. Santley.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor, Signor Arditi. Maestro Concertatore al Piano, Signor Bevignani. Chorus Master, Signor Santi.

The Military Band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey. The Magnificent Orchestra and Chorus of Her Majesty's Opera.

Display of the whole system of Great Fountains at 6.30. Military Bands on grounds at Seven until Eight.

Operatic representation at 8.30, with scenery, costumes, decorations, and appointments, of Mozart's opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Marcellina, Mdlle. Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Susanna, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. The Minuet and Fandango in the Ball-scene will be danced by Mdlle. Gosselin, supported by Mdlle. Brun and the corps de ballet of Her Majesty's Opera. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Regisseur, M. Grua. Suggeritore, Signor Rialp.

The Palace and grounds will be BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED, exhibiting many novel and remarkable effects. The termination of this great combined fête will be distinguished by an unequalled display of GRAND FIREWORKS.

The prices of admission will be as follows:—On the day, 7s. 6d.; Tickets purchased before the day, 5s.; Season Tickets on payment of 2s. 6d. Stalls for the Grand Concert and Opera, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats for Grand Concert and Opera, 5s.

Handel Orchestra—Numbered Seats, 5s.; Unnumbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats for Fireworks, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets and places may be secured at the new Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the Colonnade (two doors from Pall Mall), open from Ten o'clock till Five daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent.

Tickets also at the offices of Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the front portico; also at 2, Exeter Hall, Crystal Palace, and of the Agents described above.

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GLASGOW SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Mr. JAMES AIRLIE, Secretary, is at present in Town for a few days, and may be communicated with at ANGUS's HOTEL, 23, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. LEIGH WILSON will sing NICOLAI's popular Duet, "ONE WORD," at Miss Kate Gordon's Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals, at Filey, July 18th (THIS DAY); Bridlington, 20th; Harrogate, 22nd.

MISS EDWARDSS SOIREE MUSICALE D'INVITATION will take place WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 22nd, at Nine o'clock.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

MDLLE. CONSTANCE SKIWA (Pianist from Vienna) will play CHOPIN's GRANDE POLONAISE, Op. 83, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 23rd inst. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 3, Upper Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for Full or Small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. GANZ's residence, 37, Golden Square.

MR. W. H. TILLA (*Primo Tenore*) has just returned from Italy, and is open to Engagements for Opera, Concerts, Oratorios, and Provincial Tours. Address care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—12, Porchester Place, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

HERR SCHUBERTH begs to announce that he will return to Town in September next. All letters to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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7. I BUILT A BRIDGE OF FANCIES. ANNE FRICKER. 3s.
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THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of VERDI'S "DON CARLOS," are ON SALE at
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THE VOCAL MUSIC and PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS of AMBROISE THOMAS'S New Opera, "HAMLET," are ON SALE a
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RECITALS.

(*From the "Saturday Review," July 11th*, 1868.)

We believe that Franz Liszt, now Abbé Liszt, chief apostle of the "Art-work of the Future," inventor of Richard Wagner, household pianist to his Holiness Pio IX., composer of oratorios, cantatas, "idealistic symphonies," &c.—the man who, through his social influence as a virtuoso, which all over Germany is enormous, though, happily, elsewhere impotent, has done more harm to music than any of his contemporaries or predecessors—was the first to dignify a particular kind of musical entertainment with the pompous nickname of "Recital." As Liszt, however, played everything, his own music included, from memory, the title was, after all, not so inappropriate; but it has now come into general use, and whether the virtuoso exhibits with or without book, it is all one—his performances, as a matter of course, are "Recitals." We have had "Recitals" year after year, in London, from every sort of player, big, middling, and diminutive, from pianists of the first class, from pianists of the second and third classes, and from comparatively obscure teachers, who ask their friends and pupils a guinea, or half-a-guinea as may be expedient, for performances which ordinary musical amateurs would not pay a shilling to hear, or which, in fact, if the case were put to them, they would rather give a shilling not to hear. During the winter, spring, and summer, our "Recitals" have been legion. Madlle. Madeleine Schiller, a young and very promising artist, has recited no less than six times. Mrs. John Macfarren has recited, and her "Recitals" have derived no small share of interest from the annotations appended to each piece by her relative, Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, who recites annually for the edification of his immediate circle, the Misses Kingdon, Misses Gordon and Roberts (Kate), Miss Clinton Fynes, and other aspiring young ladies, have recited. Mr. Sidney Smith, composer of popular pieces for the drawing-room, has recited some of his own compositions, together with "*par une bonté toute particulière*," an occasional sprinkling of the "classical." Herr Schloesser, an enthusiastic Schumannite has disposed of his idol, *quoad* the pianoforte-side of his productivity, in four "Recitals." Signor Tito Mattei has equally recited, among other things, a pianoforte-concerto by Signor Li Calsi, the orchestral accompaniments represented by a second pianoforte. Mr. Horton C. Allison has recited. Herr Coenen—who, though he can play well enough with two hands, like any ordinary mortal, occasionally (like M. Wehli) employs the left hand alone—has recited; and Mr. Aptommas has recited on the harp some dozen times without stint. These, and many more, have recited, according as the spirit moved and the fingers obeyed, several of them playing what are conventionally denominated "transcriptions"—in other language, arrangements, or derangements, of compositions never intended for the pianoforte, and still less in the grotesque shape they are made to assume. If the rage continues, we may look to Herr Immanuel Liebich for a "recital" of his Musical Box, where, unless the "Pianautomaton," or "Electric automaton piano player," of M. Trastow, be brought into action, we must surely stop; for lower than the "Musical Box" it would be impossible to descend in "Recitals" proceeding from animated fingers.

But from among all the serried company of pianists, &c., who have recited during the current season, we are only able to pick out three whose performances, having a direct purpose, possessed any claim to public recognition. The exceptional three are Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Antoine Rubinstein. The "Recitals" given by these professors had specific objects in view. Mr. Hallé wished to make the musical world familiar with all the pianoforte compositions of Schubert that have found their way into print; Madame Goddard was desirous of introducing the whole of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, together with his "Posthumous" Preludes, Studies, and Sonatas; while M. Rubinstein especially aimed at exhibiting himself. As these renowned artists have little or nothing in common, we shall consider them separately.

To begin with the eldest of the three—Mr. Hallé—who was more or less of a great man when Antoine Rubinstein and Arabella Goddard, the former by some years older than the latter, were what the Germans call "wonder-children," children able to do with ease that which nineteen adults out of twenty, after long years of laborious application, are unable to accomplish even indifferently. Mr. Hallé from the first was addicted to what is termed "classical," but which, age having nothing to do with it, might just as well be simply denominated good, music. In Paris, before the Revolution of 1848, he was famous at the Conservatoire, and elsewhere, for his performances of Beethoven's concertos; and when, in that year, after one or two short visits, he settled in England, what had previously been his chief, thenceforth became his undivided, pursuit. Mr. Hallé never shone brilliantly as a player of fantasias, and the choice which has influenced his long and honourable career evinced hardly less discretion than good taste. Though for many years habitually living at Manchester, where he has done more for music than any professor of ability who ever took up his residence in a country town, his is one of the most frequent and one of the most welcome apparitions at the Monday Popular Concerts, and in the summer season he makes the metropolis his home. During his visits to London it has for many years been Mr. Hallé's agreeable custom to give afternoon performances on Fridays at St. James's Hall, under the name of "Pianoforte Recitals." In the beginning these Recitals were exclusively devoted to Beethoven, the whole of whose solo pianoforte sonatas, on three different occasions, he has played in chronological order. At other times, while making Beethoven the leading attraction of his programmes, he has introduced the works of various composers, and proved himself as intimately conversant with J. S. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Stephen Heller, &c., while showing an indifference to P. Emanuel Bach, Woelfl, Steibelt, Pinto, Hummel, F. Hiller and Sterndale Bennett, which is inexplicable in so accomplished a musical bibliophilist. Not a single series, however, has been otherwise than instructive; and perhaps the one just expired may compare in sterling interest with any of its precursors. The eight programmes comprised—from the works of Schubert—the ten published sonatas; the so-called "*Fantaisie-Sonate*" (in G); the *fünf Clavierstücke*—which, though independent pieces, are (four among them at least) generally believed to have been intended as integral parts of another sonata;* the great *Fantasia* in C—in which the theme of "The Wanderer" is used as a basis for some ingenious variations, and to which the adventurous Liszt added orchestral accompaniments (as though Schubert could not, had he pleased, have done that for himself); the two sets of "Impromptus;" the "*Moments Musicaux*," the *Adagio et Rondo* in E, and certain dance pieces, which, probably, no one would have been more surprised than Schubert to find set down for performance in a series of "Recitals" like Mr. Hallé's. Most interesting among these works (which, nevertheless, it must not be supposed include anything like the whole of Schubert's compositions for pianoforte alone†) were the sonatas, some, though not nearly all, of which had been already played in public by Mr. Hallé and Madame Goddard; and not the least welcome were the sonatas in E flat, B major, and C minor wholly unknown to the large majority of the audience, and as characteristic examples of Schubert as anything that came from his untiring pen. While putting Beethoven in the same programmes, Mr. Hallé evinced sound judgment in confining himself to the minor pianoforte compositions of that unequalled master; for beautiful and ingenious as several of them are, and original as they are all, the sonatas of Schubert would not have enjoyed a fair chance of appreciation in juxtaposition with those of his great contemporary, by the side of whom, it has been aptly said, Schubert was as a woman to a man. The miscellaneous pianoforte works of Beethoven, however, offer a rich mine of wealth, and fairly stood their ground against the sonatas and the other pieces of Schubert; for, charming as are the "Impromptus," &c., of the lesser master, none of them can compare with the Variations in C minor, the Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, or the Variations and Fugue in E flat, with the composition of which and others of the same stamp the giant solaced his leisure hours. But the leisure of Beethoven was often more productive than the serious labour of other men; and these two sets of Variations, to speak of nothing besides, have scarcely their parallel in music. Mr. Hallé's playing need not be described again. It is masterly, in its way, as amateurs well know; and above all it is distinguished by a mechanical finish that any pianist might envy. It is, moreover, the playing of a thorough musician, and an artist to the core.

Madame Arabella Goddard's Recitals, though only three in number, were quite as interesting as those of Mr. Hallé. Often as some of the most popular of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* have been heard in our concert-rooms, probably not more than a fourth of them had been publicly played till now. Madame Goddard's scheme included the whole of the eight books, each containing six songs. To these she added the *Barcarole* in A, which originally appeared in an Album published by the late Maurice Schlesinger, and which is as beautiful as any of them; besides the three Preludes, three Studies, and two Sonatas only very recently given to the world. A description of the forty-eight, or forty-nine, published *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn would exceed our limits; nor, happily, is it necessary. They are all more or less familiar to amateurs who prefer good music to bad. To hear them, however, from beginning to end, disposed in groups of four, not according to the order in which they are printed, but with a view to contrast of style and relationship of keys, played, too, with the perfection of refinement which Madame Goddard brings to them, one and all—to the most difficult as well as to the easiest (and the *Lieder* traverse the entire ladder of difficulties)—was unprecedented. The experiment might have been considered doubtful by those who have no implicit faith in the plastic genius of Mendelssohn; but it was crowned with

* Just as Robert Schumann suggested might be the case with a set of "four Impromptus."

† A glance at the comprehensive Catalogue of Dr. Theodore Kreissle von Hellborn is enough to show the contrary.

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success, and will doubtless be repeated. The new Preludes and Studies, fresh proofs of the versatility of their composer, admirable as music, and of the highest utility as mechanical exercises, materially enriched the first and second programmes. The entire six were heard with marked satisfaction; but two of the Studies more particularly (in F major and A minor), examples of those animated and ingeniously elaborated quick movements in the production of which Mendelssohn displayed such endless variety, were singled out from the rest for special approval, and, executed with the dazzling fluency peculiar to Madame Goddard, were unanimously called for again. Of the greater sonata, in B flat, we spoke on the occasion of its first performance at the Monday Popular Concerts, in the early spring. The work gains by familiarity, the second movement, in B flat minor, especially—one of the most individual and charming of the Mendelssohnian family of *Scherzi*. The smaller sonata, in G minor—written at the age of twelve—is little short of a miracle. The lovers of Mendelssohn's music are deeply indebted to Madame Goddard for so unexpected and ample a supply of it in the height of the "fashionable" season.

M. Rubinstein's three Recitals were, of their kind, unique. The programmes embraced all sorts and degrees of music, from J. S. Bach and Handel to Mozart, from Mozart to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Mendelssohn, and from Mendelssohn to Herr Rubinstein himself, who, among other specimens of his creative power, edified his hearers with a prelude and fugue unlike any other prelude and fugue with which the art is endowed. Shade of John Sebastian Bach! what a fugue! If, as the Augustan poet maintains—

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult—

surely the converse holds as well. A fugue is a grave matter, and, like Thyestes' banquet, disdains to be treated otherwise than gravely; but the fugue of M. Rubinstein is a comic travesty, very hard to play (a feat, indeed, which possibly no other than M. Rubinstein would have the temerity to risk), but still harder to listen to. The other pieces in the *suite* to which this singular fugue belongs are more musical, because less pretentious. It is when venturing on such ground that the virtuoso proper is frequently bewildered, aiming at that for which he has no vocation, and aiming at it in the vain-glorious spirit which, while affecting to despise whatever does not directly appertain to "virtuosity," is none the less anxious to show that to "virtuosity" nothing comes amiss. M. Rubinstein's fugue is much the same species of concoction as, in another sphere, an orchestral symphony of his master and prototype, Abbé Liszt. Nor is the prelude much better. At the same time the delivery of each by the composer was a marvel of facile execution. M. Rubinstein is undeniably a prodigious executant, and if he could by any magic acquire the art of keeping himself within reasonable bounds, he would be one of the most astonishing performers of the day. As it is, the result of his too manifest exertions is terribly unsatisfactory. It is by sheer accident that he plays a piece uniformly well; and this but seldom happens. It happened occasionally in the course of his three Recitals, and afforded such unalloyed gratification that the rarity of the occurrence was all the more disheartening. Among the pieces which M. Rubinstein played thus well were two *nocturnes*—graceful, quiet, unobtrusive trifles—by John Field; Mozart's lovely *Rondo* in A minor; a *gigue* by Handel; and some of his own less ambitious compositions. These were, one and all, given to perfection—faultless alike in tone, gradation, mechanism and style. But the remainder was vexatiously unequal—here and there very good, here and there indifferent, here and there outrageously bad. M. Rubinstein's own "study" in C major, for instance, was neither more nor less than a practical joke upon the audience—not alone the "study" itself, but the cool effrontery with which it was delivered. Then the liberties taken with two out of three of the sonatas of Beethoven—the great sonata in C minor (the 31st and last) and the E major, Op. 109—were intolerable to those who care to think how much more there is in a single phrase of Beethoven than in all the perpetrations of all the "*virtuosi*" that ever existed. The other sonata (the D minor, Op. 31) was far preferable, because treated with becoming reverenee, though, on the whole, certainly not played as the composer himself would like to have heard it. In one or two of Chopin's pieces M. Rubinstein showed both great power and great expression; but in the B minor *scherzo* he again ran wild. This unhappy *scherzo* reminded us of Mazeppa, and Herr Rubinstein of the wild horse to whose back Mazeppa was strapped, without a chance of escape. In Mendelssohn's fairy-like *Presto Scherzando*, we had once more the wild horse and Mazeppa. On the other hand, some of the seventeen *Variations Sérieuses* of the same composer were very finely played, while the rest were caricatured. The dreary *Etudes Symphoniques*, and the cumbersome *Scènes Mignonnes*, or *Carnaval*—a proof, if proof were required, that Schumann was destitute of genuine humour—are more after M. Rubenstein's own heart, and for the greater part were admirably given. But enough has been said, without referring to the "transcriptions" of the overture to *Egmont*, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the quick march from the *Ruins of Athens*, with each of which, for no apparent reason, M. Rubinstein's admirers were in ecstasies, to support our opinion that the impetuous Wallachian pianist, if in some respects one of the most wonderful, is in others one of the most irregular and unsatisfying of executants. That he is richly endowed is unquestionable; but in taking Abbé Liszt instead of M. Thalberg for model, he has overshot his mark. M. Thalberg is one of those who do nothing without careful premeditation; Abbé Liszt is a man of exactly the opposite stamp; and M. Rubinstein, who is far from equalling either, would have shown more wisdom in adopting the soberer precedent—*qui nil molitur inepte*.

"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

Sir John Brute, a worthy knight well known to the playgoers of the Garrick period, when Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife* still kept possession of the stage, had an easy and convenient standard whereby to judge specimens of lyrical art. "I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence." So said good Sir John, applying his standard approvingly to a ditty which had just been sung by his friend Lord Rake, and which wound up with the burden, "In peace I jog on to the devil." This was the original song of the piece, and it will be found in the collected edition of Vanbrugh's works; but some acute critic seems afterwards to have discovered that it scarcely came up to the high encomium which had been passed upon it. Lord Rake indeed braved all edicts, divine and human, when he sang—

When my head's full of wine
I o'erflow with design,
And know no penal laws that can curb me;
Whate'er I devise
Seems good in my eyes,
And religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

But though his vaunts were sinful enough in all conscience, they could scarcely be termed impudent in that popular sense of the adjective according to which it is a euphemism for a dissyllable of disreputable origin. Accordingly, in later editions of the *Provoked Wife* we find, in lieu of the old profane lay, another song so grossly indecent that, were it a new production, it could scarcely be printed now-a-days without risk of a visit from the representatives of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The facts we have just recorded furnish a powerful answer to the often asserted theory that criticism is without practical effect on literature. The lyrics of Lord Rake were found wanting when weighed in the balance proposed in the poetics of Sir John, and were altered accordingly.

There have been times when the knight's clearly expressed canon threatened to become obsolete. The verses that were sung at Vauxhall towards the end of last century, and which, though of unmistakably Southern growth, recorded in a quasi-Scottish dialect the loves and squabbles of Jockie and Jeanie, were saucy at the best, but never impudent. Something similar may be said of the vast quantity of popular songs that cropped up during the reign of George IV., and afforded ample opportunities for the display of a certain archness proper to some of the best female vocalists of the period. Nay, at the present day, the restrictions laid by prudent mammas on the poetry sung by young ladies at the piano are so severe that love, save when it takes a perfectly harmless domestic tone, is regarded with avowed disfavour by publishers of music, cognizant of the powers by which their market is ruled. The little lyrical coquetries which would have been quite according to order forty years since would now be deemed far too demonstrative. Nevertheless, if we have any doubt that the principle of lyrical excellence laid down by Sir John Brute is widely maintained even now, we have only to cast our eyes to those places of public recreation where tastes of all kinds are gratified under the one comprehensive category of a taste for music. When our fathers flourished, songs were indeed chanted at a late hour, at the Coal-holes and Cider-cellars of the time, more beastly than anything that would be tolerated at the present day; but then it was understood that these were intended for the exclusive recreation of men of loose habits, and of the mob of greenhorns who waste their hours and health in "seeing life." To this generation in particular belongs that mass of sin and impudence nightly yelled forth at the music-halls, in the presence of persons of both sexes, including women not necessarily belonging to an abandoned class. To this generation in particular belong the vocal Lizzies, Minnies, and Nellies who seem to claim a familiarity with their hearers, and allow their portraits, radiant with immodesty, to be placarded against the walls. To this generation in particular belongs that race of quasi-male-female acrobats, who by an occasional accident gratify that latent feeling of cruelty which is so often the concomitant of licentiousness. To this generation in particular belongs the exalted patronage ostentatiously bestowed on such a work as M. Offenbach's operatic extravaganza, *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*.

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There is no doubt that at the bottom of the importance attached to the works of this new and celebrated composer lies a strong taste for what may be mildly called the improper among the higher classes of English society. When M. Offenbach was first emerging from obscurity on the strength of the small and slight works which he composed for the newly opened Bouffes Parisiens, the whisper went abroad that in the Champs Elysées an odd but extremely pretty little theatre had sprung up, at which pieces were performed most delightful to see and hear, but scarcely decorous enough for the English taste. The same pieces were transferred to London, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre; but they attained no great success, and it was understood that what one liked to witness in Paris, where John Bull is supposed to be out "on the loose," one did not care to behold in London. As, however, M. Offenbach expanded from a composer of operetta into a composer of what, from its dimensions at any rate, seemed entitled to be called opera, and the field of his labours was no longer the upstart Bouffes, but the time-honoured Variétés, people began to name him with respect as a musical genius, whose solid worth, veiled under a gauze of frivolity, had been underrated; and a smile of grave approval was substituted for a knowing chuckle or a significant nudge in the ribs. *La Belle Hélène* was pronounced a great work when properly interpreted, and greater still was *La Grande Duchesse du Gerolstein*. Great also was Mdlle. Schneider, whose name, by her excellent performances in both of these works, had become intimately associated with the music of the age.

As the fame of M. Offenbach increased, an opinion was diffused that London was in a humiliated condition. The two great lyrical works had been seen in every European capital, and the "Grand Duchess" had even found her way to New York, where, represented by Mdlle. Tostie, the *prima donna* of M. Offenbach's earlier works, she was received with great delight, talking as she did in her original language. In London, indeed, English imitations of the French *chefs d'œuvre* were produced, but these were so exceedingly unprovocative of mirth, or even of cheerfulness, that people who had gone through a course of the dreary pleasantry could only marvel to hear that what seemed singularly dull on this side of the Channel was considered especially droll on the other. Their faith in M. Offenbach would probably have broken down altogether had there not been travelled friends at hand to declare how much better things were managed in France, and how the tedious burlesques which bore the title of Offenbach's books were only base copies of a genuine article. London, indeed, was the sole capital at which Offenbach had not been represented properly, and on that account might be considered a degree lower in civilization than other towns. Nevertheless, while the intellectual darkness of London was commiserated, a compliment was paid to its moral susceptibility. The old nudges and chuckles were revived, and the conjecture was hazarded that perhaps, after all, the musical dramas that find favour at the Variétés might be a trifle too free for genuine Britons. That we were averse to the illicit *liaison* as an expedient for creating a serious interest was an hypothesis too well grounded to admit of suspicion, and it was a fair inference that we should be equally nice in the article of funny improprieties.

As the establishment of the Divorce Court fearfully shook the belief in the domestic virtues, previously deemed unsullied, of the middle classes, so has the summer season, now closing, terribly enlightened us to the fastidiousness of our "Upper Ten" in the matter of public amusements. So slightly is the illicit *liaison* repugnant to the London patrons of French drama, that *Nos Intimes*, the most risky piece on the list presented by M. Felix, afforded greater satisfaction than any other work, leaving the world to wonder why an embargo had been laid on *Paul Forestier*. The dramatic portion of his season being at an end, M. Felix fills up his term by engaging Mdlle. Schneider, and bringing out *La Grande Duchesse*, arousing admiration by the magnitude of his spirit and of his prices of admission. His success has been brilliant. Not only was his theatre crowded on the first night sacred to Offenbach, but the list of visitors published in the papers looked like a compressed edition of the Gotha Almanac, enriched with excerpts from the peerage. As for Mdlle. Schneider, she no sooner showed her face than she was received with an enthusiasm that could not have been exceeded had a welcome to a popular sovereign newly returned from exile been the business of the occasion.

That people should be amused at the performance of *La Grande Duchesse* at the St. James's Theatre is natural enough. A subject dreadfully intelligible to the meanest adult intellect is treated with much ingenuity by the play-writer; odd figures are exhibited to the public, comic situations are brought about without any restraint caused by considerations of probability, the whole is made a vehicle for music of a taking kind, and nearly every part is well-sustained—the celebrated actress, Mdlle. Schneider, having been declared by the voice of Europe to be pre-eminent in the character of the Duchess. The question is, whether this is the sort of work that ought to command a general outburst of aristocratic enthusiasm, in an age when an affectation of indifference seems to be the order of the day; whether the state of the lyrical drama which arises when the theatre most approximates to the music-hall is that which ought above all others to arouse high society from its habitual torpor.

There is, in fact, no difference between the feeling addressed years ago by the musical pieces brought out at the Bouffes, and that to which the so-called operas of the Variétés now make appeal. People will not go so far as honest Sir John Brute in professing a love for such shocking things as sin and impudence, but that a certain satisfaction at "naughtiness" is a prevailing sentiment among modern audiences of every age and both sexes is not to be doubted. Had the book of *La Grande Duchesse* been of a purely innocuous character, M. Offenbach might have worn out all the lungs and all the fiddle-strings in Christendom before his creations would have excited an iota more of enthusiasm than is produced by the ordinary entertainments in which music and extravagant drama are combined. But the story of the "Grand Duchess" is essentially naughty; the fair potentate herself is decidedly a naughty girl. She is naughty when, being a hereditary sovereign, she picks out of the ranks a strapping private, merely because, as Thackeray says of Tom Jones and his kind, he has large calves, and raises him to distinction, gloating all the while on his senseless face with the most searching expression of delight. She is naughtier still when she summons the dolt to a *tête-à-tête*, seats him on a low stool by her side, caresses him with her dainty hands, and, though she refrains from a verbal avowal of love, avows her passion by actions more expressive than words could possibly be. Indeed, whether she appears in public at the head of her army, or whether she makes one at a party of two in her boudoir, the Grand Duchess is the incarnation of every quality that distinguishes the damsel of ill-regulated mind. What is most extraordinary, the offences she commits, and at which "society" is disposed to applaud so heartily, are just of that sort of which the same "society" most violently disapproves. Many a man who would contemplate without much emotion the progress of an intrigue between a lax gentleman and a married lady would shrink with horror from any manifestation of a love affair between a high-born lady and a private soldier. Not only morality, but the feeling for caste which keeps so many *roués* in order, is offended, unless we regard *La Grande Duchesse* as no more than a comic pantomime, and deem the lady's offences against the laws of female propriety as unreal as those of the clown against the laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

In the fact that *La Grande Duchesse*, ably executed, is successful, there is nothing extraordinary. The sort of success that attends it is an evil sign of the times. N. D.

—o—

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONCERT SYSTEM, &c.

(*Concluded from page* 485.)

In France the virtuoso merely occupies the position held by every other individual who contributes agreeably to our amusement, and it is a characteristic fact that none of our great virtuosos have settled in Paris. The truth is, their pretensions are not satisfied there, and authors, painters, and scholars are, even in the most fashionable society, valued more highly than the most celebrated virtuoso. In England, the musician has no social position at all. He is either very celebrated, and his services are secured and paid by the getters-up of concerts, or he is a teacher in high families, and thus placed in a position to give a concert in some lady's drawing-room, the names of all the other fashionable ladies who patronize, or, to adopt the English expression, honour him with their immediate patronage, figuring in the programme. The English respect, properly speaking, only a celebrated composer, whom they regard as a high-class producer, but they have little or no consideration for the virtuoso. Germany is the country in which the musician, especially if celebrated as an *executant*, is well received in all strata of society, being nearly the only person in whose case the differences of social rank almost disappear. Social organization in Germany, as far as the artist is concerned may be summed up as follows: the monarch rules; the aristocracy represent; the plutocracy make a great display; and the middle classes uphold the State. The monarch bestows on art favour and honour; the aristocracy patronize it; the plutocracy pay it; but it is among the middle classes that it lives. An artist may endeavour to obtain the favour of the monarch; he may assert his independence towards the aristocracy; mix with the plutocracy and make them pay him; but he belongs to the middle classes. This is an approximative idealistic position, but it is one successfully held by great German masters, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann (with his noble-minded wife), Joachim, Brahms, and many German musicians of less repute. Modern virtuosity, how-

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ever, as established upon *French* traditions, and as represented by the followers of Liszt, since his time, takes the opposite path. Most modern virtuosos either cringe to the aristocracy, or behave like young noblemen, heirs to vast estates, and able to boast of sixteen quarterings. They associate with the plutocracy as though they were receiving dividends at the bank every day; but the man of the middle classes, the snob with his narrow notions, they despise. We frequently hear from their lips exceedingly democratic sentiments, at the very time they are almost expiring for very humility at the court of some reigning prince. We are able to recollect a very great and celebrated musician's conducting the very bad opera of a royal composer, and receiving for so doing a high order; we involuntarily thought, at the time, of the answer made by Boileau, who in his day was decried as a courtier, to the King, Louis XIV., when the latter read him some verses he had addressed to a lady: "Sire," observed the poet, "you can do anything. You wanted to write bad verses, and you have been completely successful." We might adduce many proofs that most of the great virtuosos of our time preserve their independence less strictly than the great musicians in times of perfect absolutism. When any slight is shown to themselves personally, they are certainly very brave, but they do not defend art.

Let us now consider the position of a musician in relation to the German aristocracy. Apart from the advantages of birth, and the best education, on which points sufficient has been said, for and against, the aristocracy appear to the artist as that stratum of society most likely to entertain idealistic views. However perverted these may be, they are more consonant with his own feelings than that eudæmonism founded upon pecuniary gain, which calculates the value of everything by what it will fetch. The musician's ambition, too, may be inflamed by the thought that he, as one of the nobility of the mind, may be more highly appreciated than others by the aristocracy of birth. But in these views, though based upon correct assumptions, and in this indulgence of ambition, lies the greatest danger. The artist, and more especially the musician, is far too prone to forget that he is a man of labour, and moreover of the most exclusive labour; far too prone to forget, in the moment of success, that music is simply a means of electric connection between him and persons of a superior rank. Just as electricity produces that inexplicable phenomenon by which heterogenous bodies are momentarily united, though separated immediately the phenomenon ceases, the wonderful fluid of music forms an immensely attractive power between the executive musician and many persons at a distance from him. He must not, therefore, be astonished if these persons, whom he has found entranced and amiable after one of his performances, observe, at another moment, when they do not meet him as a musician, only the most superficial forms of politeness.—There is at work in the aristocracy that element peculiar to it, which Grillparzer once defined as the "half poetry so dangerous to the whole," and the effect of which is at one and the same time, magical, seductive, and—wearing. Many and many a man of eminent talents has, from his easily explicable love for aristocratic society, been placed in a state of antagonism to his artistic convictions, and not to be reconciled with them, those convictions which point to abnegation and contemplation. We must not, however, confound the aristocracy with the fashionable world as it is termed. The former is an order, a firmly connected whole; the latter is an amalgam, a sort of essence of the aristocracy, of diplomacy, of plutocracy, and of other ingredients, which possesses no principle of its own, and the great object of which is to get something out of every four-and-twenty hours; to amuse itself, no matter in what manner—to-day at a concert; to-morrow at a rout; the day after at an oratorio; and the day after that at a performance of *La belle Hélène*. Many poets and prose writers have written on this same fashionable society, and I will here quote the opinion of those who formed one from their own experience. Goethe says:

"Gute Gesellschaft hab' ich gesehen, man nennt sie die gute,
Wenn sie zum kleinsten Gedicht keine Gelegenheit giebt."

Byron observes:

"In the great world—which being interpreted,
Meaneth the west, or worst, end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people, bred
By no means to be very wise or witty."

Bulwer's opinion runs thus:

"The distinguishing mark of well-bred people is the composure with which they do everything: they eat with composure, drink with composure, quarrel with composure, and lose their wife with composure, while other persons make a noise at all things alike."*

These quotations may, it is true, be set down as outbursts of ironical humour on the part of the above great poets; I will, therefore, cite some serious passages intended to be laudatory, from a book written by a man of fashion for the world of fashion. A Baron Mortemart-Boisse, Comte de Marle, in 1857 chamberlain of his Royal Highness, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, published a book, *La Vie élégante des Gens du Monde* (Hachette, Paris). In it we read that Count d'Orsay, the model of fashion in his time, spent one pound nineteen a-day for gloves (I knew the Count after 1850, and then he could not well have afforded three shillings for the purpose); furthermore, the book contains an exceedingly detailed description of hunting costume, and of the correct manner of eating oysters; while, lastly, at page 248, in a eulogy of Paris, as the first city in the universe, are the remarkable words: "Schiller, with his naïve and hyperbolical genius has said:

'Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
Es giebt nur ein Wien'—

yet Paris will always, &c., &c." It is a significant fact that, when treating of fashionable life, the worthy Baron *never once* refers to music. I am almost inclined to take this as a compliment, or as an indirect hint to the musician that he had better not endeavour to belong to the world of fashion. Even should he hazard the attempt, he must make up his mind to be disregarded by the plutocracy, for they are decidedly a component part of the fashionable world. All the young sprigs of the nobility of the gold-bag, the barons of the price-current lists, the cotton lords, who patronize music, because it is an article of luxury, and because a party is kept together by music better than by anything else—all those people who flock to wherever the nobility is assembled, all such people belong to the fashionable world. The artist must learn to distinguish; he must not confound the plutocrats who would play the Mecænas with the rich merchant, who, after having been actively employed in business all day, seeks, in the evening, to derive from music excitement and recreation for himself and family—a man of this description belongs to the middle classes—but all those who have been pitch-forked upwards, the successful building speculators, who would now pass, like others, for political personages, the bold gamblers of the stock exchange, and even the half-learned, who, thanks to a rich marriage, have suddenly come into money, and (in the eyes of many) great artistic knowledge—such choice specimens of the immortal race of parvenus belong to the plutocracy, among whom they find a welcome and a justification. They will always find, too, men connected with art who pay them court, and towards whom they can give themselves the air of Mecænates.

But to speak accurately it cannot be said that they merely give themselves the air of Mecænates; they exhibit a real similarity to the celebrated friend of the Emperor Augustus, to the man whom Horace so often sang, and whose name has descended as an inheritance upon every patron of art even down to the present day. What Tacitus said about him in his *Annals* I will not quote, because the great Roman historian was a man who would have nothing to do with the fashionable world. Other and less severe judges, however, among the historians gave us a picture of him that exactly suits our present patrons of art. He possessed a profound knowledge of precious stones, and everything appertaining to dress; he was the first to introduce the ballet—and what a ballet—at Rome, but whether from love for the art of dancing or for the dancers, is a point that cannot be with certainty determined. He was one of the most competent authorities on the culinary art, and, according to Pliny, himself invented a peculiarly delicate dish. At his richly furnished table, all witty fellows, all amusing individuals, were welcome, but, *above all*, Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, the latter of whom played as great a part as any virtuoso of the present day. Horace describes him as a man who, at one

* As I have not a copy of Lord Lytton's works by me as I write, I do not give the above quotation as the *ipissima verba* in the original English; it is merely a rendering of Herr Ehrlich's German version of the latter.—J. V. Bridgeman.

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time, walked solemnly about, as though the prosperity of the universe were resting on his shoulders, and, at another, flew along the street, as if running from his enemies; who now had his mouth crammed with the names of potentates and tetrarchs, and then affected an air of modesty, being contented with a small can of Sabine wine in simple, unpretending company—a man whom the vagabond brotherhood of boon companions valued as an amiable man: *quippe benignus erat!*—Really this Tigellius was the very ideal of a modern singer at some Royal or ducal court! After Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, Horace and Virgil were, it is true, the favourites of Mecænas, who was fond of conversing with poets. He made the former a present of a small estate, which, according to Suetonius, was worth about a tithe of what he had thrown away on Tigellius and Bathyllus. Virgil, who had lost all his property in the war, he recommended to Augustus and the latter gave him, also, a small estate, for which the poet, in the *Bucolica*, praised him as a God: "*Deus mihi hæc otia fecit.*" Another point of resemblance between the Roman Mecænas and the Mecænates of our own time deserving of especial notice is: that his intercourse with poets and scholars had no influence upon his own mental culture, and that in prose, as in verse, his style was either bombastic or trivial. Of a truth, the genuine artist can have no greater gratification than to hear certain people considered Mecænates.

But, Heaven be thanked, art is no longer compelled to appeal to this class. It has friends and admirers who work to advance its interest all the more profitably because they do so without ostentation. Many a man, of whom the fashionable world knows nothing, pours out his offerings with an open hand upon the altar of art—and many a man who belongs to art avoids talking of what he does. Tigellii and Bathylli are as well adapted for the Mecænates of the present day, as they were, nine hundred years ago, for the founder of the name. But the true musician is now-a-day a citizen of the world—and he certainly must expect less from individuals, if he would regard himself as belonging to all.

FROM COLOGNE.

The next novelty at our Sommer theater will be the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, rappresented by the charming Fräulein Fischer from Vienna. Our Conservatoire is going to lose the Marchesis. After an absence of seven years, Madame de Marchesi has received the flattering invitation to resume her ancient position of first singing mistress at the Conservatoire of Vienna. Therefore she will leave Cologne on September next, and settle once more in the Austrian capital. Signor de Marchesi has accepted the position as professor for the superior singing classess for ladies and gentlemen at the Conservatoire of Cologne, but only untill April 1869. when he will also go to Vienna. Mr. Ullmann has just descovered a new prominent musical Star in Vienna: a joung and handsome Hungarian, possessing a splendid Soprano, and being highly gifted. This future musical celebrity has been confided to the tuition and care of Mme. de Marchesi in Cologne. On the occasion of the 80. years jubilee of the University of Bonn, which will take place on the third of august next, a great Cantata for solos, chorus, Orchestro, and Organ, expressly composed by F. Hiller, will be executed in the Cathedral of the Said Town, under the direction of the Composer. The great *Fête*, which will last three days, promises to be a very brilliant one. More than 600 Professors, and Doctors from the different Universities of Germany are invited, and the Prince of Prussia will preside at the meetings.—Yours faithfully,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Cologne, the 11th July.

Shuter Silver across the Operas.

SIR,—Madame Rey-Balla, announced to appear on Monday night, at the Royal Italian Opera, for the first time, as Selika in *L'Africaine*, was prevented from doing so by indisposition. In place of *L'Africaine*, *Faust* was performed, with Signor Naudin in the part of the hero, and Mdlle. Vanzini in that of the heroine. The character of Mephistophiles was, as usual, represented by M. Petit.

The old system of benefits, supposed to be exploded, seems to be reviving at our Italian Opera-houses. Mdlle. Lucca went through the form of a benefit before deserting London for the more invigorating Interlachen. Mdlle. Patti, for whatever place she may be bound, will, I feel assured, take a benefit before wishing us farewell. The same custom prevails at Her Majesty's as at the Royal Italian Opera and from Mr. Mapleson's, as from Mr. Gye's establishment, no great singer is allowed to depart without making a formal adieu to the public. On Monday night it was Signor Mongini, in most respects the very first tenor of the day, who appealed specially to the audience of Her Majesty's Opera on his own merits. Naturally, there was a very full attendance, and Signor Mongini being in good voice (as he always is) and in good spirits, as in such an opera as *Il Trovatore*, it must be somewhat difficult invariably to be, the tenor part was in particular admirably sung. Let this, however, take nothing away from the glory of Mdlle. Tietjens, the incomparable Leonora of the opera, nor of Mr. Santley, the unrivalled Count di Luna. I may add that the part of the Gipsy Azucena was filled most effectively and with wonderful spirit by Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, and that the whole performance went as well as a performance ought to go under the auspices and direction of so experienced and able a *chef d'orchestre* as Signor Arditi.

Shuter Silver.

["If no more why so much?"—as Lord Grizzle says to the ghost of King Arthur, in Harry Fielding's inimitable *Thumb*. Mr. Silver should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.—A. S. S.]

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I send you by this post the programme of an excellent selection of music performed by the splendid band of the 62nd Regiment, and conducted by the talented veteran Mr. Carey, who is well known to several gentlemen connected with the *Musical World*. The grand march "Indienne," the overture to *Zampa*, a fantasia entitled "Reminiscences of Meyerbeer," and the *valse*, "Venus reigen," by Gung'l, were the most attractive pieces, and indeed I may say, with justice, were played in first-rate style. This excellent band performed in the new orchestra erected on the Navigation Wall, and the promenade was attended by all the *élite* of Cork and the neighbourhood—and I am happy to tell you that Cork still keeps up its celebrity for beautiful girls. Cork is also celebrated for musical amateurs; amongst the most distinguished are—Miss Gibbings, daughter of Colonel Gibbings, Mrs. William Bennett, Mrs. Barrington, Miss Wheeler, the Misses Bolster; Mr. Atkins, Mr. Perry, Mr. Lindsay, &c. &c. The vocal compositions of Arditi, Ganz, A. Sullivan, and G. B. Allen are very popular, and I have heard some of the compositions of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger charmingly sung by Mrs. William Bennett and Mrs. Barrington.

Au revoir, I'm off to Killarney.

IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

Royal Hotel, Cork, July 14.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I believe the Royal Academy of Music to have been most undeservedly abused, and its pupils insulted; therefore, it would be well if some of the gentlemen and ladies who have received their musical education therein would now come forward in its defence.

For my own part, I am ready to take a share in the battle by challenging any of the former or present pupils of any of the musical institutions in Europe, to a friendly contest in the branches of music I have made my particular study—that is, pianoforte playing and composition. There are many far more distinguished pupils, in the same branches, than myself, and I trust they will come forward and prove to the world that our national institution for music is at least equal to any similar institution on the Continent for producing *musici ns*. Some of our enemies have been foolish enough to ask how it is we have never produced such men as Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., &c.; a counter question will answer it—How many such men have the Continental Academies produced? And further: How many of their great men can the Continental countries boast of as having been educated at all in their *Conservatoires?* I think they will find that neither Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Handel, Rossini, &c., received their education in any of the institutions that have been so often named as examples for us.

I am anxious that this should not be taken as a boasting challenge, therefore, at present, I sign my name, PIANO.

["Piano" will suffice, the handwriting of the gentleman who assumes this *nom de guerre* being well known to A. S. S.]

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S TRAINING COLLEGE, BATTERSEA.—For the annual concert the music selected was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, followed by some pleasing part-songs. The choir contained about one hundred voices, the soprano part being taken by the Chapel Royal boys, and picked boys from the local choirs. The beautiful quartet, "God is a Spirit," was rendered with great delicacy and encored. The singing throughout was remarkably good and was warmly applauded. Professor Hullah conducted.

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L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Thirty-five Guineas.

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.

DEATH.

Recently, at his residence, Villa des lac de Côme, Monza (three months after the death of his wife), Signor Stigelli, the well-known tenor vocalist.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

THE ELECTRIC ORGAN.

An application of electricity to organ mechanism has just been perfected, which amounts to a revolution in the construction of the royal instrument. It supplies the one thing required to overcome difficulties which have been vainly struggled against for years with much patient ingenuity. Henceforth, no such difficulties need exist, and what was the weakness of the organ may be made its strength.

To estimate the good accomplished it will be necessary to glance at the evil removed. Part of this is found in the obligation imposed on the organist of sitting close to the body of his instrument. The position involved several disadvantages, one of which must be familiar to every frequenter of our cathedral services. There is no greater drawback to the musical part of those services (except, perhaps, the perfunctory style in which they are usually performed), than the clashing between organist and choir, made inevitable by the separation of one from the other. Perched in a gallery far away from his voices, and deafened by the noise he himself makes, the cathedral organist has no chance of accommodating himself to the choir, or of estimating the effect of their united exertions. The result is raggedness, frequent errors of judgment, or sins against good taste, and much vexation of spirit all round. Another disadvantage of the ordinary position is that the performer can have but a very faint notion of the impression made by what he does. We hardly exaggerate in saying that an organist who has never heard his instrument played by other hands has never heard it at all. The reason is as obvious as that a man who only looks at a picture with his nose to the canvas cannot know much about its beauties. Many attempts have been made to remedy these defects. Cumbrous systems of trackers (always getting out of order) have been devised to separate the player from his instrument, and ingenious scientific apparatus has been used to lighten the touch thus necessarily made heavy. But the evil defied all attempts at removal till the very recent day when Mr. Barker (of pneumatic action fame), applied the electric spark. Now it matters not where the organist sits. In point of fact he may put his key-board and pedal frame on wheels, splice on a sufficient length of cable, shift his battery, and have a fresh place every Sunday if it pleases him. Wherever he may be he has complete command over his instrument. From the other end of the church—or, for the matter of that, from the other end of the county—it yields docile and instant obedience to his slightest touch.

We need hardly say that the advantage thus gained secures other desirable results. The abominable "organ chambers," now so common, in which instruments, pleasant to see and hear, are boxed up till they can be heard but imperfectly, and scarcely seen at all, have not a shadow of excuse, now that the organist is independent of his organ's position. Effects are possible, also, that could not be thought of previously. One part of the instrument, for example, might be erected in the chancel and another at the opposite end of the building; or, it might be divided like the choir it leads, into *Decanus* and *Cantorus*, or a portion might be built high up in the roof—anywhere, in fact, according to the exigencies of the case. Again, in concert-halls the player will now be able to sit near and facing his conductor, thus rendering unnecessary the effort of gazing into a constantly bedimmed mirror. But one might go on for a long time without exhausting the improvements made possible by Mr. Barker's invention.

The foregoing remarks are suggested, legitimately enough, by the theory of the case. Granting that an organ can be played through a bundle of insulated wires, they follow as a matter of course. But, in this instance, what theory suggests practice has triumphantly proved. The electric organ is an accomplished fact, and a performer—shade of Jubal, that such a thing should be!—has discoursed sweet music upon it through five miles of wire. We hear that Mr. Barker has erected one of forty-two stops, in the Parisian church of St. Augustin, and another near Marseilles; while in London, as our readers know, the Messrs. Bryceson (who represent the patentee in this country), have built a third, for the use of Her Majesty's Opera. Of the first two we can say nothing, while, with regard to the last, it would be quite enough to state that it gives entire satisfaction to Mr. Pittman, the eminent organist at Drury Lane. A favourable verdict from such an authority is conclusive as to the merits of the invention.

Messrs. Bryceson's instrument is but the swell (with pedal) of a large one not yet completed. It has, consequently, only a single row of keys, placed at one side of the orchestra. The batteries are beneath the floor, where, also, the cable runs on its way to the organ, which is built in the "flies" on the O. P. side. This cable consists of as many insulated wires as there are notes in the registers. As soon as the key in connection with either of these is touched the electric current is complete, a magnet becomes excited, the corresponding pallet is opened, and the pipe speaks. We need not say that this series of operations is instantaneous, and it will readily be understood that the touch required is the lightest possible. With regard to the latter point we can conceive no greater luxury for an organist than to play upon an electric instrument after labouring at one of the ordinary kind. The keys move as easily under the fingers as a Broadwood grand, and the answer is as prompt. To what extent this enlarges the capacity of the instrument will at once be recognized. It revolutionizes organ playing nearly as much as Mr. Barker's invention revolutionizes organ building. But the foregoing is not all the mechanical advantage gained. Both the swell pedal and stops work by the same means and with the same ease, thus securing to the performer the maximum of comfort. In point of fact there is not a mechanical difficulty connected with the instrument that electricity does not at once set aside.

That so important and valuable an invention would find prompt

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acceptance might have been anticipated. Already we hear of several organs—among them the fine instrument belonging to St. Peter's, Cornhill—being fitted with the necessary apparatus. How long will it be before every cathedral in the land will follow this example? We fear a good while; but, meantime, the less unwieldy and less conservative parish churches will do well to go on taking advantage of the most important reform ever known in the history of the "king of instruments."

—o—

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, the *Barbiere* (Patti and Mario).

On Monday, *Faust* (Mdlle. Vanzini and Naudin—in lieu of the *Africaine*, put off on account of the illness of Madame Rey-Balla.

On Tuesday, *Romeo e Giulietta* (Patti and Mario)—last time this season.

On Wednesday, *Rigoletto* (Vanzini and Chelli—his second appearance)—last time this season.

On Friday, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Fricci, Vanzini, Graziani, and Fancelli—as the Duke)—in place of *La Sonnambula*, Mdlle. Patti being indisposed.

To-night, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Patti)—last time this season.

—o—

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *Faust* (Nilsson and Fiorensi).

On Monday, *Il Trovatore* (Tietjens, Mongini, Santley, Trebelli), for the benefit of Signor Mongini—first time.

On Tuesday, *Lucia* (Nilsson).

On Wednesday (Mr. Mapleson's benefit at the Crystal Palace), a grand concert and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tietjens, Kellogg, Trebelli, Santley, Gassier, &c.)

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Santley, Fiorini, Bettini, &c.)

To-night, *Il Flauto Magico*—first time).

—o—

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A *soirée musicale* was given at Addison College, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park, W., on Tuesday evening, by the young lady pupils, which was attended with the greatest success. The first part consisted of Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, the solos in which were sung by Miss Jackman, Miss Nicolas, Messrs. Tietkens, Gregory Smith, and Mr. May, the choruses being taken by the students of the college, with the assistance of gentlemen amateurs. At the close the applause was deservedly loud and hearty. The second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Gregory Smith sang a new song of his own with effect. Abt's part-song, "Gipsies we," and Brinley Richards' "So merrily over," with Rossini's "Il Carnavali" (encored), well merited the applause they received. Miss Higginbottom, in a pianoforte solo by Vincent Wallace, was loudly applauded, as were also Miss Younghusband and Miss C. Douglas. The Misses Needham, L. Douglas, and Jackman were received with equal favour. Miss Lewis, the lady principal of the college, has reason to be proud of the evening's success. Mr. Westaway Force, Mr. E. Prout, B.A., and Herr Lehmeyer were the conductors.

Mdlle. Leonora Tourier gave her first *soirée musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms, on Thursday week, to a crowded audience. Mdlle. L. Tourier has a fine voice, which she displayed to advantage in Coenen's "Lovely Spring," an air with variations by Proch, and the popular duet, "I'm an Alsatian." Miss Goodall, a rising singer, gave Bevignani's "To him I gave my heart," effectively; and Madame Amelia May Rolt, Hatton's "Sing, pretty Bird." Mr. Wallace Wells gave "The Bay of Biscay" with much spirit; and Mdlle. Mela and Signor Bellini sang one or two Italian vocal pieces acceptably. Mr. W. Ganz played his own "Qui Vive Galop," as well as a transcription of his "Nightingale Trill;" and Herr Oberthür his "Souvenir de Londres," and (with Mr. Bambridge) his *duo* for harp and pianoforte on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdlle. Liebé contributed two violin solos, which were well received; as was also Signor Calderazzi's solo on the "melodium à coup harmonique." Mr. Bambridge was the conductor. —B. B.

Herr and Madame Sauerbrey gave their annual evening concert on the 26th ult., at the Beethoven Rooms, with much success. Beethoven's sonata in E flat (Op. 12) for pianoforte and violin was well played by Herr Sauerbrey and Signor Risegari, both executants being heard to much advantage. Madame Sauerbrey in "Voi che sapete," "Or la sull' onda," "Das Fischermädchen," and in some concerted vocal pieces, gave much pleasure to the audience. Miss Marian Rock, a pupil of Herr Sauerbrey, played some pianoforte solos clearly and brilliantly, more especially Weber's "Il moto continuo," which was loudly applauded. Mdlle. Clara Doria gained an encore for the grand *aria* from *Anna Bolena*, Mr. Vernon Rigby received a similar favour in Benedict's "Nulla da te," and Mdlle. Liebhart in "Little bird, so sweetly singing," was loudly applauded, as was Mdlle. Theresa Liebé in her violin solo. Mdlle. Sandrina, Miss Marie Boutall, and Mr. Lewis Thomas also contributed to the success of the concert. Messrs. Allan, Lehmeyer, and Herr Sauerbrey were accompanists.—B. B.

Mdlle. Annetta Zuliani gave a concert on Monday evening, which was fully attended. She sang (with Signor Caravoglia) the duet "Dunque io son," Meyerbeer's "Robert o tu," a new ballad by E. L. Hime, "Come to me over the Sea" (composed expressly for her), and (with Mdlle. Mela and Signor Caravoglia) the *terzetto* from *I Lombardi*, in all of which she gave much satisfaction. The concert-giver was assisted by Fraulein Augusta Melhorn, who sang Rossini's "Sombre Forêts," and Ganz's "Nightingale Trill;" and Mr. Chaplin Henry, who was heard to advantage in "The Millwheel." Mr. W. Ganz played one of his brilliant pianoforte solos, as also did Signor Tito Mattei; and Aptomma, in a harp solo by Parish Alvars, and his own arrangement of Irish melodies, made a great impression. In addition to the foregoing, Mdlle. Mela and Signor Caravoglia sang several popular pieces. Messrs. Ganz, Pilotti, and Mela were the conductors.—B. B.

Signor Risegari, the well-known violinist, gave a concert on Monday evening, which was well attended. Signor Risegari, in conjunction with Signor Tito Mattei and M. Albert, played Mendelssohn's D minor trio in excellent style; he also introduced a solo by Vieuxtemps, and an *elégie* by Bazzini, in all of which he displayed genuine talent. A Mdlle. Marvaldi made her first appearance, and sang one or two airs remarkably well. The Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria gave a duet by Weber, and the latter was encored in her own new and charming little song, "I Dream of Spring." Mr. Lewis Thomas sang Mozart's "Qui sdegno," with his usual effect; and Mdlle. Mela, in Mattei's "Non e ver," Mdlle. Florence Lancia in an *aria* by Meyerbeer, as well as Mdlle. Clara Doria and Miss Fanny Holland in other solos, were rewarded with much applause. Herr Fittig was encored in a zither solo, and Signori Tito Mattei and Bevignani played a brilliant duet by the latter on a tarantella. Signori Li Calsi and Bevignani were the conductors. —B. B.

Miss Kathleen Ryan, a young pianist of high promise, gave her first concert at St. George's Hall on Friday evening. The programme was an excellent one, and of very liberal dimensions—almost too liberal, indd, for an ente-tainment taking place at night. The public, however, seldom feels that it has too much of a good thing, and on this occasion commanded encores and recalls quite as profusely as if the arrangements had erred on the side of brevity, and there was a danger that the end might arrive too soon. Miss Ryan received the most hearty co-operation and support throughout the evening from a large number of popular vocal and instrumental artists, whose names were as follow:—Mdmes. Trebelli-Bettini and Florence Lancia; Mdlles. Clara Louise Kellogg, Sinico, Liebhart, Rose Hersee, Shinkwin, and Dorovani; Messrs. Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, Foli, Santley, and Mongini—all vocalists; Frederick Chatterton, harpist; and Herr Ludwig Straus, violonist. A select detachment from Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir was also in attendance, and, under the guidance of Mr. J. G. Callcott, supplied some admirable part-singing. Miss Kathleen Ryan's most ambitious effort was the *Andante con variazione* from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, in connection with which she displayed the valuable qualities of a very delicate touch, strict attention to time, and an expressive power highly praiseworthy in so young a pianist. The violin portion of the work was sustained by Herr Straus—whose name is a guarantee for every excellence—and both artists were much applauded at the conclusion of the movement. Miss Ryan's solo pieces were Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," a "Schlummerlied" by Schumann, Heller's "Die Forelle," Weber's "La Gaité," and Ascher's transcription of "Alice, where art thou?" The last-named piece was given by general desire, and obtained a unanimous recall for the clever executant. Mdlle. Kellogg sang the new vocal waltz, by Arditi, which bears her own name, and the old ditty, "I know a Maiden," to her own accompaniment (the last encored). Madame Trebelli gave an *aria* by Verdi magnificently, and substituted "Il Segreto" as an encore. Mr. Santley excited the usual *furore* by "O ruddier than the cherry," and on being recalled a second time, gave Arditi's "Stirrup Cup," and Mdlle. Sinico sang "Qui la voce." Mr. Foli's song, "The Diver," Signor Mongini's "Barcarole" (from *Masaniello*), and Signor Gardoni's "Chemin du Paradis" (by Blumenthal), all created a remarkable impression. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Arditi, Pilotti, Raimo, Frank Mori, Allen, and Carter.—*Morning Star.*

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PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN WEST.—On Saturday week a new organ was opened at the church here. A choral service took place on the occasion, and the sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Worcester. The church was specially decorated at either end with flowers and religious mottoes. The organ, which has two complete sets of manuals and separate pedal organ, was built by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester. The following is a specification of it:—

GREAT ORGAN.—CC to F, 54 Notes.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Open Diapason, metal	8	54	5. Principal, metal	4	54
2. Dulciana Tenor, C, metal	8	42	6. Wald Flute, wood	4	54
3. Stop Diapason, Bass, wood	8	54	7. Preparation for Fifteenth.		
4. Stop Diapason, Treble, wood	8	54	8. Preparation for Sesquialtra.		

SWELL ORGAN.—Tenor C to F, 42 Notes.

1. Bell Diapason, metal	8	42	4. Preparation for Hautboy.		
2. Stop Diapason, wood	8	42	5. Preparation for Bourdon.		
3. Principal, metal	4	42			

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC to F, 31 Notes.

1. Bourdon, wood	16	30

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great. | 2. Swell to Pedals.

Two octaves and a half of German pedals (radiating).
Three Composition Pedals to Great Organ.

The instrument is regarded as a decided success, and most happily adapted to the size and acoustic qualities of the building. The first choral service executed by the choir was not expected to be perfect. There was, however, sufficient evidence of ability amongst the singers to give promise of considerable proficiency hereafter. Mr. Cheese of Amershaw, Bucks, who happened to be on a visit, kindly gave his valuable assistance as organist, and handled the instrument in a masterly style.—The Bishop selected as his text 1 John iv. 24. The collection for the organ fund amounted to £16 10s. 7½d.

MALVERN.—The annual festival of the Associated Choirs was held on Thursday week in the Priory Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A Faber, M.A., head master of the college, and the dinner was held in the concert room at one o'clock. The affair came off rather suddenly, and it would have been better for the committee to have given a little more notice of it, especially as they wished to get a large attendance.

OXFORD.—An exercise for the degree of Mus. Doc., composed by Mr. James C. Marks, Mus. Bac., of Magdalen Hall, was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre a few days since. The exercise is a work of great merit, and was very ably performed. The solos were allotted to members of the New College Choir, Mr. Smith taking the alto parts, Mr. Allman the tenor, and Mr. Ramsbottom the bass. Mr. Heneker acted as leader of the band, and the talented composer of the exercise, who is, we understand, organist of Cork Cathedral, presided at the harmonium and conducted the performance, which was much applauded. The Vice-Chancellor occupied the official chair, and Dr. Corfe and the Senior Proctor were also present. Considering that we are now in the Long Vacation, the attendance in the theatre was very large.

Three Meetings.

(By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

Oh the happy meeting from over the sea;
When I love my friend, and my friend loves me:
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between shy, anxious, half strange,
As if asking, "Say, now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be—
Since I love my friend, and my friend loves me.

Oh! the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom Fate has done all that Fate could do,
And then dropped, conquered—while over those slain,
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air:
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall cover softly this face of mine,
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go,
Until, eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

REVIEWS.

The Cloister. Meditation for the pianoforte. By SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

MR. SMITH here shows himself in a quieter and more tender mood than usual. "The Cloister" proves, if proof were needed, that the popular writer of drawing-room music can be as gracefully sentimental as pleasantly vivacious. It is not at all difficult.

Orphée aux Enfers. Deuxième Fantaisie sur l'operetta de J. Offenbach, pour piano, par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE lovers of Offenbach's music, that is to say people of high and low degree (more's the pity), will gladly welcome this fantasia. It contains several of the more favourite numbers from the opera, arranged with clearness, simplicity, and effect.

Sleigh Bells. A Canadian Reminiscence, for the pianoforte. By SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A CAPITAL piece of its kind: characteristic, lively, and pleasing. It deserves to be as successful as any of Mr. Smith's compositions.

A Dream of Enchantment. Nocturne for the pianoforte. By E. L. HIME. [London: Duff & Stewart]

A GRACEFUL theme, surrounded with showy adornments, likely to be a favourite with those who like a mingling of grace and show.

Vive la Joie. Mazurka caprice pour piano, par EDOUARD SAUERBREY. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A LIVELY and well-constructed trifle, above the average of its kind.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 6. Vol. 2. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THE number for the present month opens with a recitative and air, "Joy cometh in the morning," by J. Hullah, which calls for no compliment. A "Meditation for Piano," written by Henry Parker, and called "The Sabbath Eve," follows. It contains a pleasing, if not very original melody. Passing over a commonplace hymn tune, by J. W. Elliott, we have only to say of a sacred song, by W. F. Taylor, that it by no means eclipses the composer's Christy Minstrel ballads. Altogether the number is hardly equal to its predecessors in point of merit, a position from which even an arrangement of the prayer from *Mose*, by Herr L. Engel does not redeem it.

A Sister's Love. Ballad. By CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Duff & Stewart.

A GRACEFUL and pleasant trifle from the pen of the accomplished author of *Faust*, which will be popular everywhere. It is adapted either for tenor or soprano voices.

Memories. Song. Verses by J. C. HARMAN, Esq.; music by GORDON SAUNDERS. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

AN easy and graceful ballad—music and words being above the average.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house. Full Anthem for Four Voices. Composed by BERTHOLD TOURS. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THIS is an anthem worth notice. In construction both of melody and harmony it shows the hand of a musician. We have nothing for it but hearty commendation.

MR. MAPLESON'S benefit at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday (afternoon and evening) was a most brilliant affair. It began with a concert, conducted by Signor Arditi, in which all the principal singers of Her Majesty's Opera took part, and ended (we don't speak of fireworks, &c.), with a performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the usual "cast," allowing for one exception—the substitution of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, for Mdlle. Nilsson, in the part of Cherubino. Further particulars in our next.

A CONCERT BY BLIND BOYS.—At the first annual speech day of the Worcester College for the blind sons of gentlemen, a selection of music was performed by the pupils, in a style which reflected the highest credit on their instructors, Messrs. Done and Hughes. We subjoin the programme, several items in which prove that the teachers are men who appreciate the classical style, and that the pupils must be of at least equal intelligence with those who "have eyes:"—Duet, pianoforte, overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; solos, pianoforte, "Nightingale Quadrilles," Lemoine; solo, pianoforte, *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book. 1, No. 1, Mendelssohn; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in E flat, Op. 11, Clementi; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in F, Op. 12, Mozart; part-song, "The Hardy Norseman," Pearsall; concerto, pianoforte, "Consolation," in B flat, Dussek. It would be difficult to find an ordinary grammar school, which could provide a similar entertainment.—*The Choir.*

PESTH.—Herr A. von Adelburg's opera *Zrinyi*, lately produced with marked success, continues to increase in public favour. The local critics are unanimous in their praise of it.

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"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG."*

(*Concluded from page* 489.)

The libretto of *Die Meistersinger* is rich in *situations;* the musician was doubtless satisfied with the poet, but the inexorable critic has some very grave objections to make in the name of logic and probability. At what period did that wonderful person live, that inhabitant of Nuremburg, that thorough-bred burgher, who put his daughter up to competition, instead of simply giving her to the man she loved, and whom he himself would have liked for a son-in-law? But, on the other hand, had Pogner behaved thus reasonably, there would have been no *Meistersinger*, and we should, no doubt, have had to wait a long time before knowing how Wagner represented fun. The second act, which plays entirely in the street where Pogner and Hans Sachs reside, is filled up with scenes of which the utility may be strongly questioned. If it had been relieved of these incumbrances, and if the author could have included in it some of the superfluous matter in the third act, which is far from being deficient in interest, but which lasts nearly two hours, a healthy equilibrium would have been established, and the public would have been spared an amount of physical fatigue which cannot fail to exert some influence upon their impressions.

Wagner's comicality is neither the *marivaudage* of most of our comic operas, nor the absurd farcical stuff which has usurped the name of buffo opera; it is the high class gaiety of Shakespeare and Molière, without the coarse expressions. The scene in which Beckmesser receives striking marks of the indignation felt by the citizens who have been disturbed in their sleep, excited, at the performance, Homeric laughter. But, during all the noise, where can have been the watchman, who appears, half asleep, at the end of the act, when perfect order has been restored, simply to drawl out his monotonous cry? The fourth scene of the second act, between Hans Sachs and Eva, is treated with considerable delicacy, though it is too long. As for Walther whom the author has charged with expounding his own ideas upon the renovation of art, he would never think of joking; he is enthusiastic, full of passion, sometimes grave, and never quitting the Lydian Mode.

The musical plan followed by Wagner in his new work differs a little from that pursued in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan*, but not so much as the title of comic opera would had us to believe. There is no characteristic phrase announcing each personage; there are some passages with a bold frank rhythm, and some perfect cadences, though these latter are, it is true, very rare, but there is everywhere about the same amount of "endless melody," without any palpable form; harmony as little natural as possible, and which frequently defies analysis; periods without any termination, an entanglement of the various parts resembling counterpoint caricatured—and then, suddenly, in the midst of all this chaos, a charmingly clear passage or so, or a powerful idea grandly expressed.

In all this we search in vain for an opportunity of exercising that facility of comprehension, which, according to Wagner himself, ought to be one of the principal conditions of the Beautiful in a dramatic work; as to the quality most nearly related to it, namely simplicity, it is entirely out of the question—the adepts of the new school would laugh in our very faces at the idea of such a thing—as is also unity, removed, as they are at the present day from the pedestal on which Winkelmann placed them. It is upon other bases, more solid without doubt, that the new system of æsthetics is established. It happens, however, that exactly the very passages in which the Beautiful bursts forth in Wagner's work, are those where, escaping from the restraint he has imposed upon himself, he condescends to remain within reach of those simple persons who have learnt to feel in the school of Beethoven and of Weber; for instance, the finales of the first and third acts of *Lohengrin*, the marriage march, the air of Lohengrin on his departure, many passages in *Tannhäuser*, &c. If the avowed object of the innovators is to *democratise* art, will they not attain that object more easily by the above pieces, to which Wagner perhaps attaches only trifling importance, than by the vague echoes of the "melody of the forest?" The master's disciples will certainly reply, like Liszt, that one must be specially gifted to appreciate beauties of this description—and that they are so gifted. To this there is no answer, without continually turning in a circle.

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

The prelude to *Die Meistersinger* is more developed than, but very inferior to, that of *Lohengrin*. It is built upon the motive sung by Pogner in the first act, where he declares his intention of giving his daughter to the victor in the tourney: "Ein Meistersinger muss es sein," taken up again by Walther, in the fifth scene of the second act, and on the march which accompanies the entrance of the master-singers. The scene of the meeting in the church and Walther's song in the first act, the scene between Hans Sachs and Eva, the serenade, in which Beckmesser, strumming on his lute, despatches his sighs and amorous hiccoughs to Eva's maid, disguised in her mistress's garments, and the *finale* to the second act; Walther's dream, which he will repeat subsequently at the public meeting, in the second tableau of the third act; the waltz movement towards the beginning of the last *finale*, and the entire scene of the competition, may be cited as the principal pages of the score. The two melodies sung by Walther, at each of his ordeals before the master-singers, are charming, and atone for very many errors in taste.

I shall have doubtless to modify my first impression, for it is impossible for any one to decide at once on the bearing of a work by Wagner. From my present views, however, hasty as they are, I arrive at the conviction that comic opera, has nothing to gain from being transported to this ground, if its name and character are to be preserved, unless we would end in a hybrid production in which all styles shall be united, as perhaps we may do at no distant period.

At present I will make a few observations on the performance. It was on Sunday, the 21st June, that *Die Meistersinger*, so impatiently expected, was given for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Munich. The public, very reserved at first, rose gradually to the pitch of enthusiasm; Wagner, seated by the side of his royal friend, Louis II., was called forward several times. The performance lasted no less than five hours, and, if Wagner had not avoided those tiring repetitions of the words, which stop the action even in our best operas, who can say at what awful hour for German habits, Hans Sachs would have finished his politico-artistic tirade, which was so little expected? The concerted pieces, thanks to this precaution, are comparatively short. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no spoken dialogue.—The labour of studying the work, long and carefully directed by a great musician, Hans von Bülow, devoted to Wagner body and soul, resulted in a magnificent execution of it. Nachbaur (Walther), Betz (Hans Sachs), Bausewein (Pogner), Schlosser (David), Hölzl (Beckmesser), Mesdames Mallinger (Eva), and Diez (Madeleine), the chorus, and the orchestra, were admirable, and it is no small merit to sing appropriately music so overcharged and so twisted about, where both mind and ear are continually seeking some point of support so as not to be out of tune. Hans von Bülow, erect in the middle of the orchestra, conducted without scarcely casting his eyes upon the score, which was open before him; he knows the enormous volume, *rudis indigestague moles*, by heart.

Prodigies have been effected in the way of the *mise-en-scène*. In the second act, the wings were done away with to make room, not for flats or "tormentors," but for real houses of the Middle Ages. The King had given his *protégé* unlimited credit; during several months the receipts of the theatre were allowed to suffer in order that the artists might attend exclusively to the daily and interminable rehearsals of *Die Meistersinger*, of which only *three* performances are to be given; the expense is reckoned at fifty thousand florins. Whatever opinion we may hold of the worth and future of Wagnerian ideas, it is consoling to think that a sovereign should have done so much for Art, which certainly will not repay him pecuniarily.

CHARLES BANNELIER.

BRESLAU.—The members of the Singacademie gave a special performance, under the direction of Herr Zul. Schäffer, their conductor, on the 2nd inst., to celebrate the forty-third anniversary of the institution. Among the pieces included in the programme were the motet *a capella*, "Sicut cervus," Palestrina; the "Miserecordias Domini," Mozart, and the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus," from Beethoven's C major mass.

INNSBRUCK.—A performance of Beethoven's C major mass, and Handel's *Sampson*, will shortly be given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musikverein.

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WAIFS.

From the most recent letter addressed to the *Ménéstrel* by its witty and intelligent correspondent, "De Retz" (July 12), we extract the following:—

"Mais cherchons des impressions plus consolantes.—Une artiste,—sincèrement dévouée à son art, celle-là, avec un talent qu'elle honore et un succès dont elle peut à bon droit s'enorgueillir,—vient de terminer une des tâches les plus délicates que jusqu'ici ont ait osé entreprendre. Je veux parler de Madame Arabella Goddard et de ses trois matinées entièrement consacrées à Mendelssohn. On sait que la célèbre pianiste professor pour le génie de ce maître un culte qui semblerait exclusif tout d'abord, car rien que dans ces trois séances, elle a exécuté, à elle seule, les quarante-huit *romances sans paroles*, les six *préludes et études*, enfin les deux *sonates* récemment ajoutées aux publications posthumes. Aussi ces *Mendelssohn-recitals* ont-ils été, pour les vrais amateurs, l'événement important de la saison. Madame Arabella Goddard, dit le *Morning Post*, vient d'ajouter une nouvelle couronne à ses nombreux lauriers dans une carrière signalée d'un bout à l'autre par un véritable amour de l'art et un dévouement enthousiaste à ses progrès."

L'Evénement Illustre says that Mdlle. Nilsson is to be married to a very rich English colonel. Why not a very poor French corporal for the sake of extra romance?

M. Alphonse Roger is preparing for the press a new work, called, *L'Histoire Universelle du Théatre*, which is to be published consentaneously in French, English, and German.

Hungary has at length consented to be bound by the International Literary and Artistic Treaty between France and Austria, against which the Hun piratical publishers had for some time emphatically protested.

The commission of the French Corps Legislatif in its report in the Budget, has proposed that the annual subvention of 100,000 francs for some years enjoyed by the Théatre Lyrique of Paris, be suppressed. This is enough to frighten any candidate for the place but recently vacated by M. Carvalho. Surely more creditable means of economy might be suggested.

The company of the Théâtre Français is about to make a second artistic peregrination to the "departments." The first was in 1808, when, after the Peace, Napoleon entertained crowned heads and princes at Erfurt.

M. Thiron, the popular actor, is about to leave the Variétés for the Théâtre Français.

Mr. T. M. Mudie has returned to Twickenham meadows, when it is hoped that the familiar surrounding objects may bring back to his imagination some phrases of his not long since contemplated, but almost immediately abandoned, symphony. The doctors have advised Mr. A. S Sullivan to accompany him.

The *Morning Star* informs us that Mdlle. Adelina Patti is to be married to the Marquis de Caux on the first of next month. From other sources we learn that the wedding is fixed for the 28th inst. From yet other sources we can gather no information. Nevertheless, it is untrue, what a French journal, *La Comédie*, states, that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to be married to a rich English colonel. Even the converse would be inexact. Mdlle. Nilsson is not going to marry a poor French corporal.

Mr. Jules Benedict has composed a new ballad (words by Mr. W. Guernsey) for Miss Edith Wynne, which she will sing during the farewell tour of Madame Sainton-Dolby. A more elegant trifle has rarely appeared even from the pen of its gifted composer.

Mr. John Barnett, composer of *The Mountain Sylph*, has just completed a set of part songs. Anything from his pen will always be welcome to the lovers of true music. We trust these part-songs are the forerunners of many other good things.

The choir of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, is rehearsing Schubert's mass in E flat, under the able direction of Mr. Josiah Pitman. When it is performed may we be there to hear.

Horace Mayhew's Last Lasts.—*No.* 1.—"A Mr. Stringfellow has been exhibiting a flying machine at the Crystal Palace. That is, his machine won't exactly fly, but it will move along a wire. The inventor ought to be called Mr. Wirefellow.—[*A wire-drawn notion.*—A. S. S.] *No.* 2.—"The Shaksperian title for Sir Richard Mayne should be Dog-bury."—[*A July order.*—A. S. S.] *No.* 3.—"The man who has a turn for music is an organ-grinder."—[*Good.*—A. S. S.] *No.* 4.—"Some people object to Mr. Burnand's parodying Messrs. Reade and Boucicault's Holborn drama. Everybody must admit that foul play is fair game."—[*Undeniable.*—A. S. S.]

In a very interesting general article on "the Season," which appeared in the *Express* of July 14, occurs the following passage:—

"Turning from the opera to another form of fashionable musical entertainment, we believe there have never been more concert-givers or more concerts than this year. This is a fearful and wonderful fact; explain it and rejoice in it who can. There may be some advantage to the common weal in this concentration of *virtuosi* every afternoon, and there is at all events the satisfaction of not being obliged to hear them. Where do the concert-going public come from? Who are they, so brilliant in their attire and so bored and sleepy in their looks? Well, there are pupils of the virtuoso, and their friends; there are the religious world who draw the line at concerts; there are the people from the country who like a good indigestion of musical celebrities once a year, and go wherever they can get the most for their ticket. And after all it is difficult to suppose that many of these incessant and distracting performances of the musical season—we speak of the miscellaneous concerts—can be profitable to any one concerned in them, the giver, or the performers—except indirectly in keeping up a connection, or making one.

"There is one class of concerts, however, of a very different order; we mean the 'Recitals' of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé. These are really the gems of the musical season, exquisitely satisfying to the most refined taste and feeling, and to young people who are studying the instrument worth a hundred lessons from the most expensive master. The number of ladies who may be seen intent on these rare and perfect performances, and sitting with the score in hand, while Madame Goddard is playing—as very few can play—one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, with all the simple grace and distinction of a lady in her own drawing-room, seem to justify even better than the thousands who crowd to a Handel Festival, the boast that true musical feeling and attainments are spreading in this country. In estimating the just success of a Handel Festival we must take into account the vast scale of the programme, the attractions of the scene itself, and the interest which oratorio music possesses for the vast religious and respectable public. It is rather to the selector audiences of the Monday Popular Concerts, &c., that we look for evidence of a public who really go to hear good music, and know how to enjoy it."

The *Athenæum* of July 11th, in an article on the last Philharmonic Concert, speaks of Herr Lubeck's performance of Mendelssohn's second concerto as subjoined:—"Herr Lubeck must surely have been prostrated either by nervousness or by indisposition; else he never could have made so many slips in Mendelssohn's D minor concerto; perhaps he may have been distressed by the presence of Royal listeners. *N'en déplaise à leurs Altesses*, they do not contribute to the musical advantage of the subscribers. It says little for our good manners that we cannot let the heir-apparent go to a concert without throwing the National Anthem at him, and still less for our self-respect that we must stand upon the benches to catch a glimpse of the back of his head."

A POET'S INDIGNATION.

Dear Punch,—You have been down upon me a good many times, but I know you love justice, and I confidently ask your aid. Sir, it has been reported that I am the author of the words of the song sung (and excellently, I hear, by Mr. Cummings) at the Crystal Palace on the day the Duke of Edinburgh was there. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, it is not true. I had nothing to do with it. I allow, Sir, that the style of the so-called poet is based upon mine, and that the mistake is not unnatural. But when you come to look at the verses that were sung, you will see that I, the Poet Close, could never have written such nonsense. Look here, Sir.—

"Of Nelson, Hood, and Collingwood,
Our grandsires used to sing;
Our fathers had a toast as good,
They gave 'the Sailor King:'
Now royal Alfred treads the deck,
His courage to evince;
He braves the storm, nor fears the wreck;
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Treads the deck to evince his courage! *Mr. Punch*, would I thus libel my Prince? He treads the deck for no such unseamanlike and idiotic purpose. He treads the deck because it is his duty to do so, and at the right time goes below for the same reason. But worse stuff follows—

"Young, brave and true, he wears the blue
His courage to evince,
The pride, 'the darling of his crew;'
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Wears the blue to evince his courage! One would think that it was a proscribed colour, and that like wearing of the green in Ireland, the feat was one of danger. Isn't it sad that thousands of folk should have to hear such bosh? But there is worse still—

"When o'er the land a flash of pain,
Shot through th' electric wire,
That England's darling son was slain,
High rose the people's ire;
Now let him know, *the coward blow*
Our fealty doth evince,
And blend our prayers, that God who spares,
May save our Sailor Prince."

What does the so-called Poet mean by saying that a flash of pain shot through the electric wire? Did it hurt the wire? And how does the coward blow (which wasn't a blow) evince our fealty? The fact is, Sir, that the barren-brained bard wanted to rhyme to Prince, and could think of no rhyme

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but evince. I, Sir, could have given him many rhymes, much better; as—"*Our noble Prince did never wince, but ever since, when eating mince, has wished for quince, his mouth to rinse, and thus convince that he's a Prince.*"

Sir, as the Lady Florence Pepele, the sister of the young King of Bonny, successor to him of whom I was proud to be Laureate, is coming over, and I shall have to address her in song, it might do me injury in my business if I were supposed capable of writing such verses as those I have quoted. By giving publication to the facts, you will oblige your obedient servant,

To Punch, Esq. THE POET CLOSE.

STUTTGARDT.—The members of the Association for Classical Sacred Music recently gave a performance of Handel's *Athalia*.

MUNICH.—The second performance of *Die Meistersinger* was not given till the 28th June, just a week after the first, as both Herr Betz and Herr Hölzel were too fatigued to appear again sooner. The composer himself vanished mysteriously immediately after the first performance; a great many reasons are assigned for this sudden flight, which is probably connected in some way with the fact of his bowing from the King's box. It would be entertaining a very incorrect notion of the power and sentiments of the court party and feudal nobility to suppose that such an act would be allowed to remain unpunished. Wagner has, however, not gone to Dresden, where he was expected, but returned to Lucerne, to do something more to his grand work, *Die Niebelungen*.—Herr Wagner's opponents have been accused of being too lavish in their blame, but in the way of praise, it would be difficult to surpass Herr Cornelius, when he says in the *Suddeutche Presse*: "The orchestra on the score of *Die Meistersinger* contains a large abundance of unusual combinations of colour: each twitching of the eyebrow, each movement of the hand, whether to threaten or to beckon, is pourtrayed in an unmistakable manner." We cannot understand how a man can write such rubbish, and can only say to the founder of the School of the Future observes the Berlin *Echo*: Heaven preserve thee from thy friends!—A new caricature has excited a good deal of attention lately. It represents a splendid private box, decorated with princely emblems. In which theatre the box is situated the reader will easily guess. The two occupants of it, the one an aristocratic looking young man, and the other a plebeian individual with a face like a Saxon weaver's, are fighting for the front place. Underneath is the well-known classic line: "Es soll der König mit dem Sänger gehen" ("The King shall associate with the poet").—A new three-act comic opera, *Der Rothmantel*, by Herr Krempelseizer, has been accepted.

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Wednesday, at 11.30, the Sacred Oratorio, "ELIJAH."

Thursday, at 11.30, the "HYMN OF PRAISE" (Mendelssohn); Selections from the Works of Spohr; "SAMSON" (Handel); and Herr Schachner's "ISRAEL'S RETURN FROM BABYLON."

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The WINTER SESSION of this Institution will commence MONDAY, September 21st next.

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THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Established 1861.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street.—NOTICE.—The MICHAELMAS TERM will commence on MONDAY, Sept. 28th. The Examination Days for the Admission of New Students are Tuesday, Sept. 22nd, and Wednesday, Sept. 23rd. Fee for Term, £5 5s. Three Terms in the Year. Prospectuses at the Office, 4, Langham Place, W.

R. WILKINSON, Secretary.

REMOVAL.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN begs to announce her REMOVAL from Monmouth Road to 44, BURLINGTON ROAD, ST. STEPHEN'S SQUARE, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MR. SIMS REEVES has REMOVED from Inverness Terrace to GRANGE MOUNT, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

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MISS MARIAN ROCK will play M. Sauerbrey's Transcription of "LORELEY," at Myddelton Hall, September 4th.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. Tenielli Calkin, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she may be engaged for Miscellaneous Concerts and Oratorios, in England, Ireland, or Scotland, during the Autumn. Northern Tour in England in December. For terms and opinions of the press, address, care Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.

Charles John Kean was born on the 18th January, 1811. In his veins, as in those of many of our most illustrious Britons, English and Irish blood commingled in equal proportions. He first saw the light at Waterford, a city which may lay claim to high dramatic celebrity, having also given to the stage Dorothea Jordan and Tyrone Power. His mother, whose maiden name was Chambers, came of a reputable Irish family long settled in Munster. Unforeseen reverses having compelled her to take to the stage as a means of livelihood, she became acquainted with her destined husband, Edmund Kean, while they were both fulfilling a professional engagement in England—he being then under twenty, and she some years older. It was at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in the summer of 1808, that she contracted with him the marriage which made her an illustrious mother but a most unhappy wife. The newly-married couple proceeded shortly afterwards to Ireland, and Barry Cornwell tells us, in his life of Edmund Kean, that a few days before the birth of her eldest son, Howard, who died in infancy, Mrs. Kean played the heroine in a grand romantic melo-drama dazzlingly entitled *The Virgin of the Sun*. Lord Macaulay has been at the same pains to prove that Charles Kean was entitled, in right of his father, to such social prestige as may belong to patrician descent.

"It is perhaps not generally known" (writes the historian) "that some adventurers who, without advantages of fortune or position, made themselves conspicuous by the mere force of ability, inherited the blood of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. He left a natural son, Henry Carey, whose dramas once drew crowded audiences to the theatres, and some of whose gay and spirited verses still live in the memory of hundreds of thousands. From Henry Carey descended that Edmund Kean who in our own time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello."

This Henry Carey left a son, George Savile Carey, whose daughter, Ann Carey, was the reputed mother of the great tragedian. The question of his maternal lineage, however, was one which Edmund Kean appears to have regarded as a matter of very trivial consequence. He supported his mother, and allowed her an annuity; but we are assured that he "sometimes doubted and questioned" her title to noble extraction. It is a fact, which hardly seems as well known as it deserves to be, that Edmund was not the first Kean who figured upon the stage. His uncle, Moses Kean, was a member of the Drury Lane company, and played Glumdalca in 1776, the same year that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in London. The year of Charles Kean's birth was one of some note in English annals, being that in which were won three of the great Peninsular battles—Barossi, Albuera, and Fuentes d'Onore, and that also on which the Prince of Wales became Regent of the United Kingdom. It was a busy, anxious time, full of adventure and excitement; but they tell us that the drama prospered in those bustling days, and that the theatres were nightly crowded, notwithstanding the heavy taxes and the continual drain of a war which seemed to resemble an interminable chancery suit or a never-ending game at chess. Each of the six succeeding years was signalized by some event of extraordinary interest in the dramatic world. Mrs. Siddons retired in 1812, followed by Mrs. Jordan in 1814, and by Jack Bannister in 1815. Against these serious losses were to be set three brilliant gains—Miss O'Neill made a triumphant *début* in 1813; Edmund Kean flashed like a meteor upon the town in 1814; and, two years later, William Charles Macready came out with great *éclat*, at once establishing for himself a position of eminence, which he retained till the close of his professional career. But Edmund Kean outstripped all rivals. He was the cynosure of every eye, "the expectancy and rose" of the fair state of the drama. His first appearance, as Shylock, at Drury Lane, was as magnificent a success as any recorded in the history of the British stage. He left his humble lodgings for the theatre with a heavy heart, believing in himself, yet doubting, whether the public would partake his faith. But he had literally gone where glory waited him, and he returned a hero. "Now, Mary," said he to his wife, "you shall ride in your own carriage, and Charles shall go to Eton."

Time sped on, aggrandizing the fame of the new tragedian, and bestrewing his path with golden opportunities which, had his prudence been equal to his genius, would infallibly have guided him to fortune. After a sojourn of some years at the preparatory schools of Mr. Styles, at Thames Ditton, and of Rev. E. Polehampton, at Worplesdon, and afterwards at Greenford, near Harrow, Charles entered Eton as an "oppidan" in June, 1824, Dr. Goodall being then provost, and Dr. Keate high master. His tutor was the Rev. J. Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo. During his residence at Eton, Charles made satisfactory progress in his studies and acquired considerable reputation for his skill in what was then one of the most important of academic exercises—the manufacture of Latin verses. He also excelled in fencing, an accomplishment which he found highly serviceable in after life, when he was universally admitted to be one of the most finished swordsmen upon the stage. Cricket, too, was one of his favourite sports, and he was accounted so expert a leader in aquatics that he was chosen second captain of the "Long Boats," an enviable distinction among Etonians. In the list of his contemporaries and associates at school were the late Duke of Newcastle, the late Marquis of Waterford, Lords Eglington, Sandwich, Selkirk, Boscawen, Canning, Walpole, Adare, and Alford; Messrs. W. Gladstone, Somerset, Cowper, Holmes, Savile, Craven, Wentworth, Middleton, Watt, Russell, Alexander, Eyre, &c. As the time approached for leaving school the question of what profession he should adopt had of course to be considered. His mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, preferred the Church; his own inclination was strongly in favour of the army. It was soon discovered that neither project could be realized. Edmund Kean was now, to use a homely phrase, "off the rails." His inveterate habits of dissipation had not only alienated his friends, and exhausted the patience of the public, but broken down his health and dimmed the lustre of his once matchless genius. His funds were all gone, and ruin was staring him in the face. In this unhappy state of things Charles was obliged to strike out for himself a very different path of life from any that had been hitherto proposed for him. He determined to go upon the stage.

The circumstances under which this resolution was taken, and the considerations that urged him to it, are of peculiar interest, and do great honour to his memory. They may be best described in the language of his biographer:—

"Charles, who had for some time suspected the total derangement of his father's affairs, was startled into conviction by a pressing letter from his mother, received during his last half year at Eton, in the early part of 1827, entreating him to come home to her immediately. He obtained permission to absent himself for a few days, and hastened to London. He found her suffering the most intense anxiety, and she implored him not to leave her. It appeared that Mr. Calcraft, a Member of Parliment, and one of the most influential of the Drury Lane committee of that day, had offered to procure for him a cadetship in the East India Company's Service. His father thought the offer too eligible to be declined, and, in giving notice that he intended to accept it, ordered his son to make instant preparations for his departure. Mrs. Kean had been entirely separated from her husband for two or three years; she was reduced to a pitiable state of health, nearly bed-ridden, helpless as an infant, and without a single relative to whom she could look for succour or consolation. Weighing these circumstances well, Charles Kean formed his determination, and sought an interview with his father at the Hummums, Covent Garden, where he resided at that time, to bring matters to a final understanding. Edmund Kean was then precariously situated. He had dissipated his realized capital, and was living from day to day on the uncertain earnings which might cease altogether with increasing infirmities. He still commanded a large salary when able to work; but his power of continuing that supply was little to be depended on. He told his son that there remained no alternative for him but to accept the offer of the cadetship; that he would provide his Indian outfit, and this being done he must depend thenceforth entirely upon his own exertions, and never apply to him for any future support or assistance. Charles replied that he was perfectly contented, and willing to embrace these conditions, provided something like an adequate allowance was secured to his mother. Finding that his father no longer had it in his power to promise this with any degree of certainty, he respectfully but firmly told him that he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined, with thanks, the kind proposal of Mr. Calcraft. This answer excited the anger of the elder Kean to the highest pitch; he gave way to the most intemperate passion, and a painful scene ensued. 'What will you do,' said he, 'when I discard you, and you are thrown entirely on your own resources?' 'In that case,' replied the son, 'I shall be compelled to seek my fortune on the stage (the father smiled in derision), and though I may never rise to eminence, or be a great actor, I shall at least obtain a livelihood for my mother and myself, and be obliged to no one.' The father stormed, repeating with almost inarticulate fury what he had often said before, that he was resolved to be the first and last tragedian of the name of Kean. The son endured a torrent of vituperation without losing his temper or forgetting the respect which, under any circumstances, he felt to be still due to a parent. They parted, and from that hour all intercourse between them was suspended."

This happened in the spring of 1827. In the following July Charles left Eton "for good," and, coming up to London, found his mother still in poverty and affliction. His father had fallen out with the authorities at Drury Lane, and seceded to Covent Garden, then under the management of Charles Kemble, but, though now again in receipt of a good income, he no longer contributed to the support of his wife. At this juncture Charles had the good fotrune to be be-friended by Mr. Stephen Price, the well-known American manager, who believing that there was a magic still lurking in the name of Kean, offered him a salary of £10 a week, to be increased to £11 and £12 during the second and third years in case of success. The future course of the young adventurer being now marked out, his first appearance upon any stage took place upon the boards of "Old Drury" on the opening night of the season, Monday, Oct. 1, 1827. Young Norval, in Home's tragedy

of *Douglas*, was the character selected for the occasion. The play was cast as follows:—

Young Norval .. .. (His first appearance on any stage.)	Mr. Charles Kean.
Lord Randolph	Mr. Mude.
Glenalvon	Mr. Wallack.
Old Norval	Mr. Cooper.
Lady Randolph	Mrs. West.
Anna	Mrs. Knight.

The result of this experiment was not encouraging: it was very much the reverse. Charles was well received when first he came out upon the stage, but his performance failed to awaken the slightest enthusiasm in the audience. Th y barely tolerated him. Some of the best theatrical critics of the day—Mr. Talfourd in the number—did not consider him deserving of mention, and those who deigned to notice him did so with all but unanimous disfavour. One of his father's most enthusiastic admirers described the young actor's performance as "just such a one as would have been highly creditable to a school-boy acting in conjunction with his companions for the amusement of their parents on a breaking-up day," adding that in a few days he would probably "sink into nothingness." Instead of taking the town by storm, as his father had done, Charles found that he was powerless to awaken even a transient emotion of interest. He left the theatre a sadder, if not a wiser, man than he had entered it, and returned to his mother in deep dejection.

Much has been said about the benefit Charles Kean derived from the heritage of an illustrious name. It may well be doubted whether the inheritance did not operate rather to his injury than his advancement. The sons of great men have so often shamed their sires that their failure has in all nations passed into a proverb. The Virgilian maxim, "*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*," may serve as an illustration. There is a French couplet which gives more pungent expression to the same thought—

"Messieurs les grands hommes d'ailleurs si estimables
Ont fort peu de succès à faire leur semblables."

This is felt to be true as a general rule, despite the occurrence of occasional exceptions. So strong is the temptation to institute between a father and a son a comparison injurous to the latter, and so often does experience justify the adverse judgment, that there is good reason to conclude that Charles Kean's parentage, like that of other men similarly situated, did him more harm than good at the commencement of his career. The shadow of a great name made it all the more difficult for him to emerge from obscurity.

The young aspirant for fame lingered at Drury Lane through the season of 1827-28, occasionally appearing as Norval in *Douglas*, Selim in *Barbarossa*, Frederick in *Lovers' Vows*, and Lothario in Monk Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, but drawing only thin houses, and making no more impression upon the public than Macduff's sword on the intrenchant air. But he knew better than to despair. He took heart and resolved to seek change of scene. In the spring of the following year he went to Dublin, where he experienced an enthusiastic reception in his old character of Norval, a part to which he still clung with fond fidelity, though as yet it had brought him but little luck. Summoned before the curtain at the close of the play, he was not only vociferously cheered, but called upon for a speech! The effect of his oration may be inferred from the exclamation it evoked from a critic in the gallery—"That will do, Charley! Go home to your mother!" The rollicking good nature that mingled with this sally of sarcasm was in keeping with the friendly feeling invariably evinced at Dublin towards the Kean family. Edmund Kean was from the first a great favourite in the Irish capital. The passionate fervour of his acting and its glow of romantic sentiment contrasting so strikingly with the classic dignity and stately grandeur of the Kembles, had an irresistible charm for the Irish. A Dublin playgoer epitomized the qualities of the rival tragedians in a pithy epigram—

"Kemble's an actor on a studied plan,
Kean is no actor; he's the very man."

Instead of going home to his mother, Charles bent his steps in the direction of Glasgow, where he found himself, much to his surprise, in close proximity to his father, who had come to reside for a few weeks at a cottage he had built in the Isle of Bute. Through the good offices of a friend a reconciliation was happily effected between the father and the son, and on the 1st October, 1828, they appeared together at the Glasgow Theatre as Brutus and Titus in Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus*. One passage in the play worked powerfully on the feelings of the audience. It was that in which Brutus, overpowered with emotion, falls upon the neck of Titus, exclaiming, in broken accents, "Embrace thy wretched father!" The tragic appositeness of the phrase, and the poignancy of tone and look with which it was uttered, touched the spectators to the heart, prompting them to an outburst of passionate sympathy. At Christmas, Charles returned to his old quarters in Drury Lane, but though he had acquired confidence, and was in all respects much improved by his provincial practice, the day had not yet come when either the press or the public were prepared to receive him with cordial favour. But though of little service to his professional prospects, this visit to London was important in his personal history. It was on Boxing night, 1828, that he met for the first time upon the stage his wife that was to be, then Miss Ellen Tree, with whom he acted in the play called *Lovers' Vows*.

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

KIRNBERGERIANA.*

It is a strange fact that acknowledged great men should, in their every-day intercourse with their fellow-creatures, have exposed the most ludicrous side of their character, and exhibited the most remarkable habits. If we were only to cite the things said to have been done out of absence of mind by celebrated scholars, we might fill an endless list. Musicians, as well as scholars would furnish their fair share. Why should not they?

Johann Philipp Kirnberger, Court-Musician to her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia of Prussia, a most exact contrapuntist, the acknowledged musical authority of his time, etc., on the one hand . . . . . is, on the other, in his private life and deeds, so highly remarkable for his oddities, that we cannot refrain from including some of them in our collection of curiosities. We, of course, leave completely out of consideration his importance as a theoretician; we care nothing about the almost sovereign autocratic power, nearly unintelligible for us at the present day, which he exercised in his own sphere, and which, by the way, we see so fully developed also in Mattheson, and Marpurg also; we have to do only with the man personally.

A pupil of his, Professor Eberhard, offers a tolerably natural explanation of many of Kirnberger's strange ways. Despite the situations he had formerly held in first-rate Polish families, and despite those he subsequently held with the Margrave Heinrich and the Princess Amelia, Kirnberger was anything but a man of the world. He was totally wanting in gentlemanly bearing. He knew this himself perfectly well, for whenever he met a fellow-artist with gentlemanly manners, he was never contented till he had made him feel how superior he, Kirnberger, was in matters connected with art, and, as may be supposed, he did not do so in the most delicate fashion. The Professor Eberhard already mentioned endeavours to account for his manners—which frequently gave rise to the most interesting contrasts—by the humble position Kirnberger once occupied; according to the Professor, the uncertainty in Kirnberger's way of entering a room, the bashfulness and wooden stiffness of his bearing, were merely the consequences of the habits, never to be eradicated, which he had contracted from the members of the lower classes amongst whom he spent many years of his life. It is said that there was a kind and feeling soul beneath his rough exterior; we do not think, however, that it was the soul of a noble-minded artist.

His brusque behaviour towards other artists was certainly, on the one hand, a consequence of the respect shown him as a theoretician; on the other hand, it met with the full approval of his royal pupil and patroness. The Princess Amelia's opinion on art and artists were, the reader must know, more than harsh. We read in a letter she wrote to J. A. P. Schulz, who had begged permission to dedicate to her his choruses to *Athalia*: "I fancy you must have made a mistake, and, instead of your own music, sent me some notes scribbled by your child, for I have not perceived the slightest art in them—May Heaven be pleased to open the eyes of those who possess so lively an imagination as to form so high an opinion of themselves; may He improve their understanding and teach them to see that they are merely botchers and bunglers." . . . She says, too, of Gluck, that he can never be considered skilful as a composer, because he has no invention writes bad and wretched melody, and possesses no power of expression. She designates his *Iphegenie auf Tauris* a "miserable opera." We can easily understand that a man of Kirnberger's character, despite the defects of his breeding and education, might be a favourite with this high dame.

His defects of education are said to have even rendered him incapable of himself writing out his thoughts and works. In a small book published shortly after his death, but which, we may cursorily remark, did not emanate either from his celebrated opponent, F. W. Marpurg, or from any of the latter's friends, we are informed that, on account of this incapacity on his part he was always compelled to have recourse to the friend of the moment, if he happened to have one, and that this is the reason that the style varies so much in his writings, being not only different in one work to what it is in another, but being different in one chapter to what it is in another chapter of the very same work. It is certainly an established fact that his work, *Die wahren Grundsätze zum Gebrauche der Harmonie* (Berlin and Königsberg, 1773), in which

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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the writer uses the first person, was written by his pupil, J. A. P. Schulz, mentioned above. Schulz himself confesses the fact, but comes forward to defend his master, whom he greatly respected.

To give the reader some notion of the pitiful means Kirnberger employed to set aside anything that displeased him or to produce an impression on good musicians, we will end by citing two cases.

A violin concerto used to be frequently played by a first-rate performer in the band of a Polish prince in which Kirnberger fulfilled the duties of pianist. There was one passage in the concerto which for Kirnberger was insupportable, but it was in vain that he tried to bring the composer to his way of thinking, or to make him alter what he had written. Such being the case, Kirnberger took the Prince's favourite dog every day up into his room, and played the concerto upon the violin, never neglecting to give the poor animal a good thrashing at the passage in question. The dog, being clever, remarked this, and soon began to set up a howl, without being beaten, when the fatal passage was heard. The reader may imagine what a tremendous outburst of laughter there was when, at the few following performances, the dog, who was present, broke out, despite all the attempts made to pacify him, into a pitiful howl. Kirnberger, of course, did not fail to refer to this as the most striking corroboration of what he had asserted. It need scarcely be stated that the concerto disappeared for ever from the programme.

But what afforded him greater delight than anything else was to mislead really good musicians by all kinds of affected turns, strange notation, and so on. Thus, for instance, he introduced into a trio for two violins and a violoncello, a minuet in which the bass proceeded strictly with its crotchets, while the violins, on the other hand, progressed towards the end in syncopated notes. These syncopated notes were not, however, written by him in *legato* crotchets, but as semibreves and minims, the three-four time being thus converted into two-two time, while the violoncello continued playing on in the original three-four time. He succeeded in puzzling many violinists and making them turn red with shame, till he at length met with the right men who turned the joke against the joker. It was at a private party, and the two then celebrated violin-virtuosos Johann Ludwig Müller and Johann Peter Salomon, with Ignaz Mara, violoncellist of the Royal chapel, were playing a trio together. Kirnberger took advantage of the opportunity to place this said trio of his before them. In order, moreover, to catch the celebrated artists in the trap, as he had caught so many others, he undertook himself to play the violoncello part on the piano. But the two virtuosi knew the composer's ways too well not to suspect some trick from his self-satisfied air. They went rapidly through their parts, and in due time discovered the unusual big notes in the three-four minuet. It was now diamond cut diamond. After a hasty consultation, they agreed to put Herr Kirnberger, who was, as they knew, not very sure as a practical pianist, in his turn to the test. Surely enough, by reversed bowing, false accents, and so on, they succeeded, even in the very first movement, in so completely confusing the composer, that he came to a dead standstill, and, rising from his seat, left the room in a rage. To the great amusement of those present, the three trio-players then performed without a mistake, and in blameless style from beginning to end, the composition aforesaid, including the ominous minuet itself.

REMINISCENCES OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.*

It was a bird in a cage who wrote on the 9th August, 1841, from Berlin:—

"You want news concerning the Berlin Conservatory; so do I, but there is none. The matter rests upon a very vague basis, if indeed it rests upon any basis at all, and is not merely a castle in the air. The King appears to have a plan for remodelling the Academy of Arts; but that cannot well be done without altering the constitution of the existing one. Nobody, however, can make up his mind to adopt such a step, and I am less inclined than any one else to advise it, because I do not expect much good to music from any Academy, remodelled or not."

At the request of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., Mendelssohn had left Leipsic in July, 1840, to settle in Berlin, and the above lines are the beginning of a letter to his dear friend, David. The art-loving King had summoned the greatest living musician to represent the noble musical art at his "Court of the Muses." In Mendelssohn's correspondence there are some most interesting documents respecting the post of a Director of Music, with a salary of 3000 thalers a year, in an Academy of Arts, to be established in Berlin, and to consist of four departments: Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Music. A grand Conservatory of Music was to be founded, and a series of secular and sacred concerts to be given

"The idea of my having to return to private life, except that I should be a sort of Conservatory schoolmaster, is something to which, after my good, fresh orchestra, I cannot bring myself; I could do it, if I had really to live as a private individual; I should then merely compose and lead a quiet existence; but then I should have to put up with the hybrid state of things peculiar to Berlin: great plans and very small results; perfect criticism and mediocre musicians; liberal ideas, and Court lackeys in the street; the Museum, the Academy, and the sand! I doubt my stopping here more than a year, but of course I shall do all I can not to let that one year pass without profit for myself and for others!"

To the great delight of his mother and sisters, Mendelssohn moved into the well-loved house, "which I left with a heavy heart twelve years previously," as he says in his letter. But he did not feel at home in his native town, notwithstanding all the pains people took to render his stay there pleasant, and to honour and fête in every way so celebrated a master. Yet there appeared in the circles of Berlin society some few forms that rejoiced his heart. First and foremost among them came the aged Tieck, with his clear eyes; Pauline von Schätzel-Decker, with her sweet voice, who was so fond of Mendelssohn's songs, which she sang very beautifully; Meyerbeer; Humboldt; Bunsen; Geibel, who stopped there some weeks; Professor Wichmann; Bettina and her beautiful daughters, etc. Mendelssohn was most especially gratified by the gracious favour of the King, which was always extended towards him in the most touching manner, and which never varied, but, as a rule, he found the air of the "Metropolis of Intelligence" oppressive. He complains in his letters that, notwithstanding the pleasure of living with his mother and sisters, and notwithstanding all the advantages he enjoyed and all his reminiscences, there was no place in Germany where he felt so little at home as in Berlin.

"The reason is, perhaps," he said in a letter to President Verkennius in Cologne, "that all the causes which formerly rendered it impossible for me to extend my career here, and which, consequently, drove me thence, exist now as they did then, and will probably exist for all eternity. There is the same minute breaking up of all resources and all persons; the same unpoetical striving for outward results; the same superabundance of recognition; the same absence of production, and absence of nature; the same unmagnanimous tardiness in progress and development, rendering both, it is true, much more certain and less dangerous, but at the same time robbing them of everything meritorious and vivifying. I believe that I shall invariably find these qualities in all things here. I undoubtedly shall do so in musical matters. The King would most willingly alter and improve all this; but if his intentions remained unshaken for a series of years; if he came across no persons except such as cherished the same intentions, and worked indefatigably at them, even then, it strikes me, we could not expect results, satisfactory consequences, till after the expiration of this series of years, when they are needed, without the slightest delay. If it is to bear fruit it appears to me that the ground here ought to be reploughed and turned over afresh, at least in my department. Every musician is for himself alone; no two agree with each other. The amateurs are divided and swallowed up in a thousand small circles. In addition to this, all the music you hear is exceedingly mediocre; the critics alone are sharp, exact, and accomplished. The prospect does not strike me as being very favourable for some years to come, and I cannot begin again from the very foundation, for I want both talent and inclination for such a task. So I am waiting to hear what is required of me; it is probably limited to a series of concerts, which the Academy of Arts is to give next winter, and which I am to conduct."

Such was the case. The intellectual monarch, the warm-hearted protector and patron of all art, found no one possessing the same intentions as himself and willing to employ his strength in carrying them out, and thus all the King's good plans were gradually allowed to drop, and all prospect of any satisfactory practical employment for Mendelssohn grew fainter and fainter every week. In order to escape the oppressive consciousness of this fact, Mendelssohn began by making a few trips to Leipsic where he had listened to, and been concerned in, so much good music. Then, after Leipsic, we see him in London, where, nearly overwhelmed with honours and pleasures, he led a very merry life; read *Wilhelm Meister* again, and wandered with Klingemann through the fields of an evening, to recover himself a little, because people had been rather "over-doing" things with him. He played in Exeter Hall

* By Elise Polko, Authoress of *Musikalische Mährchen*.

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before three thousand persons, who could scarcely restrain themselves for enthusiasm; took tea with Queen Victoria, in the magnificent gallery at Buckingham Palace; conducted his *Hebriden*, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society; heard Fanny Kemble read Shakspere; chatted with Lady Morgan and Miss Jameson; went into ecstasies with Winterhalter, the celebrated painter of laces and velvets, and with the beautiful and fashionable ladies scattered about the galleries; played with his dear friend Moscheles, with Bennett, and with Duprez at Benedict's; dined at Bunsen's, and at length resolved for once in a way not to have any music for the next few weeks.

He then hurried to Switzerland, meeting, on the road, Cécile, his brother, and his sister-in-law, together; rested in his beloved Interlaken; proceeded to Zurich, and returned, by way of Frankfort, to his gilt cage in Berlin. It was during this journey that he wrote his friend Hildebrandt one of his charming *billets-doux*, and begged the amiable mistress of the house to preserve a "great quantity" of the well-known celebrated "Essigpflaumen:"*—"a certain Felix Mendelssohn will see that they are all eaten."

Matters had not altered in Berlin during his absence, and as Mendelssohn was horror-struck at the idea of continuing to live in this manner, and of accepting, to a certain degree, a sinecure, he made up his mind suddenly and tendered his resignation. He was now offered the post of director of all the music of the Evangelical Church, and informed that it was proposed very shortly to form a select choir and a select orchestra for the artistic support of divine service, and more especially for the performance of oratorios, and that all these various departments were to be under his whole and sole control. Mendelssohn declared that he was ready to undertake a task of this kind, but reserved the privilege both of choosing his place of residence and of occupying his time as he liked until the realization of this grand idea had been commenced. He expressed to Herr Eichhorn, the minister, his desire to request as much from his Majesty in person. The King accordingly granted him an audience, in which he expressed the most gracious sentiments towards him, and Mendelssohn promised his exalted patron that he would furnish in conformity with the latter's wishes a series of compositions to be more nearly specified at some subsequent period, and, furthermore, that he would be forthcoming, as soon as the "giant instrument" on which he was, as it were, to play, was completed.

The great works in question which Mendelssohn composed at the bidding of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., are: the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the exception of the overture; the music to *Athalia*, *Antigone*, and *Œdipus Colonos*, and a series of sacred songs.

With regard to his productive activity, the "Appendix" compiled by Julius Rietz to *Mendelssohn's Letters* for the years 1840-42 contains the following works:—1840: "Lobgesang;" "Festgesang für Männerstimmen;" "Quartets for Male Voices;" "Quartet for Mixed Voices." 1841: Music to *Antigone;* various important Compositions for the Piano; Songs for one Voice; three "Lieder ohne Worte; a Song for two Female Voices; a "Lied ohne Worte."

Nurnberg.—A grand, and excellently attended, concert was given on the 27th ult., by all the vocal associations of the town, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Hans Sachs. Among the pieces included in the programme were Herr Bruch's "Römischer Triumphgesang;" two movements from Schubert's B minor Symphony; R. Wagner's overture to *Riensi;* Mendelssohn's "Trompeten Ouverture;" and Hiller's "Es muss doch Frühling werden."

Dresden.—Hear Richard Wagner's terms for the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* were: 1. For the right of producing the opera, 1500 thalers; 2. 7 per cent. on each night's receipts; 3. No cuts; 4. The direction of the rehearsals and performances to be confided to a gentleman from Munich, named by the composer. The Management flatly said "No" to the last two conditions, and gave orders that the preparations already commenced for the production of the opera should be at once stopt. On this, Herr R. Wagner lowered his tone, and expressed his willingness to give up the obnoxious conditions, and, on this understanding, the opera will in all probability be produced.—Mdlle. Mallinger, from Munich, has appeared as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and as Norma in Bellini's opera of the same name. She was exceedingly successful, especially in the last character.

* "Plums in vinegar," a German delicacy unknown in England.

THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.*

"No one was ever yet born a master," but—"soon crooks the tree that good gramble would be." These pithy sayings are exemplified in a composer whose name is one of the most glorious known in the history of dramatic music; and whose reputation, one of the very few that are extended all over the civilized world. But that this great reputation was purchased with bitter struggles and privations, in the school of disappointment and suffering, is a fact of which only a small number among those who salute the mature master with cries of "Hosannah," think; they scarcely believe it indeed, for they are of opinion that freedom from care as regards material circumstances must have ripened the artistic fruit in this case sooner than it would have ripened otherwise. Our truthful narrative will teach the contrary.

Meyerbeer was descended from a rich Jewish family of Berlin, and, as there were signs of his possessing extraordinary musical talent, he enjoyed at an early age the most excellent instruction; in pianoforte playing, he had lessons from the celebrated Lauska, a pupil of Clementi, and, in theory, from Bernhard Anselm Weber, the chapelmaster, a pupil of the learned Abbé Vogler.

More attention was at first paid by Meyerbeer to the piano, than to anything else, for at that period the career of a virtuoso struck him as being the most brilliant and most glorious of all ideals to which he could attain, but, at the same time, nothing was omitted for the cultivation of the intellect, and he was kept to the study of the old and modern languages, as well as of all the other subjects in a high scholastic course, so that it was with the full consciousness of what he was doing, that he afterwards sacrificed his first ideal and devoted himself to dramatic composition.

Under the guidance of B. A. Weber, he had to exercise himself in all kinds of forms, and the teacher was proud of a pupil, who always anticipated him, comprehending and carrying out fully and entirely his half-explanations. It would be interesting to see some specimens of Meyerbeer's compositions at this epoch; but, with the exception of a few books of words of cantatas for family festivals, everything connected with them appears to have been lost or destroyed. At any rate, we have found nothing of the sort while arranging the papers he left behind him.—In this manner did the time approach when the young artist would require higher theoretical instruction. Such instruction Berlin could not then offer him, and the way in which he obtained it is recorded in the following anecdote, related, with Meyerbeer's consent, by M. Fétis, in the *Revue Contemporaine* of the 15th April, 1859:—Meyerbeer took his teacher a fugue which so transported the latter that he declared it was a masterpiece which he must send his old professor, Vogler, for him to admire, and give his opinion of, it. The answer did not come for a tolerably long time, and, when it did arrive, one day, in the form of a rather bulky packet, both scholar and teacher could hardly wait till it was opened. The mere opinion itself was perhaps one of the most laconic and strangest ever penned, for the packet contained a long and exhaustive disquisition in three parts, written in Vogler's own hand, on the fugue. In the first part, the rules for the production of such forms were thoroughly explained; in the second, inscribed: "The Scholar's Fugue," Meyerbeer's work was analyzed from beginning to end, and no particularly favourable opinion pronounced on it; the third part, lastly, entitled: "The Master's Fugue," was written by Vogler himself on Meyerbeer's motive. Finally, Vogler analyzed his own work bar by bar, giving a reason for everything he did, and why everything must be as it was and not otherwise.† After Vogler's death, in 1814, this disquisition appeared, under the title, *System für den Fugenbau, als Einleitung zur harmonischen Gesangs-Verbindungslehre*, Offenbach, André (8vo., 75 pages, of which 35 are music). The effect of this disquisition was by no means a depressing one on Meyerbeer; on the contrary it excited, and urged him to fresh efforts. Filled with enthusiasm at seeing the doors of high art opened before him, he wrote a fugue according to Vogler's principles, and sent it off immediately, with a letter of thanks to

* From *Giacomo Meyerbeer. Eine Biographie von Hermann Mendell.* (Berlin: L. Heimann).

† Vogler here carries out most admirably the maxim he himself penned: "*Recensere errores minimum, maximum est emendare ovus, perficere inceptum*," and corroborates the assertion of his great pupil, C. M. von Weber: "Vogler is the first who not merely forbids and bids, but also proves, and arranges his reasons philosophically."

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the master. In this instance, Meyerbeer had not long to wait for the answer. It arrived and contained the gratifying words, "Art opens for you a great future; come to me at Darmstadt; you shall be treated like one of the family, and quench your thirst for musical knowledge at the source itself." The fire of enthusiasm blazed forth in the bosom of the young art-novice; he beheld himself at the goal of his most daring wishes, a goal he had sought in the obscurity of his earlier efforts, and he could no longer feel happy in beautiful Berlin, though he was an object of homage there, though his respected teacher Lauska did his best to get him on; and though his parents and numerous relations tended and watched over him in the most affectionate manner. Supported in his prayer by B. A. Weber, he at length overcame the many scruples of his family, and, in the year 1810, set out for the Abbé Vogler's at Darmstadt. It was his intention to go through Vogler's entire course of instruction, and, after having done so, to make an artistic journey to Italy. It is to this that several pages of his diary for 1810, which is still in existence, refer, for, unless we assume them to do so, they admit of no explanation.

In the happy times of the Elector Karl Theodor, Mannheim had held a distinguished place among the smaller German courts, for artistic feeling and the cultivation of art, and a similar position was, at the period of which we are speaking, occupied by Darmstadt. The Grand Duke himself was more than an amateur; he was a thorough connoisseur of music, who not only attended, score in hand, the rehearsals of any important secular or sacred works, but even frequently grasped the conductor's stick, and exerted himself most zealously for the composition to be played with precision and the requisite gradations of light and shade. He had, a short time previously, reorganized the Court Chapel, with Herr Mangold, the concertmaster, at its head; founded a promising Court Theatre; and urged the amateurs in the town to unite and take part in quartets, and performances on a larger scale, named Concert Rehearsals. He had put an end, in 1807, to the wanderings to and fro of the Abbé Vogler, by summoning him to Darmstadt, bestowing on him an annual salary of three thousand florins, with board and lodging at Court, and the dignity of a spiritual privy councillor. He entrusted to him, likewise, the direction of the Court Chapel, and conferred on him the Order of Merit, first class.

The Abbé Vogler was one of the most distinguished and extraordinary musical scholars of that period, and consequently an ornament to the little capital. Born at Würtzburg, the 15th June, 1749, he studied in Germany and Italy, and travelled in France, Spain, Africa, Armenia, Germany, Holland, England, Denmark, and Sweden, finding time, despite all his peregrinations, to form pupils like Ritter, Winter, Knecht, etc.; to compose secular and sacred works of importance; to write books of the most varied purport; and to make weighty discoveries. But he was destined to obtain the greatest fame at the little town of Darmstadt, where he reached the goal of his nomadic life. When all his systems, discoveries, masses, operas, and fugues have passed away and are forgotten, the world will always remember the name of him to whom it is indebted for the composers of *Der Freischütz* and *Les Huguenots*.

Carl Maria von Weber had been placed under Vogler's tuition in 1809, to perfect himself in the art of counterpoint, though he could already boast of an honourable artistic Past; the same was the case with Joh. Baptist Gänsbacher, who was eight years older, and had selected sacred music as his exclusive study. Meyerbeer, who as yet had seen nothing of the world, met the two young men as his fellow scholars; and his object was how to keep up with these two new comrades, who were older and more experienced than himself. A wide field of serious occupation and close application was thus opened to him, and C. M. von Weber has over and over again expressed his astonishment that a rich youth, with no anxiety for the future, should disdain all the comforts at his command, so as not to neglect his studies in the smallest degree. Meyerbeer and Weber contracted for each other the warmest friendship, to which death alone put an end. They ate at the same table, slept in the same room, made trips together to Mannheim and Heidelberg, and told each other their inmost thoughts. Vogler's method of instruction was most admirable, being calculated to improve both body and mind simultaneously. As a rule, they went early to mass, at which Weber officiated, the religious wants of the one being satisfied at the same time as the musical wants of the other. Then came the hour of instruction, in which Vogler generally gave out a theme to the three students, who had to work it out, according to his directions, in their own manner during the day. In the evening, at a kind of conference, the master revised their respective efforts, and called upon them for explanations and arguments, in which each had, in defence of his own ideas, to meet the real or pretended opposition of Vogler. In this manner, a one-act opera, entitled *Der Process*, was, among other things, composed, certain pieces being allotted to each pupil. It was to have been sent in by Vogler at the command of the Duke of Nassau, but does not appear ever to have been produced. There still exists, dating from this time, a cantata, the combined production of the three students, with which they surprised their beloved teacher on his birthday. If we are not mistaken, the pieces belonging to Meyerbeer in it were the choruses and a trio.* The young Berlin artist had frequently to accompany his master to the cathedral, where there were two organs, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the art of extemporizing. On such occasions, Vogler gave a motive for a fugue, and developed it in every possible way; Meyerbeer had to do the same. Being thus thoroughly prepared, he could now proceed to the composition of a great serious work. This was the cantata, *Gott und die Natur*. The Grand-Duke of Hesse, who had the score sent him, was so satisfied with it, that he created the youthful master Court-Composer. At the same period, Meyerbeer set to music, in four parts, seven sacred songs by Klopstock, which were published by Peters in Leipsic, after his 130th Psalm, "De Profundis," in a German arrangement, had appeared in 1810 at Stuttgardt. In order, however, to show with advantage what he could do in the dramatic style, also, he procured from A. von Schreiber a three-act opera, the libretto, entitled, *Jephta's Tochter*, and began composing the music for it under Vogler's eye.

Meanwhile, he went with his friend, C. M. von Weber, at the end of April, 1811, to Berlin, to be present at the brilliant performance of his cantata, *Gott und die Natur*, by the members of the Sigacademie, with solo singers and band from the Chapel Royal, under the direction of the chapelmaster, B. A. Weber. The return of the young artist resembled a triumphal entry, so eager were his numerous relations and friends to receive him with due honour, Carl Maria, also, meeting with so cordial a reception that he confessed a son could not have had a better. It was one he never forgot.

(To be continued.)

WIESBADEN.—The last concert began with Hérold's overture to *Zampa*. M. Brassin performed pieces by Field, Handel, and Chopin. M. Vieuxtemps played some compositions of his own. Madame Miolan-Carvalho sang M. Gound's "Ave, Maria," and Variations on the "Carnival." Herr Wachtel sang the air "Jungfrau Maria," from Herr von Flotow's *Stradella*.

SALZBURG.—Dr. Otto Bach has entered upon his duties as Cathedral *Capellmeister*. He has been elected chorus-master of the "Liedertafel."—The singing master at the Gymnasium has just completed the troublesome task of transferring from the old missal notation, with the various old keys, into our present system some odes of Horace set to music in four parts, in 1539, by the celebrated organist, Paul Hochhaimer, whom, on account of his great merit as a musician, the Emperor Maximilian dubbed a Knight.

SALARIES OF PRIME DONNE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The complaints about the exorbitant demands made by *prime donne* are not new. Thus, great indignation was expressed that Signora Euzzani, who belonged to the Italian Opera-house, London, in Handel's time refused an engagement of 60,000 ducats in Italy, because she made more in the English capital. On one occasion, she expressed a wish for some lace-trimmings, which were nothing very extraordinary, and when a gallant lord presented her a very splendid set, worthy of a queen, she threw it in the fire, because it was not the set she wanted. She refused the hand of an extremely wealthy and amiable young nobleman, and married a goldsmith's apprentice, with whom she led an exceedingly unhappy life. She died in the utmost penury, after losing voice and beauty, and squandering immense sums of money. "Lightly come, lightly go."

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* Another of his efforts at composition, though anonymous, was an operetta, *Der Fischer und das Milchmädchen*, produced on the 26th of June, 1810.

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MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. W. Mercer, Alfred William, eldest son of Edgar Webster, Esq., of Chester, to Mary, second daughter of Donald W. King, Professor of Music.

On the 29th ult., at Trinity Church, Southwark, by the Rev. D. A. Mouline, John Graham, of Carlisle, to Alice, daughter of the late Mr. William Fish, Professor of Music, Norwich.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

ABOUT THE EISTEDDFOD.

THE third day of the Eisteddfod—the day when Cambria's sons and daughters meet to see their chief bard installed with ancient form and ceremony—opened with a steady downpour of rain. It always does rain on these occasions, and Jupiter Pluvius roused himself from lethargy to observe an old if not an agreeable custom. But the Welsh are too familiar with downpours to care much about them; and hence, the crowd always looked for on "chair day" was duly forthcoming. So large was it that the pavilion could not have held many more; and, under the influence of numbers, the proceedings went off, up to a certain point, with unusual spirit. Of course the bards were quick to feel the change from the languor of previous days; and they poured forth englynion, for the first time during the week, with much apparent self-enjoyment. Of their enthusiasm the audience largely partook, and everybody looked upon everybody else with congratulation in his eye.

I am not going *seriatim* though even the musical contests of the morning sitting, because some of them had no interest at all except to those directly concerned. It behoves me to tell, however, in what style a little girl-harpist carried away the prize from every competitor by dint of playing a pathetic melody with such pathos as to touch every heart. That child made me respect the harp. She sang upon it as Arabella Goddard sings upon the pianoforte, and Mr. John Thomas's decision in her favour, though fully anticipated, was received with thunders of applause. Somebody, I hope, will look well after her future. A competition in singing a familiar ballad elicited no very remarkable voice or talent, nor was a pianoforte contest more successful. In each case ordinary amateurs exhibited themselves in the ordinary amateur fashion. This being so the audience ought to have felt thankful that few competitors came forward. With the Eisteddfod managers, however, the fewness in question must be a matter for serious consideration. Even they cannot help seeing that when more than one or two musical prizes are absolutely uncontested, and the rest attract but a scanty muster of aspirants, there must be something wrong somewhere. But, though the competitions were unexciting, excitement rose to high water mark when Talhaiarn announced that a treaty of peace had just been signed between Llew Llwyvo, and the Ruthin local committee. What the powers in question had quarrelled about this deponent knoweth not, nor doth he care. Enough that the "Roaring Lion," in most amicable mood, made his way to the platform and regaled the company with a delectable song about "John Jones and John Bull," to the intense delight of his hearers, who cheered him as though a second-rate music-hall performance were the *ne plus ultra* of art. Unhappy Ruthin committee! Far better had they have fought with the Lion than have taken him to their arms. Thenceforth he roared inopportunely and could not be silenced.

The extremes of pleasure and of disappointment seem to have been reserved for this particular audience. Lifted up high by the apparition of their favourite Llew, they were cast down low by the announcement that not a single competitor was worthy to sit in the bardic chair. The news came upon the people like a heavy blow; while the elongated faces of the bards were a sight to see. I was prepared to behold one of the latter rise and pour out an impassioned lament over so marked a sign of decadence. But the opportunity was lost. Pencerdd Gwalia did not seize his harp and wail a lengthened "Ichabod," and even the muse of Talhaiarn was silent. Then, however, arose the comic man—there is at least one such among the bardic community—and emitted an englyn which suffered premature strangulation. No wonder, for, I am told, it spoke of the coveted chair as so much timber up for sale. Such irreverence from such a quarter might well have made the very stones of the Gorsedd to cry out. After this *fiasco* the sitting quickly came to an end, and the chair was stowed away in an anteroom to await the time when a Welshman can be found worthy to fill it.

There was a very large gathering at the evening concert, and a lengthy selection from *Elijah* obtained a fair hearing. Nearly all the principal solos in that work were sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. How they were sung by such competent artists needs no telling; but, unfortunately, the accompaniment was nearly as bad as it could be, and thus the general result proved far from satisfactory. At the close of the selection the Lion's admirers raised the familiar cry, "Llew, Llew," and kept it up with so much spirit that Owain Alaw had to step forward and ask if the Roarer was within hail. "He's gone to Liverpool," said a voice in response; whereupon Owain Alaw looked relieved, and the audience kept silence. But the Lion of Llwyvo had not gone to Liverpool, for he soon after appeared, and was greeted with lusty cheers. Once again the calls for "Llew" put an end to everything else till Llew himself rose and rebuked his partisans, after which the performance went on quietly.

The second part was miscellaneous and largely made up of Welsh music, respecting which I have only to say that it might have possessed more variety. A stranger, judging by Eisteddfod performances, would conclude that only half-a-dozen Cambrian airs have come down to us, so exclusively are those half-dozen played and sung. Another result is that one gets bored. The "March of the Men of Harlech" may be a very fine tune, but its beauty is no reason why it should be forced upon an audience (as on this occasion), three times in thirty minutes. Among the selections not Welsh were "Sleep, gentle lady," capitally rendered by Miss Wynne, Miss Watts, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. L. Thomas; and Mendelssohn's "Roamer," which an ambitious young Welshman found too much for him. Miss Kate Roberts was to have played a pianoforte solo, but a severe fall on the previous day unfortunately laid her aside.

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A bold departure from precedent (it could hardly have met with the approval of the bards, who had one sitting the less for mutual glorification), gave a performance of the *Messiah* on the morning of the last day. In some respects the result was highly satisfactory. There was, for example, a very large audience who sat out the oratorio to the end with unabated interest and the highest decorum. Then the performance, so far as the soloists and chorus were concerned, gave satisfaction to an extent which few could have anticipated. The credit thus secured by audience and singers was made all the greater by attendant circumstances, for everybody's patience had a sore trial by reason of interminable speechifying before each part of the oratorio; speechifying enough to wear away even the enthusiasm of Welshmen. Yet the Welshmen present seemed to make nothing of it. As to the performers it appears that they were gathered mainly from local sources, and had never enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal. Their unanimity, when they did meet, was wonderful, and honour is due to them accordingly. It was a pity that for so fair a chorus no better accompaniment could be found than such as proceeded from a piano, harmonium, and cornet. True, the pianist (Mr. Percival, of Liverpool), was most admirable, and the harmonium player (Mr. Argent, of Rhyl) did some remarkable things with his reeds. True, also, that the cornettist was judicious enough to play an octave lower when there was any risk of a collapse in the higher regions. But the labours of all three were a poor atonement for the absence of an orchestra, and it behoves the Eisteddfod managers to consider the practicability—if they mean to go on with oratorio—of getting together a small band. Surely, among a million of people who represent themselves as musical, there can be found thirty or forty capable players upon instruments. Mr. Hullah conducted, and, at the close, was praised for his conducting almost to the point of adulation. Yet Mr. Hullah ought not to have carried complaisance so far as to allow his subordinates to run away with him. This he did in the "Hallelujah Chorus," the singers rushing on, and Mr. Hullah following like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, till the pace at the end was killing. About the soloists there is no need to say much. Miss Wynne was successful in all her songs, and Mrs. Wynne-Matheson made a fair impression in "He was despised." The delivery of the Passion-music by Mr. W. H. Cummings was exceptionally fine, and the sonorous voice as well as dignified style of Mr. Lewis Thomas told well upon the audience. "Rejoice greatly," was to have been sung by Miss Watts, but indisposition compelled that young lady to leave the platform.

The evening concert was nearly as well attended as that of the morning. Its programme, being of a very miscellaneous character, calls for few remarks. I must say, however, that Miss Kate Roberts re-appeared for the first time after her accident, and played two admirable solos in equally admirable style. A short excerpt from the *Seasons*, the "Magic-wove scarf," and "Blow, gentle gales," comprised nearly all the pieces not Welsh. The rest I can afford to pass over, with two exceptions; that is to say the songs given respectively by the "Roaring Lion," and a promising pupil of that distinguished Cambrian. These, be it understood, were not in the scheme, but the Lion's admirers again became obstreperous, and had to be conciliated by some means or other. So Llew and the sucking roarer, were brought forward (amid some vigorous hissing I am glad to say), the former singing a Welsh version of "Simon, the Cellarer," and the latter a patter song to the exuberant delight of the back benches. Truly, the Welsh are odd folks! They listen in the morning to an oratorio, and in the evening shout down first-class artists for Llew Llwyvo.

I don't know that it is worth while to moralise upon the foregoing, yet there are one or two observations I can hardly refrain from making. In the first place I may ask, what can be the advantage of cliquism in the management of these meetings. If the object be to display Welsh talent, then let Welsh talent be displayed by whomsoever possessed. It is currently believed that in Mr. Brinley Richards Wales has a musician of high rank, yet not a single composition from his pen was in the concert programmes. How and why was this? Next I would suggest that when ladies and gentlemen of eminence in their profession are engaged they should be treated in accordance with civilized notions. The accommodation provided for them at the Ruthin pavilion was decidedly of the "loose box" order. An enclosed den, two benches, a bucket of water, one tumbler, and a small looking-glass, comprised all that was thought necessary for the comfort of artists at the National Eisteddfod of Wales, A.D. 1868. Whether the artists felt aggrieved or not is best known to themselves, but it is possible that numerous facetious allusions to, and enquiries for, a "brass tap" had satirical reference to the bucket and tumbler. Will somebody offer a prize next year for "The best evidence of civilization in the entertainment of strangers"?

THADDEUS EGG.

THE "MESSIAH" AT RUTHIN.

(From the "Sunday Times," Aug. 16.)

Contrary to ordinary practice, the managers resolved upon devoting the last morning sitting to a musical performance. Their doing so was somewhat of an experiment, because the music selected was not Welsh; and by no possibility could the Lion of Llwyvo have anything to do with its execution. Hence patriots and pessimists found a common ground whereon to meet and shake their heads at the prospect of failure. To the former the *Messiah* appeared an anti-national innovation; and the latter foretold for it a more or less unmitigated *fiasco*. The result confounded both; for even the common people listened gladly, and the music was rendered—all things considered—in a very creditable manner. It must be confessed, however, that the pessimists did not croak without cause. The *Messiah* may be well known, but its adequate interpretation among the mountains of North Wales seemed too much for reasonable expectation. As regards the chorus, the local choir-singing previously heard gave no hope whatever; while how an orchestra was to be obtained, without an impossible expenditure, was a puzzle indeed. But Owain Alaw and his assistants made fair headway against some of their difficulties, and turned the flank of others in capital style. They worked industriously at training the native contingents from Ruthin, Denbigh, and Rhyl, finally leavening the whole lump with a detachment of fifty voices from Birkenhead. An orchestra being out of the question, they brought down Mr. Percival, of Liverpool—a most excellent accompanist—who, with a Broadwood grand and the assistance of a harmonium (Mr. Argent), and trumpet, contrived to supply its place as well as circumstances admitted. Mr. Hullah was presumed to be a safe conductor, and the solos, entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Watts, Mrs. Wynne Matheson, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, gave no cause for fear. Of course the general effect upon the ear of a London concert-goer was poor, but the vast majority of those present must have been delighted with what they then heard, probably, for the first time in their lives. Far be it from us to sneer at this Welsh performance of the sacred oratorio. We would rather praise it, spite of its shortcomings, as a step in the right direction, which deserves to be followed up, and which, moreover, must be followed up if the Eisteddfod is to be educational in matters of art.

How the work was received has already been hinted. A huge audience assembled, the pavilion being filled in every part for the first time during the week, and not a trace of weariness or impatience was anywhere visible. This is the more worthy of note because the president of the day—Mr. Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle—delivered himself of a long speech, as in duty bound, and others, in duty bound to do no such thing, imitated his example before a note was struck. Moreover, the irrepressible vicar of Neath, who never appears so happy as when hearing himself talk, felt moved to an oration between the parts, and

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also at the close of the performance. This made the sitting a very lengthy one, but the people sat quietly to the end of the "Amen" with a decorum that might profitably be imitated elsewhere. How much they appreciated what was done could easily be seen, while their applause was as discriminating as could be wished. We need hardly say that the cry of "Llew" or "Cymraeg" was never once heard, which fact should teach the managers of future Eisteddfodau a lesson. It is only when the programmes are compiled with a view more to amuse than instruct or elevate that the people demand the man who amuses them best. Put really good music before them and—as in this instance—nobody will feel inclined to say of the Lion "Let him roar again."

REVIEWS.

Mary, Mary, bereft of thee. (Chastelard's lament on the departure of Mary, Queen of Scots, from France.) The words by G. Whyte Melville, Esq. The music by Mrs. John Holman Andrews. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

The composer of this song has well caught the spirit of her words. The picture of France without Mary is thrown into admirable relief by the music, while the change of subject, rhythm, and key, upon the words—

"Our darling, pearl and pride,
Our blossom and our bride,"

—is full of appropriate expression. The melody is judiciously accompanied, and, as a whole, the song deserves attention.

Ou voulez-vous aller? (Gounod.) Transcribed for the pianoforte by Brinley Richards. [London: R. Mills.]

Mr. Richards has transcribed Gounod's melody in his usual pleasant and effective style. The piece is easy to play, and will, doubtless, be much in favour.

Air and Variations from Handel's "Suites de Pièces." (Performed by Herr Rubinstein at the Philharmonic Society's Concert, June 8th, 1868.) Edited by J. McMurdie, Mus. Bac., Oxon. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Many of our readers will remember the exhibition Herr Rubinstein made of himself and Handel when performing this admirable work. We hail its publication in a separate form, for a reason connected with Herr Rubinstein. The result may be to show the difference between Handel pure and unadulterated, and Handel filtered through a virtuoso.

Lebensgluck. (Beethoven.) Transcribed by George Frederick West. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Here we have Mr. George Frederick West again essaying his little all to "paint the lily, and add a perfume to the violet." The result is—when looked at on the comical side—very comical indeed. But, although Mr. George Frederick West is no greater man, it is hard work to view the matter from a funny point.

The Pianist's Library. A collection of pianoforte works from the best masters, Classical and Modern, Nos. 13 and 14. Edited by Brinley Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

In these numbers Mr. Richards has done good service by placing within easy reach a selection from Heller's *Nuits Blanches*, and the E flat *Impromptu* of Schubert. He has, moreover, given directions for fingering, wherever they seemed necessary, with much judgment. We need not say a word in praise of the compositions. That by Schubert especially is above either praise or blame.

Cassel.—The Royal Opera-house has again opened its doors after the holidays, and all the members of the company have returned to their duties. But some will not remain long, as considerable changes, will take place on the 1st September. All three tenors leave, and will be succeeded by Herr Zottmayr from Vienna, and Herr Theodor Formes. Mdlle. Slevogt, the operatic *soubrette*, also, ceases to be a member of the company.

Baden.—The last concert at the Kursaal began with Spohr's overture to *Faust*. Mdlle. Marie Roze sang the air, "Va, dit-elle," from *Robert le Diable;* the melody of the Djin, from Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur;* and took part with M. Monjanze in duets from *Mireille* and *La Traviata*. M. Monjanze alone sang airs from *Martha* and *La Dame Blanche*. Herr Ehrlich, from Berlin, performed Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major. Signor Bottesini, also, delighted the audience with his marvellous playing.

Cologne.—M. Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* has now followed his *Barbe bleue* here, and been received with equal favour. Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been created a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Bonn.

CONCERTS IN VARIOUS PLACES

Melbourne.—The "popular" concert given at Hawthorn Town Hall, on Saturday last, by Herr Schott was not so well attended as was expected, seeing that the list of local patrons was large, and the programme very inviting. Perhaps the real reason was the difficulty and danger of travelling at night in the Hawthorn neighbourhood, and a practical illustration of this was afforded to the performing artists on their way home. The audience, such as it was, had good reason to be satisfied with the vocal and instrumental music executed, as it was thoroughly well rendered. A selection of pieces from Wallace's *Maritana* (which Herr Schott has in rehearsal for his first production of *opera di camera*) was evidently enjoyed. The performers were the Misses Easdown, Mr. Amery, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Madden, and Herr Schott. The last-named gentleman played a brilliant *galop de concert*, "Les Rapides," his own composition, which would, if published, be very welcome in Victorian concert-rooms. As we have said, Herr Schott's party, on their return, met with an untoward accident, the consequence of carts being allowed in that suburban neighbourhood to go about at night without lights. There was a collison between a wood-cart and the city-bound cab, the cabman was thrown forward, and Herr Schott, jumping out to catch the reins, fell, and the cab passed over his legs and body. The unfortunate gentleman was taken home at once, and medical assistance obtained. Luckily no bones were broken, but his body was much bruised, and his nerves sustained a severe shock.—*Melbourne Argus* (June 16, 1868).

Leeds.—The second concert in connection with the present Assizes was given at the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday week, and, notwithstanding the showery character of the evening, the hall was well occupied with an audience who, if we may judge from their demonstrations of approval, were thoroughly gratified with the programme submitted to them, and the highly artistic manner in which the various pieces were performed. To those who had not the good fortune to be present, we need only say that the vocalists were the old favourites with Leeds concert-goers, Miss Helena Walker, who was in excellent voice, and acquitted herself with her accustomed ability; Mr. C. Video Harding, who sang with great care and much feeling; and Mr. E. de Jong who performed two solos on the flute, in addition to playing the flute *obbligato* to the echo song given by Miss Walker. All the artists were encored. It must be highly satisfactory to Dr. Spark, the conductor, who, as usual, played several compositions on the organ, to find that these concerts are so greatly appreciated.

On Tuesday evening Aug. 11, the St. George-the-Martyr Choral Society gave their second concert at the school-rooms, under the leadership of Mr. Cottam. Great progress towards efficiency is undoubtedly the result of the new system of training introduced by Mr. Cottam, and the choir must be congratulated on possessing the services of so painstaking a tutor, and the conductor on having such apt pupils. Among the most creditable performances of the evening were the "Hallelujah Chorus," and a four-part song by Mr. Cottam, entitled "England—the great, the free."

Miss Elizabeth Philp is now giving a series of concerts in the "far west." Among other places she has visited Falmouth, the *Packet* of which town has brought us the following account of her success:—

"On Wednesday a great musical treat was given to the Falmouth public by Miss Elizabeth Philp, the accomplished vocalist and composer, of London, assisted by Miss Sterling, Madame Alice Mangold (pianist), and Mr. J. S. Mitchell. The programme comprised several favourite specimens of classical and modern music, among the most successful of which was "when all the world is young" (one of the most sprited compositions that have emanated from the pen of the clever *bénéficiare*) sung by herself, and enthusiastically redemanded by the audience, who were further delighted by Miss Philp's charming rendering of a song, "Beware," a setting of Longfellow's well-known words. "The Irish King's ride," a ballad also by Miss Philp (which we have heard is a great favourite in London), was magnificently sung by Miss Sterling, who fairly electrified the audience with the rich, full, contralto tones that floated from her lips. This gifted young artist was applauded in everything she sang, and twice encored. As well as the above mentioned ballad, she gave Rossini's *aria*, "Elena, oh tu ch'io chiamo," the song, "My head is like to rend," by Miss Philp, and joined in the duet "Le Zingare," and the trios, "Vieni al mar," and "I Naviganti," with Miss Philp and Mr. Mitchell, who, at very short notice, rendered creditable assistance. Anything we could say respecting Madame Alice Mangold's pianoforte playing would faintly interpret the delight experienced by those who had the privilege of hearing her. Anything more sparkling and graceful we cannot imagine, and her performance of a *gavotte* by Bach, elicited a unanimous encore. We learn with pleasure that these favourite artists purpose giving a farewell concert on Monday, the 24th of August. The conductor was Mr. J. H. Coggins, who contributed greatly, by his valuable assistance to the success of the concert.

Leipsic.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is to be produced on the 15th September.

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MUSIC OF INSECTS.

We take the following article from the American *Watchman and Reflector*, because it is both curious and timely. Our readers may verify its assertions—the mosquito "middle *do* or C" included—for themselves.

"Any contrivance that will cause two hundred and fifty-six impressions on the ear per second, and those at a uniform distance apart, produces that musical note which ought to be given by a key near the middle of a piano key-board, called middle *do* or middle C. If the impressions are more rapid than that, the sound is higher, if slower, then it is lower. The sound may be produced by shot falling on a board or on a sheet of tin, by scraping comb-teeth under a finger-nail, by the vibration of a stretched string, of a piece of metal, or of a tube-ful of air. The quality of the note depends on the character of the individual impressions, its pitch on the rapidity of them. Hence, if you hear but a single note you can guess very well whether it is from air in a trumpet or the vibration of a string or of a bell. And if you can ascertain the pitch you can calculate the number of vibrations.

"I hear a fly buzzing, and try the keys of a piano till I find one of the same pitch, and then I know that the fly is making one hundred and seventy motions per second of some kind or other. They are the beats of his wings, of course. If an insect makes fewer strokes than sixteen per second he flies silently. The humming-bird makes more, and so he (alone, perhaps, of all birds) makes a note.

"The note of the mosquito that serenaded you last night, is said to be on middle *do* or C; if so, you know that the attentive musician made two hundred and fifty-six beats per second; and in the little time wasting her song on your inappreciative ears she made as many beats as there are steps between Boston and New York. The drowsy beetles fly much more leisurely. If you ever imprisoned a bumble-bee in the flower of a pumpkin or squash, you have noticed, then, how fear or a desire to escape has quickened his wings, which ordinarily make but eighty-five beats per second. The same increase of action is noticed in the fly in the spider's web.

"But the noise of flight is involuntary. Insects do not breathe through their throats, neither does any considerable part of their breath pass through any one channel, for the usual number of stigmata or breath-holes is eighteen. So the insect may be incapable of vocal music. A very few of them are furnished with musical instruments, but, perhaps more have apparatus for producing light than sound. The *cicadæ* among the *hemipters*, and the jumping *orthopters*, that is, the cricket, grasshopper, and locust families, emit sound.

"I find no indubitable evidence of any others, and of these the males are only favoured with musical organs. An Italian naturalist—he must have been badly mated—says, that the reason why the *citadæ* and grasshoppers are so merry is because their wives are dumb. But among birds, the male is more gifted with song than the female, though among hawks, at least, the female is larger and stronger. A very wide diversity in the sexes characterises the whole animal world. I do not mean that the emission of sound, or even the voluntary production of sound is so limited. The ticking of the death-watch by blows given by the jaws against whatever the insect stands on, is done by either sex, and probably for the sound. The death's-head moth emits a tone caused by some rapid movement, as do bees, after their wings are cut off. Any movement rapidly repeated should produce a note.

"I do not know how the snapping locust, *locusta corallina*, makes its noise when it flies; I suspect that it is involuntary and that it is common to the two sexes. Nature has supplied others of this family with two fiddles apiece, they stand on five legs and double up one of the hindmost to use as a bow. The shank is furnished with rows of short spires like comb-teeth, and by rubbing these back and forth over the edge of the wing-cover the elements of a note are obtained. When one leg is tired he uses the other. The sounding-boards to these violins (and in all such instruments—even the human voice—they are very essential) are a couple of cavities in the sides of the abdomen under the first ring and probably also the surface of the wing cover. If locusts have fiddles, the grasshoppers and crickets have taborets. These are flat discs with ridges. One slides over the other, and the acuteness of the note depends on the frequency with which the ridges strike each other. There is, of course, a cavity beneath to give volume to the sound. The taborets are attached to (or are a part of) the bases of the wing-covers. The katydid, perhaps the loudest of the grasshoppers, can be heard a quarter of a mile. Lastly, the male cicadas are furnished with a pair of internal kettle-drums, sounded by a complicated set of internal muscles. The requisite sounding cavity is seen by raising two large valves beneath the abdomen. They can be heard a mile.

"Why is this musical apparatus given to one sex only? Perhaps in each of the three cases a like amount of mechanism is required for the boring and sawing apparatus of the female, and an equal amount of space required for the development of the eggs. So, by requiring music of the male only, the sexes are kept more nearly balanced. They are intended to be different—not inferior and superior.

"The chirping of the cricket is pitched the highest, or nearly so, of any that the human ear can hear. In Southern Europe either they or their neighbours the grasshoppers are kept in cages for their music."

The balance of the sexes is an exquisite notion. The writer clearly stands in awe of his female neighbours.

HAYDN AND HANS SACHS.*

Some persons may, perhaps, take objection to the fact of Haydn and Hans Sachs being thus placed in juxtaposition, less on account of the long space of time by which they are separated, than on account of the much greater value attached to the muse of Haydn than to that of Hans Sachs. But Hans Sachs was in his day quite as productive and varied as Haydn was in his, and in proof that his poems possess profound and lasting merit, I have one witness worth all the rest put together; I mean Wolfgang Goethe. The muses of Haydn and Hans Sachs are too nearly related in their character, for the juxtaposition of the two men to afford fair ground for objection.

Above all things, a predominating trait in both is their *naïveté*; the childlike simplicity and absence of pretension, the innocent unaffectedness and trueheartedness, the cordial simplicity and good-nature accompanied—as conscious *naïveté* always is—by humour and sprightliness, and sometimes even by sly roguishness, qualities which, when combined, constitute *naïveté*. This greets us in Haydn's pleasing, incomparably beautiful quartets, just as in his pianoforte compositions, now, alas, nearly forgotten, and even in his symphonies and oratorios. This is precisely what makes us so fond of constantly turning back to the charming and friendly old man; what causes us to be continually finding fresh charms and beauties in his works; what induces us never to be tired of lying on his breast—it is the childlike nature of his genius, the paradise of child-like goodness, which we perceive in the background, and from which we hear his sweet, moving, and peaceful strains issuing forth. Even when he pourtrays the seriousness and the sufferings of life, even when his genius takes a higher flight, to sing the creations of God, to lament with the Redeemer on the Cross, to magnify the seasons of the year, and the works of men, and the power of God in Nature, this friendly, conciliatory tone is always heard, like some angel's voice.

Just as he was, he wrote. The noble Mastersinger of Nuremberg did the same. How his poetic muse combined *naïveté*, humour, and satire, can be seen nowhere better, and in his own style, too, than in Goethe's poem, "Hans Sachs' poetische Sendung," which, as most persons are aware, was written to revive in Germany that recognition of the old poet which he merits. Only a small number of his poems have been preserved, but they are distinguished by the *naïveté* and good nature to which we have alluded, and by striking, brilliant wit, while his pictures of his own times and the kind of morals then prevalent, are far from deficient in sharp satire.

This *naïveté* extends also to those works, in which the two men treat of matters of faith; both are distinguished for their productiveness in this sphere. We know what enthusiastic homage Hans Sachs paid to the ideas of the Reformation, and to the Reformer in his *Wittenberger Nachtigall*, and how much by his simple and beautiful sacred songs, so full of faith, such as, "Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?" and others, he helped to propagate the Reformation, and how, in his Biblical stories, and his version of the Psalms of David, he sang with the power and confidence of a prophet. But what Joseph Haydn did with his numerous motets, cantatas, and oratorios, is nearer our own time and feeling, for the forms of his ideas are those of to-day, and anyone who is not moved by the magnificent choruses of the *Creation*, and of the *Seasons*, anyone who does not acknowledge the master, and the profound creative power of faith, has no perception, no appreciation of the depths of art and of faith. "Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!" he exclaimed, with his eyes lifted towards Heaven, and streaming with tears, as, an old man of 70, he sank down, overpowered by the power of this passage, at the performance of the oratorio in question: "*Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!*"

* From *Zellner's Blätter für Theater, Musik u. Kunst.*

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WAIFS.

The electric organ from Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, is being erected at the Royal Polytechnic Institution above the proscenium in the great theatre. Messrs. Bryceson have to construct a large and powerful organ to suit the requirements of Her Majesty's Opera, Haymarket, now being rebuilt after the fire, and which will be re-opened next season.

Mr. Punch defines "toned paper" as "sheets of music."

The music halls have at length roused the ire of the *Beehive*, from which there lately proceeded the following angry buzz:—

"To these glaring temples of dissipation our youth are nightly attracted; where they are being gradually trained to drinking habits; where their minds are debased by the low songs and vulgar exhibitions provided for them; and where their morals are undermined and corrupted by contact with loose associates, when their blood is fired and their brains bemuddled with drink. . . . The expenditure incurred in those places of amusement keeps young men poor; causes marriage to be greatly postponed—to the increase of vice; or, if entered into, without the necessary provision for making a comfortable home; while the habits they acquire by going there will too frequently cause them to neglect home and family for their nightly amusements. The temptations of those places have also too frequently caused persons to have recourse to unlawful means for gratifying them; and too often to forfeit place, trust, position, and character. That the young should seek amusement is natural, and that the man of toil also should at times seek relaxation and enjoyment after the labour of the day; but the great evil is in permitting those amusements *in connection with public houses*—nay, to license those places in preference to places of amusement unassociated with drink. . . . To license, in connection with them, music, singing, farce, and folly, to beguile the young and thoughtless, and to lead them into habits of drunkenness and vice in life's earliest spring, is a disgrace to the magistrates that license them, the Government that sanctions, and the Legislature that permits them."

Well done *Beehive*, and yet again, well done.

One of *Mr. Punch's* friends writes thus of the Marquise de Caux's recent appearance among an operatic audience:—

"It was very natural of her, for one pleasure of her honeymoon, to go to the Opera. But may I be allowed, dare I venture to say, that, grace and elegance apart, in so doing our sweet Patti reminds me very much of one Bob, the waiter at a tavern near unto Drury Lane. Bob, as perhaps you are aware, when he had got a holiday, was accustomed to spend it in sitting down to one of the tables at which on other days he attended, and causing himself to be served by his fellow-waiters. In suggesting this parallel am I guilty of a base comparison? Nay, say not so. 'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.' Adorable Patti has ministered to our enjoyment in a very high degree, but so likewise has Bob in no small measure."

The comparison may not be "base," but Mrs. Gamp would certainly call it "ojious."

A notice has been issued, by order of the vestry, that the church of St. Michael, Cornhill, will be closed, for the necessary alterations to the organ and other works, till Sunday, the 18th of October next. Bryceson & Co. have already removed the organ to their factory for reconstruction on the electric system.

The following notice of a band's performance at Tramore, a fashionable watering-place near Waterford, from a journal in that city, we think will amuse our readers; as a genuine Irish account, it is certainly racy of the soil:—

"For the first time this season the sweet band of the 56th Regt.—by command of Col Lacy.—performed on the Doneraile Walk on Tuesday, from three to five o'clock, a choice selection of operatic and other classical pieces, in splendid style. The effect was at once grand and sublime, as the concord of sweet sounds arose and rolled away over the dark-blue waters of the Atlantic. The attendance, we regret to say, was neither numerous nor select, in consequence of the treat being altogether unexpected, and only known to a few of the *elite*, whose arrival on the 'Walk,'—rearing high their noble heads in feathers and diamonds,—was the signal for renewed exertion to please, on the part of the performers, whose instruments discoursed such eloquent music. 'This human nature of ours,' as a wit once remarked, 'is a very poor affair on the whole;' but it cannot justly be charged with fickleness. We take Dryden to be an authority upon the matter of Jubal's shell.—We all know that 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,' sees things not usually visible to ordinary mortals, and we, therefore, accept without question his assurance, as to the effects of that very primitive instrument. Doubtless the antidiluvians thronged around the first musician, eager to hear his strains; and our stereotyped humanity does the same thing now every day in the streets, and on the strand of Tramore, wherever it can lay hold of one of Jubal's descendants. Some time ago while strolling along the strand a steady rain was falling upon the local well-known Orpheus of the town, commonly called 'the Irish Paganini,' whose instrument feebly, and with spasms, emitted the jovial chorus—'Here we are again;' yet standing there in the shower wet and shivering, for the most part hatless and shoeless, were a group of native cockle venders and bathing women absorbed in that miserable *fiddle*, with an absorption marvellous to see. We take it that a natural love for music has increased, for if Jubal's shell was anything like so frightful an instrument of torture, then we will disbelieve Dryden altogether. We have only to add that the sublime and really original solos of our modern Orpheus, with their unique and unrivalled accompaniments, comprising concords and discords, *ad libitum* with shakes, shifts, thrills, and slides chromatic,—*con amore*—*con spirito*, &c., &c., have no parallel in modern exhibitions, and would amply repay a pilgrimage to Tramore from the most distant part of the *Ile verte de la Musique*.

Basso Profundo.—A deep draught of bitter beer.

A critic, speaking of Parepa's vocalism, says, "We hang upon every note." This is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of execution.

A Spritualist has predicted that the millennium will come within twenty years, and before that time men will have to work but two hours a day, and there will be a piano in every house.

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

The Connecticut "Congregational Association of Churches" recently passed a resolution that no voluntary pieces shall be sung by choirs unless the words shall be intelligible to the congregation.

In some of the fashionable churches the programmes of the music are printed and distributed in the pews. It is suggested that opera glasses will come next. But that is not the worst calamity that might befall—the ladies might encore a pet parson's sermon!

A Bad Spell.—A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher recently, in which she had spelt the words very poorly. She apologized by adding a postscript as follows: "You must exkews this letter, as I pla bi noat butt spel bi ear."

Mr. Campbell, the excellent blind teacher of music at the Perkins Institute of Boston, gives the following as the process by which his blind pupils are taught: He dictates to the whole choirs a musical sentence—eight or twelve measures—to be sung; having named the key and rythm, he tells the sopranos the letter-name and length of every note or rest in every bar consecutively *once* through; the same to the altos, tenors, and basses; then marks the *tempo* and gives the word to sing. They have all carried their parts in their minds, and they sing the new piece in four-part harmony as accurately as good sight-singers would sing from a book!—*Orpheus.*

Who does not love to make a willow whistle, or to see one made? Can you not recall your first lesson in the art—the cutting of the flexible bough, the choosing a smooth part, passing the knife around it, above and below, pounding it judiciously, wringing it earnestly, and feeling the hollow cylinder of bark at last slipping on the sappy, ivory-white, fragrant wood? That little plaything grew, with growth of art and civilization, to be the great organ which thunders at Haarlem or in Boston. Respect the willow whistle.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Here is a picture of a fashionable American choir, drawn by an American hand:—

"The cock-loft ten feet behind and ten feet above the worshippers; then the fourteen sorts of tune-books; then the balustrade to hide the praisers; then the praisers themselves, who come tripping to their places with exuberant satisfaction and demonstrative delight; then their salutations and greetings, which in any other part of the church would be considered intolerably irreverent (therefore the choir-loft is not recognized as a part of the church, or the inhabitants a part of the worshippers), then the titter—a disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is inseparable from them; then solemn singing with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nudging and characteristic (not to say choristeristic) winks; then a grand reconnoitring of tune-books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during the prayer or the reading of the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or an exchange of pencilled notes on all the great questions that interest the human mind—except religion; then the transformation of the choir loft into a sleeping-car, of which the chorister is the conductor, who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again."

The Americans are our cousins, and it is not surprising, therefore, that an English eye can discern familiar outlines in this little sketch.

Henry Ward Beecher has been pleading for "simple melodies" after this fashion:—

"It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when a choir is put to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly-converted opera airs which last week were brought over by a fresh *troupe* of foreign singers! And those sweet melodies that stilted propriety has long ago driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, and rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the ascending shouts of a mighty

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people; or which, more gently, have filled rural school-houses and humble lecture rooms and village churches, not yet corrupted by the false pretences of 'classical music,'—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear and not feel his heart beating within his bosom all the faster for the sound—are become the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our own land."

Without at all pinning our faith to the "sweet and humble melodies" of which Mr Beecher speaks, we fancy that the popular preacher has good reason to complain of what can only be termed by courtesy the "service music" of American churches.

They have in Boston a miniature locomotive with tender, the former about fifteen inches and the latter about eight inches in length, composed of 188 ounces of silver and 37½ ounces of gold. It is a miniature representation in exact symmetrical proportion of an engine of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, and in its most minute detail, even to the number of rivets, it accurately represents its great prototype. The engineer and fireman are seen at their posts, and are literally solid (silver) men. The locomotive stands upon a rosewood box, within which is a music box, manufactured in Geneva, and when it commences playing, the driving wheels and the eccentric rods and the working parts move in perfect unison to airs from the *Grand Duchess*, five of which are given, including "Le sabre de mon pere" and "J'aime le militaire." The locomotive (value 4,500 dollars) is to be presented to G. W. Ferry, the master mechanic of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad.

Ambroise Thomas has been nominated a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli died at Bielefeld, in Prussia, on the 26th ult.

L'Art Musical says that "the poet, H. F. Chorley," has resigned his place on the *Athenæum*, and has been succeeded by "M. Francis Barnett, a composer of talent."

Signor Bottesini is playing at Baden with extraordinary success.

It is reported that M. Pasdeloup will take the direction of the Théâtre-Lyrique.

With reference to the Gloucester Festival, *La France Musicale* gives us a curious example of French inability to spell English names. Our contemporary speaks of Sines Reeves, Lewis Thomer, Santluy, and Dr. Weslay.

Alboni has decided not to reappear upon the stage. *Tant pis.*

Mr. Maurice Strakosch has engaged the new American singer, Miss Minnie Hauck, for four years.

Mr. Summers's "New Ode," the words of which were written by the Rev. Dr. Bromby, and bear on the attempted assassination of Prince Alfred in Sydney, was performed at the Princess's Theatre, on Monday evening, for the benefit of the Alfred Memorial Fund.—*Melbourne Paper*, May 23rd.

Mr. Millar, lately appointed bandmaster of H.M. 14th Regiment, has arrived at Melbourne.

We quote the following from the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, August 14th, 1868:—

"XXXVI.—*Elementary Musical Composition* (*Tonic Sol-fa System*). Examiner—G. A. Macfarren, Esq.

"147. The candidate will be required to compose a tune and harmonize it (note against note) for four voices, the initial notes of the melody, the number of measures, the number and character of the cadences, and the changes of key being given.—148. A verse of poetry being given, the candidate will compose for it an air with a bass, properly accentuating the words and generally expressing their sentiment.—149. The candidate will write a short composition for four voices of a given length and to given words.—150. The exercises may be written either in the established or in the Tonic Sol-fa notation, and candidates will be admitted, on whatever system they have studied, provided they pass the previous test, which will be prepared by the examiner, and furnished to each local board, on application to the secretary of the Society of Arts."

—o—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—You ask me whether I can elucidate "a very obscure passage," as Theobald (who had no fancy, and will ever remain in obscurity) calls it, extracted from the play entitled *King John*, a work by good William Shakspere, my very dear and constant friend (who had fancy and never was obscure); and to please you I open my shilling volume (the poor scholar's edition by Dicks, or Routledge, or Warne, and a more precious one than the most costly in Ellesmere's library shelves) and proceed to elucidate:—

QUEEN ELINOR. Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy the land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur de Lion;
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

BASTARD. Madam, an' if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd! *my face so thin,*
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land—
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

King John, act i., sc. 1, lines 134—137.

There are roses and roses. The flower-pot hath its rose, wherewith to arroser the roses. Edward the Third of England had also a rose which he termed a rose noble, and its current value was 6s. 8d., wherewith, no doubt to arroser the lawyers. It was a foppish custom of the period in which the good Shakspere lived for men to wear earrings, and some gentlemen who took great pride in their personal appearance would carry, attached to their earrings, pendants of golden coins—as the Turkish women do to the present day. When the Bastard refers to sticking "a rose" in his ear, he is talking of an earring decorated with a rose noble. The Bastard, wishing to wound the feelings of his half-brother, meanly abuses him for the singular leanness of his countenance, and savagely intimates that any person meeting the lanky-jawed wretch, and seeing the thin rims of the rose nobles, and the hatchet "face so thin" between them would, in disgust, instantly exclaim, "Look where three farthings goes," thus adding injury to insult, not only by rudely commenting upon the man's unpleasant features, but by reducing the value of the golden coin to that of the vilest brass money. It is true that the rose noble was not issued until long after King John was disposed of, but Shakspere sometimes permitted inaccuracies rather than sacrifice a witticism.—Yours as always,

Twickenham Flats. AUGUSTUS MONTPELIER ROWE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—STEPHEN MASSETT'S LECTURE.—Stephen Massett, "Jeems Pipes," delivered his new descriptive lecture, "Sixty Minutes in Japan and China," in the Mercantile Library Hall, on the 16th ult, to a large, intelligent, and appreciative audience. The lecture was very interesting, and was well delivered. The lecturer gave a graphic description of the principal towns in Japan and China, of their inhabitants, their manners and customs, and alluded to the probable results of Mr. Burlingame's mission. During the course of his lecture, he related numerous anecdotes in connection with the inhabitants, both natives and foreigners, which served to relieve the monotony of description. He was frequently applauded. After he had completed his lecture, he sang two of his popular songs, "When shall I see my darling again," and "Sunset," which were followed by an original humorous sketch entitled "The Art of Making a Speech," and also imitations of Madame Anna Bishop, Edwin Forrest, and Mark Twain's first interview with Artemus Ward—all of which were well rendered, and kept his audience in a constant roar of laughter.

DARMSTADT.—The concert given by the Cologne Association of Male Voices a short time since, in the orangery of the Grand Duke, in aid of the funds for erecting a monument to the Abbé Vogler, brought in a sum of 1800 florins.

HOMBURG.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given by the Italian Company. Mdlle. Artôt was much applauded as Margherita.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.

(*Continued from page* 582.)

After a summer visit to Dublin, in company with his father, we find Charles in the following autumn fulfilling a brief engagement at the Haymarket, where he made his first "hit" as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the drama of *The Iron Chest*. For the first time he felt that he had succeeded. "The papers afforded him positive praise; but he could scarcely believe it real."

In the spring of 1830 he made a flying visit to Amsterdam and the Hague, only to be fleeced by an adventurer named Aubrey, who promised him £20 a week, but suddenly decamped without giving any of the actors he had lured from England a shilling of their salaries.

Charles had by this time acquired that ease and self-reliance which varied practice and an intimate familiarity with what is known as "stage business" are calculated to inspire. He therefore determined to seek his fortune in America. He appeared at the Park Theatre, New York, as Richard III., in the beginning of September 1830. His reception was friendly in the extreme. He played Hamlet, Romeo, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Sir Giles Overreach before crowded audiences. His success, gratifying as it was to himself, was hardly less so to his transatlantic critics, whom it furnished with an additional opportunity for renewing their old boast that New York is the essay-office for testing the intellectual ore of the Britishers.

Charles spent two years and a half in a tour through the United States. In addressing a Waterford audience, at a much later period of his career, when he had acquired a great position, he alluded to himself and his American friends in the following terms:—

"Thrown before the public, by untoward circumstances, at the early age of sixteen and a half, encompassed by many difficulties, friendless and untutored, the efforts of my boyhood were criticized in so severe and spirit-crushing a strain, as almost to unnerve my energies and drive me despairingly from the stage. The indulgence usually extended to novices was denied to me. I was not permitted to cherish the hope that time and study could ever enable me to correct the faults of youthful inexperience. The very resemblance I bore to my late father was urged against me as an offence, and condemned as being 'strange and unnatural.' Sick at heart, I left my home and sought the shores of America. To the generous inhabitants of that far land I am indebted for the first ray of success that illuminated my clouded career."

Returning to England in 1833, he was engaged by M. Laporte for Covent Garden Theatre, at a salary of £30. On the 25th March in that year his father and he acted together for the first, and, as it was fated to prove, the last time in London. The play was *Othello*—the Moor, as usual, by Edmund Kean, Iago by Charles Kean, and Desdemona by Miss Ellen Tree. Barry Cornwall gives a pathetic account of the scene that ensued—as sad a one as was ever witnessed upon the stage. Edmund Kean, now irretrievably bankrupt in health and spirits, broke down in the middle of the play. "On concluding the celebrated 'Farewell'—which he uttered with all his former tenderness—his head sank upon his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end." Charles assisted by the other actors, carried him off the stage into the dressing-room. He rallied, and was removed to his house at Richmond, in Surrey, where having been previously reconciled to his wife, he died on the 15th May, 1833. Some controversy has oddly enough arisen, since the death of Charles Kean, as to the particular theatre which was the scene of his father's last appearance upon the stage, some affirming that it was Drury Lane, others Richmond, and others Covent Garden. Mr. Cole, and several witnesses who state that they were present on the occasion, concur in naming Covent Garden.

Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wife* was brought out about this time at Covent Garden, and Charles Kean's performance of Leonardo, of which part he was the original representative, produced so favourable an impression that Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane, sounded him upon the subject of an engagement, hinting that in all probability he would be able to procure for him £15 a week. "No," replied the young actor, "I will never again set my foot on a London stage until I can command my own terms of £50 a night." "Then, Charles Kean," rejoined Mr. Bunn, with a smile, "I fear you may bid a long farewell to London, for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." "Time rolled on," writes his biographer, "and at the expiration of five years only, during which he had received £20,000 by acting in the country, he drove to the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre in his own carriage, with a signed engagement at £50 a night in his pocket, and which engagement for upwards of 40 nights was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility."

A visit to Dublin, where he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and a brief excursion to Hamburg with a well selected English company, under the direction of Mr. Barham Livius, Miss Tree being the heroine of the dramatic corps, were the chief events in the autumn of 1833.

The time was now rapidly approaching when, despite the obstacles which had beset the earlier stages of his career, Charles Kean was to occupy that exalted rank in his profession to which his ambition had from the first aspired, and for which his great abilities fully qualified him. A long tour through all the most important theatrical circuits of the United Kingdom increased his income and did immense service to his reputation. An offer of an engagement at Covent Garden reached him while he was acting with great success at Cork. It was a tempting offer, and all the more so for the courteous language in which it was couched by Mr. Macready. But Kean, as he may now be called (his father's death having left him sole owner of the name) was under terms to Mr. Bunn, and was therefore compelled to decline the invitation. After an absence of nearly five years he came back to London at the close of 1837, and on the 8th of January in the following year appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet. The fame of his provincial successes had gone before him, and the anxiety of the London playgoers was intense and universal. Study had brought out his histrionic talents in all their richness and variety of power, and practice had given polish and brilliancy to his style. His triumph was complete. The audience, so numerous as to cram the house from the floor to the roof, were enthusiastic beyond all precedent in the expression of their applause, and their favourable opinion was corroborated by all the most influential journals of the day. He found himself famous. His success in Hamlet, a part which has always been regarded as the crucial test of a Shakesperian actor, was the turning-point in his career. Now at last the tide had set in his favour, and he was fairly before the wind. A few critics, indeed, dissented from the common verdict of approval, and continued to do so for many years after; but the general judgment both of the press and of the public was rapturously in his favour. Offers of engagements showered in upon him from all quarters, and the greatest literary celebrities of the age vied in offering him their congratulations. He continued to play at Drury Lane for 43 successive nights, appearing, however, in only three different characters—the same characters in which John Philip Kemble made his first appearances at Covent Garden, acting them in the same order. From a statement published by Mr. Bunn, in his book entitled *The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain*, it appears that the receipts during Charles Kean's engagement fell little, if at all, short of those realized during a corresponding period by his father. "There was, in fact," says Mr. Bunn, "but slight difference in the attraction of either—a coincidence without a parallel in the history of the stage."

The hostility evinced in a few quarters only served to evoke the devotion of Kean's friends and admirers, who, under the presidency of the Marquis of Clanricarde, gave him a public dinner in the saloon of the theatre on the 30th of March 1838, and presented him with a silver vase of great worth and elaborate beauty. This was the second gift of the kind he had received, his fellow townsmen in Waterford having sent a deputation to London in 1836 to request his acceptance of a piece of plate of considerable value.

From this period forward the story of Charles Kean's professional career was one unbroken series of successes. There was, to be sure, as already noted, a band of critics of the Fadladeen school who still held aloof, and would not discern his merit, but the people were with him heart and soul, and the most distinguished critics had no difficulty in endorsing the popular judgment. After a brief visit to Edinburgh, where he was received with enthusiasm and cleared £1,000 by a single engagement, he returned to Drury Lane, and appeared with success in *Othello*. He then set out upon another tour through the United Kingdom, in which "praise and profit accompanied him as his inseparable travelling companions." His next appearance in London was in the summer of 1839, when he played at the Haymarket under Mr. Webster's *régime*, his remuneration being £50 a night and a benefit. This was a farewell visit preparatory to his departure for America. From New York, where he performed at the National Theatre, then under the management of Mr. James Wallack, he proceeded to Boston, and thence to the Havana, the state of his health requiring a mild climate. In midsummer of 1840 we find him again in London fulfilling another engagement at the Haymarket, at which house he also appeared in the "season" of the two following years, his fame and fortune steadily advancing together. His repertory of characters had of late years greatly extended, but Hamlet, Richard III., Shylock, Romeo, Macbeth, and Claude Melnotte were the parts in which he most frequently sought the suffrages of London playgoers. During his third engagement at the Haymarket he performed the "Stranger" for the first time in London. The simultaneous appearance at another house of Mr. Macready in the same character suggested the following epigram:—

"On those cocks of the scene,
Macready and Kean,
We thus may decide without danger—
Throughout all its range,
Though Macready is strange,
Yet Kean of the two is the 'Stranger.'"

The happiest event in the life of Charles Kean was his marriage on

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the 29th of January, 1842, with Miss Ellen Tree, one of the most accomplished actresses on the British stage. They were married at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, and on the evening of the same day they appeared together at the Theatre Royal, in Tobin's comedy of *The Honeymoon*, a happy but purely accidental coincidence. Thenceforward the professional as well as domestic careers of these eminent artists ran in the same current. They spent two years in England, appearing in 1843 at the Haymarket, and in 1844 at Drury Lane, where *Richard III.*, was produced under Kean's direction in a style of unprecedented splendour. In the following year they embarked together for the United States, where they remained for a couple of years. During this tour, which was highly beneficial to their fame, they produced *King John* and *Richard III.* with a beauty of scenery and a richness and accuracy of decoration previously unknown upon the American stage. They also brought out Mr. Lovell's drama of *The Wife's Secret*, a charming play, which on their return to London, was performed with great *éclat* at the Haymarket, where it had a run of 36 nights. Towards the close of 1848 Kean was selected, "without any solicitation on his part," to conduct the Royal theatricals at Windsor Castle—an arduous and delicate task, which he performed, then and for some years afterwards, with such skill and good taste as to give complete satisfaction to Her Majesty, who honoured him with a private audience, and presented him with a diamond ring. On the 30th of March in the same year, he lost his mother, to whom he had always been fondly attached. She died at Keydell, near Horndean in Hampshire, the country residence of her son, on a small estate he had purchased in 1844, and where she found a happy retreat during the closing years of her chequered and eventful existence.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN JENA.

Thanks to the Academical Concert Committee, writes a correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, the celebrated Swedish Vocal Quartet, consisting of Herren Köster, Ellbry, Luthermann, and Ryberrg, who lately sang at Weimar, where they were so successful that they visited it a second time, have sung here as well, and afforded the greatest satisfaction. In fact, the concerts they gave, on two different evenings, in the Rosensaal, before very numerous audiences, fully justified the reputation which had preceded them. The fresh, sonorous, well-trained voices at their command, the harmonious agreement of the same—for the four members of the quartet have worked together till they have become, artistically speaking, part and parcel of each other—their nicety of execution, extending to the smallest details, the fire and power, as well as the softness and charm that they infuse into their singing, constitute a combination of qualities producing a rich, pleasing, and compact whole, which cannot fail to exercise a pleasing and elevating effect upon their hearers, and which undoubtedly did exercise such an effect on the occasions in question, for there was no want of loud and enthusiastic applause. They sang, "Evening Song," by Kuhlau; Swedish National Melodies, arranged by Ohlsson; "Taren" ("Tears"), by Witt; a Serenade, by Josephson; Swedish National Stanzas, arranged by Ohlsson and Södermann; "Asttonen" ("Evening"), by Werner; "Evening Song," by Härtel; "Suomi-Finland Song" ("Suomi's Song"), by Pacius; "Bruderfärden i Hardanger" ("Bridal Procession in Hardanger"), by Kyeruff; "Serenade," by Fryberg; "Min lilla vra bland bergen" ("My little Place in the Mountains"), by Sandström; "The Joyous Musicians," by Riccius; "Serenade," by Wetterling; and "Gute Nacht," by Schumann. On the evening of their first performance, they gave, over and above the pieces set down in the programme, the original and hearty Thuringian national song, "Ach wie ist es möglich dann," but their rendering was deficient in that earnestness and warmth which this *genuine German* song requires, though the effect at which they aimed by singing behind the scenes was partially attained. The *al piacere*, too, employed by them in certain passages, does not suit the spirit of so simple and unaffected a composition.

Worthy of mention is the performance of the band belonging to the second battalion of the Ninety-Fourth Regiment (Grand Duke of Saxony) in garrison here. They played, at the first concert given by the Swedish singers, several pieces, including an *aria* from Herr von Flotow's *Martha*; "Farewell to the wood;" "O Thäler weit, o Höhen," by Mendelssohn; and, "Alpenlied," by Diethe, all arranged for a military band. Considering the comparatively short time they have been together, they acquitted themselves very well, and did great credit to their talented conductor, Herr Compter.—An interesting concert of sacred music was lately given, in the church of St. Michael, under the direction of the Town Cantor, Herr Stegmann. The pieces executed were mostly by old composers.

HAMBURGH.—M. Massé's opera, *La Belle Galathée*, has been produced.

BOHEMIANISM.

The pleasant days of Bohemian bachelorhood are looked back upon with regret by many a man for whom the *uxor* has proved the reverse of *placens*. And most of us can remember a friend of our youth, whose Bohemian disposition was his special charm, the possessor of "a snug little kingdom up four-pair of stairs," as Thackeray called it, the place of which he tells us—

> "Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
> Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
> As we sit in a fog, made of rich Latakie,
> This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me."

Bohemianism may be excused in youth, as long as it is not unduly exalted; but nothing can be said in favour of a Bohemian old age. For a man past the prime of life to be still indulging in the pleasures of youth, to be sowing a perennial crop of wild oats, shows that his existence has been wasted, and that his work in the world has been left undone. The follies that we can forgive in the young become intolerable in old age. An old Bohemian should be scouted and avoided. "Once we have come to forty years," our sojourn in Bohemia should be at an end. A curious instance of the Bohemianism of youth giving place to a decorous manhood is to be found in many a hard-working medical man. Medical students, as a rule, are the most determined supporters of a Bohemian life; and yet we find them settling down into respectable members of an important and responsible profession. Artists, too, are, in their youthful days, great believers in the joys of Bohemianism; but when they become prosperous, they abandon the uncertain delights of Bohemia for the securer and more tranquil pleasures of domestic life. Writers of fiction have grossly exaggerated the Bohemian propensities of artists, and few people know how hard and indefatigably some of them work.

But our special complaint against the writers who glorify this manner of living is, that they are fond of making literary men their typical Bohemians, and inducing a belief in the mind of the pulic that Bohemianism is the special characteristic of those who follow the profession of letters. As regards a certain class of *littérateurs*, unfortunately, such a belief would be in accordance with the truth. There are some writers—we had almost said scribblers—who make a boast of Bohemianism, and whose chief glory is that they are without the pale of society.

In most cases, they are men who have risen from the ranks of journalism, and who seem to think it almost an intrusion when any man, with either the birth or education of a gentleman occupies himself with newspaper work. To such an extent has this feeling been carried, that there is, we believe, a club in London, with a name indicative of the uncultivated manners of its members, which exists solely to uphold this Bohemian characteristic of journalists. The members of it are mostly obscure writers, who plume themselves upon the production of Cockney witticisms, and who are not *sans reproche* in the matter of clean linen. They hold an ignoble conviviality to be the greatest pleasure of life, and a burlesque to be the greatest literary effort of which any man is capable. They are haunters of the green-room and the stage-door, and are proud to enrol second-rate actors among their number. They have a perfect right, of course, to indulge themselves in any way they please, and to set up any standard of conduct which may seem good to them. But they, and others who hold their opinions, have disseminated a belief that such an existence is the normal condition of any man who writes; that Bohemianism is the general accompaniment of literary work. And this has contributed, in a great measure, to make the position of a journalist in this country very inferior to that which he would have obtained on the Continent. Of course, the anonymous system gives a man less chance of individual reputation than he would have were articles signed, as in France; but it is the reputation of journalists, as a class, to which we specially allude. And the stigma of Bohemianism which is attached to them, owing to the conduct of certain men among their number, has done more than anything else to make that reputation a somewhat unsavoury one. Newspaper-men, we fear, as a rule, hardly possess sweetness and light enough to satisfy Mr. Arnold.

There is, however, a fashion in this, as in everything else, and Bohemianism is, we believe, dying out. What Mr. Swinburne calls the "lilies and languors of Virtue" are asserting their supremacy over even the "rapture and roses of Vice." Respectability, social position, and a balance at your banker's, are beginning to be the objects of legitimate ambition. A shock head of hair and no visible linen are no longer considered the indispensable attribute of a man of genius: and a disregard of the ordinary rules of society receives a harder name than eccentricity. It is well that this should be so. Work in the world is increasing for every man. And those who make "gaslit midnight" life's true noon, as a Bohemian poet sings, will find that the morning will bring a more lasting repentance for the follies of the night, than such as can be washed away in sherry and seltzer.—*Imperial Review.*

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FAIRIES IN THE ROUGH.

(*From the "London Review."*)

They who are possessed by the fatal demon of curiosity—the demon who cuts open all the sounding drums of life, and leaves them only bits of wood and shattered parchment—may at Christmas-tide witness a singular spectacle outside the stage door of certain of our theatres at a particular time of the forenoon. There is a troop of dingily-clad girls, with complexions not particularly bright, and with hands which would be the better for a little washing, waiting there for admittance. They are the raw material of pantomimers. They are waiting to be turned into the mill which by-and-bye, shall turn them out again so that their own mothers may not know them. The contemplative eye anticipates the transformation. Are these wretched-looking creatures milliners out of work, gathered together from the humble homes in Clerkenwell, and Lambeth, and Shoreditch? Of a surety, no! There are there peas-blossom, belladona, hyacinth, thistledown, rosebloom, heliotrope, jonquil, and gossamer, attendants on the fairy freedom, Queen of the "Good Little People." There are in the same glorious company of pre-genital angels a group of sylvan fays, almost undistinguishable from their sisters; and hanging about their skirts, playing rude games, and annoying passers-by, are small boys, who, being passed through our magical mangle, shall come out as a strange army of elfin gardeners, clad in green, with pickaxes, shovels, and barrows, all heralded in with mysterious music. Why should human nature have such an incomprehensible desire to become a Peeping Tom, and linger about the "wings" in order to see the strange procession shorn of its ordinary trappings? When the necromancer fires a watch out of a saloon-pistol, or makes a pudding in the nearest gentleman's hat, why should little boys be so anxious to "know how it is done?" If one goes into the pit of a theatre now-a-days, one listens to a new style of criticism. In olden times the rude multitude was prone to hiss a stagey actor, or cry over the pathos of a good one. Now we are all critics of another sort. We hear only, "Law, Tom, that fellar must 'ave paid a sight o' money for that red cloak." "'Arry, don't you think it would pay to 'ave the pit a sixpence dearer, and the gallery a sixpence cheaper?" "Don't she use paint, nohow!" "Is it a wig, 'Arry, or her own hair?" "There's a get-up! 'ow can she afford it out of her salary?" "There's no man in London 'ill touch *'im* at puttin' on eyebrows and whiskers." This is the sort of running criticism one hears in the pit—and, in the stalls, too, translated into more correct, but worse articulated, language. We do not believe in the illusions of the stage now. We have got beyond that. We know how it is all done, and we speculate on the cost of it, and how it will affect *others*. For we always postulate an imaginary public to whom the play is addressed.

The interest, therefore, with which most people regard new pieces and new pantomines, is confined to ascertaining the amount of polish the raw material will receive. We are supposed to know all about the preliminary processes. In imagination we see those wretchedly-clad girls marshalled before the ballet-master, posturing themselves painfully, and submitting like lambs to his very vigorous talk. We see the small, white-faced children taught to stand on one leg in the middle of a gigantic silver oyster, threatened with instant dismissal if they sway or stumble. We see the elfin gardeners being drilled by the stage-manager, and by the fairy who is to lead them forward. We see the men who are to do the comic business come on the stage and perform their horse-play in fustain jackets instead of gorgeous masks. We hear the Princess Prettyfeet herself, clad in a warm shawl, and twirling her bonnet on one finger, sing that extraordinary medley to an empty theatre, behind footlights without gas, and to an orchestra that is checked every few minutes by the leader in order to improve the time. We are familiar with all the tricks of carpentry, and are connoisseurs in gas-work. When, at length, Boxing-night shows us the skeleton, galvanized and in motion, we are acquainted with all his hidden anatomy. We study his strides, and calculate how much his tuition cost. We applaud the efforts at stage-effect which pass our comprehension—a new water-fall, an ingenious trap-scene, or an occult ghost. There is a story told, probably without the least foundation, of a stage-manager who, when the falling of the curtain was followed by a burst of applause from all sides of the house, was at his wits' end to know whether it was the chief performer or the limelight which the audience desired to recall. If a stage-manager is at all successful, he wins our sympathies at once, for we know the difficulties with which he has had to grapple. Who has not undergone the melancholy experience of sitting beside some prematurely-old young man who has studied theatrical matters, and is competent to pronounce an authoritative judgment? How he sneers at the calves of our darling Princess Prettyfeet, and asks why she did not go to a better maker? How he knows the articles which have been got on hire from Bow Street! He poohpoohs the Enchanted Valley as a crib from a '61 pantomime! How he sneers at the selection of music, and shows you where the "Wedding March," should have come in! How he abuses the stinginess of the manager in using last year's masks, with the addition of a coat of paint. But sometimes our critic suffers himself to be silent, and then you know something extraordinary must be taking place. Is it the wonderful precision of the ballet? Is it their costume? Or is it the real diamond bracelet which the Princess Prettyfeet wears defiantly,—a tribute of public gratitude regarded with a sore hear by the curly-headed page, who is now a Government clerk, seated in a distant box, with two or three tiny nephews and nieces around him? Alas! there are no more illusions for him. He has "drunk the milk of paradise" once upon a time, but the cup is henceforth empty. He follows his fellows, and becomes a victim of the analytic mood.

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

(*From our Original Correspondent.*)

On Friday and Saturday last, the King of Prussia honoured Cologne with a Royal visit, and to the entertainments provided to welcome the beloved monarch, the music contributed its brillant share. On Friday evening the direction of our splendid botanical Garden-Flora, having given a great fête to Her Majesty, which included a splendid illumination, a supper, and a great firework, the *Kölnermännergesangverein* under the leadership of Herr Musikdirector Weber, sang many choruses with great brilliancy. A four-parts chorus expressly composed for the occasion, met with a special approbation on the part of the King as well as the public. A Tenor Solo with chorus sung by an Amateur Herr Wolf, pupil of Signor Marchesi, produced a great sensation, and at the end of it the Royal guest expressed his high satisfaction in a most flattering manner to the singer. The King being a special patron of the *Kölnermännergesangverein* was extremely kind towards the leader as well as the members of it.

The public examinations at our Conservatoire took place on thursday, friday and saturday last, giving once more evidence of the excellence of the real artistical organization and direction (under Dr. F. Hiller) of this first rate musical establishment. The best pupils of the Professors Rudorff, Seiss, Gernsheim (pianoforte) were "die Herrn Hegmann, Bromberger, Rittershausen, Dieknann, as well as "die Damen Walchner, Michiels, and Reumegen. In the violin classes of Königslow and Sapha were prominent "die Herrn Rumpelmann, Alekotto, and Borberg. In the singing classes of Signor and Mme. Marchesi, among many fine voices and promising talents, the Ladies Wilkens (from London), Burehuere, Kneiss, Zimmermann, Weise, Resch and *Lesca* (an English Lady) were extremely successfull. No doubt you will make very soon the acquaintance of this last named very distinguished new English singer, who, as I hear, is going home next month. A very first rate Barytone, Herr Mann from Bremen made a decided sensation. Mme. Marchesi who is going to leave for Vienna, has been presented with a most beautiful table service of massive silver by her pupils.

Mr. Ullmann has just been here *en route* for Denmark, where he is going to begin his next tournée in september next. He was extremely delighted with the immense progresses, which his protegée (the highly gifted Hungarian) has made under Madame Marchesi's direction, in such a short time, and as this lady is going to Vienna at the end of september next, Mr. Ullmann has decided to leave the future musical star in question under Signor Marchesi's tuition in Cologne.

By the notice published in the last number of the *Musical World* I see that Miss E. Philp, the celebrated accomplished vocalist and composer, as well as Miss Sterling (the American Contralto) have been earning great laurels in Falmouth. Both Ladies are well known in Cologne the first one having studied the composition under Dr. F. Hiller, and singing under Mme. Marchesi here during six months, and the second one having been a pupil of our Conservatoire for nearly a year, and one of Mme. Marchesi's best pupils.

The prospectus for our next opera season is already published. The Frl. Scheuerlein and Radecke, pupils of our Conservatoire are reangaged, and a third one, a contralto, Frl. Kirchner has been added to the troupe. New engaged are Frl. Brunl as *soubrette*, Frl. Humler (a pupil of Mme. Viardot) as *Coloratur Sängerin*, Herr Rübsaur first Barytone, Herr Bretschneider Bass, and Herr Garso tenor. The tenor Götte as well as the Bassess Borkowski, Lorrmann and Höfel are reangaged. As novelties we shall have *Mignon* and *Hamlet* by A. Thomas. *Die Katakomben* by F. Hiller, and *Die Gans von Cairo* by Mozart. *Nous verons!* Signor Marchesi has accepted, (out of all the singing-classes) the place of professor of the italian language and italian literature at our Conservatoire. Vale, in great haste.—Faithfully yours,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

HOMBURGH.—Mdlle. Artôt has left. She was especially successful in the last operas in which she appeared—*Crispino e la Comare* and *Otello*. Mdlle. Adelina Patti appeared for the first time on the 16th, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

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THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

(*Continued from page 585.*)

Concerning the performance itself, on the 8th May, 1811, Weber wrote the following notice, published in the *Abendzeitung* of the period:—"Among the many art-productions which, for some time past, have delighted or wearied us, Scheile's oratorio, *Gott und die Natur*, with music by Meyerbeer, performed at the concert of the chapelmaster, Herr Weber, is in every way so high and distinguished a work that you will be pleased to hear a few details concerning it; it is the production of a very promising composer, uniting in himself great scientific knowledge with a perfect command of every technical musical resource. The plan of the whole is sketched out with rich variety, but without transgressing the law of unity. Glowing life, heartfelt sweetness, and, above all, the true power of soaring and fiery genius are unmistakably apparent. The first chorus in C major, and the following fugues are very wisely kept quite *mezzo tinto*, but I was struck by some little mutilations of the text. No. 2, 3, Rec. and Aria, E flat, bass; the quintet exceedingly expressive and truthful; it is followed by the air which is so sweet that I almost felt inclined to say it was a pity it was given to a bass-singer, had not Herr Gern sung it, and persuaded me that sweetness was at home on his lips. In this number the passage: 'Da winkt er dem Licht; es schwebt hernieder,' is very happily treated in quite a different manner from Handel's 'Es werde Licht,' by an astonishing and sustained *Eacc.* of the wind instruments. No. 4, 5, Rec. and Aria in B flat, sung by Herr Eunicke, became the favourite piece with the public. It might be said it was a pity that two airs with recitatives should be assigned to two male voices in succession at the very commencement, but the effect of the Flower Chorus, No. 6, rendered by only female voices, affords a marked contrast, like some pleasing form of light, and was the second favourite with the public; nay, it called forth a sonnet upon the composer (in fact, there are in the Berlin paper several poems upon the author and the composer); the harp accompaniment was unfortunately so weak that it could scarcely be heard. No. 7, Dicant Aria, C major, in which there is, for a soprano air, unusual force (in my opinion, *nearly* the most lovely piece of all), and, in this spirit, rendered by Madame Schmalz. That this soprano air should follow the women's chorus, is, I think, a just cause for complaint against the composer Both pieces lose in consequence. They might have changed places with one of the previous male airs, at any rate, with the bass air. No. 8 Chorus of the four Elements. A genuine contrapuntal masterpiece; Air, soprano; Fire, alto; Earth, tenor; Water, bass. Each Element first delivers its own song with a characteristic accompaniment; at the end, all the four songs with their four accompaniments are combined, making eight motives. Very logically consequent, and especially effective where the entire powerful *ensemble* is repeated *pianissimo* (in F major), and it is only when such feats of harmony are thus flowingly and naturally treated that they prove *effective*, which is seldom the case. No. 9, Bass Recit. No. 10, Chorus: 'Er war, er ist, und er wird sein.' Fine rhetorical development of a chorale-like four-part strain, with occasional solo of the four principal parts in E minor. No. 11, Duet between a Doubter and an Atheist, Tenor and Bass, alternating with a chorus of men preaching confidence and faith. The various cavatinas are pourtrayed in a remarkably striking manner, and the whole is very closely combined, the idea of having this serious subject treated only by men among themselves being very fine and philosophical. In G major. Appended to this piece is the chorus in C major: 'Hörst du die Posaun' erklingen,' where I was much pleased to find that the composer had not committed the platitude of actually introducing trombones. From this point, he grows greater and more sublime up to the end. The text passes to the universal Resurrection, when all that is dead will begin to live again. A soprano solo, accompanied only by a roll on the kettle-drum, follows *solissimo* the anxious stillness of a *Fermata*. Final fugue, motive A flat major, with which the composer combines a fiery movement of the violins, and dashes on, with immense vigour, to the end.—The instrumentation is everywhere well planned, original, new, and never overladen. All the melodies, even the most captivating, are kept within the boundaries of the serious style, so that we can exclaim with Herr Gern, to whom they cried out at rehearsal, that he had sung like an angel: The music really does come from heaven! May Herr M. B continue to pursue the path of art with the perseverance, the zeal, and the modesty which have hitherto caused him to be so highly esteemed, and we can prophecy a rich harvest for art from one possessing such genius."

Thus far C. M. von Weber. The success of the work was indeed exceedingly great, and calculated to turn the eyes of the art-loving public with pride to their aspiring fellow townsman, who seemed destined to contribute his share towards raising his native place to honour and consideration.* Once more did Meyerbeer start for Darmstadt, to complete his work—which he had not suspended even in Berlin—on the opera of *Jephta's Tochter*, and to show his old master his first spoils in art. But it was now Vogler himself who urged Meyerbeer's venturing upon the ice of the world, in order to prove that, having been thoroughly trained, he could firmly maintain an independent position. Vogler said he had no more to teach him; and that the young student must now learn art autodidactically in his intercourse with the world, and on his travels, so as to combine the wisdom of the school with actual practice. A touching and deeply-felt farewell followed, but however high were the hopes which Vogler might entertain of the future greatness of his pupil, the very boldest of them were probably far from soaring to the giddy elevation which Meyerbeer afterwards attained, thanks to his knowledge, energy, tenacity, perseverance, and, more than all, to his genius and talent.

Meyerbeer set out for Munich, where his first opera had been accepted, and where it was produced not altogether without success. But the book, which of itself was less calculated for an opera than for an oratorio, was written with an amount of conscientiousness, and an observance of the rules which there is an inclination to neglect rather than to adopt upon the stage. Thus the opera was unable to retain a hold upon the public, despite the extraordinary detached beauties which it contained, and which the critics of the day acknowledged in terms of praise. The young composer did not allow himself to be discouraged. He eagerly accepted a fresh book, in two acts, of a comic character, offered him by Herr Wohlbrück of the Theatre Royal, Munich, and entitled: *Alimelek, Wirth und Gast, oder aus Scherz Ernst* (*Alimelek, Host and Guest, or Joke and Earnest*) and could now feel sure of having a well devised libretto fitted for the stage. He set zealously about his new task, not omitting to appear before the Munich public as a pianist and extempore player, in which capacity he obtained enthusiastic applause.

For the purpose of completing his opera, he returned home, and wrote there a dramatic cantata, *Der Götterbesuch*, which was performed in 1813, on his beloved mother's birthday, in his family circle, but enjoyed no further publicity. It was found among his manuscripts after his decease. He finished *Alimelek* at his leisure, and took it with him to Stuttgardt, where it was to be produced at the Theatre Royal.† Without achieving an extraordinary success, it pleased on the whole so much that the manager of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, Vienna, immediately wanted it, and entered into negotiations with the composer concerning certain changes necessitated by local considerations. Meyerbeer proceeded at once to Vienna, and, on the very evening he arrived, had an opportunity of hearing the celebrated J. N. Hummel, the popular chief of pianoforte players. He at once felt within him the impulse to do as much as Hummel, and to obtain as a virtuoso, if not as a composer, the laurels he felt he deserved. He compared the principles of the Vienuese school with those of the school to which he himself belonged; he perceived where he was deficient, and where his strength lay, and resolved to practise without cessation till he could enter the lists against any rival whatever. To effect this, he withdrew for nearly ten months from all society, and, by indefatigable industry, and the closest practice acquired everything in which he was wanting, especially a new mode of fingering. After this really fearful exertion, to which none but an artist with an iron will, who takes his art seriously, would subject himself, Meyerbeer appeared publicly as a

* Some weeks previously, on the 17th March, another work of Meyerbeer's, the 98th Psalm (according to Mendelssohn's translation) had been successfully performed at the Singacademie.

† To this period belongs, also, the composition of the Psalm, "Gott ist mein Hirt," for two choruses and two voices, performed on the 12th October, 1813, in the Singacademie, Berlin, as well as of a "Stabat Mater," a "Te Deum," and a "Miserere."

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virtuoso, with a brilliant success that eclipsed all previous masters, so that the impression produced by his playing, which was in every respect splendid, long remained treasured up in the memory of the public. Owing to the fact that the Congress of Vienna happened to be held at the time, these concerts stood out in peculiarly vivid relief, the gentlemen—and ladies of the political world carrying the name of the popular pianist into all countries. Even Moscheles, whom the Congress had attracted to Vienna, where he was known and liked, hesitated appearing, because he feared to stake against the young Prussian, the professional reputation he had only just achieved. He subsequently said that, had Meyerbeer continued to follow the career of a virtuoso, there would have been but few artists in the world capable of measuring themselves with him

To this period belong many pianoforte and other instrumental compositions of Meyerbeer's, which we have the greater right to term curiosities, because they have not hitherto been published, and are among his manuscripts that, for the moment, cannot be touched. We have often glanced in one or the other of them, and can assure the reader that they do not deserve the oblivion in which they languish. We can name from memory the following pieces as comprised among them:—1. A "Polonaise with Orchestra;" 2. "Two Pianoforte Concertos with Orchestra;" 3. "March with Variations;" 4. A great many books of "Variations;" 5. A "Grand Pianoforte Rondo;" 6. "Duets for Harp and Clarionet," written probably for the celebrated clarionettist, Bärmann, with whom he frequently played in public at that time, and for whom he wrote, also; 7. A Monodrama, *Les Amours de Thevelinda*, for soprano, chorus, and *obbligato* clarionet, a piece repeatedly executed by Mdlle. Harles and Bärmann.*

Yielding to the pressure exerted on him by the management, he at length produced, on the 20th November, 1814, *Alimelek*, but not successfully, so as to augment his reputation, for the opera did not please, or, rather, a concatenation of unfavourable circumstances did not permit the public to become familiar with it, as it was given only once. The music was too full of fine touches, and too difficult for a representation hurriedly got up. The part of Alimelek, intended for Herr Ehlers, had to be assumed, without due preparation, by Herr Forti. In consequence of this, the forms of the melody were altered, and robbed of their original charm, while entire pieces were transposed. The whole life and soul of the part, in which Ehlers would have been irresistible, suffered greatly in Forti's hands. Mdlle. Buchwieser was unfortunate enough, on the evening of performance, to be indisposed and, on that account, so careless, that, though an acknowledged favourite with the public, she drew down upon herself, for the first time, loudly expressed disapprobation. It is clear that such accidents as these, leaving out of consideration a thousand minor circumstances, are sufficient to ruin a work of art, the existence and prosperity of which hung on such slender threads. A conjunction of similar causes jeopardized the success of *Robert le Diable*.

Meyerbeer was inconsolable at the failure of his work, which even strict musicians esteemed very highly. He would, probably, have renounced dramatic composition entirely, had not Antonio Salieri, the popular composer of *Assur*, guided by the most heartfelt interest in the promising young artist, sought out Meyerbeer, and comforted him with the treasures of his own experience. He advised him to go to Italy and study singing, the human voice, and the difficult art of writing properly for it. Meyerbeer, who had become acquainted with Italian music merely from hearing the operas of Nicolini, Farinelli, Pavesi, &c., at Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, and who did not entertain a high opinion of it, could not understand such advice. Trusting, however, to Salieri's experience and sagacity, and having previously entertained the notion of visiting Italy, he started, at the beginning of 1815, from Vienna, first proceeding to Paris, in order to render himself acquainted with the state of French opera, with which he had busied himself already in the years 1813 and 1814. Among his papers, we saw, dating from this epoch, a French score: *The Bachelor of Salamanca*, as well as an opera: *Robert et Elise*, in which we discovered various points of resemblance to the subsequent opera of *Robert le Diable*.

(To be continued.)

* Inspired by patriotic ardour, he dedicated to the great events of that period, the following songs: "Konigslied eines freien Volkes," words by Gubitz, for four male voices with brass instruments, and "Das Deutsche Vaterland," by C. M. Arndt, for male voices.

MUSICAL DOINGS IN HOLLAND.

The thirty-ninth general meeting of the "Maatschappy tot Bevorderung der Toonkunst," or "Association for the Promotion of the Musical Art," was lately held at Amsterdam. Reference has already been made in our columns to this society, and the reader may, perhaps, be interested by the following short sketch, given at the meeting, of its doings during the past year.

The Association consists, at the present time, of thirteen Branch Associations, with a total of 2,082 active members, of whom 115 are musicians of reputation. It has consequently increased by about 160 members in the year. Out of the so-called "Artists' Fund," which has now reached the not inconsiderable sum of 31,000 gilders, twelve pensions were paid during the past year, and about 1,200 gilders have been set apart for the same purpose during the present year. The library of the Association consists of some 2,000 musical compositions and works on music, which are at the service of the Branch Associations, for the purposes of study and performance. It contains, with a sufficient number of vocal and orchestral parts for grand performances, 34 oratorios, 14 masses and requiems; 67 great, and 59 smaller, sacred vocal works; 34 operas; 40 symphonies; and 91 overtures. The above comprise, of course, the most important productions of old and living masters. The entire contents of the library are carefully registerd in catalogues, of which a number are distributed among the members of each Branch Association at a low price. The accounts published at the last meeting proved the exceedingly prosperous financial condition of the Association. Besides the "Artists' Fund" already mentioned, the "Reserve Fund" possesses a capital of 56,000 gilders, while there is, thirdly, the "Musical Festival Fund," with 28,900 gilders, representing altogether a total capital of 115,900 gilders. This very satisfactory state of things enabled the committee, during the past year, to vote about 1,000 gilders for additions to the library, and about 1,400 gilders towards defraying the expenses of the Musical Festival held at Arnheim in 1867. —How classical a course is followed by the Association is again evidenced by the grand performances of the past year. Among the works produced we find compositions by Bargiel, Beethoven, Max Bruch (2), Niels Gade (4), Grimm (2), Handel (3), Haydn (3), Heinze, Hol (2), Mendelssohn (5), Mozart (3), Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, and Weber. One fact highly honourable to the Association is that when it performs works by living composers, it forwards, unsolicited, what it deems a proper sum, or, as it is called, discerns them an honorary prize. Seven composers were remunerated in this way during the past year. Would that the Associations in other countries took this course as a model, and thus contributed their share towards enabling the creative composer to command a material independence resembling, at least in a slight degree, that which only the virtuoso can at present achieve. During the meeting, the prizes were awarded for the various subjects proposed at the previous general meeting. Among them was a prize for a catalogue of the eminent musicians and writers on music, from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century, who were born in the present kingdom of the Netherlands, or who lived there, together with an account of all that is known respecting their lives and works. A paper, written by a German, and bearing the motto, "Ars longa, vita brevis," was sent in on this subject, and a sum of 200 gilders was awarded to the author, though he was not considered to have treated his subject as satisfactorily as he might have treated it. Furthermore, the meeting placed at the disposal of the committee 800 gilders to be employed, during the coming year, in promoting: 1, Choral song; 2, Folks song, and especially school-song; 3, The education of young artists; and 4, In awarding honorary prizes to living composers. When we add that the "Maatschappy tot Bevorderung der Toonkunst" entertains the notion of erecting in Amsterdam, the permanent quarters of the committee of the Association, which extends throughout the entire country, a grand building of their own, for the general meetings and musical festivals, we think we shall satisfactorily show that the Association has again given signs of healthy vitality. In the interest of art, and of intellectual culture generally, we trust that this admirable institution may continue vigorously to flourish!

PRAGUE.—A new opera, entitled *Die zwei Componisten*, from the pen of Herr von Flotow, will be produced about the middle of September.

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BIRTH.

On the 23rd August, at 14, Dawson Place, W., the wife of Henry Wylde, Esq., Mus. Doc. Cantab., and of 152, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, of a son.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

OPERETTA AT PLYMOUTH.

IT is a "far cry" from Ruthin to Plymouth, but whether too far or not depends upon the traveller's object. Mine was English operetta, an article which, somehow or other, always needs to be hunted down in the provinces, and very frequently proves to be worth little when caught. I wonder if the latter fact accounts for the former, and if it be true that the Metropolis turns up its numerous noses at English operetta in sheer disgust with the shortcomings thereof. Many people (with whom I don't agree) say so; but, anyhow, the facts remain. The few lyrical English dramas we have seem born to trouble in town. If a rash manager take them by the hand, he inevitably burns his fingers; the public look at them askance, passing by on the other side; and they seem to exist at all only under the interest and tolerance bespoken by amateur performers. On the other hand, we find the provinces as regularly traversed by "companies" as they are by bagmen. The country town is always ready to give a more or less warm welcome to operetta, and it was to see the despised of London at home among friends that I went so far westward.

I found operetta at home in Plymouth in a very distinguished sense, for the people had elevated it to a position of county importance, after this wise:—Among their institutions is one for the relief of juvenile suffering, called "The Children's Wards," and it occurred to certain who lie in wait to do good (beholding "society" at hand, with all its means and appliances), that an amateur operetta performance would be just the thing to help the children's helpers. The thought was a happy one, and it spread till the list of patrons and patronesses included officials military, naval, and municipal, as well as county families in long array—till, in fact, there did not seem to be anybody who *was* anybody remaining unpledged to the success of the enterprise. Of course, all this enthusiasm was not in the cause of operetta; nevertheless, operetta was flattered by being mixed up with it, and Signor Randegger, whose *Rival Beauties* was the chosen work, must be regarded as a fortunate man. The result will appear presently; but, meanwhile, let me say a word about the *Rival Beauties* itself.

The plot of Signor Randegger's operetta is clear, pleasing, and ingenious. It can be followed without much mental exertion (always a great advantage), and when followed a little way it becomes interesting enough to attract one on to the end. Some of its characters, too, enlist a good deal of sympathy, or else a good deal of admiration. To Lady Edith the former, and to Alice the latter must be accorded, while, *malgré* smuggled brandy, Captain Thomas Deloraine commands many good wishes. It is true that Sir Percy Ringwood, who would give his hand to one damsel and his heart to another, is not a Bayard, nor is the old Miller above taking a mean advantage; but, after all, they only represent humanity under temptation. There is more than a "touch of nature" about them, especially as they yield to temptation with readiness, if not alacrity. The dialogue put into the mouths of these personages is rarely wanting in smartness. Here and there it becomes euphuistic, and, consequently, weak, as, for example, when the pretended king's officer says to one of his men, "Be kind enough to relieve Sir Percy Ringwood of his sword"—a command more likely to root a full private to the spot in astonishment than to put him in motion. But this, and a few other kindred instances apart, the dialogue brings credit to its author, as do, in an equal degree, the verses for music. The latter are nearly innocent of nonsense, and many of them rise to the dignity of very respectable poetry. Signor Randegger, therefore, was fortunate in the possession of a good book—more fortunate still in being able to make good use of it. Throughout, his music is never commonplace, because, in union with fluent and appropriate melody, there is always some charm of treatment which marks the hand of an accomplished musician. I do not lose sight of the fact that the subject and situations are not calculated to put a severe strain upon the composer's powers. They demand only the capacity to write lively and agreeable, varied by agreeable and sentimental music. But in satisfying such a demand it is often made tolerably clear that the end of the tether is reached. Signor Randegger's work, on the contrary, proves that he could go farther with impunity. The proof alluded to is found more in the concerted pieces than in the songs, admirable as are many of the latter. There are some numbers in the *Rival Beauties* which show, by their structure, and, not less, by their dramatic propriety, that the composer might undertake a much more exacting task, and still keep within his means.

With regard to the performances (two), the managers did a wise thing at the outset. By securing the composer's aid as conductor, and giving him full liberty of action, they secured, also, a guarantee of whatever efficiency circumstances made possible. Signor Randegger in turn promptly called upon the quintet who had carried through his operetta at Cromwell House with so much success, and leavened the local orchestra with performers like Messrs. Watson, Burnett, Aylward, and Pratten. This done, everybody felt that the tremors incident to an amateur display were out of place; and hence nobody indulged in them, preferring rather to speculate on the coming gains. As a matter of course, there was some local excitement, which the apparition of Mr. Lewis Thomas—in the shop-windows—armed to the teeth as bold Captain Deloraine, by no means tended to allay. This, however, was healthy, and tended to fill the well-appointed theatre with an audience disposed to be pleased with everything and everybody. It should be said at once that public good nature was but little tried, for the performance in all respects came up to (in some respects rose above) the average professional standard. The Alice Lynn of Miss Harriet Young, for example, was a well-defined individuality. Amateur characters are generally sketchy of outline, consequent upon an obvious mixing up of both the amateur and the character after the fashion of a dissolving view. But there was no jumble of Miss Young with the Miller's Daughter; the latter having it all her own way,

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and doing her work so cleverly that, but for Sir Percy Ringwood being no great catch, one might have wished her scheme successful. Alice's fine-lady airs, when passing as the visitor from London, were equally admirable; and, in brief, the entire impersonation would have done credit to a professional artist. If Miss Young made less impression as a singer than as an actress, it was no fault of her own. She managed her voice with rare judgment, and had the still rarer good taste never to attempt feats beyond the limits of her natural capacity. The part of Lady Edith Carleton was taken by Miss Mitchell, who, unlike her playmate, made a musical rather than a dramatic impression. I need hardly go into details respecting the voice and style of this well-known and accomplished amateur. Both are familiar—by repute at least—to all who take an interest in such matters, and it will suffice to say that Miss Mitchell sang after a fashion which would put not a few professionals of standing to the blush. The Plymouth people (of whom she is a neighbour) were delighted with her efforts, and tumultuously encored every song. They must have done so had she been a stranger, for it was a rare treat to hear so rare a voice. Mr. W. H. Cummings made a capital representative of Sir Percy Ringwood. Attired for conquest in a uniform which suffered nothing by voyaging across the channel in a smuggler's sloop, he conveyed the notion all through of a young gentleman on excellent terms with himself, albeit given, now and then, to sentimental rhapsody. He made love to the rival beauties with eminent impartiality, and when both passion and policy indicated one of the two he abandoned the other with singular cheerfulness. Mr. Cummings' singing needs no description, and I shall only say that he never acquitted himself better (which is saying much), and certainly never met with an audience who more persistently encored everything he did. The somewhat colourless part of the Miller was appropriately filled by Mr. Barraud, to whom fell "A gentle daughter's love," one of the best airs in the work. Mr. Barraud will, beyond question, do more justice to it, and his part generally, when he is more accustomed to the glare of footlights. The entire performance was much indebted to Mr. Lewis Thomas's good judgment as Deloraine the bold Smuggler. There are smugglers and smugglers, and Deloraine might easily be either, for the librettist has judiciously left him to take his colour from the artist's idiosyncracy. Hence, Mr. Thomas might have represented him as the sentimental smuggler, or—by a great effort—as the ferocious smuggler. He did neither, but came out strongly as the comic smuggler, loud of voice and of laugh, with a slight tendency to bad puns, and a curious disposition towards an elementary *cancan*. How much of life he thus imparted to the situations need no more be said than how much of effect his sonorous voice gave to the music. By virtue of both the presence of Deloraine was always welcome.

The conducting of Signor Randegger was admirable, the orchestra proved efficient, and the scenery and stage appointments left nothing to be desired. In all respects, therefore, operetta had a fine time of it in the far western town. How much the Children's Wards benefited I do not know, but nobody worked harder on their behalf than Sir William Mitchell, whose pretty seat at Ivybridge was the temporary home of the performers, and who, otherwise, was the life and soul of the undertaking.

THADDEUS EGG.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. T. Hughes, pupil of Mr. Blunden, of Dudley, has been appointed organist of St. John's, Kate's Hill.

WEDNESBURY.—A harvest thanksgiving, at which the Bishop of Worcester preached, took place on Sunday, in combination with the annual services and collections for the choir and organ. The performance of the anthems, "Sing a song of praise," and "Blessed be Thou, O Lord God of Israel," reflected much credit on the choir and their organist, Mr. H. G. Jackson of Kidderminster.

MONUMENT TO MENDELSSOHN.

THE following announcement has recently been made in the Leipzig periodicals, and we commend it to the notice of our English lovers of Mendelssohn:—

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"Mendelssohn's greatness as a composer is mainly connected with the important work which he accomplished in Leipzig. It was from Leipzig that through his influence a nobler taste in music diffused itself far and near. It was from Leipzig that the works of the most eminent of his contemporaries, after being performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts under his direction, went forth on their career to other towns. It was in Leipzig that many of his own greatest compositions were first performed. A crowd of distinguished pupils testify to his success as a teacher in the Conservatoire which he himself founded there, and it was to Leipzig that he always pointed as his second home.

"Mendelssohn's Leipzig life, also—both artistic and social—forms the centre point of the undying interest which is felt in him by the whole of a grateful musical world—an interest which his followers are bound to perpetuate by some worthy memorial of his work. That this has not been already accomplished is a reproach which has been long acknowledged; and it is with the view of removing this reproach that the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a Committee for the erection of a Mendelssohn Monument in Leipzig on an appropriate scale, to which they invite the assistance of all the friends and admirers of the beloved master. Musical societies are specially invited to aid by performances for the purpose, the proceeds of which can be forwarded to the committee."

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"Mr. William Owen, Organist, of Dublin."

The above is one item in the melancholy list of victims to the Abergele catastrophe. Mr. Owen was the son of Owain Alau, musical director of the late Eisteddfod. He had attended that national gathering, and, when travelling homewards, there befel him so sad a fate. The dead is beyond our regrets, but to the living we may tender such consolation as sympathy can offer. That consolation will be forthcoming from everyone with a pitiful heart.

BADEN.—Herr Robert von Hornstein gave a concert at which only songs of his own were sung. The vocalist was Herr Lang, from Munich.—Madame Viardot-Garcia lately gave a *Matinée* at her house, when the following was the programme:—Fugue, Bach (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Songs, Hornstein (Herr Lang); Aria from *Fidelio*, Beethoven (Madlle. Lüdeke); Recitative from *Ariane*, by Monteverde, and Aria from *Alcina*, Handel (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Romance for Violin, Beethoven (Herr Grodvolle); Cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, Bellini (Mdlle. Murjahn); Duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mdlles. Murjahn and Busse); "Der Doppelgänger," Schubert, and "Frühlingsnacht," Schumann (Madame Viardot-Garcia).

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THE AUTOGRAPH OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

We take the following from an article, by Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which serial, by the way, is making rapid progress towards the front rank of its kind:—

"This *Messiah* score is an oppressive suggestive volume: giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest, and tantalising from the difficulty of selecting which first to entertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where, and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, unhappily, history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossipping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, atones for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of "Mr. Jennyng's house at Gopsal" as against those of the metropolis, because, without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me confess, however, to a fondness for believing that the *Messiah* was written in the quiet Leicestershire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life, spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country; working uninterruptedly at his great task the while with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty-three days' labour possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the *Messiah* in his London lodging, amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accredit him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

"But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his deathbed, Handel seems to have had a strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had, however, been promised to his favourite pupil Smith, who refused 3,000*l.* rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed; and next into those of George III., thus becoming an heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham Palace is as unsafe to the MSS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. Ten years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schoelcher, thus wrote:—'Buried in a sort of private office, and still kept in its poor original binding, it (the collection) is concealed from all the world; and I may say that, if I were the Queen, I should have those precious volumes bound in crimson velvet, mounted with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them, which should be surmounted by Roubilliac's fine bust, and supported by four statues of white marble, representing sacred and profane music, moral courage, and honesty. This I should place in the throne-room of my palace, proclaiming by this means to every one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown.' M. Schoelcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realized. The 'sort of private office' was described, the other day, as being over a stable, unguarded, and with its inestimable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photolithograph the *Messiah*, will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

"It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves 'on receipt of own handwriting,' but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This *Messiah* score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labours hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable self-contained musician could have produced the *Messiah* manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose that the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of penknife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed, or swallowed up in blackness according to the humour of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The *Messiah* score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendour of his genius.

"Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that cannot be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the *Messiah* as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care; touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of the *fac-similes* before us, every change thus made can now be noted; we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician, and can learn the processes by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else deserves to be called the Pallas of music."

The remainder of the article is devoted to showing, by help of illustrations in music type, how far the *Messiah* of Handel's first thoughts differed from the *Messiah* of his second. This being so, we need not point out what interest the August number of *Macmillan* has for every admirer of the "sacred oratorio."

M. STRAKOSCH AND HIS CAGE.

(*From "Le Figaro."*)

. . . Seeing the cage empty, M. Strakosch wept.

"My warbler is gone" said he; "what will become of me?"

All at once his eyes fell upon an American paper. He read, in the following terms, that a star had appeared in New York:—

"Miss Minnie Hauk is a young lady of seventeen years, and of extraordinay beauty. Her voice exceeds in compass those of the most celebrated singers. Every time that she sings, her triumph is such that the hall is shaken to its foundations. Public enthusiasm approaches to madness, and 'La Diva' is almost swept away by the avalanche of flowers and crowns thrown upon the stage."

Three seconds after M. Strakosch sent a telegram to his brother Max in New York, begging him to engage the transatlantic idol at any price—hence, the cage is no longer empty.

An American friend who has heard Miss Minnie Hauk assures me that the Yankee story exaggerates nothing. He has seen her in *Romeo et Juliette* and declares that she eclipses Madame Miolan-Carvalho. Her voice has an irresistible charm, and recalls the vibrations of crystal struck by a pad of velvet (*sic*).

Miss Minnie Hauk is engaged at Covent Garden for the next season, and London is not so far away but that we may hear in Paris the echo of her marvellous organ.

BEWDLEY.—The first meeting of the Choral Society was held on Tuesday, at the Town Hall. *Samson* and Haydn's *Spring* were rehearsed.

WALTER BERWICK, ESQ.—Of the many victims to the late accident at Abergele, none will be more regretted in Dublin and its neighbourhood than the above gentleman. He was a zealous, but discriminating patron of music, and his dearest delight was to employ his wealth in affording aid to struggling talent. Many a poor professor will feel his loss. With the conspicuous rectitude of his character, there were blended a lovingness of disposition and an amiability of manner which secured for him affection as well as admiration. In the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances his sad fate will leave a dreary blank. The lamented gentleman was Judge of the Bankruptcy Court, in which capacity his unvarying courtesy won for him high esteem. Peace to his manes.—B. B.

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MUSIC IN VANITY FAIR.

(From the "Gentleman's Magazine.")

Besides the public concerts, festivals, and operas, there is other music going on in Vanity Fair which makes no little noise, and which is likewise influenced by the weather. Its performers indulge in part-singing, oratorios, and heavy music generally in the winter, and get up Italian *scenas*, ballads, and lighter compositions, in the summer time. Will you go with me to Lady Mortgage's "afternoon music," in Belgravia? It is a crowded assembly—a very crush—some of the guests are sitting on the stairs. Nearly all the fair sex present are in bonnets. One or two have thrown off their dainty head-gear—they are the amateurs whose performance constitutes the "afternoon music." The young lady at the pianoforte, talking to the accompanist, is a high soprano, very particular as to her runs and shakes. She is instructing the *maestro*, who seems half afraid of her. The stern-looking dame in the doorway, her maternal parent, peers round the room with an air as much as to say, "My daughter's going to sing; and if you talk I'll eat you." No fear, my dear madam; your daughter's singing will command attention. The heat is oppressive; the fans in motion keep up a sort of æolian accompaniment to the amateur *prima donna's* vocal gymnastics. Her grand *scena* comes to an end at last, and the melting audience make themselves warmer by applauding. They wait languidly for a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed damsel to sing an English song—the Patti of London society, possessing more true music in her little soul than the Patti of the stage can boast of. Behold the enchantress, as she is taken away from among her friends in the furthest corner of the room. The hostess leads her to the piano, at which, with the most artless simplicity and grace, she sits down, and accompanies herself in a song Sullivan has written for her. It is a treat to listen to such singing. With no apparent effort, the effect is that which only a sympathetic voice and pure artistic feeling can produce. All she does seems facile enough; but compare her performance with that which is coming after, and you will soon acknowledge its superiority, even if her singing has not touched your heart, which I very much doubt. After the song comes a fashionable *tenorino*, with very little voice, but a great deal of affectation to make up for it. He gets warm—sings out of tune, and makes a most extraordinary noise, unlike any other noise you ever heard, when trying to get out a high note. The "quack" makes him hotter, and he finishes his *aria* more or less in confusion. Lady Mortgage thanks him for the pleasure he has afforded her friends, and the *tenorino* believes, after all, he has distinguished himself. Then come some duets or trios, in which one of the singers is sure to blame the other inwardly, if not audibly, for having been a bar too soon or a bar too late. Some one is expected, who has not yet appeared. It is a *tenore di forza*, in the Civil Service, who at length shows himself. Lady Mortgage rushes at him, playfully abuses him, and is determined he shall make amends for his want of punctuality. The tenor is made more of than would have been the case had he been up to time. *Il s'est fait desirer*, and does not regret it. A French song from the *Spoilt Child*, and a duet between him and the amateur Patti, terminate the "afternoon music." The hour for the Park has come, and, as it is *de rigueur* for all true pleasure-seekers to idle away a certain number of hours during the day in that part of Vanity Fair, we will leave them to do so, there being, sad to say, very seldom any music in the Park to listen to.

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. No. 11. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE pianoforte pieces in this number are "Flower-de-Luce," a reverie by Walter Macfarren, and "Le Sourire," a mazurka by Henri Roubier. The former is easy and pleasing if not very remarkable. The latter has more than the average merit of its class. Signor Randegger and Mr. E. L. Hime contribute the songs. That by the Italian composer is a setting of words by Francesco dall' Ongaro, translated by Campbell Clarke, and entitled "The Butterfly and the Flower." Notwithstanding an awkward clash between the verbal and musical phrases at the outset, the song will be welcome as an example of graceful and effective writing. Mr. Hime's contribution is a ballad of the conventional type, called "Twenty years ago."

The Pretty Rose Tree. Ballad. Words by THOMAS MOORE; music by T. DAVENPORT CHATTERTON. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

THERE are some original features in this ballad which take it out of the ruck of its kind. Its rhythm, for example, is piquant and uncommon. In this respect it has a fair claim upon attention.

The "Cead Mille Failtha" Galop. Composed by FLORENCE DE POTHONIER. [Dublin: M. Gunn & Sons.]

THIS was intended as a musical welcome to the Prince of Wales, and if the Royal visitor failed to appreciate it, he clearly added another to the many "wrongs of Ireland." The galop is full of life, and does Miss Florence much credit.

Io la Perdo. Romanza di TITO MATTEI. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

A CLEVER and spirited composition, likely to sustain the reputation made by "Non e ver." It is written in F major, with a moderate compass of voice, and no very exacting accompaniment.

The Blind Boy. Song. The words by C. CIBBER; music by E. A. SYDENHAM. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A VERY good, albeit somewhat ambitious setting of Cibber's well-known verses. It shows a good deal of feeling in conjunction with not a little taste and skill. The song will repay attention.

My Own Dear Home. Ballad. Composed by H. T. TILLYARD. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A GENUINE ballad, simple, unpretending, and pleasing. There is a smack of the antique about the melody, which adds to its charm.

Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. Sacred Series. Part 9. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer.]

IT will suffice to give the contents of this number without note or comment. They are—Croft's anthem, "We will rejoice in Thy salvation;" Palestrina's motet, "Be not Thou far from me;" Calleott's canon, "Thou shalt show me the path of life;" a motet by Jannaconi, "The voice of joy and health;" and another by Dr. Tye, "Mock not God's name." All the above for one shilling.

Marion. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. Composed by WILLIAM HAIN. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A SONG with one half of each verse accompanied by the melody in octaves for right hand, and tripleted chords for left, varied in the other half by reversing the arrangement. We can see nothing more destructive about it.

The Proserpine Waltzes. Composed by KING HALL, and performed at the Theatre Royal, Holborn, in *Foul Play*. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

A SET of waltzes much too fair to be associated with anything "foul." There is plenty of tune in them of the right sort. The title-page is adorned with a very striking, though, perhaps, impossible landscape.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 7. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THE contents of this number include a very charming little song by Henry Smart, called "The White Dove." It is a children's piece, and gracefully has the talented composer written for his youthful constituents. There are also an "Evening Hymn," music by G. A. Macfarren, and a song by J. P. Knight, "Creator, when I see Thy might," the latter having little of a true sacred style about it. As usual, the pianoforte and harmonium are supplied with appropriate selections, among those for the latter instrument being the March in *Judas Maccabæus*.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

The question, "What are the American public like?" is one often asked by English and foreign artists, whose ideas of the country and its people are commonly derived from anecdotes and the writings of facetious gentlemen. How muddled and incorrect are their preconceived notions they themselves discover on their arrival in America. A New York audience—not referring to the Bowery *locale*—is in some respects a very discriminating assembly, slow in applause, and undemonstrative of their likes and dislikes, except in particular instances, where the one touch of nature asserts its proverbial predominance over all national distinctions. The education of the people being in no way sectional or the result of privilege, the occupants of the cheaper seats are almost as capable as their richer neighbours of forming an opinion on the merits of an actor or a play. In this respect they are like the higher class audiences of London theatres; but it is owned by Americans themselves that their marks of approval are more limited than is consistent with their appreciation of artistic worth. Applause is the breath of an artist's life, and should not be withheld when honestly deserved, from mere laziness or indifference. Every one must have observed that on the first night of a new piece, the applause is louder and more frequent than on the succeeding evenings, and many people incorrectly ascribe that to the author's friends. The real explanation of this is found in the fact of there being present a number of people who are themselves intimately connected with the stage—actors, authors, amateurs, and the outer fringe of the profession. These are capable of judging minutely whether an artist has done well or ill with the part, and neither laziness nor false modesty prevents their testifying their approval when it has been gained. A piece may be, too often is, rubbish from beginning to end, yet the house may ring with applause, caused by the excellence of some actor or actress's reading, or the

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creation of character in some apparently trivial part. Plaudits under these circumstances invariably come from those who understand the mysteries and niceties of dramatic art, and are worth untold quantities of the noisy approval that proceeds from a clap-trapped gallery. That characteristic of a New York audience, to which exception may be most justly taken, arises from their love of dress. An actress's popularity too often arises from her ability to appear in expensive dresses, while merit is often invisible to their eyes when clothed in garments of a cheap material. This arose in a great measure from the freak of a celebrated actress, whose exceptional wealth enabled her to appear in almost regal garb, but her retirement from the stage failed to eradicate the evil she had introduced, and the spectacle of a poor girl arrayed in the glories of a standing-alone silk is by no means an uncommon phenomenon. Time will mend this, but the critics have not yet made war on an order of things that calls to mind the early days of the drama, when Nell Gwyn and her associates were wont to frolic about the stage in the richest dresses they could get, regardless of the presumable garb of the characters they impersonated. "A beggar in satin" is an exaggerated term, used here when speaking of the dresses worn on a particular stage, but, like all such sayings, is founded on fact, and has about it a certain smack of truth.—*Broadway.*

MODERN WORDS AND SONGS.

(*From "Punch."*)

SIR,—Many have been the sneers raised by yourself, among the rest of your enlightened contemporaries, at the idiotic words advertized as the choruses to the music-hall comic songs, as parodied and performed at the theatres where burlesque is the chief attraction. Learned and wise correspondents have also shown that our forefathers, with their "Jarvey, Jarvey," "Rum, tum, tiddy, iddy i do," and a very ancient one which *I* recollect as being the favourite of a pensioned family butler, "Rickamy caryme mickle morl morl mingo," were not one whit more sensible in their musical mirth than our comic songster of the present day.

But, Sir, what and if I bring the charge against the immortal Bard! The Sweet Swan of Avon? Had Shakspere lived now, enterprising speculator as he undoubtedly was, should we not have seen in the papers some such advertizements as the following:—

ROYAL GLOBE THEATRE.—Immense success.—Unprecedented Hit. Exciting Drama of thrilling interest at 7, entitled OTHELLO, or the MOOR OF VENICE, by the Author of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," &c. After which at 9.30, an entirely new and original Burlesque, written by W. Shakspere, Esq., entitled, THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, in which are sung the most popular songs of the day, written by the same Author.

HEY NONNY NONNY!—Sung amid rapturous applause by Miss Lillia Johnson in the Burlesque, and encored five times nightly.—GLOBE THEATRE.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY.—Sung by Mr. Jeames, and enthusiastically re-demanded every Evening.—GLOBE THEATRE.

SAMINGO! SAMINGO!—The Great Trio, sung by Miss Rowland, and Messrs. Dooer and Donter, four times every night.—GLOBE THEATRE.

IN PREPARATION.—A Grand New Spectacular Extravaganza, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Music, entitled THE TEMPEST, or, THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENTS.

Then, when this had been produced, we should have another set of advertizements:—

'BAN 'BAN CA CALIBAN.—The Great Song vociferously re-demanded seven times Every Evening by an enraptured audience. Sung by Mr. Dooer in W. Shakspere's New Nautical Extravaganza, THE TEMPEST.—GLOBE THEATRE.

BEAUTIFUL BALLET.—Every Night. Ceres, Juno, and Iris, in their Pas de Fascination.

COCK-A-DOODLE DOO AND BOUGH-WOUGH CHORUS.—Enthusiastically Encored in the New Extravaganza.—GLOBE THEATRE.

With all the due submission, and being perfectly aware that I have not exhausted the subject, I beg leave to suggest that in the matter of words for choruses our ancestors, including the Divine Williams, though they lived before, were not so very much in advance of us.—Yours respectfully,

LITTLE WARBLER.

An influential committee has been formed to present a testimonial to Mr. James J. Gaskin, the well known teacher of singing, for his exertions in connection with the Burke statue recently erected in Dublin. Mr. Gaskin took the initiative in the movement, and mainly secured its successful result.

WAIFS.

M. and Madame Gueymard have been separated by judicial decree.

The composer of *Martha* has just married his cousin, Mdlle. Rosa de Flotow.

Mdlle. Nilsson has been unwell lately, and *Hamlet* has given way to *La Juive.*

A new dancer, Mdlle. Marchetti, is making a great sensation at Florence.

The annual brass band contest at Manchester will take place on September 6th.

Madame la Marquise de Caux has had an enormous success at Baden in *Lucia* and *Don Pasquale.*

What musicians should be deputed to perform on the Thames Embankment?—Th'*wait(e)*s.

M. Pasdeloup has determined to signalize his direction of the Lyrique, by at once producing Wagner's *Rienzi.*

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts begin on October 3rd, and it is understood that early in the season, another grand symphony by Schubert will be introduced.

A grand congress of military bands is to take place at Baden, on the 30th inst., under the direction of M. Fr. Schwab. Three hundred and fifty instruments are expected.

M. Roger has signed an engagement to appear in a drama by George Sand, at the Porte Saint Martin. The *début* as an actor of the once popular singer will be awaited with interest.

The façade of the new Opera is about to be crowned by a colossal group representing Apollo between Poetry and Music. The sculptor is M. Aimé Millet; the material, bronze gilded.

M. Ullman is organizing a gigantic concert tour through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, and France. Among the artists engaged are Carlotta Patti, Vieuxtemps, Jacquard, Jaell, and Grutzmacher.

The suit instituted by M. Blaze de Bury against the executors of Meyerbeer for the possession of *La Jeunesse de Goethe* (the libretto of which he wrote), was to have been settled at the close of this week. We shall give the result in our next.

The Agricultural Hall will be opened on the 16th September, for a short season of concerts, oratorios, &c. Several novelties will also be introduced. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Charles Goffrie. Several artists of eminence in the musical world have been engaged.

The annual "outing" of the German singing societies in London came off the other day. The members marched in procession to Bishopsgate Station, took train to Epping Forest, sang for two hours, and, to quote *La Menestrel's* description of the event, "la journée s'est terminée pardes divertissements de toute nature."

The following gentlemen received crosses of the Legion of Honour on the occasion of the Emperor's fête day:—M. Dauverné, a conservatoire professor for thirty-five years; M. George Hainl, the conductor; M. Eugène Gauthier; and M. Camille Saint Saens, organist of the Madeleine. In one country, at least, musicians are among those whom royalty delighteth to honour.

A French contemporary informs us that Mr. Benedict will give an orchestral and choral concert in Paris some time next winter, the programme to be selected from his own works. MM. George Hainl and Vauthrot are spoken of as conductors, the solos to be taken by Alboni, Nilsson, Faure, and Gardoni. "This will be a true musical feast," says our contemporary. Meanwhile, how about Mr. Costa's *Naaman*?

Mr. Brinley Richards is about resuming his pianoforte recitals in the provinces. He begins at Clifton, on September 11th and 12th, after which he appears at Weston-super-Mare and Bath. The programmes will, as usual on these occasions, consist of one part classical and one part popular music, the latter entirely from the pen of Mr. Richards himself. There can be no doubt that success awaits the enterprise.

The Orpheonists of Grenoble, having refused to sing the cantata of M. Belmontel, expressly composed for the inauguration of the statue about to be erected at Grenoble in honour of Napoleon I., were asked by the municipal authorities to reconsider their decision. They did so, and again refused by a majority of 48 to 21, on the ground "that agricultural, mutual, academical, and musical societies had been repeatedly told from the highest quarters that they had no right to interfere in politics; that they felt bound to defer to such high authority, and could, therefore, take no official part in the inauguration of the statue."

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The organ to be used at the forthcoming Gloucester Festival is being built by Messrs. Bryceson Brothers, on the "electric" principle. It will have two manuals and pedal 25 stops, and 1,234 pipes. Subsequently it will be erected in Christ Church, Camberwell. the body of the instrument standing in a chamber over the vestry, but the organist sitting with his choir, and playing through a cable fifty feet in length.

M. Offenbach has placed in the hands of the director of the Variétés the music of a new opera, entitled *La Périchole*. The authors are, as usual, MM. Meilhac and Halévy; while Mdlle. Schneider and M. Dupuis are again to take the principal characters. *Apropos* of M. Offenbach, it may be added that Mr. Bateman's *troupe*, including Mdlle. Irma Marié, has appeared at Niblo's Garden in New York,—it is said, with great success.

The Ballad Society, which at first intended to begin its publications in 1869, finds its work so forward that it will now begin in 1868. In December, therefore, members may expect Part I. of the Civil War Ballads, from the King's Pamphlets, edited by Dr. Rimbault; and Part I. of the Roxburghe Ballads, edited by Mr. William Chappell; both with *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Rudolf Blind, and engraved by Mr. J. H. Rimbault.

Baden-Baden is now attracting a number of musical celebrities; among others, Signor Bottesini, Herr Rubinstein, and Herr Wilhelmj We read in *La France Musicale* that an unpublished concerto for the violoncello, by M. Eckert, *capellmeister* at Stuttgart, was heard for the first time there the other day. It was played by Herr Cossman; and the journal from which we quote expresses the hope that it may replace Romberg's eternal concertos. In truth, the violoncello is badly supplied with solos.

La France Musicale gives a curious list of the refreshments taken by distinguished operatic artists between the acts. According to our contemporary, Madame Sontag affected sardines, Mdme. Dorus cold veal (!), Mdme. Desparres warm water, and Mdlle. Cruvelli Bordeaux mixed with champagne, Adelina Patti drinks beer, Mdme. Sass eats beefsteaks. Mdme. Cabel devours pears, Mdlle. Trebelli munches apples, Mdlle Lucca sucks pastiles and bon-bons, Michot imbibes black coffee, Troy swallows milk, and Mario smokes cigars.

In the libretto of Wagner's new opera of *Rienzi*, which M. Pasdeloup is preparing for the Théâtre Lyrique, there is a scene in which the factions of the Colonna and the Orsini cry on the one side and on the other "Vive Colonna," and "Vive Orsini." The censor trembled at the latter cry, and of course insisted on its excision. "The librettists," says the *Indépendance Belge*, "may get out of the difficulty by substituting "Vive l'Empereur" for "Vive Orsini." History perhaps might suffer somewhat, but the public peace will not be endangered.

It is understood that Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, has yielded to the solicitations of his friends. and the temptations held out to him for some time past, and that his appearance on the platform will be among the novelties of the coming dramatic season. He is to sustain the character of Falstaff, in scenes from Shakspere's *Henry IV.*, so selected as to form a series of *tableaux*. The performances are not to take place in any theatre, but will belong to the class of amusements recognized as entertainments, although the action and costume of a stage play will be, in part, retained.

Our provincial readers will be glad to hear that Signor Bettini, now in Rome, is expected to return in time for Mr. Mapleson's winter tour. The very efficient service rendered by this gentleman during the entire season at Her Majesty's Opera has materially raised him in public estimation. Always to be depended upon, ready to undertake anything in a true, artistic spirit, invariably singing correctly and well, and combining untiring industry with abundant resources, Signor Bettini has made himself indispensable to Mr. Mapleson's admirable company. We are glad that he returns to England, where his services are justly appreciated, and his merits valued at their true worth.

It seems that the dearth of poets in Wales, evidenced by the untenanted bardic chair, is no new thing. Looking over an old magazine lately, we came upon the following:—

"Cambria, te nunquam charos peperisse poetas
Fertur pace tuâ, Cambria, causa patet,
Nam licet innumeros Ap-Shones, Ap Shinkins, Ap-Evans,
Jactas, in terra est nullus Ap Ollo tuâ."

This, being (very freely) interpreted, means:—

"Said Johnny to Taffy, a rumour prevails,
There never arose up a poet in Wales,
Ap-Shones and Ap-Shinkins in multitudes follow,
But whoever heard of the Cambrian Ap-Ollo?"

Perhaps the Welsh genealogists will look into the matter by next Eisteddfod.

General Charles G. Halpine, the American journalist, better known as Miles O'Reilly, died on Saturday, the 2nd, at the Astor House, New York, after a few hours' illness, of congestion of the brain. The deceased was in his 39th year. During the war he served on the staff of General Hunter, and it was while in that position, says the *New York Times*, that he wrote to one of the New York papers an amusing correspondence signed "Miles O'Reilly, private of the forty-seventh regiment N. Y. V. Infantry, Tenth Army Corps." Miles gave a very ludicrous account of the trouble he had got into by writing some poetry complimentary to Admiral Dahlgren, of how he had been thrown into prison and maltreated in various ways. For some time the correspondence was supposed to be genuine, and much commiseration was expressed for the poetic but unfortunate Miles. The truth, however, came out at last, and from that period to the day of his death General Halpine was better known by the name of Miles O'Reilly than by his own.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says:—"In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is Queen Elizabeth's Music-book. containing compositions for the pianoforte, or virginal of her time. The Queen is said to have been a skilful musician. Some pages of the book have been evidently often turned over, others but seldom looked at. The leaves that are soiled are those on which the simplest tunes are written: the others contain the variations and more intricate passages. Although her Majesty has the reputation of having been an accomplished performer upon the virginal, this music-book proves that she was wont to skip the more irksome compositions, and indulge in the less laborious pastime of playing the tunes only. It is an easy way of acquiring the reputation of a pianist, to get together many of the most difficult pieces of Thalberg, Liszt, and others, and play only the melodies they arrange, avoiding the brilliant passages which are so difficult to master, and often so puzzling to listen to. I rather think Queen Elizabeth did this with the music of the Liszts and Thalbergs of her day, judging from her music-book."

SPA.—MM. Léonard, Beriot, Jourdan, and Arban gave a concert together, a few days since. M. Léonard was especially applauded.

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SATURDAY CONCERTS AND AFTERNOON PROMENADES. 1868-9.

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There will be Twenty-six Concerts in all—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the Thirteenth Concert being on January 16th, and the last of the Series on the 17th of April. The Concerts will commence each day at Three o'clock. The Subscription for Transferable Reserved Stalls for the Twenty-six Concerts is fixed as before, at Two Guineas each Stall.

The number and proportions of the Band will remain as they were last season, and the strength of the Chorus will be maintained at three hundred voices.

The major part of the programmes will consist, as before, of the well-known orchestral and choral works of the acknowledged and favourite masters. At the same time, the introduction of novelties, which has been one of the distinguishing features of these Concerts, will not be neglected. Each miscellaneous programme will contain one work new to the Crystal Palace audience—the composition of a living writer, or of a departed master, which, from some cause or other, is not yet known to the public.

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Adagio and Scherzo, for Orchestra—Rubinstein.
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ORATORIO.*

Oratorio sprang from the sacred plays, the so-called Mysteries of the Middle Ages. In these works, the birth, or the sufferings of the Saviour, or the most weighty events in the life of an Apostle or of a Saint, were represented by persons in appropriate costume. A narrator played the principal part; the personages mentioned by him then appeared and spoke for themselves or merely indulged in pantomine, some folk's-song or other being sung by certain of the characters, or by all of them together.—The style was by no means invariably adapted to the subject, but frequently overstepped the limits of decorum, so that, at last, the clergy took the matter in hand, for the purpose of offering the audience something better worth hearing. Things remained thus till the middle of the sixteenth century. At this period there was formed in the house of Count Bardi di Vernio, at Florence, a society of scholars and artists, who set about reviving the tragedies of the Greeks. Vincenzio Gallileo, father of the celebrated astronomer, and Caccini, the singer, belonged to the society. Greek tragedy, it is true, was not revived, but the members of the society hit upon the first principal characteristics of an artistic one-part song, accompanied by the theorbo, or lute, namely, the monody, out of which recititave was developed.—This was an important step, inasmuch as artistic song had always been previously written in several parts, though the one-part folk's-song had long coexisted with it. Composers had, therefore, got so far as to set in conformity with the rules of art whatever was to be sung by one person. A few years afterwards (in 1658), Filippo da Neri endeavoured, by means of music written in conformity with the rules of art, to infuse life into the meetings of a religious fraternity held in an oratory (*oratorium*) at Rome. Both before, and after, the sermon, a hymn or a psalm was sung alternately by single persons and by the whole meeting. Palestrina himself furnished compositions for this purpose, but the style of them cannot have differed from his well-known general style, because his enthusiastic biographer, Baini, who enumerates all his styles, does not mention a separate oratorio style. These devout meetings received the name of "oratorios" long after they had ceased to be held in the oratory to which reference was made above. In this manner, the name of "oratorio" was applied to a sacred drama set to music by Emilio del Cavaliere, chapelmaster at Florence, in 1590. This drama was the *Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo*, written by Manni (though by some ascribed to Laura Guidiccione of Lucca). It contained spoken dialogue, songs, and dances, and differed little, or not at all, from the opera of the time which had sprung from the same beginning. The recitatives are even more defective, while the choruses are composed in the style of the madrigal.

The development of oratorio went hand in hand with that of opera. Dancing, pantomime, and costumes gradually disappeared, however, from oratorio. The choruses, on the other hand, were treated at all the greater length, very many Italians and Germans writing oratorios. Among the former was Scarlatti, and among the latter Heinrich Schütz. Such works were given during Lent, when there was no opera.

Among authors, Rinuccini, and, at a subsequent period, Zeno and Metastasio, turned their attention to writing words for oratorios as well as for operas. The two last-named authors gained great reputation for the more tasty style with which they treated such productions. Opitz has translated some of the latter into German.

It was not, however, till during the eighteenth century that oratorio appeared as an artistic work of high importance, and, by two different directions, attained its prime. Handel and Sabastian Bach were the musicians who invested it with this importance. Both sprang from the school of German organists, though men of diametrically opposite dispositions. Handel, an accomplished man of the world, and a great traveller, had devoted nearly the whole of his life to the composition of operas; Seb. Bach, unpretending and simple, never went beyond the limits of Germany, and composed almost exclusively for the church. Both were, however, profoundly religious, and staunch champions of Protestantism.

In Handel's life (1684—1759), there are two great artistically-historical facts. The first is that, like the Italian, Patestrina, before, and the Roman Catholic Mozart, after him, he blended in himself the two different schools of the contrapuntal Netherlanders, and of the melody-loving Italians; the second is, that he was placed by Providence in such circumstances that he had no resource left but to abandon the field of opera and turn to oratorio. Even at the opera in Hamburgh (during Keiser's time), and to a still greater extent in Italy, he had come to feel the necessity of writing singably and thankfully for the singers, as well as clearly and intelligibly for the public. Though marvellously well versed in the art of counterpoint, he quickly learned, notwithstanding, to limit himself to a wise moderation in its employment. Richly prepared by experience, he undertook, in 1790, the management of the London opera, which, under the name of the Royal Academy, was supported by subscriptions from the King and the aristocracy. Through the intrigues of the castrato, Senescino, and of Sra. Cuzzoni, the vocalist, whom, in one of his accesses of impetuosity, he had affronted, he was obliged to give up this position. He endeavoured, it is true, to establish himself in a second of a similar kind, but his pecuniary losses became greater than ever. He retired, therefore, from opera entirely, and devoted himself to the sphere of oratorio, in which his genius was destined first to appear in all its grandeur. *Esther* was written as early as 1720. In the years 1736—40, he produced *Athalia*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Israel in Egypt*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penserioso ed Il Moderato*, and *Saul*; in 1741, the *Messiah* (which, by the way, pleased at first so little, that there was a very bad attendance at the second performance of it in London); in 1742, *Samson*; and, between 1743—1751, his other (17) oratorios, of which *Judas Maccabæus*, *Joshua*, and *Jephtha*, were the last. With regard to the poetic plan of these works, they may be divided into five different groups: those in which, as in *Athalia*, *Saul*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Joshua*, *Jephtha*, and, above all, *Samson*, a Biblical subject is treated in a dramatico-lyrical manner; those, such as *Semele*, and *Acis and Galatea* in which a profane subject is handled in a similar way; those, such as *Alexander's Feast*, and *L'Allegro*, *il Pensieroso ed il Moderato*, in which a profane subject, and, lastly, those, such as the *Messiah*, in which a Biblical subject, is treated, after the fashion of the grand cantata, in a style almost exclusively lyrical—though bordering upon the Epic and the Dramatic. With respect to musical composition, they differ from the opera of the time in a few separate traits only. The airs especially, with the exception of a few, principally in the *Messiah* and *Samson*, remind the hearer very much of opera. They are for the most part polyphonically planned, and carried out like operatic choruses. They are treated, however, in a very measured manner, and Handel, whose great end was success, frequently sacrificed contrapuntal scholarship to effect. He invariably strove to obtain clearness and intelligibility of form, on the one side, and impressiveness of form, on the other. While, in his polyphonic choruses, he reached an unusual degree of grandeur and sublimity, in his homophonic choruses, often treated with the utmost simplicity, he becomes, on several occasions, quite folk-like. The chorus in *Judas Maccabæus*, "See, the conquering Hero comes," must, in those days, have been as effective as, for instance, C. M. von Weber's melodies were a few years since. Mozart is reported to have expressed to van Swieten the following opinion regarding Handel: "No one possesses the secret of great effects as he does. Wherever he chooses, he strikes like the lightning; and, if his airs and solos drag sometimes, after the fashion of that period, you find, at any rate, something in them." Of all his works, which call forth the greatest admiration in a musician, the *Messiah* is so far of peculiar importance, in as much as Handel has chosen for it not only a Biblical but more especially a Christian subject, and, while compiling the book from Holy Writ itself, avoided for his vocal solos every personification expressly defined by name. In consequence of this, something mysterious permeates, and imparts a kind of symbolical sanctity to, the whole work.

It must be mentioned, by the way, that, in his scores, Handel did not always write down everything in a completed state; he left gaps, which, as he generally played the organ himself, he filled up at the performance; and, further, that pieces which pleased in one of his works were sometimes introduced by him into another. Thus, for example, the well-known C major Funeral March is found in *Samson* as well as in *Saul*. He even allowed the singers to introduce, at the performance, airs which had nothing at all to do with the work in which they were singing.

* *Oratorio: its historical Development; its Significance as a musically poetical Work of Art; and the Position it occupies at the Present Day.* A lecture delivered at the Scientific Association of Berlin, by Hermann Küster.—Translated from the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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Bach's life (1685-1750) exercised no less an influence upon his style of composition. In the years of his mastership, as Cantor at St. Thomas' School, Leipsic, it was, even in his sacred compositions, a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he pleased or not. It is well known that he actually did not please many persons, and that he was officially censured for the un-sacred character of his music. Like Beethoven, at the time he was re-modelling his *Leonore*, Bach felt that he alone was the standard of authority in his own sphere, and went on playing and writing according to the dictates of his own heart. If we except a very few compositions, the more interesting because few, he wrote almost exclusively for himself and the select. In addition to this, he was, above all things, an organist, who often treated the instruments of an orchestra like so many organ stops, but the human voice like an instrument. To whatever he wrote, he gave himself up heart and soul, and, as he was himself a zealous Lutheran, his works were characterized by a religious spirit and depth which no musician ever attained after him.

His *Weihnachtscantate* and his *Passion Music*, especially the *Passion according to St. Matthew*, have obtained a high importance as regards oratorio. By their poetic form, the latter compositions are epico-lyric, inasmuch as the Evangelist narrates, while the words of Holy Writ are now and then interrupted by strophes from hymn-books, or by something written on purpose by authors of that period. Thus, Henrici, under the name of Picander, wrote a large portion of the words for the *Passion of St. Matthew*. The style of the music, especially as regards the airs, does not differ much from that of Bach's profane cantatas. It is the style of the Netherlandish school in its highest state of perfection, a style which, in its numerous ornaments, its chromatic turns, and its contrapuntal intertwinings, displays as much lightness and grace as antique colouring. His choruses are generally worked out at greater length and breadth than Handel's. Bach often plunges so far into the depths of music, that he completely forgets himself in his own creation, while Handel, as a rule, knows to what length a work should extend in order to be effective. This is why Bach is pre-eminently lyrical. But how dramatic he could be, and how well he was capable of writing for effect, when he liked, is shown by his *Mätthäus-Passion*, and especially by the chorus in it: "Sind Blitze und Donner in Wolken verschwunden," following, with such truly moving effect, the duet, so full of heartfelt regret: "So ist mein Jesus nun gefangen."

His B minor Mass does not properly belong to this category; but we must not pass over in silence the fact that it is so full of high musical beauties, and particularly sublime intentions, that the oratorio composer will always find his enthusiasm excited by it. In the passage to the words, "Et exspecto Resurrectionem," so rapidly passed over at the performance, we see unrolled before us, for instance, a grandiose picture of the universal Resurrection of the Dead, not to be equalled in the whole range of musical literature. Sebastian Bach sometimes applied also the title of "oratorio" to his well-known church-pieces, which took about half-an-hour in performance, and which he usually called concertos. His *Christmas Oratorio* consists of a combination of six such concertos, which he had written for different Sundays and festivals.*

(*To be continued.*)

NUREMBERG.—The model for the bronze statue of Hans Sachs is completed, and promises to be the masterpiece of the sculptor, Herr Krausser. The whole amount required for the work is 20,000 thalers, for which subscriptions are being solicited throughout Germany.

SCHWERIN.—The fifth Mecklenburgh Musical Festival was fixed to take place on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd inst. At the first concert, Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was to be performed; and at the second, the overture to, and detached scenes from, Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*; 7th Symphony, in A major, with "Kyrie," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Gloria," from the *Missa Solennis*, Beethoven. The programme of the third day was not definitively settled in time enough to be given this week. Herr A. Schmitt was to be the conductor; among the soloists were Madame Harriers-Wippern, Herren Joachim, Schild, Krause, and Hill.—During the forthcoming season, *Don Juan* is to be revived at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, with new dresses and decoration, and—with new words into the bargain.

* This employment of the name "Oratorio," for such sacred music as the above, obtains in Transylvania even at the present day.

SPOHR IN LONDON.

We continue this week Spohr's lively memoranda of his sojourn in London in 1820.

"Since our arrival in London, I had often felt the want of some one to act as my interpreter, and at last the want grew so pressing that I looked around to find a companion who understood German and English. At length, Ries recollected an old servant of Salomon's, Johanning by name, who might possibly be induced to perform this service for me. True, he had already retired, and, as the legatee of his old master, had bought a little place in the neighbourhood of London. The old man, however, was still competent, and Ries was in hopes that he would accept the place, so he called him to London and made the proposal. When he came to understand that his employer would be a German, and not only a musician but a violin-player, like his old master, he was ready at once, and even left it to me to settle how much I should give him at the end of the season. From that time forward he came every morning to town, explained my wife's instructions about the housekeeping to the landlady of our lodgings, and accompanied me wherever I had to go. Owing to the length of time he had been in London he had forgotten a good deal of his German, while his English was anything but classical, and thus he made plenty of mistakes. But he was a good faithful creature, and soon showed the greatest attachment to my wife and myself. I now got through the presentation of my letters of recommendation with less difficulty than before, and found time and quiet for composition. The first thing I wrote was a symphony, my second, in D minor (Op. 49), which was played for the first time at the Philharmonic Concert of April 10th, 1820, I myself conducting. It was well received, at rehearsal, not only by the band, but also by a very numerous audience—but, in the evening it created a real enthusiasm. Part of this I owed to the truly admirable playing of the numerous strings in the orchestra, to whom I had given plenty of opportunity for displaying both their execution and their power of playing together. And, in fact, I never again heard the strings go so well in this symphony. Next morning, all the papers had notices of the new work which I had composed in London, and surpassed each other in the strength of their laudations.

"Equally favourable notices of my playing appeared each time I performed, and these spread my reputation over the whole of London; so that I soon found plenty of pupils for the violin, and ladies who wished to accompany me on the piano. The fee, as everyone explained, was a guinea an hour, which I took without hesitation, for I thought it due to my family thus to turn my good fortune to pecuniary account. Thus—with the exception of a few hours at home, composing or practising with my wife—I passed the whole of the day in this great London; and very dreary it was, for most of my pupils had neither ability nor industry, and only came to me that they might be able to say they had been my pupils.

A few originals, however, I can still recollect, who amused me by their peculiarities, and relieved the tedium of my labour. One was an old half-pay general, who presented himself always in uniform, and with all his orders on, in the most perfect military style. He came to my house, contrary to the general rule; but, notwithstanding that, remained to play only about three-quarters of an hour, the other quarter counting (as was the custom) for his return home. Every morning, except Sundays, he came in his old state-coach at twelve exactly, the fiddle-case was brought up by one of his servants all bedecked and powdered, after which, with a surly 'good morning,' he would seat himself straightway at his seat. Then he took out his watch to see whether it was time to begin, and laid it down by his side. He brought his music with him—easy duets by Pleyel, in which I played the second violin. I could have made plenty of corrections in his playing, but I soon found that it was better left alone; so I contented myself with accommodating my tone to the old gentleman's as much as possible, and then we played duet after duet with the happiest effect. But the moment the three-quarters of an hour was over, if it were in the middle of a piece, the general stopped, took a one-pound note out of his waistcoat pocket with a shilling wrapt up in it, and laid it on the table. Then he took up his watch and departed as silently as he came in.

"Another character was an old lady, whom I accompanied at the piano. She was an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven, to which I made no objection; but, then, she had the crotchet that she would play nothing whatever but the music of her favourite. She possessed all his pianoforte music, as well as his orchestral works arranged for piano. Her room was decorated with all the portraits of Beethoven that she had been able to collect, and as these varied extremely from one another, she was very anxious to know from me which was most like. She also possessed some relics of him, which English travellers had brought her from Vienna, amongst other things a button from his dressing-gown, and a bit of music-paper, with some scratches and blots from his pen. When she discovered that I had been inti-

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mate with him, I rose perceptibly in her estimation, and she had so many questions to ask, that for several days we hardly played at all. She spoke French pretty fluently, with a word or two of broken German. Her playing was by no means bad, and it gave me a good deal of pleasure to play the violin sonatas with her. But, when she came to the trios, and insisted on playing them without violoncello, and then the pianoforte concertos, in which every part of the accompaniment was absent except the first violin, which I played, I came to the conclusion that her enthusiasm for Beethoven was quite fictitious, and her insight into the supremacy of his compositions vanished entirely.

"With a third character I made acquaintance as follows. One morning a servant in livery brought me a note which Johanning translated in the following fashion:—'Mr. Spohr is invited at four o'clock precisely in the house of the undersigned to find himself.' As I did not know the signature, and could not gather from the servant where it was that I was invited, I replied, in terms as laconic as the invitation, 'I am engaged at the time named, and cannot come.' Next morning the servant appeared again with a second and much more courteous epistle:—'Mr. Spohr is requested to give the writer the honour of his company, and to name the time convenient to himself.' At the same time he told me that he had instructions to bring his master's carriage for me; and when I discovered from him that the writer of the letter was a well-known physician, who was constantly to be seen at concerts, and interested himself specially in violin music, I hesitated no longer about going to him, but named to the man the time convenient to me. At that hour I was accordingly taken there in the Doctor's carriage. At the door I was met by a pleasant elderly white-haired gentleman; but we soon discovered the unfortunate truth that neither of us could understand the other, since he could speak neither German nor French. We stood for a moment opposite one another in difficulty, until at length he took me by the arm, and led me into a large room, on the walls of which were hanging a multitude of violins. Others had been taken out of their cases, and were spread upon the table. The Doctor handed me a bow, and pointed to the instruments. I saw at once that I was expected to give my judgment on the quality of the violins, and therefore began forthwith to try them, and to range them in order of merit. This was no small task, since they were so many; and the old gentleman brought them all to me in turn, without forgetting a single one. At length, after about an hour, I had chosen the six best, and was trying them over and over to discover the very best, when I observed that the Doctor looked with peculiar tenderness at one of them, and that his face beamed whenever I tried it. I therefore did the good old man the pleasure to choose this instrument as the champion of the whole. He was thoroughly delighted at this; and bringing out a *viola d'amore*, began—notwithstanding the instrument is long out of use—to extemporize upon it. I listened with pleasure, for the instrument was quite new to me, and the Doctor played by no means badly. Thus my visit came to an end to our mutual satisfaction, and I had already taken my hat to say good-bye, when the old gentleman, with a smile and a low bow, handed me a five-pound note. Not knowing at first what his meaning was, I looked at him and his money in astonishment; but suddenly occurring to me that it was as a fee for my trial of the violins, I shook my head laughing, laid the note on the table, pressed the Doctor's hand, and hastened down stairs. He followed me to the street, assisted me into the carriage, and said a few words to the coachman evidently in some excitement. The coachman was so struck with his master's words that he immediately repeated them to Johanning, who had come on the box to open the carriage door. What he had said was—'You're driving a German who is a thorough gentleman, and I advise you to take him safely home.' When I gave my benefit concert, a few months later, the Doctor took a ticket, and paid a ten-pound note for it."

DRESDEN.—Madame Bürde-Ney has definitely left the stage. She will in future sing only sacred music. It is her intention, also, to give lessons.

MILAN.—*Dinorah* has been produced at the Carcano, the part of the heroine being sustained by Sra. Camilla de Maesen. The other principal artists were Signor Minetti (Corentino); Signor Moriami (Hoel); and Sra. Bonafi-Lucas (Caprajo). The orchestra and chorus went well; the scenery, dresses, and decorations were good.—At the Santa Radegonda, *La Grande Duchesse* did not prove the hit that was expected. If Signor Hermann is not more successful with the other operas by Offenbach which he has announced, he will not make much by his engagement of the Bouffes Parisiens.—A new grand romantic ballet has been produced with great success at the Teatro Ciniselli. It is entitled *Gretchen*, and is by Signor Danesi, a young "coreografo" of much promise. The theatre is crowded nightly.—The municipal authorities have determined that the new French pitch shall henceforth be adopted at the Scala.

"THE GREAT BARITONE."

All the fashion of Darmstadt flew to secure box tickets; all the Court ladies got new dresses, or their old best ones turned for the occasion; and it was rumoured that the Grand-Duchess would wear her diamonds. There never was such a ferment of preparation in Court and town. Herr Swindlenbach was planning a monster *fête* for the Great Baritone and the third anniversary of his own wedding, when lo! on the day preceding that on which the Signor was expected, there came a letter from his private secretary, announcing that the Great Baritone was indisposed, and had been advised by his physician not to appear or sing in public for some time. I thought the poor manager would have fallen to the ground when he read it. We were alone in the little room he called his cabinet—and "Fritz," said he, with a face as pale as ashes, "this is a trick to get more money; these Italians can never be satisfied; but I'll give him anything to come. If we are disappointed now, the Court, the Grand-Duke, and even myself will positively go mad! But he must come—he shall come! I will make him such an offer as no man in his senses could refuse. But this business is between ourselves. Fritz, my friend, I have splendid designs for you. I mean to elevate you to a position you never dreamed of. Prove yourself worthy of it by keeping my secret."

I promised the deepest silence and kept it, too, though in a very slight hope of the position. Herr Swindlenbach immediately wrote a letter which, he said, would move a heart of adamant, offering seven hundred thalers if the Signor would only appear and sing one night in *Il Cato del Palazzo*. He also laid private siege to the secretary and the physician, by offering each a hundred thalers for his good offices; and these well-directed efforts had the desired effect. The Herr who had so courageously announced to his public that Signor Belorandini would sing on the opening night of the new opera, though unavoidable circumstances prevented him reaching Darmstadt as soon as he proposed, received, by the very next post, a letter stating that the Great Baritone was on his journey, travelling by easy stages, and would certainly sing, though he might arrive late.

The latter clause Herr Swindlenbach kept to himself, lest it might cause suspicion in the Court, and doubt in the popular mind. Thanks to this precaution, all Darmstadt was alive on the appointed day with the expectation of seeing the Great Baritone. The Italian hotel, at which apartments had been engaged for him, was besieged from the earliest of our German morning by eager crowds, with bands of musicians among them, determined to see the first of the famous Signor, and give him a fitting welcome. The chief of the diligence office was equally beleagured, for nobody knew how the Great Baritone might please to come. I believe they serenaded seven travelling parties in the course of that day, none of which proved to be the right one; yet the manager kept up his own and the public confidence. The latter seemed to increase as the evening drew on; the principal streets were illuminated; all the winter gardens and conservatories were stripped for bouquets and triumphal arches; people poured in from all the neighbouring towns and villages; outside the opera-house, the crowd was immense; inside it was stifling. The Court came in fullest rig; the Grand-Duchess did wear her diamonds; but still there was no Signor. Herr Swindlenbach proved himself to be the best actor in the house that night; he went about inspecting everything with more than his usual precision, talked and gave orders with a composed countenance and an easy manner; while the worst of his enemies might have pitied the poor man's anxiety as he kept the play back under one pretext and another, and kept me running between the opera-house and the Italian hotel.

An hour had passed and the crowded house was growing impatient; even the Court was showing signs of dissatisfaction, and his Serene Highness was seen to knit his brows. It was not possible to keep the play back any longer, but the Great Baritone did not come till the second act; there was yet hope he might arrive in time; all the company were conjured to stretch their performance as long as they could. I don't know what the manager promised them for the service, but he sent me off once more to the hotel. My answer was still the same—Signor Belorandini had not arrived, nor any message from him. I had found it impossible to penetrate through the crowd, and made a circuit to reach a narrow back land, on which a private door close to the Herr's cabinet opened. He was waiting for me there; and "O Fritz," cried the unlucky manager, wringing his hands, "the management is ruined! If this Italian villain don't come, the populace will pull down the house, and the Grand-Duke will never forgive me. They are coming to the end of the first act, in spite of all I have said to them; there's that wretch, Ranterini, galloping through her solo like a mare at full speed. If a fire would occur—if the upper boxes would come down—if anything would come in the villain's place, to make a diversion!"

As the manager uttered that unchristian wish, I heard the private door, which was only on the latch, open, and a tall man, wrapped up in a dark cloak, stepped into the room.

"Signor Belorandini," he said, with a slight bow, letting the cloak

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drop, and showing us that he was in grand costume for his part; "am I in time?"

"You are, thank Providence, you are!" cried the manager, looking ready to fall down and worship him. The Signor waved his hand in a grand manner, as if he wanted no further parley, but to go on with his business. The manager led the way to the green-room, saying to me in German as he passed: "Run to your box, Fritz; let them know the Signor has come, but in a matter-of-course manner, mind. The thing was just as we expected."

In ten minutes more the house was aware of the arrival of the Great Baritone, and on its feet in boxes, pit, and gallery, to receive him with due honour. The applause seemed sufficient to rend the roof when he appeared on the stage, looking as like the portraits we had seen of him as one could look in the costume of a prince of the seventeenth century. The crowd outside had caught the intelligence and cheered him too, with all their might. The Signor bowed somewhat haughtily, first to the Grand-Duke's box, then to the entire house. The assembly subsided into their seats, and you could have heard a pin drop when he commenced his part. His voice was indeed a splendid baritone, and he sang powerfully. It seemed to me at the time that I had never heard anything like it, and its effect on the house was all that the most sanguine manager could have expected. There was nothing but thunders of applause, waving of handkerchiefs, showering of bouquets, with more than the usual allowance of hysterical cries, and ladies fainting in all directions, throughout his performance.

At last the opera came to a close, the house encored the Great Baritone over and over again, and the manager wanted to get up a tableau of himself and the Signor surrounded with laurels, but no Signor re-appeared; and, after shouting in vain for some time, they were informed by Herr Swindlenbach, with a countenance he tried hard to compose, that the unrivalled singer was so fatigued by his rapid journey and his exertions on the stage, as to be obliged to return to his hotel. He sent for me two minutes after. "Fritz," said he, when I had got into the cabinet and closed the door, "tell the company to go home; I'll have no supper here to-night; that fellow, the Baritone, has put me out completely. After I had spent the whole evening preparing for my tableau, what do you think he did the moment his part was done? — he asked for the seven hundred thalers. I had them here in my desk—that was a comfort—and counted them out at once. He laid me down a receipt—ready written, swept the money into his pocket, said 'good night,' as if he had been speaking to yourself, Fritz, and darted out by the private door."

The company went home in high dudgeon with the manager and the Signor. The Court went home in no better humour. The crowd rushed to the Italian hotel; shouted and serenaded for two hours under its windows, when the landlord made his appearance, and solemnly assured them that Signor Belorandini was not there, and never had been. It was sometime before the people could be got to believe his assertion; but, at length, they were convinced of its truth, and scattered away to their homes, unable to imagine how the Great Baritone had contrived to come and go so privately. This was the subject of universal talk and wonder in Darmstadt next day; and Herr Swindlenbach was expressing his surprise to me, in his cabinet, where he had come to settle the accounts, and I to clear up, for there was to be no opera that evening, when the clerk of the box office came to say that a courier was there inquiring for him. "Send the courier here," said Herr Swindlenbach, taking on one of his grand airs. "Fritz, you will stay just as my man-in-waiting; it is some message from the Italian rascal, to extract money, and I want you to be witness." He had scarcely spoken, when a courier, with crape on his arm, entered the room, made a grave bow, and handed him a letter in deep mourning. The manager opened it, read it, and I thought would have fallen from his chair, as he gasped out, "Dead! Signor Belorandini! dead by a stroke of apoplexy, yesterday evening at seven o'clock, in Strasburg! For mercy sake, then, who was it that came here at eight, and sang his part in the opera?"

"I know not, Herr," said the courier, looking as if he thought the manager was out of his mind; "but the statement in that letter is perfectly true; you see it comes from the Signor's private secretary, and I was myself present during the sad event."

The manager tried to collect himself, explained what had happened on the preceding night, and questioned the courier more minutely. The latter appeared to entertain strong doubts of his sanity, till my testimony as well as that of the conductor of the orchestra, who chanced to come in at the moment, and all the *employés* about the opera-house convinced him that there was no raving in the case. But all the additional information he could give was, that the Signor had been pushing on to Darmstadt, though scarcely fit for travelling; but, on his arrival at Strasburg, three days before, his illness increased so much that his physician advised him to send an apology. That, however, he deferred from hour to hour, anxious about his lucrative engagement, and getting rather hazy in mind, till seven o'clock in the evening of the day fixed for his appearance, when, rising from dinner, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and died in a few minutes. The poor Signor had not led an exemplary life, and was covetous and grasping beyond the wont of Italian singers. As the courier proceeded with his details, that sudden appearance and disappearance recurred to all our minds, and the general conclusion told by every frightened face was, that a spectre had sung in the opera-house, and carried off seven hundred thalers.

The effect upon our manager was terrible. He had been with him alone in his cabinet; had uttered that graceless wish just before his appearance; and it was thought for some time the poor man would lose his reason. His four polar stars were not less terrified when they came to hear of the spectre, particularly Madame Screcheli, to whom, in her part of the beloved and banished Princess, he had given a farewell embrace, the recollection of which threw her into a brain fever at least equal to the one she had threatened when contending for that coveted character. Her unsuccessful rival, Madame Ranterini, was said to have never given thanks so fervently in all her life as for the failure of her three afternoons of hysterics by which she missed the fearful honour. The story spread through town and Court. In the former, fear fell upon all opera-frequenters. All the serious Lutherans considered it a special judgment on Herr Swindlenbach, his company, and his supporters; all the divines commented on it in public and private, and rather increased the general fright by their uncertainty whether it was the departed Signor, or the Evil One himself, who was permitted to officiate in the opera-house and carry off its sinful gains. How far the Court was affected, I cannot say; but the Grand-Duke happened to fall sick about the same time that the Grand-Duchess Dowager, on her way to pay him a state visit after her second breakfast, at which brandy was said to prevail over coffee, fell down stairs and broke her Serene Highness's right leg. Thereupon, she sent for her private chaplain, the Grand-Duke sent for his, so did the Grand-Duchess, and the whole Court became serious. The doors of the opera-house were closed by Government order, not to be open again except for oratorios. The manager and his company, as soon as they were able, took to the study of sacred music, and the bass and tenor reverted to their ancient name of Splitz.

My occupation as a prompter was henceforth gone in Darmstadt. The fright and its consequences lasted out that Grand-Duke's reign; but it was not a long one, and his successor changed all that, although Italian music never got the same ascendancy in Court or town—yet the tale of the spectre-singer remains among the theatrical legions of Germany to this day. For myself, I believe it. Who could disbelieve a story so well founded, and with so many corroborations? I am not sure it did not frighten me as much as the rest. Remember I got the first sight of the apparition. At any rate I looked for no prompter's work, but betook myself to various other employments, from waiting in coffee-houses to door-keeping in lecture rooms. I lived, but I never was a lucky man, save upon one occasion, fifteen years after the time of my story, when I got a full explanation of the Darmstadt spectre.

I had come as far south as Paris with a German firm of mineral-water makers, who were also to make their fortunes, and of course mine. But the speculation did not succeed: the firm were not to be found that morning; their creditors took possession of the premises; and I went in search of another situation in the great strange city, with very little of its language to help me. I had walked about all day and found nothing; it was getting late in the afternoon, and I was dreadfully hungry, when, on the Boulevard des Italiens, a restaurant, rather too handsome for my means, tempted me to turn in. It was the quiet hour of such places, when the day's custom is over, and that of the evening had not begun. A solitary man was reading a newspaper at one of the tables; he evidently belonged to the establishment and to him I addressed my inquiry for German sausages. He looked up as I spoke, and his face sent the blood back to my heart. I had seen it fifteen years before, for it was that of the Signor who came in grand costume through the private door I had left on the latch at the opera-house at Darmstadt. The man looked at me in surprise, as well he might, from the face I saw in the opposite mirror, and then said, in tolerable German, "What is the matter, friend?" I sat down, with a cold sweat breaking on my brow, and stammered out, "Were you ever in Darmstadt?"

"Were you ever there?" he said with a smile. "Yes," said I, gathering courage; "I was prompter at the opera-house some fifteen years ago." "Indeed," he said. "Is the manager, Herr Swindlenbach, alive yet?" "He was, the last time I heard of him, and that was not long ago."

"Well, my friend, I see you recollect me, and your face is that of an honest fellow. Come into my private room; you shall have what sausages you like without payment, for I am master here, and I want you to do me a service." He led the way, and I followed, much amazed, but not long frightened; and when the door of his sanctuary was shut upon us, my new and old acquaintance began.

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"I owe Herr Swindlenbach a debt of seven hundred thalers, which has long pressed on my conscience; and I will owe you a debt of gratitude, with substantial acknowledgments, if you can get him to receive his money on respectable conditions. You see I am from the Bas-Rhin, where people speak both French and German, and have the talents of both nations. I saw a good deal of life in my time, and part of it was in the position of valet to the famous baritone, Signor Belorandini. He had a temper of his own, and uncommon stingy ways, but was a great artist, and not a bad master. He taught me singing for the love of it, gave me his old costume to practise action in; told me most of his affairs, and what he didn't tell me I found out. We should have lived and died together, but for an envious secretary, who made him believe that I wanted his hair oil; but we had a tremendous quarrel about that when we got as far as Strasburg, on his journey to Darmstadt, and I left his service. He would pay me no wages till the law made him; but the next day it was plain the poor soul could not go on. I knew there were seven hundred thalers waiting for him at Darmstadt, and I said to myself: 'Frederick, you may as well have that money; the honest Germans have never seen the Signor, and won't know one singer from another. In short I started by the first diligence, with one of his old costumes, made my way to the opera-house, with the help of a friend I had in Darmstadt, sang my part, won thunders of applause; pocketed the money, and got safe back to French ground, where I heard of the death of my poor master, and bought a mourning pin, which I wear for his sake every Sunday. Then I went on to Paris, where the seven hundred thalers enabled me to set up this restaurant. I have prospered in it—in fact, I have grown rich, and I want to return Herr Swindlenbach his money, with respectable interest, on condition that he gives no explanation of my little adventure to the public. It might be called cheating, and I am about to marry a German lady of good connections. Can you negociate the business?"

I knew that seven hundred thalers would be welcome to my old manager on almost any condition, the sacred music never having paid him as well as the profane; and at once undertook the mission. The master of the restaurant paid my expenses back to Darmstadt; there I found the once management reduced to the leadership of a church choir, and owing all his importance to the tale of the opera-house spectre, which he told at friendly firesides. I had no trouble in bringing him to terms, though I must say my employer rewarded me handsomely; but when I mentioned the condition of silence, the old man drew himself up with something of his ancient grandeur, and said: "Certainly, Fritz, the thing will never pass my lips. I have given up the wicked world, it is true; but I will not give it the opportunity of saying that I did not know a French valet from a Great Baritone."

ZURICH.—A spacious new "Tonhalle" has just been opened.

GENOA.—Rossini's *Otello*, with Sra. Borghi-Mamo as Desdemona, has been most favourably received at the Teatro Paganini.

STUTTGARDT.—After having been closed for two months, the Theatre-Royal re-opened on the 1st inst, with Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

CARLSRUHE.—A new three-act opera entitled, *Die Braut von Azola* was produced on the birthday of the Grand Duke. The composer is Herr Ludwig Liebe.

DESSAU.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* will be produced next season. The composer has consented to the cuts proposed by the management; consequently, the rehearsals will commence very shortly.

NAPLES.—Signor Florimo, the keeper of the archives at the Conservatory, has presented that institution with his valuable collection of authentic portraits of celebrated composers. Among them are those of Scarlatti, Handel, Pergolese, Jomelli, Gluck, J. Haydn, Sacchini, Cimarosa, Mozart, Bellini, &c.

BADEN.—The last concert of the season in the Kursaal was for the benefit of the Poor. The principal artists were Mdlles. Nilsson, Deschamps, MM. Faure, Capoul, Sivori, Ritter, and Arban. With the exception of Beethoven's *Fidelio* overture, and a Gavotte for Piano, by Bach, the programme contained nothing especially worth mentioning. The great attraction was Mdlle. Nilsson. The concert was well attended, and the receipts were highly satisfactory.—A very successful performance of *Lohengrin* has been given under the direction of Herr C. Eckert. Mdlle. Mallinger was Elsa; Herr Nachbaur, Lohengrin; Herr Betz, Telramund; and Herr Fricke, König Heinrich.

HOMBURG.—During the Italian operatic season of some two months, the following amounts will have been paid in salaries: to Mdlle. Adelina Patti, 5,000 francs for ten performances; and every night they sing, to M. Naudin, 1,500 francs; Berger, 1,000 francs; Agnesi, 1,000 francs; and Madame Grossi, 800 francs. The manager of the Kurhaus cannot certainly be accused of stinginess in providing for the amusement of his patrons.—On the 23rd ult., *Semiramide* was produced. Mdme. Adelina Patti, who played the principal part, sang three new cadences written expressly for her by the composer.

AGRICULTURAL HALL CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—To avoid any misconception, I shall feel obliged by your stating that I have accepted an engagement from the present lessee of the Agricultural Hall (Mr. Charles Goffrie), to conduct the classical concerts and oratorios to be performed, but that I am in no way connected with the management.

JULES BENEDICT.

2, *Manchester Square, Sept.* 17.

A QUESTION FOR CANDIDATES.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The approaching general Election will be one of the most important which the present generation has witnessed, inasmuch as many musicians are now on the register who never before had the distinguished honour of a voice in the management of their country.

Without desiring to go into the question as to which party shall be in the ascendant—"Liberal or Conservative"—I would suggest that every musician elector should attend the meetings of the would-be M.P.'s, and boldly put the following question:—

"If in the event of your being elected to represent the Parliamentary borough of ——, will you be prepared to either bring in a Bill, or give your hearty support to one which may be brought in, to substantially support the Royal Academy of Music, so as to place it upon a footing with similar Academies on the Continent, instead of leaving it to become a reproach and a disgrace to this wealthy country?"

Regardless as to their opinions upon the Irish Church or any other question, let a definite answer be obtained, and thus decide whether the Academy is always to remain as now.

Let all *English* musicians become patriotic for once, and vote only for those who are willing to supply the means of preventing any more importations of mediocre foreign talent to rob them of their bread.

"*To be, or not to be.*"

Now is the time for native talent to assert its rights, and if English musicians do not avail themselves of this opportunity, another year or so will witness every theatre and every orchestra in England (as now in London to a great extent) presided over by, and filled with, foreigners.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

September 19*th*, 1868. AN ANGLO-SAXON.

[Let all musical Anglo-Saxons digest the above.—ED. *M. W.*]

Shaver Silver on a favourite Topic.

SIR,—Mdlle. Nilsson's success in London as Margherita has not been without its effect in Paris. M. Gounod is once more re-arranging his most celebrated work—this time for the Grand Opéra, where Mdlle. Nilsson is engaged. The rules of this establishment require that every opera produced thereat shall include a ballet, and it is understood that M. Gounod is now adding to his score the music of a divertisement founded on the scene of the *Walpurgis Night*. It will be remembered that M. Gounod's *Faust* was originally composed for the Théâtre Lyrique. When it was about to be produced in London, M. Gounod added some recitatives, in place of spoken dialogue, for the Italian version, and wrote a second air for the contralto, the youthful sentimental Siebel. The new *Faust*, then, of the French Opera will be M. Gounod's *Faust* in its second transformation; and in this its third, and probably its final shape, it will no doubt be presented to us next season in London. The worst of it is that the success which doubtless awaits Mdlle. Nilsson in what to the Parisians will be a new impersonation may have the effect of making her more than ever satisfied with an engagement which we cannot look upon as a fortunate one either for Mdlle. Nilsson or for ourselves. In the first place, it keeps this charming artist too long away from England. Then it restrains her to a very limited repertory. She has now been studying and singing the part of Ophelia in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* for about a year, less the few months of her engagement at Her Majesty's Opera, during which period she was heard and applauded as Donna Elvira, as Lucia, as Violetta, as Martha, and as Cherubino: that is to say, in operas by Mozart, by Donizetti, by Verdi, and by Flotow. Finally, the fact cannot be denied, whatever interpretation may be given to it, that very few great vocalists—few, that is to say, who have attained a European reputation—have ever sung for any length of time at the French "Académie." The one school for singing is the Italian, and the school for singers the Italian Opera. Shaver Silver.

[Is Mr. Silver unaware that the *Walpurgis Night* is already in M. Gounod's *Faust*? that it was originally given at the Théâtre Lyrique? that it was omitted by Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Gye? and that Mdlle. Nilsson has lately been singing, or is about immediately to sing, at Baden-Baden?—A. S. S.]

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L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de La Belle Genane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Thirty-five Guineas.

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Enquirer.—Herr Formes is now in Dublin with Mr. Mapleson's operatic company, and sang the part of Figaro, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, on Wednesday last.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., the wife of W. H. Cummings, Esq., of a son.
On the 16th inst., the wife of A. J. Peasey Esq., of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 10th inst., at Colmar, M. François Antoine Adam Stockhausen (father of M. Jules Stockhausen), aged 79.
On the 14th inst., the wife of Maurice Cobham, Esq., of Edinburgh.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

"THE thirteenth series of these concerts will commence on Saturday, 3rd of October."

Here is a Fact of import, to be kept tight hold of while facts without import slip past. There are many of the latter, some of them bulky, and taking up much room in the world. Yet are they bubbles; but our Fact is a solid thing and can be cut into. Cut we into it.

What do we find on cutting into our fact? Much that is pleasant and of a comfortable nature; so much, in truth, that we could let other things "slide" if need pressed. It gives us promise of twenty-six concerts of Real music. Mark the adjective (with its capital letter), for the adjective is a capital word. There are so few things Real, you know. Even in art the sham is rampant. Promising tongues without performing hands; concerts which are not concerts; and music which is not music, make great fuss and noise—like all hollow things—and easy-going people are deceived thereby. But the non-easy-goers, who carry about with them testing *aqua-fortis*, have long since found out the genuine article. They know that twenty-six Saturday concerts mean as many art exhibitions very near the perfectness of perfection. They know that at their head will be an Enthusiast and a Plodder—not two, but one. Rare combination! Your enthusiast often cannot plod. He would take Icarian flights, and disdain to look into the quality of wax. So your enthusiast not seldom comes to grief. On the other hand, your plodder is rarely more than a plodder. A very Dryasdust is he, the sight of whom provokes huskiness, and a seeking after refreshment. But the "twenty-six" will be directed by a Man who tempers enthusiasm with the spirit of detail—a sort of dual Man having, like the "living creatures" of Ezekiel, a varied aspect. On one side thoughtful, patient, blue-pencilled; on the other, wildly gesticulating in the finest of frenzies. Hence, there will be Music on twenty-six coming Saturdays, at the Crystal Palace—passionate Music where passion is wanted; but always Music suggestive of laborious blue-pencillings.

What more do we find in our fact? This more: that the capacious Net of Fisherman Grove has been let down in many waters, and has caught many goodly fish. A net of nets is that Net. Magic meshes has it, with the instinct of tentaculæ. The impact of small fry moves them not and small fry slip through and away. Enclosing huge blubber-bags, they open of themselves, and the blubber-bags rejoin their ilk. But once grasping a prize, the meshes hold on like a sea-devil. A far-reaching net, as well as a discriminating, it spreads into all waters, and silently lies in wait wherever fish worth catching do swim;—a most cosmopolitan net. Fisherman Grove has been hard at work of late, providing for the twenty-six Palace banquets, and has given Chef Manns enough to do. Let us look at his catch:—

"*The Woman of Samaria* by Dr. Sterndale Bennett."

In truth a brave beginning. "Justice to England" is a good motto on English ground, but an oft-neglected. Yet is England not altogether in a state of obfuscation anent music. We begin to see that there is a Dulcinea of our own worth cracking crowns for. Let us crack crowns in her name, if need arise.

"The Vintager's Chorus (first time of performance) and, 'Ave Maria' from *Loreley*—Mendelssohn."

By all means this "sweet sorrow." With the song of the grape-gatherers, and the hymn of worship will mingle the dirge of him whose fingers stiffened as they wrote and left the Rhine-maiden's story half told. Yet to hear is to kiss the lock of a dead friend's hair.

"Symphony in C, No. 6, MS.—Schubert. (From the Vienna treasures; never before performed entire.)"

The leaden feet of Justice move apace at last, and the Man of Vienna will get his own. The poor schoolmaster's son, who, whilom, made a meal of apples, having nothing better, lies buried under laurels, and his tomb is a shrine. 'Tis fitting; for he was a Man who had work to do and did it. Not in the sunshine wrought he; but under clouds, and amid darkness Cimmerian. Marvellous that he wrought so well; more marvellous that he wrought at all! "Cast thy bread upon the waters," said another Man, "and thou shalt find it after many days." Schubert's faith was this faith, and with him the "many days" are over and gone. For their speedy ending thanks, first of all, to the Crystal Palace.

"Two duets for Clarionet and Corno di bassetto—Mendelssohn."

Graceful offerings to good-natured, slow-coach Bärmann, by his faithful friend and quiz. One we heard last season in St. James's Hall—it might have been the postscript to a lady's letter, there was so much in so little. By all means let us hear the other, and re-hear the one.

"March, *Meistersinger*—Wagner."

"'Endless music' without any palpable form; harmony as little natural as possible, and which frequently defies analysis; periods without any termination, an entanglement of the various points resembling counterpoint caricatured—and then, suddenly, in the midst of all this chaos, a charmingly clear passage or so, or a powerful idea grandly expressed"—behold the criticism of a continental critic on the *Meistersinger*. One grain to a bushel of chaff comforteth not the thresher of corn.

"*Ode to St. Cecilia*—Handel."

Good. Let the lion roar.

"*Tu es Petrus*, for chorus and full orchestra—Mendelssohn. (First time of performance.)"

The more "first times," when Mendelssohn is concerned, the

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better. *Tu es Petrus* will be as welcome as though the rock were a great one in a weary land.

"The music of the *Conspirators*—an operetta by Schubert; the *Song of Miriam*; with other vocal works by the same master."

Yet, again, the Man of Vienna, who, however, speaketh best unvocally;—speaketh like a passionate thundering Jove, or like a gentle child, as his mood may be, always from heart to heart. But when he uttereth words he is intelligible, and not as some utterers of words, the signifier of nothing.

"The Song of the Bell—Romberg."

Not precisely *ad captandum vulgus*, yet approximating thereunto. Romberg was feebleness, and has no place with strong men. *Exit* Romberg, haltingly.

"The *Mount of Olives*, and the music to the ballet of *Prometheus*—Beethoven."

Good: we hear the glorious "Hallelujah," not too often. But what a conjunction! the Master dealing with the Tragedy of tragedies, and next with stage dances. But the Master could turn his hand, as witness the catalogue of his works—"Op. 111. Sonata for piano in C minor, Op. 112. Twelve easy and agreeable bagatelles."

"*Adagio* and *Scherzo* for Orchestra—Rubinstein."

Let us hope these will satisfy the exigencies. M. Rubinstein owes the exigencies some amends for liberties taken, and M. Rubinstein has some resources wherewith to pay.

"Symphony in E flat, No. 3; and Overture to *Hermann and Dorothea*—Schumann."

We love not confused speech, neither the striving at gigantic utterances by one not gigantic. Nevertheless, Schumann may uplift his voice with the voices of Romberg and Rubinstein.

"The Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch.—Violin, Mr. Joachim."

Hail to a grand artist, even when he comes with the Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch.

"A New Symphony, in D, composed expressly for these concerts, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan."

By our faith, a neatly-rounded catalogue. Beginning with the English musician of the Present, it ends with—let us hope—the English musician of the Future. Thus, the Net of Fisherman Grove is patriotic not less than cosmopolitan.

What more do we find in our fact of import? More than space availeth to tell:—Arabella Goddard—Clara Schumann—Charles Hallé—organ solos—a novelty at every concert—a faultless band—and 300 voices—behold an instalment.

Will, then, anybody having ears to hear, neglect to make due note that "The thirteenth series of the Saturday Concerts commences on Saturday, 3rd of October!"

[Translations, by M. E. von G., from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann—*Continued.*]

Nota bene.—Dr. Silent is glad to announciate that he has induced the admirable translator, whose charming versions of the genial criticisms of our darling Robert were so welcome to the readers of the *Musical World* in 1867, to resume her contributions—with which announciation, Dr. Silent, out of breath with so long a sentence, begs hastily to retreat into his native element.

THREE GREAT PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

1. MOSCHELES.

(*Concert on the 9th October*, 1835.)

DIFFICULT as it is to say anything new about a virtuoso whose fame has been so long established as that of Moscheles, yet the fact that in his latest compositions he has taken a course which cannot fail to affect his playing, induces me to attempt some remarks. In his E flat Concerto and E flat Sonata he was brimming over with youthful spirit; in the G minor Concerto and the Studies, he entered upon a more thoughtful and artistic discipline; and now he is exploring darker and more mysterious paths, apparently careless whether he continues to please the masses or not. His fifth Concerto shows a leaning to the romantic school, and, in the last one, that tendency is fully developed and established, with no longer any wavering between old and new. The romantic vein which runs through this Concerto is not, however, as we see it in Berlioz, Chopin, and others—far in advance of the spirit of the day; on the contrary, its course is retrograde—it is rather the romantic spirit of antiquity, which acts with such force in Bach, Handel, and Gluck—whose works hold a similar place in music to that style in the Gothic architecture. In this respect the compositions of Moscheles resemble those of Mendelssohn, who, however, happily is still writing in all the vigour of youth. Few, probably, would trust themselves to give a decided judgment on all that they heard on the evening of Mr. Moscheles' concert. The applause could hardly be characterized as bacchanalian; in fact, the audience were very quiet, as if anxious rather to show their interest by the deepest attention. They did, however, fire up into enthusiasm after the Duo, which Moscheles and Mendelssohn played, not only like two artists, but two friends; one might well have compared them to a pair of eagles, each in turn soaring aloft or wheeling low, and each boldly encircling the other in his flight. This composition is dedicated to the memory of Handel, and I consider it one of Moscheles' most successful and original works. About the Overture to Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, opinions differed, even among the connoisseurs; for my part, I silently begged pardon of Moscheles for having judged of it by the pianoforte arrangement, which certainly sounds very poor in contrast to the splendid orchestra. I shall speak of it more at length another time; to-day I will only say that I could trace the shepherd-girl throughout—from the day when she dons her armour, till, amidst waving banners, her beautiful form is laid in the ground. The Overture has a touch of real tragedy in it.

Moscheles also played the first movement of a new "pathetic" Concerto, and the whole of a "fantastic" one—both of which might fairly be called Duets for Pianoforte and Orchestra, so independent is the part taken by the former. These two works, besides deviating entirely from the form of his earlier ones, are remarkable enough to make me impatient to play them myself, and confirm the deep impression which, with the exception of one or two less interesting parts, they produced on me throughout. As to the excellence of Moscheles' playing, the elasticity of his touch, the sound healthy tone, the steadiness and thought in the higher range of expression—no one who has heard him can for a moment doubt. The exaggeration and sympathy with the most modern and fantastic style, which coloured his playing as a young man, he has now renounced; and the loss is more than made up for by the mental power and force of character of the full-grown man. In the improvization with which he finished the evening there were some fine points.

We still remember, with much pleasure, the treat provided for us a few days before the concert, by the union of three great artists, and a youth who promises to become one, in the performance of Bach's D minor Concerto for three pianos. The three were Clara Wieck, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; the fourth was Mr. Louis Rakemann, from Bremen. Mendelssohn played the orchestral accompaniment on a fourth piano; and the result was truly splendid!

2. MADAME PLEYEL.

(*At Leipsic, in* 1838.)

The programme of Madame Pleyel's concert gave one a most favourable idea of her artistic tendencies. It is but a short time

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since we heard the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn played by the composer himself, and it was interesting to compare his reading with that of the vivacious Frenchwoman. She took the last movement even more quickly than he; but in other points Mendelssohn could hardly have failed to be satisfied with her thoroughly musical interpretation, except perhaps in one or two parts where the melody might have been played more simply and earnestly, with less sentiment. Other pianoforte players seldom venture to play an entire concerto in public, but Madame Pleyel gave us two; the second being Weber's *Concertstück*, which on this particular occasion was doubly interesting, because fragments of his predecessor's composition seem to have haunted the fancy of the younger composer in a truly bewitching manner whilst writing his own, though indeed in tenderness, delicacy, and finish, Weber's Concerto bears but poor comparison with Mendelssohn's. Madame Pleyel performed it admirably, with the same warmth which she seems to throw into every kind of music, and thus awoke among her audience that genuine and hearty sympathy which can only be evoked by the combination of really fine playing with really fine music. I wish I could say as much of the piece with which this enjoyable evening was brought to a close; but in this the ability of the composer was far behind that of the performer; it was a composition of her own, on themes by Weber, in which even the melodies introduced might have been arranged and worked with more taste. And yet it was just this piece which was so furiously applauded that she was obliged to repeat it. The playing of this highly interesting lady will please everyone, besides which, her love for all that is noblest in her art will help to make that art more generally known.

At her second concert, Madame Pleyel's powers seemed to rise with the enthusiasm they created, and *vice versa*. She had made an excellent selection: Beethoven's C minor Concerto and Hummel's Oberon. At the subscription concert yesterday we had Kalkbrenner's E minor Concerto, and the *Concertstück* repeated. Kalkbrenner was for some time her master, which explains her choice of his Concerto; she played it off much in the same way as one repeats to oneself a piece of poetry that one learnt when a child; but all trace of the scholar was gone—lost in the finish of the great artist. The Beethoven Concerto brought out another side of her nature; she played it both well and correctly, in a thoroughly German spirit, bringing the music before one like a picture, whilst the Hummel Fantasia seemed to descend from some airy spirit-world. Weber's *Concertstück* excited rapturous applause, bouquets were showered upon the artist, and the public were in ecstasies—some one even being heard to say that there was "more poetry in this woman than in ten Thalbergs put together," and the excitement lasting a long while. Her slender, graceful figure, and childish manner of curtseying, as if she did not deserve such applause, and still more the deeper things which she unfolded in her music, will not easily be forgotten, and we wish her all the happiness which she has been the means of giving to so many.

3. THALBERG.

(*Concert for the Musicians' Fund, February 8th*, 1841.)

In his flight across Germany, this great artist folded his wings here for a short time, and from them have dropped, as from those of the angel in Rückert's poem, rubies and precious stones, which at his special desire have fallen into the hands of those who really wanted them. To say anything new about one who has already had so much praise lavished upon him, is difficult. But there is one thing which every earnest artist will be glad to hear, namely, that he has made progress since he last delighted us with his art; indeed in the two years' interval since his former visit he has increased his powers to an astonishing degree, and, impossible as it may seem, has gained in freedom, grace, and force. His playing appeared to make the same impression on all, to impart to every one that happy complacency which perhaps he himself derives from it. True artistic power is something more than mere execution and adroitness; it is also a reflection of the man himself, and it is easy to see from Thalberg's playing that he belongs to fortune's favourites, those whom she has endowed with wrath and brilliance. Thus he began his course, thus he has continued it ever since, and thus he will finish it, happy himself and shedding happiness wherever he goes. The whole of yesterday evening, everything that he played was a proof of this. The audience seemed to be there not to criticize, but simply to enjoy; and to be as sure of enjoyment as the artist of his art. The compositions were all new, a serenade and minuet from *Don Juan*, a fantasia on Italian airs, a grand study, and a caprice on airs from the *Sonnambula*, all most effective paraphrases of the original melodies, which though surrounded by a whole fabric of scales and arpeggios look out pleasantly upon one everywhere. Most artistic was the treatment of the airs from *Don Juan*, and the whole performance was surprisingly fine. As a composition the most important thing seemed to me to be the Study, based on a charming theme somewhat of the character of an Italian national melody; the last variation with *tremolo* triplets will not easily be forgotten; certainly no one after Thalberg will hope to play it with such magic perfection. All honour to him for that evening, for he secured for himself both as a man and as an artist, the applause and esteem of every one present.

M. E. von G.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

After a long silence, for want of a subject that would interest the readers of the *Musical World*, I must inform you that the annual treat, or, in other words, our limited opera season commenced on Monday, the 14th inst., with the full strength of the artists of Her Majesty's Opera. *Il Trovatore* was the first performance, and the fact of Signor Mongini—whose fame as an artist of considerable ability reached us through the columns of your valuable journal—was to take the part of Manrico, tended in a great measure to fill the house, for the opera-going people of Dublin are of opinion that *Il Trovatore* is "worn threadbare."

The operas produced since the opening night were as follows:—*Der Freischütz, Lucia di Lammermoor, Lucrezia Borgia, Rigoletto, Faust, Norma, Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni*, &c.

It would be useless for me to enter into a criticism on the merits of the operas, or of the artists who form Mr. Mapleson's company; suffice it to say, Mdlle Tietjens is as interesting and delightful as ever, both her vocal and histrionic powers she sustains in all their grandeur and beauty. Madame Trebelli-Bettini's matchless contralto voice is always refreshing to hear, and, I might venture to say, without an equal among the contralto singers of our time. That most useful and versatile of artists, Mdlle. Sinico, was, as usual, up to the mark in everything she undertook. Mdlle. Baumeister has made rapid improvements since the last time I had the pleasure of hearing her; and Mdlle. Sandrini plays the parts allotted to her in a pleasing and graceful manner. Signor Mongini is the happy possessor of a really noble and highly cultivated voice, full of sweetness and power, and has established a well deserved reputation both as an actor and singer. Signor Carlo Bulterini essayed the part of Edgardo in *Lucia*, and the Duke in *Rigoletto*, with little credit to himself. His voice is powerful, but rather limited in sweetness or cultivation, and his acting is by no means up to the mark. Of Mr. Santley, I need only say he still holds his position as one of the first baritones of the day. Among the *bassi* we have Signor Foli, Casaboni, and Formes.

The minor characters of the different operas were well represented, and the chorus and orchestra, with few exceptions, quite perfect, under the skilful direction of that most painstaking of conductors, Signor Arditi.

The spirit displayed by Mr. Harris in bringing to Dublin so numerous a company of distinguished artists has met with its just reward from the Dublin public, who crowd the house to overflowing every night.

A morning concert is announced for Friday, at the Exhibition Palace, in which the entire company will take part.

Pill Purcell.

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PROVINCIAL.

MADAME LANCIA has been singing in the provinces with success. Among several notices in the provincial journals, we have selected the following from the *Eskdale and Liddesdale Advertiser*, *apropos* of the first concert of the New Club:—

"The reputation which Madame Lancia sustains necessarily gave rise to great expectations, which, after a careful and critical hearing, were more than realized. The first piece was a grand recitative and aria, sung in Italian, from the opera of *Puritani*, in which she displayed all the florid execution of which the human voice can be capable; whilst 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' etc., were rendered with a pathos and simplicity truly charming. It is to be regretted that a greater number did not take advantage of the opportunity of hearing one who is certainly the best artist we have had the pleasure of hearing in Langholm."

DUBLIN.—In the course of a glowing description of *Il Trovatore*, as performed by Mr. Mapleson's *troupe*, the *Daily Express* observes:—

"The opera was excellently rendered: we think it rarely went so well in our recollection. The 'Miserere' scene did not fail of its wonted effect, and was, of course, re-demanded. The band was very efficient. It is unnecessary to say that the conductor was everything that could possibly be desired; indeed, to our taste—and we think we are tolerably competent to pronounce an opinion—Signor Arditi ranks first among the first of conductors. He is never off his guard; he is always quick as lightning to perceive even the smallest fault, and just as fertile in resource to remedy it. In truth, we are always rejoiced to see the bâton in the hand of Signor Arditi, for thus is guaranteed as perfect a performance as it is possible to attain. We have previously alluded to the good violin tone in the band: we shall merely add that Mr. Levey, as premier violin, led admirably, like a *bon enfant* as he is."

BRIGHTON.—Music is looking up in this fashionable town. Last week was particularly lively. The Tyrolese Singers sang twice in the Pavilion; the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, gave two concerts with great success, assisted by Mr. Sidney Smith, who played some solos on a new and splendid pianoforte, lent especially for the occasion by Messrs. R. Potts & Co.; Miss Louisa Pyne gave her farewell concert in the Dome Assembly Room, which we are glad to say, was well filled on the occasion; Mr. Aptommas gave a harp recital in the New Concert Hall, West Street; Mr. R. Thorne announces a pianoforte recital in the same *locale*, assisted by Herr L. Ries, Miss Ida Thorne, and Signor Randegger; a series of Promenade concerts, under the direction of Mr. Archer, are also announced; the Brighton Choral Association have held their first meeting in the Pavilion; and Messrs. Lyon and Hall announce the farewell readings of Mr. Charles Dickens.

CARDIFF.—Music had its fitting place at the Bute festivities. A concert given by the Trustees of the Estate is even said to have "surpassed any entertainment of the kind ever given in Cardiff." We abridge some particulars from the local *Guardian*:—

"The opening *morceau* was Auber's overture to *Fra Diavolo*, rendered with masterly precision. Mr. George Perren gave Wallace's 'Let me like a Soldier fall' with power and effect. Mr. and Madame Patey in Balfe's duet, 'O'er Shepherd Pipe,' were very satisfactory; and Mr. Spencer, one of the Grenadier's band, followed, with a clarinet solo, which was rewarded with loud applause. Madame Patey, in an air from *Orfé*, was exceedingly well received, and her husband recited 'O ruddier than the Cherry' with expression. A quadrille on Welsh melodies, by the full band, concluded the first part of the programme, which was further graced by Bishop's sparkling song, 'Should he upbraid,' rendered by that universal favourite, Miss Edmonds. This was in truth the gem of the performance; and the delight which she inspired, as she thrilled the notes and thrilled the audience, was one of the things which it is impossible to convey in words. The overture to *Zampa* was splendidly given at the commencement of the second part, followed by "The Troubadour," a trio, delivered by Miss Edmonds and Mr. and Madame Patey. Mr. Perren's power and sweetness were very manifest in 'When other Lips,' and Miss Edmonds' charm of voice was never more shown than in Lee's delightful ballad, 'Come dwell with me.' Mr. and Madame Patey respectively sang Wallace's "Bell Ringer" and 'Forget me not' in a thoroughly satisfactory way; and Mr. George Perren ended the vocal portion of the concert with his own charming composition, 'When first the Bells,' which is always a favourite."

EDINBURGH.—The first "Saturday Evening Concert" of the season took place last week, under the presidency of the Lord Provost. Miss Hiles and Mr. Montem Smith were the principal singers, respecting whom the *Courant* observes:—

"Miss Hiles sang with all the graceful execution of which she is a mistress, and we particularly admired her rendering of the recitative and aria from *Maritana*, 'How dreary' and 'Scenes that are brightest,' which were loudly encored. A tasteful duet by Glover, 'O'er the hill,' was beautifully sung by Miss Hiles and Miss Hargreaves. Mr. Montem Smith's rendering of Mendelssohn's recitative and aria, 'Ye people,' and 'If with all your hearts,' was fervent and expressive; and his singing of the glorious old song, 'Oh! say not woman's love is bought,' well merited the applause with which it was received. An irresistible encore followed his singing of a song by H. Fase, 'Never mind the rest,' to which Mr. Smith responded by another proverbially expressed ditty, 'Twas just as well,' very humorously sung."

LLANELLY.—An Eisteddfod, on a small scale, took place on Monday week, and was largely attended. One of the most remarkable exhibitions in connexion therewith was the speech of the chairman, who, in the course of a general glorification of Wales and the Welsh, said he had attended the Handel Festival, "but after returning and hearing Welsh choirs—after hearing the choirs, I may say, of Carmel, and of Jerusalem, and of Horeb, and of Nazareth, do you think I felt disposed to despise or even to underrate their performances. By no means. What I had heard in London only tended to raise my views, as far as I was able to judge, for I don't arrogate to myself any great knowledge of music, but as far as I could judge, the music in London only tended to raise my ideas of Welsh music, and to confirm me in the opinion that as in the Italian so in the Welsh constitution there was a great deal of the musical element." We should like to shake hands with that chairman; at the same time, however, we should *not* like to hear the choirs "of Carmel, and of Jerusalem, and of Horeb, and of Nazareth," because of being spoilt for the choir at Sydenham. The proceedings closed with a grand concert in which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Signor Randegger took part. Each of these artists was vigorously applauded after singing some of their more familiar and popular pieces.

BATH.—Mr. Brinley Richards' recitals at the Assembly Rooms last week were entirely successful. Of the classical selections he was called upon to repeat a *valse* by Chopin, and, as regards his own works, he might have construed the applause bestowed on each as an encore. But Mr. Richards wisely refrained from overtaxing his strength. The local journal pronounces a Fantasia on Welsh Airs and an "Octave Study" to have been the most popular pieces.

HARROGATE.—Mr. Julian Adams gave his annual concert in the Spa Rooms last week, and treated his patrons to one of his latest compositions or adaptations for orchestra, under the title of the "Music of all Nations." The Russian National Anthem and an Italian *Tarantella* were admirably scored, and greatly admired. Mr. Julian Adams did not forget the "classical" portion of his audience, but favoured them with a capital performance of one of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, Mr. Iles playing the latter instrument. The audience was large, and after the concert enjoyed a stroll in the beautiful grounds, which were illuminated for the occasion.

TENBY.—We take the subjoined eulogium from the local *Observer*:—

"We rejoice to welcome the London Glee and Madrigal Union among us again, with their old charm—the charm of absolute precision, grace, and taste—undiminished. Their voices move together like chords on an instrument, under the hands of a skilful player. Yet there is nothing cold or mechanical about their performance. It has the ease, simplicity, and apparent spontaneousness which are the fruits of consummate art, together with the life, spirit, and variety of light and shade which belong to natural feeling, but which only consummate art can fully express. Many a reader might take a useful lesson in phrasing, accent, and pronounciation, from these accomplished singers, who never sacrifice sense to sound. There is a repose in the pleasure with which we listen, due in part to our unconscious certainty that there will be no flaw in the execution, but in part also to the character of the music—good old English music, intelligible and delightful to all. Amateurs and lovers of pure vocal harmony owe a debt of gratitude to the director, Mr. Land, for organizing and keeping together so talented a party."

Verily the local *Observer* can express itself with "precision, grace, and taste."

BAMBERG.—The second Vocal Festival of the Franconian League was given here a short time since. Fifty Associations from Fürth, Erlangen, Baireuth, Schweinfurt, Würzburg, &c., took part in it. There was a great deal of speech-making, a great deal of eating, a great deal of drinking, a great deal of toast-proposing, and a great deal of singing. Among the songs there were a few good ones and very many bad.

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MARIE KREBS AS VOCALIST.

I think the *Musical World* will be agreeably surprised to hear that the gifted child we all remember so well two years ago in London, has developed into a singer who will, if I am not greatly mistaken, shortly be welcomed on the dramatic boards. She gave me delightful glimpses of several *rôles* about a fortnight ago in Dresden —for instance, Agathe (*Freischütz*), Lucia, Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Marguerita (*Faust*), Pamina (*Zauberflöte*), Zerlina (*Don Juan*), and Linda. I should say that Gounod's Marguerite, Goethe's Gretchen *bien entendue*, was peculiarly suited to her; for the pallid child has developed into the pale, interesting girl; her fine face is capable of that varied expression so seldom seen in blondes and so missed in a dramatic singer, who appears a mere mask without it. Her voice is a high soprano, full, flexible, and equal in all its ringing changes. I suspect we have here the Gretchen we have hitherto only dreamed of.

We need not fear that the studies of Marie Krebs the vocalist, may have been hurtful to Marie Krebs the pianist. The following programme, which she was kind enough to delight me with, soon dissipated any misgivings I might have had on that head. Her unfailing memory and eminent manual dexterity, with ripened judgment and feeling, have now produced one of the most remarkable performers of our era. I could enlarge both on her reading and rendering of each of the following composers' intentions, but refrain from doing so, in the hope that your readers may have an opportunity of once more judging for themselves next season.

The following is the programme, which she threw me off with all the former nonchalance of the child and the present decision of the woman:—

Barcarole. No. 4	Rubinstein.
Etude infernale	
Vogel als Prophet	
Novellete. No. 4	Schumann.
Präludium u. Fuge, aus den wohltemperirten Clavier ...	J. S. Bach.
Erlkönig. Schubert	F. Liszt.
Etude. Op. 25. No. 6	F. Chopin.
„ „ No. 8	
Rondo aus Sonate	Weber.

E.

[The *Musical World* is "agreeably surprised" at "E.'s" communication, and hopes that Marie may be *the* Marguerite.—Ed. *M. W.*]

Mannheim.—Herr Betz, from the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, has been playing a highly successful starring engagement. He was especially successful as Nelusco in *L'Africaine*.

The two Brothers.—Reichard relates the following anecdote of Christian Bach, the "London Bach" as he was called, who, as is well known, indulged in rather fast habits and composed very hastily:—As a friend was reproaching him one day about the way he went on, and referred to his steady-going brother, C. Ph. E. Bach, as an example. "Ah," observed Christian, "my brother lives to compose, and I compose to live."

"Singing Alpine Stocks."—Such is the strange title under which Saussurn has recorded an interesting electrical phenomenon which he observed at a height of 2,300 feet on a granite mountain in the canton of the Grisons. In the midst of a shower of sleet, during which the cold became gradually greater, he felt a violent pricking pain in various parts of his body, and, at the same time, the Alpine stocks emitted a humming sound, very similar to the "singing" of water just before it boils. The celebrated philosopher felt convinced, by a number of experiments he subsequently made, that electricity was the cause of this strange phenomenon, which lasted for nearly an hour.

Not a bad Notion.—The celebrated composer Jomelli was proposed by his friends to Cardinal Alessandro Albani as chapelmaster of St. Peter's. As, however, he had devoted but little attention to the Palestrina style, as it is called, he dreaded the inevitable examination he should have to undergo in it, and hastened to the famous Father Martini at Bologna, under whom, by great industry and application, he soon picked up the knowledge he wanted. He now returned to Rome, and signified his readiness to submit to the examination, but on one condition, namely: that, after passing his own examination, he should be allowed to examine his examiners. This request, which does not appear to very unreasonable, had such an effect upon the learned examiners, that, the next day, they forwarded him his appointment without a word about any examination at all.

WAIFS.

Signor Tamberlick has arrived in Paris.

Mdlle. Lucca has terminated her Leipsic engagement.

Le Premier Jour is again on the Opera-Comique stage.

Miss Bateman will shortly commence another provincial tour.

The first Gewandhaus concert for the season takes place October 8th.

Mr. John Goss has just completed a Burial Service, of which report speaks very highly.

M. Flotow's new comic opera, *Les Deux Compositeurs*, will shortly be produced at Prague.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is working at his new Symphony in D, among the Swiss mountains.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons commences a series of readings at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 9th of November.

The *Athenæum* says that the process of destroying the Colosseum in Regent's Park will be shortly begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mayhew are passing their honeymoon at Ilfracombe, and Ilfracombe is a passing pleasant place.

The Italiens will open October 1st with *Lucia*, for which Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Fraschini are announced.

Signor Alberto Randegger is busily writing a cantata. The libretto (an excellent libretto) is the work of Madame Rudersdorff.

From January 1st to July 31st, this year, 518 concerts were given in Paris. Of these 144 took place in March and 128 in April.

Bryceson and Co. have erected a temporary organ in the Agricultural Hall, to be used in the series of grand concerts and oratorios this season.

Mr. Vernon Rigby was advertized to sing "Why do the nations," on Wednesday. Mr. J. G. Patey was *not* advertized to sing "Thou shalt dash them."

The indefatigable Mr. George Grove has hooked another unheard symphony by Schubert. The MS. may shortly be expected to arrive in England.

Is it true that, at the Gloucester Festival, the ophicleide part was played an octave lower on a contra-fagotto? Were, then, Mr. Phasey or Mr. Hughes inaccessible?

It is proposed to erect a monument in honour of Gui d'Arezzo, who eight hundred years ago, invented musical notation. The movement can hardly be called premature.

Mr. Barker, the patentee of the electro-pneumatic system, is now building another large electric organ of forty sounding stops for the new church, St. Francois Xavier, Paris.

The Italian Government has withdrawn its subvention of 300,000 francs from La Scala. The box proprietors are mightily indignant, and have made "energetic representations."

Madame Sainton-Dolby commences a farewell tour in the provinces on Monday. The first concert takes place at Rugby. Mr. Lewis Thomas is engaged for the entire series.

A gentleman in New York is said to have a contract signed by Miss Louisa Pyne, which binds her to visit America this year, and give operatic entertainments in the principal cities.

The Schwerin Musical Festival took place this week under the direction of Herr Joseph Joachim. *Israel in Egypt*, selections from *Iphigénie en Aulide*, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, and portions of the Mass in C were performed.

Hector Mallet, writing of *Lohengrin* in the *Opinion Nationale*, observes: "Is *Lohengrin* possible in Paris? I doubt it. Though displaying beauties of the first order, it is an incomplete work, in which execution lags behind conception. It is the work of a critic, not of an artist."

Mr. Max Maretzek has engaged two companies, one Italian and the other German, and with this force proposes to visit the West and East. He opens at Chicago on the 28th of September, and proceeds thence to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. He will return to New York in February. The members of his Italian *troupe* are Madame Agatha States, Signora Rosa Cellini (first appearance in America), Mdlle. Louise Durand (ditto). Miss McCulloch, Signor Brignoli, Signor Ronconi, Signor Orlandini, and Signor Antonucci. The members of the German company are Madame Anna de La Grange, Madame D. Rotter, Fraulein Jenny Appel (first appearance in America), Herr Habelman, Herr Fischer Ochton (first appearance). Herr Wilhelm Formes, and Herr Joseph Hermans. Mr. Maretzek takes with him an excellent orchestra and chorus.

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Mr. Bateman is in Montreal with a *troupe* including Mdlle. Tostee, MM. Decres, Leduc, Lagriffoul, Duchesne, and Hamilton; Mdlles. Lambelé, Rose, Fontanges, Cadic, and Laruelle; thirty-four choristers, a full orchestra, and a number of assistants. They are to remain at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, one week, and thence go to Ottawa, Toronto, and Hamilton. They are afterwards to perform at the Crosby Opera-house, Chicago; at Milwaukee; at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis; and at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

Mr. Oberthür's overture, *Rubezahl*, has again been given at the concerts of the Art Exhibition, Leeds. It was also performed last month at St. Petersburgh, where the programme included the *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; M. Litolff's overture, *Robespiere;* Schumann's *Dreams of Childhood*, arranged for stringed instruments; Weber's overture, *Preciosa;* and the "Pilgrim's Chorus," with the romance, "The Evening Star" (well known by Liszt's arrangement of it for the piano, under the title of "L'Etoile du Soir"), from Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Weekly Times* says, that on reading the account of the Haydock Festival, where banners, candles, eggs, tomatoes, cocoa-nuts, &c., are made to be aids to religion by people who call themselves "High Church," it brought the following anecdote to his remembrance, the truth of which he can vouch for:—A few months ago a lady went to Leeds with her nurse and child; the nurse was sent to one of the churches on a Sunday morning; when she returned, her mistress asked her how she liked the service. The young woman replied, "It was beautiful. I have not had such a treat since I went to hear *Faust*."

MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE."

In reviewing the latest book of "Songs without Words," a writer in *Watson's Art Journal* makes some very sensible remarks. We subjoin the first portion of his notice:—

"This is the Eighth Book of 'Songs without Words,' from the pen of the illustrious composer Mendelssohn. It is a posthumous work, and has created some discussion as to the rank it should hold among his published compositions. The duty of selecting, for publication, the manuscript works which were left at his death, was entrusted to four competent musicians, so that youthful and fragmentary works that Mendelssohn himself would have withheld, might not be given to the public. They have been very cautious in the fulfilment of the charge entrusted to them, but that has not protected them from blame, nor from accusations of incompetency. Some critics aver that the works which have appeared under their sanction are unworthy of the ripe fame of Mendelssohn; that he never intended they should meet the public eye; and some writers and players, who should know better, throw even doubts upon their authenticity. We are not surprised that cavillers are found to depreciate the work of conscientious labour. The lion is dead, and the jackalls—we had nearly written jackasses—howl about his remains. There are some here who profess to hold the genius of Mendelssohn lightly, and affect a slighting tone whenever they mention his name. They aver that Germany has outgrown the Mendelssohn malady; that the Teutonic stomach has grown strong and proud, and requires a heartier food, such as Liszt's rhapsodies, Wagner's vagaries, or Rubinstein's undigested fantasticals. If they speak truly, then has the German stomach grown strong at the expense of its brains. We have an earnest but reasonable admiration of the masters we have mentioned; we see grand things in them; we recognize progress in much that they have done, but the calm height which the genius of Mendelssohn has reached is unattainable by at least two of them, if they pursue the path which they have hitherto followed.

"The Eighth Book of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, was introduced to the public last year, by Madame Arabella Goddard, one of the finest pianists of the age. She has few equals as an interpreter of the works of the great classic writers, and in this case she pursued a decided, if unusual course—she played the whole book through, and achieved a brilliant and gratifying success. We published at the time several notices of her performance, all of which spoke enthusiastically of her exquisite rendering of the several numbers, and of the profound demonstrative delight of her audiences who proved their delight by frequent encores. So unqualified was her first success, that she has constantly performed them ever since. In this country Mr. Richard Hoffman, so far, has been their only exponent, and of his superlatively fine interpretation and its enthusiastic reception, we spoke at the time.

"That any one should doubt the authenticity of the Eighth Book, after having read it through, is sheer nonsense, uttered possibly for effect, or, otherwise, betraying the most lamentable ignorance. Every measure has the stamp of Mendelssohn. In form, modulation, sentiment, and treatment, their source is unmistakable. They are as purely idiosyncratic as is the First Book."

CASSEL.—The operatic season was inaugurated by Dr. Louis Spohr's *Jessonda*.

BRESLAU.—*L'Africaine* and *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, played alternately, are drawing large houses.

LEIPSIC.—Madame Lucca has been giving a most successful series of six performances. She opened as Gretchen in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

MUNICH.—Pergolese's opera, *La Serva Padrona*, has just been translated into German by Herr Peter Cornelius, teacher at the School of Music, and re-scored by Herr Franz Müller to suit the modern taste. Thus modified, it is to be produced before the end of the present year.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The members of the St. Cecilia Association will give a grand festival performance in the month of October, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Association. J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor will be performed on the occasion.—A number of professional and non-professional admirers of Herr Carl Hill gave him a farewell dinner, previously to his leaving this city to enter on his engagement at the Theatre, Schwerin.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & Co.—"The Harmonious Blacksmith," for flute and piano, by Mallandaine; "Valse Caprice," for flute and piano, by Edward de Jong.
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"So far as we know this is the Op. 1 of a young lady who, for the sake of the well-known literary name she bears, and for her own undeniable talents, will be heartily welcomed into the ranks of song composers. By the issue of the work before us, Miss Coyne has bidden boldly for public favour. Six songs of a more or less ambitious character, to words translated by herself, are pretty well for a first attempt; but, we are happy to say, the result proves that the youthful composer and translator did not overrate her powers in either capacity."—*Musical World.*

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Programme includes Symphony No. 8, in B minor (Schubert); Overture, "Coriolanus" (Beethoven); Part Song, "Echoes" (A. S. Sullivan); and Mendelssohn's "Lorelei" Music. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

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MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce her return to Town. She will sing—21st inst., Canterbury; 23rd, London Tavern; 26th, 28th, 30th, Newcastle; November 4th, Chichester; 5th, Islington; 7th, Woolwich; 10th, City; December 3rd, Islington; 15th, Maidstone; 31st, Brixton; January 21st, Reigate; February 22nd, St. John's Wood; March 15th, Marlborough; 16th, Newbury; 31st, Birkbeck Institution.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" (with MR. CARTER), at Mr. Rhodes' Concert, at Canterbury, October 21st.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing BENEDICT'S renowned song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Second Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Wednesday, October 28th.—Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE will sing the popular Ballad, "A DAY TOO LATE" (Words by H. HERSEE; Music by ROSA HERSEE), at the Italian Opera Concert, Chester, on Friday next.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH;" "JUDAS MACCABÆUS;" Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER," of MENDELSSOHN; MACFARREN'S "MAY DAY"—at Glasgow, Stirling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aberdeen, etc., during the present month. Engagements *en route* (Concert and Oratorio) may be addressed care of her brother, Mr. P. E. VAN NOORDEN, 27, Bedford Square.

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MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," Bennett's widely admired song, on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, at Chichester, in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital.

MISS LIZZIE LEAVER will play TWO SOLOS on the PIANOFORTE, at Mr. H. Bell's Concert, at Bay Street Rooms, Myddelton Road, Dalston, on Monday Next, October 26th; and likewise at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on the 6th of November.

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MADAME RUDERSDORFF, MR. VERNON RIGBY, and Mr. LAULER, will sing RANDEGGER'S "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Brighton, November 6th

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH;" "JUDAS MACCABÆUS;" Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER," of Mendelssohn; Macfarren's "MAY DAY"—at Glasgow, Stirling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aberdeen, etc., during the present month. Engagements *en route* (Concert and Oratorio) may be addressed care of her brother, Mr. P. E. Van Noorden, 27, Bedford Square.

JULES BRISSAC'S New Brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE," will be played by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN at Chichester, on Wednesday Nov. 4th, in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital.—Programmes of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE," during his Provincial Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby and party.

MR. BRANDON will sing Herr Kloss's popular song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," at Assembly Rooms, Bath, October 28th; and Exchange, Wolverhampton, November 6th.

MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE (Flautist), begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned from the Continent, and is open for Engagements in Town or Country.—Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs that all communications respecting Oratorio and Concert Engagements may be addressed—Adelphi Chambers, 7, John Street, W.C.

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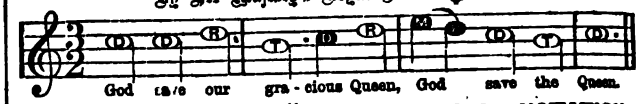

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson commenced his habitual "short autumn series of performances" on Saturday night at this theatre—which, Mr. Gye being accommodating, Drury Lane otherwise engaged, and the new Her Majesty's Theatre in embryo, he has leased for the purpose. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*; the house was literally crammed; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with a distinguished company, occupied the Royal box. The arrangements of the "auditorium" were such as we have been accustomed to in the autumn and winter seasons, when an English operatic company used to occupy the place of the Italian.

It will not be expected of us to enter into details about so familiar an opera as that of Donizetti, with Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley (German, French, Italian, and English) in the parts of Lucrezia, Maffeo Orsini, Gennaro, and Alphonso—parts which they have so often and honourably sustained before London audiences. It is agreeable, nevertheless, to be able to state that the performance, with little exception, was strikingly good from beginning to end. Signor Arditi was loudly welcomed on taking his place in the orchestra; and each of the favourite singers to whom the chief characters were intrusted was honoured with a special and hearty recognition. In all the great situations of the opera—the unmasking of Lucrezia by the young nobles (*finale* to the so-called prologue), the trio when Alphonso forces her to give the poisoned cup to Gennaro, the duet in which she persuades her unhappy son to swallow the antidote to the poison she has herself unwillingly administered, and last, not least, the famous "M'odi, m'odi," when, after revealing to Gennaro the hateful secret that he is himself "a Borgia," she supplicates him on her knees, Mdlle. Tietjens was as impressive as on any occasion we can remember. Madame Trebelli, as amateurs of the Opera are aware, is the best Maffeo Orsini since the days of Alboni, and since that incomparable singer of the genuine Italian school no one else has given the famous drinking song, "Il segreto per esser felice," so brilliantly and with so much life-like animation. The splendid tenor voice of Signor Mongini was heard with more than ordinary effect in the interpolated air from *Don Sebastiano*, which, being Donizetti's own, at once disarms objection; but, in addition to this, he exhibited in the other parts of the opera a reserve to which he has not hitherto invariably accustomed us. Husbanding his powers for the passages of most importance, they, for this reason alone, were all the more telling when they came. For instance, nothing could be more satisfactory than Signor Mongini's delivery of his part in the trio already named, the simple melody standing out clearly, without overpowering the more dramatic and broken phrases allotted to the other two voices. This trio, indeed, as sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley (whose Duke Alphonso, both in a musical and histrionic sense, approaches nearer and nearer to the desired perfection), was the feature of the evening. The small part of Gubetta was well sustained by Signor Foli. The chorus was efficient, the orchestra excellent, and the entire performance afforded good augury of what is to come. The National Anthem followed the opera.

On Monday night the always popular *Sonnambula* was the opera, and Miss Minnie Hauck, who has had about a year's probation in America, assumed the very arduous part of the heroine. Such an undertaking by a mere girl—for we understand, and can readily believe, that she has not yet accomplished her 18th year—showed, perhaps, a larger amount of courage than of judgment, and this more especially in so vast a theatre as Covent Garden. But that certain passages in Miss Hauck's Amina were less successful than others, and that the whole wanted the completeness of execution which only ripe experience can insure, must in no way be understood to signify that her performance was not one of very remarkable promise. We have, indeed, little hesitation in stating our belief that the young lady is in possession of most of the gifts which by assiduous cultivation may eventually be turned to brilliant account. She has a pure soprano voice, light and flexible, sweet and penetrating, even throughout its range, and produced in the most legitimate manner. In subdued passages her tones are charming, while the soundness of her training and the excellence of her method are declared in the fact that her intonation is invariably perfect. She phrases, too, admirably, and if not yet a complete mistress of what the Italians term "agilità," which perhaps can with tolerable fidelity be translated as fluency in the delivery of florid passages, she more than atones for this by other qualities no less important and valuable. Miss Hauck, in short, is young, and has much to acquire; but her youth, accompanied as it is by a grace at once natural and prepossessing, may be reckoned as an attraction in itself. It was difficult not to be strongly interested in her from the very moment she appeared, not to wish her success after the first phrases of Amina's address to her companions, and not to feel convinced, at the end of the *cavatina*, that rich promise had been revealed in this one performance. The favourable impression created by "Come per me sereno" and its sequel was more than confirmed by the simple and touching duet in which Amina and Elvino, after the jealous fears of the latter have been set aside, take leave of each other for the night, with an oft and tenderly ejaculated "Addio." The whole of this was exquisite, the acting being as easy and natural as the singing was beyond reproach. The "recall" was unanimous, and the success unquestionable. In the Bed-room scene Miss Hauck was afforded an excellent opportunity of displaying her already very nearly perfect command of the *mezza voce*, a test among tests for singers. All the sleep music was admirably given, and the gradual dying off of the tones, when, with a muttered apostrophe to her beloved Elvino, Amina sinks unconsciously upon the bed, while the thoughtful Rodolpho beats a quiet retreat, was accomplished to a wish. In the scene that ensues, where Amina, unconscious of wrong, vainly endeavours to persuade her jealous lover of her innocence, Miss Hauck exhibited genuine feeling; and what with the impassioned singing of Signor Mongini, who was probably never heard to more advantage than on Monday night, the sensation produced was unanimously favourable, the well-known *morceau d'ensemble* was encored, and another loud and general "recall" followed the descent of the curtain. The last act was by far the most trying for the youthful *débutante*; and it is upon this that she must bestow long and persevering exertion before she can hope to be accepted as the Amina which nature has gifted her with the chief requisites to become, and which we have no doubt whatever that at no distant date she will become. In the pathetic address to the faded flowers ("Ah! non credea mirarti si presto estinto") we had once again a beautiful example of *mezza voce* singing, accompanied by *cadenzas* and embellishments both new and effective; but the formidable sequel, "Ah non giunge," was scarcely on a par with the rest of Miss Hauck's performance. For the adequate delivery of this—whether the, to a foreigner, distressing high pitch of our orchestras, or the sense that upon the climax of her evening's exertion depended her more or less qualified success, or whatever else may have been the cause—her powers seemed hardly equal. To make a comparative failure, however, in "Ah non giunge," after having satisfied and, in fact, delighted everybody in the preceding parts of the opera, is by no means an unpardonable sin; and with the fact before us that Miss Hauck did not achieve all that might have been expected of her in this, which is always expected to be the culminating point in a representation of the *Sonnambula*, we are not the less convinced that the young American lady is destined to become an ornament to a profession in which it is easy enough to attain a merely respectable position, but extremely difficult to win the highest honours. Young talent of a genuine order is now-a-days so rare, that to refuse a hearty welcome to the apparition of a dramatic singer of such indisputable promise as Miss Minnie Hauck would be equivalent to showing an indifference to art progress. As an actress, though so young, Miss Hauck surprised the audience. One might have thought she had trod the stage for years, so easy, natural, and self-possessed was she in all she did.

We have said that Signor Mongini never sang better than on Monday night; and it only remains to add that Mr. Santley being indisposed, a very excellent substitute was found for him in Signor Tagliafico, whose Count Rudolpho has often been recognized as a capital performance. The Lisa was Mdlle. Bauermeister.

On Thursday, Miss Hauck again played Amina, and with increased success. The opera announced for this evening is the *Huguenots*

A Curious Fact.—Until the year 1806, the command of all the trumpeters and kettle-drummers in the Holy Roman-German Empire was vested in the Electors of Saxony. It was exactly a century in the year 1730 since the Emperor Ferdinand granted peculiar privileges to "a noble, chivalrous and artistic company of military trumpeters and kettle-drummers." On the 10th November, 1730, the trumpeters and kettle-drummers agreed to hold a solemn jubilee in Vienna. They flocked from all parts of Germany, and got up, in honour of their patron, St. Gabriel, a grand procession, at which they carried the Imperial banner and the "*Flurfahne*," or private flag, of Saxony. The jubilee concluded with a musical service in the church, followed, of course, by a heavy drinking-bout in the tavern.

Before and Behind the Curtain.—The French *feuilletonist*, Jules Janin, divided the wide domain of art into two great portions: before the curtain and behind it. The former contains those who enjoy; the latter, those who supply the enjoyment. How admirable is everything, he exclaims, as long as we are before the curtain! Art decks herself out for us, like a bride! She smiles, is all amiability, and gentleness. She appears brilliant, happy, and respected. Behind the curtain, everything seems quite different. There all art is unsatisfactory. There we scrutinize the poet, as he is puzzling his brains, seeking rhymes, and counting syllables; we see the musicians stamping on the ground, because inspiration will not respond to his call; the painter fetching poor lost creatures from out the streets, that he may strip them and obtain forms for his goddesses and madonnas; and, finally, we behold the beautiful actress, after entrancing everyone, take off her paint, and lay her soul, her passion, on the toilet table with her false hair.

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MINNIE HAUCK.

Our contemporaries seem unanimously favourable to this young and interesting *débutante*, for whom we have again to thank Cousin Jonathan, who has already sent us so much for which to be thankful. The thoughtful critic of the *Daily News* says, among other things:—

"This young lady, pupil of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, comes from America, which has already sent us several *prima donnas*, and has proved in other respects that musical culture has rapidly advanced there within the last quarter of a century. Miss Hauck's voice is a high soprano, clear, brilliant and sympathetic in quality. She has a good presence; and her self-possession, under the ordeal of a first appearance before a strange audience, evinced a considerable degree of stage experience. Only a slight nervousness was apparent in the commencement of her opening recitative, 'Care compagne,' which speedily wore off; and her delivery of 'Come per me sereno,' as of the *allegro*, 'Sovra il sen,' was distinguished by so much neatness of execution and truth of intonation as to raise a very favourable impression of the *débutante*, who was rewarded with great applause. Her share in the duet with Elvino, 'Son geloso,' was given with much grace, and the full of the curtain was followed by a recall of both singers. In the Bed-room duet, Miss Hauck gave a good representation of the sleep-walking girl; and in the final scene, her dreamy abstraction, in acting and singing, evinced much dramatic perception. The 'Ah non credea mirarti,' was delivered with nice feeling. Her reception was throughout favourable, and she was recalled at the end of each act and at the close of the opera."

The *Morning Star* is even more eulogistic, as a few extracts from its Tuesday's article will suffice to show:—

"Mr. Mapleson has made another most promising discovery. His new *prima donna* is a good one. Miss Minnie Hauck made her *début* on Monday night as Amina, and secured almost from the moment of her entrance such a success as can hardly fail to place her on the roll of those whom the operatic public delight to honour. Though a *débutante* on the boards of our opera, and very young, Miss Hauck is conspicuously a trained and facile artist, and we must probably give to her Transatlantic experience, which has evidently been thorough, a self-possession and mastery which placed failure out of the question after 'Care compagne' had been uttered in a fresh and almost girlish voice. The audience were not long in discerning the presence of a most accomplished singer, and at the sustained high note in the first recitative there was a general murmur of satisfaction. 'Come per me sereno' deepened the impression; indeed, its earnestness, sweetness, and purity, not less than its felicity of execution, justified the vigorous attempt to secure an encore. Throughout the first act the new Amina was invariably effective and winning; and the final love duet was distinguished by finish, expression, and elasticity. The young *cantatrice* was warmly recalled. In the second act the more trying portion of Amina's lyric career begins, but the new artist advanced steadily and powerfully with the interest of the opera. Her sleep-walking scene was statuesque and expressive; her forlorn depression on awakening to Amina's unfortunate state was sincere and artistic; and her rendering of the exacting passages which bring the act to a passionate close, was genuinely winning and effective. Another recall rewarded her. In the last act the opening air was given with a delicacy peculiarly appropriate to it, and the whole of the *Sonnambula* music was delivered with perfect and touching earnestness, with proper mysterious repose, and with faultless musical accuracy. Miss Hauck's future appearances will be watched for with much anxiety; but it may at once be recorded that she is a most finished singer and competent actress in the gentle and pathetic vein. Her voice is one of great compass and great elasticity of tone, capable of answering with renewed power and beauty nearly all the demands that can be made upon it in the course of an arduous *rôle*."

The *Morning Post* says:—

"Bellini's *Sonnambula*, performed on Monday night at the Royal Italian Opera-house, Covent Garden, drew together an audience eager to hear the first notes of the voice of the new soprano, Miss Minnie Hauck. Expectation, which had been raised to a high degree, by favourable reports of her voice and singing, was fully met, and the very hearty reception which was accorded to her must be highly satisfactory, not only to herself, but also to the enterprising *impresario*, to whom the credit is due of discovering and making known this new and most welcome addition to the lyric stage. Miss Minnie Hauck possesses a voice of much compass and great flexibility. The quality is pure and sweet. The introductory music previous to the appearance of the 'bright particular star' was regarded as uninteresting, but upon that same star being apparent interest was awakened and every critical sense was alive. The first phrase, 'Care compagne,' sung by Amina, seemed at first to be disappointing, but Miss Minnie Hauck only showed herself to be a true artist in being dull at first, her singing of the later pieces in the opera telling most forcibly that she had 'a meaning in being thus dull.' 'Sovra il sen' she sang exquisitely, and in every one of her scenes with Elvino her voice and execution was almost perfect. We are really greatly obliged to Mr. Mapleson not only for giving us a 'short season of opera' at this time of the year, but for his spirited manner of carrying out his venture by introducing such a charming *prima donna* as Miss Hauck promises to be. Her first appearance was as great a success as any heart could wish, and we shall be curiously anxious to hear her again in other works. Is it not possible that at some not very distant time we may hear her as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*? It is a part which her voice and special genius for acting seems peculiarly to fit her for."

From an admirably written and well-thought out article in the *Daily Telegraph* we extract the following:—

"Young as the lady is said to be, she looks even younger; so that when she first tripped on the stage in her smart bridal dress, with her bright frank face and laughing eyes, she completely realized the generally-accepted ideal of the Swiss heroine. And the flowing theme of the opening *aria*, 'Come per me sereno"—as fascinating a melody as any in the most melodious of all operas—served to exhibit a pure soprano voice of singularly fresh and sympathetic quality. Neither very powerful nor very rich, the singer's tones are so bright and transparently clear that they carry with remarkable distinctness. And the lightness of the voice gives Miss Hauck extraordinary facility. In the *cabaletta* of her *sortita*—a worthy pendent to the slow movement—the young vocalist did not venture higher than D flat, and our orchestral pitch being so excessive she did well not to indulge in those 'vocal fireworks' which of late have been so much in vogue. But, to judge from the quality of her voice, it is capable, we imagine, of much higher flights. Miss Hauck's *mezza voce* has a peculiar charm, and it is a most hopeful sign that her singing has no trace of the hateful *vibrato*, which is the prevailing vice of singers of the present day. Naturally suffering from extreme nervousness at first, the *débutante* gained courage as she went on, and sang with much true and gentle expression in the duet, 'Prendi l'anel ti dono,' which brings the first act to a dainty conclusion. Recalled after both the first and second acts, she made her deepest mark in the third—in the long recitative, namely, wherein the sonnambulist broods in sleep over the thoughts that have disturbed her waking brain. There was genuine feeling in every phrase, and the concluding *cadenza* was invested by the singer with a remarkable degree of unobtrusive expression. It is a great recommendation to Miss Hauck that she has nothing to unlearn. Her shortcomings are those of youth and inexperience only; her merits are those which should increase with years. There is more of promise in her than in any singer who has lately come before the public. Her future, in fact, is entirely in her own hands.

The *Standard*, *Herald*, and *Advertiser* have also short articles, uniformly favourable, while the *Times* devotes to Miss Hauck's *début* an article full of the warmest encouragement, treating it as an event not only of infinite promise but of actual importance.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

These entertainments are being carried on in a manner to which the musical public has now for some years been agreeably accustomed. So long as the directors of the Crystal Palace persist in the liberal course which has enabled them to enrich their concerts from time to time with new treasures, like the previously unknown symphonies and other scarcely less interesting compositions of Schubert, the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn, &c.; so long as a spirit of fair inquiry is shown in the careful production of works like the overtures and symphonies of Schumann, to say nothing of those by living composers who might otherwise get few chances of being heard and judged in this country; and last, not least, so long as Mr. Manns adheres to the laudable custom of making a symphony by one of the great masters the leading feature of each of his programmes, so long will the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, in the magnificent concert-room which the Crystal Palace directors have built for themselves, be a focus of legitimate attraction to all who care for music that is really music. The more sensibly the number of such amateurs increases the better for art, and if art is civilizing the better for civilization. That Mr. Manns's orchestra plays better than any other concert orchestra in England is by this time sufficiently notorious; and—allowing for the advantages the continual presence of the nucleus of it, that is to say, of the Crystal Palace orchestra proper, which may be heard practising symphonies, overtures, &c., every day of the week, indisputably gives him—the credit is mainly his.

Since writing about these concerts we have heard much that is old and good, with much that is new, if not uniformly good. We have heard, for example, the *Eroica*, perhaps, without excepting even the colossal "No. 9," the mightiest of Beethoven's symphonies; we have had the two movements from Schubert's projected Symphony in B minor (a Crystal Palace discovery), which the oftener they are given the more deep becomes the regret that a work so rich in promise should have been left unfinished; we have had the fiery overture which Mendelssohn wrote off, *currente calamo*, for Victor Hugo's play of *Ruy Blas*, and the more delicate and finely-knit overture with which (in 1833), displeased with an overture upon the same story by Conradin Kreutzer, he composed for the "*Fair Melusine*;" and we have had Beethoven's incomparable *Coriolan*—better fitted for the play of Shakspere than for the *Trauerspiel* of H. J. von Collin. These were among the old things that are good. Among the new things must be reckoned the music to

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the procession of the "Mastersingers," from Herr Wagner's "comic" opera, recently brought out at Munich; a concert-air ("The Sailor's Bride") by Herr Johannes Hagar, composer of an oratorio called *John the Baptist*, which created anything rather than a lively impression when introduced by Mr. Hullah, some eight years ago, at what was once "St. Martin's Hall;" one of the *entr'actes* from *Der König Manfred*, an opera composed by Herr Reinecke, actual director of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic; a new part-song ("Echoes") by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and yet another fragment from Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, which was combined with the music already known (including the exquisite "Ave Maria!") from that unhappily incomplete opera. Mr. Sullivan's part-song, which is pleasing and unaffected, might have been better executed. The "Vintagers' chorus," from *Lorelei*, instinct with genuine melody and characteristic life, was unanimously called for again; and the result would have been even happier had it been possible to divide the singers into two departments on either side the orchestra, so as to realize the full antiphonal effect designed by the composer. It is consoling, by the way, to know that there exists from Mendelssohn's intended opera still another piece (a march and chorus) all but complete, for a speedy hearing of which we may safely look to those who direct musical matters at the Crystal Palace. The pieces we have enumerated were all included in the programmes of the second and third concerts; and from them we may single out, as in every way remarkable, the performances of Beethoven's *Eroica*, the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and the overture to *Coriolan*. The *Melusine* of Mendelssohn (perhaps the most difficult of all overtures to play with the requisite finish) we have heard still better given by the Crystal Palace orchestra. There was also singing, more or less attractive, by Mdlle. Enequist, who did her utmost for Herr Hager's *scena*, Madame Rudersdorff, who, though indulgence was asked for her on account of indisposition, gave great effect to the trying solos in *Lorelei*, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Nelson Varley—besides a very admirable performance of Ernst's *fantasia* on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, by our young and gifted English violinist, Mr. Carrodus.

The programme of the fourth concert, which, in spite of the unpropitious weather, drew a large audience on Saturday, was as follows:—

1. Overture (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) ... ... Mozart.
2. Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Op. 97 ... ... Schumann.
3. Aria, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"... ... ... Mozart.
4. Aria (*Robert le Diable*) ... ... Meyerbeer.
5. Romanza, "Nulla da te bell' Angelo" ... ... Benedict.
6. Variations from Quartet in C ... ... Haydn.
7. Lied, "Die beiden Grenadiere" ... ... Schumann.
8. Valse, "Nella calma" (*Romeo and Juliet*) ... Gounod.
9. Ballad, "The Pearl Diver" ... ... Frank Mori.
10. Overture (*Masaniello*) ... ... Auber.

Though in all probability Mozart never heard his very genial and animated overture played so fast, it is no less probable that he never heard it played so well. Every delicate *nuance*—as the French express it more pointedly than we can—was attained to a wish; and the *crescendos*, that here and there confer so much piquancy upon certain passages, were managed in perfection. Indeed, if the Crystal Palace orchestra does anything in particular better than any other orchestra with which we are acquainted, it is the *crescendo*, or gradual increase from soft to loud, and the *diminuendo*, or gradual decrease from loud to soft. Of these peculiarities of execution, however, and more especially of the last, the overture of Mozart (which was enthusiastically encored, and, perforce, repeated) presents few examples when compared with the symphony of Schumann, which, as Mr. Manns causes it to be delivered, seems in a great degree made up of them. This extraordinary work, and extraordinary it is in every sense, was now heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace, though by no means for the first time in England. It appears to us, in some respects, the best, and, in others, the least, admirable of the four symphonies which its aspiring composer gave to the art. The first movement ("*Lebhaft*"—or, as the Italians say, "*Vivace*"), is, perhaps, on the whole, fuller of beautiful, yet only half-expressed ideas than any movement from his pen; the second ("*Sehr mässig*"), which, like the last, was meant by Schumann to assume a popular character, is—in spite of certain traits wherein the wish to do more than under the circumstances would be desirable becomes evident—as frank, straightforward, and clearly made out as such a movement ought to be; the slow movement in A flat that follows, and the "*Feirlich*," or religious *fête* music, inspired, as Schumann himself informs us, "by the grand ceremonial of the installation of the Archbishop as Cardinal in the Cathedral of Cologne," coming directly after, are much less to our taste, exhibiting, as they do, the last especially, that striving to be Beethoven, without the power to be anything like Beethoven, which is so frequent a characteristic of Schumann in his orchestral writings. In the *finale* we can see very little more than, to employ a homely simile, "much bruit and little fruit." Nevertheless, criticism set aside, all those who are minded to hear and judge impartially for themselves, are beholden to Mr. Manns for bringing forward this symphony by a master the opinions about whose deserts seem likely to differ perpetually, and for so truly careful and impressive a performance of it. To conclude—it was listened to with decorous attention from beginning to end, each movement finding its admirers and evoking applause more or less hearty, the second, which stands in the place of *Scherzo* and which we remember being encored at Signor Arditi's concerts, in the late Her Majesty's Theatre, bearing away the palm. The Symphony in E flat, as one of the maturest examples of its amiable composer's genius, should be heard again; and the sooner the better. The variations from Haydn's quartet, built upon the theme of the "Austrian Hymn," which tradition gives also to Haydn, was performed by all the string instruments of the orchestra. Although this and other movements from Haydn's quartets have been played after the same fashion at the famous Conservatoire concerts in Paris, we cannot think that the precedent is a good one, or one which it is advisable to accept and follow out at the Crystal Palace. Haydn never intended anything of the sort. Moreover, he wrote symphonies enough for the orchestra, not more than about a fourth of which have been heard since his time; and to these it would be far better to have recourse. Besides, to be minutely critical, there are no double-basses in Haydn's quartets; and the addition of double-basses, the pitch of which is an octave lower than the violoncellos, appears to us an unwarrantable liberty. Apart from these considerations, the execution was marvellously precise and finished, serving, at any rate, to show that all the fiddles, big and little, in Mr. Manns's orchestra, are right good fiddles, capable of playing "solo" if required. The variations were loudly encored, and repeated from the beginning. Had Mr. Manns any special reason for putting Mozart immediately before and Haydn almost immediately after Schumann? It was hardly fair to Schumann.

The singers at this concert were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Angyalfi, from the Court Theatre at Hanover—his first appearance. Madame Sherrington has never sung more brilliantly, or with greater success, than in the first air of Isabelle, from *Robert le Diable*, which she gave in Italian; Mr. Vernon Rigby imparted real expression to Mr. Benedict's graceful and melodious *romanza*; and Herr Angyalfi in the well-known air of the high priest, Sarastro, from *Die Zauberflöte*, displayed a fine bass voice, with a sonorous lower "E" that any singer might envy. In the quaint song of Schumann, upon Heinrich Hein's "Two Grenadiers," with its odd burden of the "Marseillaise," Herr Angyalfi obtained an encore. The concert ended brilliantly with a capital performance of Auber's always welcome overture to *Masaniello*.

At the 5th concert, to-day, we are promised, among other things, Haydn's *Surprise* symphony, entire, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and (first time) Ferdinand Hiller's Concert-overture in A, together with a violin solo by Herr Sternberg, and singing by Madame Sternberg and Madame Osborne Williams. Meanwhile an entirely unknown Symphony by Schubert (No. 6, in C major) is in preparation, as an ante-Christmas *bonne bouche*.

—o—

"IF A BARGAIN IS NOT A BARGAIN, WHAT IS A BARGAIN?"

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—If Mr. Semi Breeves, or "any other man," announces that he will appear in such a place on a certain evening, and sing three songs—"Sally come up," "The Cure," and "My pretty Jane," I feel so delighted that I at once make up my mind to disburse the 2s. 6d. which he says will be charged for admission, and go to hear him. Well, I hear him sing the three songs for which I paid—which he bargained to give me for my 2s. 6d.; but I am so charmed with his vocalism, and become so forgetful of the bargain which I made with Mr. Semi Breeves, that I insist (with others who sail in the same boat) on his singing six songs instead of three, as was agreed upon in the original contract. I am so carried away by the exquisite rendering of the *three* songs by Mr. Semi Breeves, that I fail to perceive the injustice of my demand; but on returning to the undernoted address, a thought strikes me. Suppose I should call upon my customers, and one of them should say—"Oh, Mr. Graves (I travel for a firm who deal in second-hand tombstones), we were so very well pleased with the last supply of church-yard furniture which you sent us, that we must request you to forward us another supply of the same, *at once*, and *for nothing* (of course), or we shall be compelled to close our account with your house."

Now, I do not mean for a moment to compare the singing of Mr. Semi Breeves with a bagman's order for second-hand tombstones; but *verbum sap.*, Mr. Semi Breeves agrees for a price to sing a certain number of songs; his audience refuse to consider the two shillings and sixpence worth of music with which he supplies them as worth the half-crown they have paid, and endeavour to insist upon his giving them 5s. worth instead. On his refusing to sell his wares at half the price they are worth, he is denounced by his customers as shabby, capricious, proud, and so on. As a business man, I fail to perceive the justice of such a decision, but still it is one which is often arrived at by more than musical audiences.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Lamb's Hotel, Dundee, Oct. 19, 1868. AULD REEKIE.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

The principal musical event lately, that is to say: the musical event which has created the greatest commotion, was the Festival given on the 10th, 11th, and 12th inst., by the members of the Männergesangverein, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of the Society. The most memorable detail of the Festival was the ceremony of solemnly laying the first stone of the Schubert Monument in the Stadtpark. This was done at mid-day, on the 12th inst. There was plenty of singing and a great many speeches, for, since freedom of speech has been allowed in Austria, the worthy Viennese seize every opportunity of enjoying their new privilege. The rest of the proceedings at the Festival included an immense amount of singing, and a vast amount of eating and drinking. The Common Council of Vienna have presented the Society with the gold Salvator Medal. This is the third medal the Society now possesses, as it had already received one from the Emperor of Austria, and one from the Emperor Napoleon. On the 9th inst., the members of the Society gave its founder, Dr. August Schmidt, a brilliant serenade. Dr. Schmidt must feel very proud on witnessing the proud position now held by the body which owes its existence to his perseverance and determination. He must, also, see a marked change in the condition of things political. The Society gave its first public performance on the 28th January, 1844, in the room of the Golden Cross, "auf der Wieden." At seven o'clock in the evening, the majority of the members slunk singly, or, at most, in couples, through a back door into the house. At the front entrance, there were stationed two mysterious individuals, who scrutinized closely every person entering the building, especially if he were not a member but a visitor. These individuals were police-agents, who, at that period, thought the State endangered, when some thirty young men had the audacity to sing a few choruses to their friends and companions. How different are things now, as regards this once suspected institution. What pleasure it has afforded the inhabitants of this capital, and how many times has it nobly come forward to afford material assistance, when a great public calamity has occurred! In all Vienna, there is no more popular Society than the Männergesangverein.

It is, I believe, pretty certain that the new Opera-house will open somewhere about next April. There was a report that the opera chosen to inaugurate it would be Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, but such, I have very good reason for asserting, is not the fact. An opera by Mozart will be the first ever represented in the new house, though I cannot say which opera it will be. Meanwhile, things are going on pretty well at the old house. Dr. Dingelstedt, the manager, who succeeded Sig. Salvi, holds the reins of management with a firm hand. This is a fortunate fact, for, when he went away a little while ago, to spend a short time at the sea-side, the absence of a determined will at the head of affairs was at once unmistakably and disagreeably apparent. For instance, *L'Africaine* was announced, but Mdlle Ehnn sent down word that she was not well, and could not possibly appear that evening as Selika. Hereupon, the part was sent to Mdlle Giudele, who received it without any remark, and the stage-manager rubbed his hands with delight, supposing that he had got over his difficulty. But he was reckoning without his host, or rather without Mdlle. Giudele. That young lady, on turning the matter over in her mind, thought, no doubt, that she had as much right to be indisposed as Mdlle. Ehnn, and at once despatched a messenger to the unhappy stage-manager stating that a change had supervened in her state of health, and that she must absolutely return the part. What was to be done! The stage-manager was at his wit's ends, when it suddenly struck him that Mdlle. Ehnn, seeing that the bill was not changed, a circumstance implying that some one else was ready to take her place, might, perhaps, feel strong enough to struggle through the character. On his sending to enquire after her, she sent back word that she thought she could manage to appear that evening. And she did appear, and, what is more, went through the opera in the most brilliant manner. On another occasion, it was Herr Walther who fell a victim to serious indisposition, which caused him to declare that he would sing only on the express command of Prince Hohenloh, the Lord Chamberlain in Chief. Fresh despair on the part of the stage-manager, who begged and prayed the ailing artist to alter his resolve. Being human, Herr Walther at last yielded to the entreaties of the wretched official, and promised to see what he could do. During the overture, he stood behind the scenes, coughing in such a manner as to move a heart of stone. The curtain went up, and Herr Walther went on, as Vasco in *L'Africaine*. Strange to say, he never sang better. The reader may imagine what embarrassment is occasioned by such capricious conduct, and how necessary it is to have a gentleman of determined mind, like Dr. Dingelstedt, at the head of the establishment.

We have had a long array of singers from other parts of Germany, but not one of them made such an impression as Herr Sontheim, from the Royal Opera-house, Stuttgardt. He first appeared last July, when he sang in a number of operas, including *La Favorita*, *La Juive*, *La Muette*, *L'Africaine*, and *Fidelio*, with such success that, at the request of the management, he prolonged his visit a week. He afterwards paid us a second visit, when he pleased quite as much as, if, indeed, not more than before. In fact, he has become such a favourite that, according to report, an agreement has been entered into, by which he will sing six months in Stuttgardt, and six months in Vienna every year. He is undoubtedly a fine singer, and it is to be hoped that the above report is true, for there are not too many good artists in the company at present, though Dr. Dingelstedt is indefatigable in his endeavours to procure such, either permanently, or for a series of performances. He did his best, for instance, to secure Mdlle. Nilsson, but the negotiations fell to the ground on account of the high terms demanded by the fair Swede, namely: fifty thousand francs for six performances. This was considered too much, and, consequently, the Viennese will not hear the gifted lady in their beloved capital, at least not for the present. It is fair to presume that Herr Niemann is more moderate in his terms, for he is announced for the months of December, January, and February. When he comes, he will have the opportunity of convincing himself that if he has a rival in Herr Wachtel, sen., at Berlin, he need not fear one in Herr Wachtel, jun., here. The young man made his *début* as Lionel in *Martha*, but it was very soon painfully apparent that his ambition far exceeded his powers. Study may do something for him in time, but it is not probable that he will ever attain a high position in his profession.

The members of the band of the Imperial Opera-house have announced a series of eight Philharmonic Concerts under the direction of Herr Dessoff, for the 8th and 22nd November; the 6th and 20th December; the 17th and 31st January; and the 14th and 28th February. Among the more important compositions will be the fourth, sixth, and eighth Symphonies; the *Leonore* Overture and the Triple Concerto, Beethoven; *Queen Mab*, Berlioz; Interlude from *Medea*, Cherubini; New B minor Symphony, Esser; Overture to *Sakuntalla*, Goldmark; Oxford Symphony, Haydn; Préludes, Liszt; Third Symphony, *Meeresstille*, and *Ruy Blas* Overture, Mendelssohn; Symphony in C, Mozart; Symphony in B flat, and Pianoforte Concerto, Schumann; Symphony in C, Schubert; and Symphony in D minor, Volkmann. —There will be two, and, perhaps, three different Quartet Series this year, namely, that under Herr Hellmesberger; that under Herr Laub, and—as before remarked, *perhaps*—that of the so-called Florentine Quartet. This is good news for the lovers of really high-class music. Herr Hellmesberger's associates are Herren Popper, Bachrich, and Brodsky; those of Herr Laub, Herren Kässmayer, Hilbert, and Röver. The latter will begin next month, when Herr Laub will have special leave granted him from the Moscow Conservatory, where he is one of the professors. Madame Clara Schumann, also, will give a series of concerts in November.

There is every prospect that the long projected Haydn Monument will shortly be a reality, and not exist only on paper. A committee, with considerable funds, has been formed in the Mariahilf district—in which the old master spent the last days of his existence—for the purpose of raising this tardy tribute of respect to one of Germany's greatest composers. Speaking of monuments reminds me of an outrage which seems hardly credible. Some sacrilegious wretches have violated Mozart's monument in the Marrer Churchyard by wrenching out of the pedestal the bronze medallion of the master and the inscription: "Gewidmet von der Stadt Wien" ("An Offering from the city of Vienna"), in the same metal, and carrying them off, together with one of the candelabra.

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"THE FALL OF MAGDALA."

A remarkable application of music to history forms, or lately formed, an attraction at the Agricultural Hall. But neither the idea nor the manner of its development is a novelty. Kotzwara described the battle of Prague, and Jullien pictured a hypothetical conflict in his British Army Quadrille. From Kotzwara's piece, written for strumming by the grandmothers of this generation, sprang the *Full of Magdala*, engaging almost men enough to have taken the veritable fortress. But M. Jullien originated the peculiar treatment of the subject and its division into five sections, which forms the sole resemblance between the piece and an ordinary quadrille. Why the *Fall of Magdala* should have five parts, except that it is termed a quadrille—and why it should be termed a quadrille, except that it has five parts, are questions which, perhaps, the authors never asked, M. Jullien not being alive to answer, and no one else having the remotest notion.

The "programme of incidents" is diffuse, and the connection of incidents and music exceedingly vague throughout. Thus, the first figure purports to show the "formation of the avenging army," the story of Abyssinia's "insolence," a "lament for the captives," "sounds of sympathy," and "sounds of alarm," "a call to arms," England's heroes rising to assert her dignity, the march of the army, a review, and an embarkation. Unfortunately, we cannot readily distinguish one from the other, a difficulty which seems to have occurred to the authors, and caused them to indicate the more prominent events by capital letters. From the rallying points thus furnished it is possible to start afresh, so that if "preparations for departure" get mixed with the "adieu to the skies of Asia," and that again with the "hurrah for the dangers of Africa," we can go on to the "march of the army of India to meet their gallant commander" (in capitals), and wait there for a safe clue. The scene of Part 2 is laid in Abyssinia, and shows, among other things, the "revels of the African savages in the wild fastnesses of their native land." This is done in orthodox fashion by much syncopated drumming, cymbal-clashing, and tom-tom beating, as an accompaniment to a series of consecutive fifths. There are also variations for piccolo and clarionet, respecting which the programme makes only the full wing mysterious announcement: "The music descriptive of the various instruments, with variations for the several performers." Part 3 depicts the "landing of the avengers." Here, again, the listener gets befogged. True a Sikh and Beloochee war-hymn is intelligible (though why it should be echoed from a distant refreshment-room is a puzzle), but the preparations for marching, and the "grand army in motion," with elephants, muleteers, and teamsters hard at work, are simply confusion. From this we emerge at a capital-lettered "advance of the cavalry," the signal for which is given by Mr Levy, who plays solos at every possible opportunity. Part 4 is devoted to the "grand march of the army," and would be intelligible enough but for an assurance that the music is "descriptive of the march of the infantry up the steep passes, through the gloomy defiles, and across the vast plains of a hostile country." This complicates the thing sadly. At length we reach Part 5, and the actual fall of Magdala. Our sympathies are excited for the captives by hearing Mr. Levy play "Home, sweet Home," and we exult at the "sudden news of glad tidings" (we should exult more if we new exactly when it came), and at the "advance of the different regiments" First marches down a staircase and across the hall a rifle band (Irish); in like manner come the "Campbells," announcing that fact on their pipes; these are followed by the "British Grenadiers;" and the whole combine on the orchestra for a "grand assault," in which the "martial sons of India" are well represented by an energetic black-faced drummer. Of course the assault is victorious, and twenty Union Jacks, born aloft by the "Naval Brigade," wave "over the dismantled fortress of England's Ethiopian foe." Such is the latest development of applied music. P. M. G.

THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—My worthy coadjutor, who styles himself "An Anglo-Saxon," having resumed his vigorous pen about the "Rights of English Musicians," I venture to offer a few more remarks, to substantiate his views, and prove to the courteous Editor of this widely circulated journal (who last week expressed his judicious and impartial opinion) that Englishmen have more reason to *court* than to *shun* comparison with foreign artists. To render this assertion clear and undeniable, I beg to offer a synopsis of the career of one of our favourite West-end theatres in its palmy days, when Mr. Charles Kean lavished a fortune upon his poetic realizations of Shakspere.

That accomplished actor was one of the few managers who felt the real importance of good and appropriate music, and was, therefore, a liberal paymaster. During his long career at the Princess's Theatre the music and the band were excellent. Mr. J. L. Hatton (then the musical director) by his admirable skill wonderfully aided the success of Mr. Kean's matchless productions. When that theatre was transferred to Mr. Augustus Harris, the conductorship of the orchestra was most ably represented by Mr. W. H. Montgomery; and when another managerial change placed the Prince-s's Theatre under the control of Mr. Vining, we found the musical department equally well sustained by Mr. Charles Hall, whose characteristic music enhanced the effect of the dramas produced under the direction of Mr. Vining and Mr. Boucicault. Surely no foreigner who has succeeded in obtaining the directorship of an English theatrical orchestra can have sufficient assurance to imagine himself as competent as either of the above-named conductors? With pride in my countrymen I unhesitatingly affirm that English musicians who have been thoroughly trained in their orchestral duties need fear no competition with foreigners, except in *price*, and this, unfortunately, is a question wherein managers must exercise their own judgment.

In the cause of the Royal Academy of Music, which every true-hearted English musician ought to espouse, I am proud of my co-operation with "an Anglo-Saxon" who infuses so much energy and shrewdness into his remarks. Upon this theme, which also enlists my warmest sympathy, I would, upon a future occasion, rather enlarge, than become tedious now and encroach upon the space required by more efficient correspondents.—I have the honour to remain, Mr. Editor, your obliged servant, and A Lover of Harmony and Home.

CRITICS AND THEIR CRITICS.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."

Sir,—The admirable article under the above heading in your issue of the 11th inst. will do good. As one of the oldest of London editors and musical critics, I feel much gratified at the tone and temper of the writer of the article in question who has called attention to what was becoming really more than a nuisance, but what is absolutely an injury to art. It is really too bad that some low class (and consequently obscure) musical publications, to gratify private spleen and malevolence, should make it a system of attacking personally the writers who, in musical matters, are charged by leading daily and weekly journals to chronicle and criticize art and artists. The *modus operandi* of the ill-conditioned critic who criticizes his contemporaries is, first to attack the independence of a journalist; secondly to ascribe personal and interested motives; and thirdly to insinuate positive corruption. When the weapons of slander are not used, an assault is committed in style, but a more favourite method of "pitching" into a critic is, to take advantage of clerical errors or of misprints, and to turn these accidentals to account as a vehicle to ascribe ignorance. It is, of course, well known that the reporters at musical festivals have to write against time to get off their copy between a morning and an evening performance, and that the opportunity of correcting proofs is not afforded. One of the most distinguished of London critics has the words "musical painter" printed "musical printer," and a figure is misprinted so as to make Handel live within the present century. These misprints were obvious in reading the article of the able writer in question, but the low-class and ill-conditioned journalist does not hesitate to make capital out of the typographical blunders. Another of the critics at the Gloucester festival fared still worse, for not content with turning against him a misprint of "Spohrish characters in the score" in place of "Spohrish chromatics," the writer was accused of intoxication and corruption. True, the publication in which this libel was printed was run to ground and made to feel that even in criticizing a critic, gross and scandalous libels could not be permitted, even if intended as a "jocular commentary." The *Sunday Times* deserves the thanks of the musical circles for calling attention to what was a growing evil. If writers are to preserve their independence they must not be subjected to personal attacks because they fearlessly give their opinions on composers and executants. It must not be forgotten that public opinion after all decides questions of art; it is utterly impossible for all the Press put together to sustain a bad work or an indifferent artist, and in the attempt to sustain either, or to resort to the practice of abusing the plaintiff's attorney, will not have the slightest effect in making the world believe in pretension or inferiority. Critic baiting and badgering may be good sport to the individual, but it will not help his pet or his client, as the case may be.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently, Ex-Editor.

Pekin.—The Hungarian pianoforte virtuoso, Franz Jachimek, who has been travelling, since 1864, through Siberia, Persia, and Japan, gave a concert here on the 20th May last. It was the first concert ever given in the capital by an European. The audience included the diplomatic corps, rich Chinese Mandarins, Russians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Americans, and the representatives of even more nationalities.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ELEVENTH SEASON, 1868-9.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the

ELEVENTH SEASON OF THE MONOAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16th,

And that the Performances will take place as follows:—

MONDAY, NOVEMBER	16, 1868.	MONDAY, JANUARY	25, 1869.
MONDAY, "	23 "	MONDAY, FEBRUARY	1 "
MONDAY, "	30 "	MONDAY, "	8 "
MONDAY, DECEMBER	7 "	MONDAY, "	15 "
MONDAY, "	14 "	MONDAY, "	22 "
MONDAY, JANUARY	4, 1869.	MONDAY, MARCH	1 "
MONDAY, "	11 "	MONDAY, "	8 "
MONDAY, "	18 "	MONDAY, "	15 "

SEVEN MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given on SATURDAYS, JANUARY 23, 30; FEBRUARY 6, 13, 20, 27; MARCH 6 (1869).

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription ivories at £5 (transferable), entitling holders to special sofa stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole series of twenty-three concerts—viz., sixteen Monday evenings and seven Saturday mornings.

Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for the Seven Morning Concerts, £1 10s.

Herr Pauer will be the Pianist on Monday Evenings, November 16th and 23rd. M. Sainton and Herr Strauss are engaged as Principal Violins for the Opening Concerts before Christmas.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of Principal Violoncello from the First Concert till the End of the Season; Herr L. Ries, Second Violin; and Mr. Henry Blagrove, that of Viola.

Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé will both appear during January and February.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in February and March.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Monday, January 4th, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Austin's, No. 28, Piccadilly.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

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NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

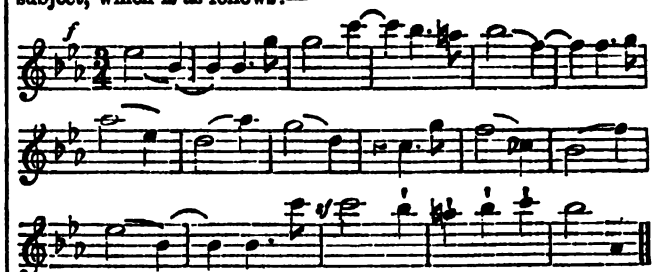
LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

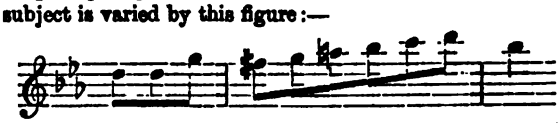
SCHUMANN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

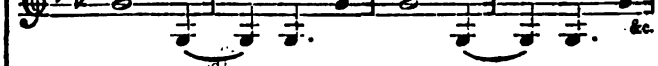
IT is unnecessary to explain why we give special attention to the great feature of last Saturday's Crystal Palace programme. The importance of the work, its novelty, and the contested position of its composer, are reasons which suggest themselves.

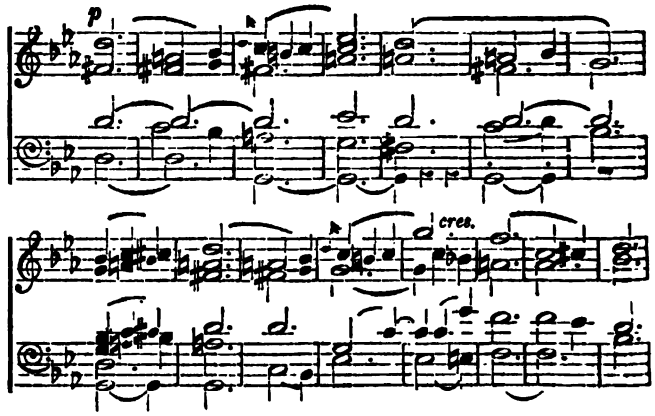
The story of Schumann's E flat Symphony is brief. First inspired—according to the composer—by a sight of Cologne Cathedral, and partly shaped by a religious ceremonial, it was written in 1850, and produced at Düsseldorf in February of the following year. Who gave it the name of "Rhenish," and why, are equally doubtful. Schumann claimed for some of the movements a national character, and the Rhine is a national river, flowing, moreover, beneath the walls of the idea-suggesting cathedral. These are the only facts which at all account for the title. The Symphony was first presented to an English audience by Signor Arditi in 1865. The following year witnessed its performance at a concert of the defunct Musical Society of London, and on Saturday at the Crystal Palace it was given for the third time. Such is the uneventful history of a work that deserves to be better known.

The opening movement (*Vivace*) dashes at once into its first subject, which is as follows:—



The character of this theme makes it a good index to the entire movement, about which curiosity is at once aroused. It is impossible not to feel that the composer has something original to say, and means to say it in an original fashion. At the outset, then, we are put upon good terms with him. A brief development of the subject is varied by this figure:—

and by one evidently springing from a passage in the theme itself, which will easily be recognized:—



With these materials the composer works till he brings in a melodious second subject, allotted, in the first instance, to the reeds. How charming a contrast is here obtained will require no showing:

Evidently in love with the contrast, Schumann then abruptly passes to a slightly varied form (in B flat) of his first theme; after which he returns (less abruptly) to the second. Without seriously attempting to develop either, he next leads to a full close in the just-named key; and passes, by means of the unison figure given above, to the second part. This opens with two *fff* outbursts on G major and C major respectively, which herald an elaboration of the second theme. The following sequence (on a pedal D) soon arrests attention:—

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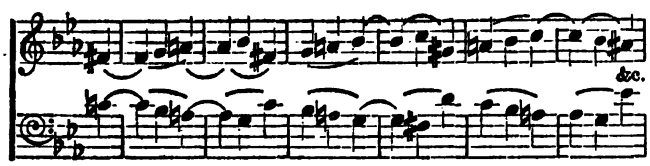
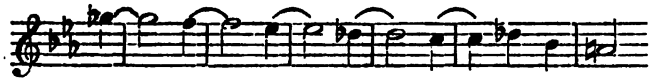
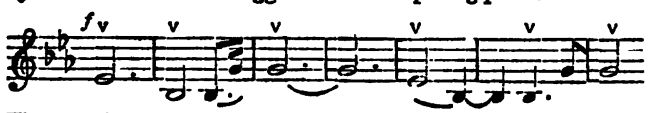
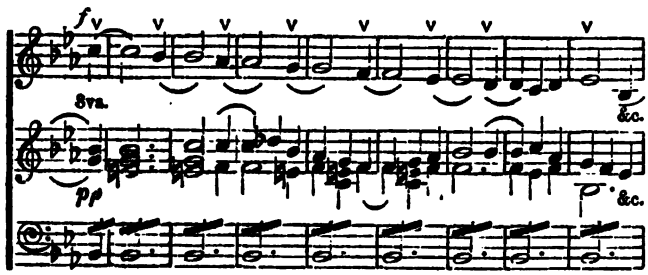

as does this also—a derivative, by-the-bye, from theme the first:—

The latter will be found playing an important part eventually. Now, however, the former is more largely used, doing specially good service by leading up *crescendo* to a climax in A flat minor, where trombones, bassoons, and bass strings announce the *reprise* of the first theme. This enters *tutti* upon an enharmonic change to B major, and is treated after a fashion as interesting as it is masterly. Waiving quotation, we go on to where the passage just given—heard through many previous bars—assumes its greatest importance. Let us remark first, however, that the Symphony presents no more interesting point, nor one more original and effective. A *pp* 6-4 chord on B flat is sustained by flutes, oboes, and strings, while the horns and trombones—joined after four bars by bassoons—have this suggestion of the opening phrase:—



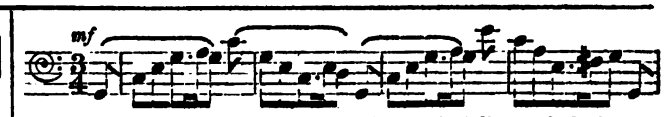
The same instruments then introduce the sequence alluded to above, with an accompaniment of flutes, oboes, and strings, still *pp*, but as here indicated:—



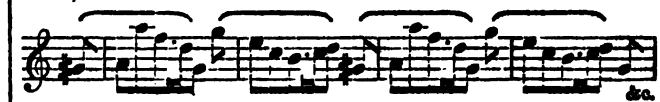
This is really the climax of the movement, and the composer repeats, in various keys, the suggestion above quoted preparatory to resuming his first theme in the tonic, and travelling once more over ground now made familiar. Thence to the vigorous *coda* there is little calling for remark.

It is not too much to say that in this movement Schumann appears at his best. Elsewhere he often conveys the idea—we put the case mildly — of one whose thoughts exceed his power of expression. Here, on the contrary, while retaining all his individuality, and giving utterance to uncommon ideas, he is never even vague. Moreover, there is about the music what on the turf would be called "staying power." It never flags, but from the first bar to the last assures us the composer is working within his means. Without doubt wherever this *Vivace* is heard, the claims of Schumann to be a master of music in its highest form will have the advantage of powerful advocacy.

Schumann clearly intended the *Scherzo* to have a popular character, and not less evidently did he achieve his purpose with marked success. The two subjects, though necessarily a contrast, might well have been *Volkslieder*, such is their simplicity and quaint expressiveness. The first is in two sections, whereof one is given out by violas, cellos, and bassoons (to a simple accompaniment) as follows:—

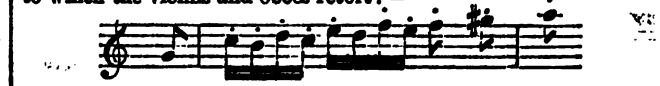


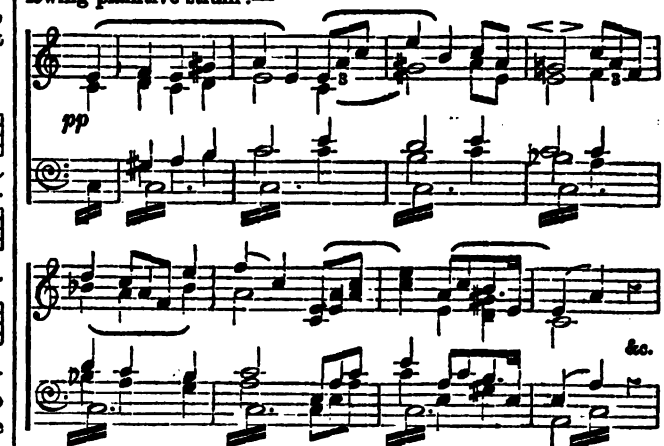
This is repeated, with the addition of second violins and clarionets, before the second section is announced by first violins, flutes, and oboes, as thus:—

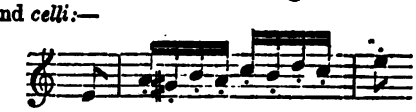


After repeating the first section with full orchestra—in doing which a most happy use of the *ritardando* is made—the composer becomes humorous, and his pages ripple all over with pleasant laughter. First the violoncellos and bassoons make their little joke:—

to which the violins and oboes retort:—



and one after another the various instruments join in the mirthful gossip till those which first started the *Lied*, helped by the hitherto silent trombones, roar out its first strain once more, after a fashion not unknown at specially festive gatherings. But now the wind, brass, and wood become suddenly serious, indulging in the following plaintive strain:—

All through this, however, as through the second part of the same theme, the violins and violas do not forget the little joke of the bassoons and *celli*:—



which they keep whispering to each other till once more the jovial first strain bursts forth. Finding this congenial, they join in it heartily. Out of the materials here indicated Schumann has constructed a movement of the pleasantest character, one, moreover, which partakes in no small degree of the graceful, easy elegance, as well as the refined humour, of his friend and superior, Mendelssohn.

(To be continued.)

We regret to hear that Rossini is suffering from a chest complaint, and also from fistula. Dr. Nelaton has been specially engaged to attend the illustrious sufferer, who, if we may credit the latest bulletin, is sufficiently recovered to leave Passy for his winter quarters in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin.

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Odd Thoughts.

When Bodger heard that the Bishops and Deans of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester had resolved upon the performance of church music only at the Three Choir Festivals, he remarked—"Charity without sounding brass and tinkling cymbal is nothing worth." The churchwarden should not go to sleep during lessons; nevertheless he may be a prophet.

The Italian Government are preparing a bill to prohibit the exportation of boys for organ-grinding purposes. Alas! poor "land of song!" thus to throw away the last rag of her musical supremacy. No great operas, no great singers, and now no little organ-grinders—nothing but sterility. *Sic transit.*

The Portsmouth folk gave a dinner to Lord Napier of Magdala, the other day, at which the toast-master of the evening caused roars of laughter by calling out in a loud voice, "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, pray, silence for a row." The "row" turned out to be a trio by a party of glee singers. Sir Caper O'Corby, who was present, tipped the man half-a-crown, and protests him to be a wag of the first water.

Apropos of squaring the circle, a correspondent, who signs "Merus Musicus," tells us that the French Academy of Sciences is in possession of a considerable bequeathal, as reward for any dense cogitator who may hit upon the precise quadrature of the circle. As well might one try to achieve the *nimbus*, or "square" a sharp lawyer. "Merus Musicus" says that (according to Horace Mayhew and Shirley Brooks) Beethoven had nigh done all three in the *scherzo* of his "No. 9." Has "Merus Musicus" read the *Amphitheatrum*, &c., of Lucilio Vanini (or Julius Cæsar Vaninus)? If not, he should be called Merus Asinus The facts are simply these—and the *musicus* who runs may read. Only but now it was suggested by Thiers (urged on by Auber) that the republication of the decision come to by the Academy, as far back as 1775, of never more devoting attention to solutions of the duplication of cube, trisection of angle, perpetual motion by a machine, and quadrature of circle should be insisted on. Thiers (and Auber) justified this course, as regards the latter, by remarking that many persons, ignorant of mathematics, and labouring under the impression that sums were to be handed over in case of solving that problem, devoted time to it, neglecting business and the interests of their families, and occasionally losing reason by such a vain pursuit. And among these persons we, with a certain amount of satisfaction, place "Merus Musicus."

We expect dark sayings from a *Sphinx*, but there is no precedent for bad logic. The *Sphinx* of Manchester is bemazed. It said, "Beethoven refused to write a libretto which was not perfectly pure, and for this reason we have only one opera from his pen. But it is difficult to believe that we have suffered any loss, when we remember that that one opera is *Fidelio*." Whereupon we said, "Will somebody expound to us how *Fidelio* proves that we have lost nothing by having only one opera of Beethoven's." Thereupon the *Sphinx* retorts, "If the *Musical World* overheard us say to a young lady, 'It is difficult to believe that all the angels are in heaven as long as you are on earth,' it would immediately ask, 'How does the existence of Miss Blank prove that all the angels are not in heaven?"' Will somebody expound the parallelism? The *Sphinx* is to us as puzzling as was Jack Bunsby's oracular utterances to Solomon Gills. But, doubtless, its Captain Cuttle is somewhere. Let him come forward.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—The musical season is in full swing. The Museum Concerts have begun, and so have the Quartet Soirées of Herr Hermann. At the first Museum Concert, the programme comprised Symphony in C major by Schubert; Concerto Overture in A major, by Jul. Rietz; Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn, and Scherzo in B minor, Chopin (both played by Mad. Clara Schumann); and some vocal pieces (air from *The Creation*, together with songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann) sung by Madlle. Orgéni. At the theatre, Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been most successfully produced.—A grand instrumental and vocal concert will be given in November by the Band, for the benefit of their Benevolent Fund. Herr Franz Lachner will conduct the last new "Suite." Herr and Mad. Joachim, also, will lend their valuable assistance.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Saturday the Quire Choir gave a concert in St. James's Hall, which was largely attended. This choir is formed from the *employés* of Messrs. Burne's wholesale bookbinding establishment in Hatton Garden. It numbers 120 voices, and is conducted by Mr. Burne, jun. The part-singing on this occasion was most creditable, the voices are fresh and well balanced, and little is wanting in regard to precision. Mendelssohn's part-songs, "The open air," "Farewell to the Forest," and the same composer's 43rd Psalm, "Judge me, O God," were received with much favour, as were also Handel's chorus, "Then, round about the starry Throne," and Farrant's anthem, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies," whilst some German *Volkslieder*, and Morley's "My bonnie Lass," evoked immense applause. A few professionals were engaged, Miss Emily Chapman gave the "Spirit of Spring," and Mr. Bowness sang Miss Amy Coyne's charming "Farewell, for ever, fare thee well" (from her set of six songs) very creditably. Miss Coyne played a "Rhythmische studie" and "Gavotte" by Hiller, with much taste and effect. Mr. Frank Elmore was encored in John Barnett's "Normandy Maid" and Reichardt's "Thou art so near," and Mr. Lazarus was similarly honoured in two new solos by Salieri and Lamotte respectively. Mr. Lazarus was admirably accompanied by Miss Burne, sister of the director. Mr. Burne, who must be congratulated on the success of his concert, conducted very carefully.

Walworth Institution.—A performance of the *Antigone*, long looked forward to, was given on Tuesday last, with the most complete success, by the Walworth Choral Union, a society which has for some time past stood first in the rank of transpontine choral associations. There was a large audience, the spacious hall being completely filled both upstairs and down. The version of the tragedy given was that in blank verse, by the late Mr. W. Bartholomew, and the parts were recited by well-qualified elocutionists, Mr. Gadsby, the conductor of the society, taking that of Creon; Miss Alice Austin representing Antigone; Mrs. Harrison, Ismene; Mr. W. J. Haynes, Hœmon; and Mr. W. Weller, the blind soothsayer, Siresias. The unimportant part of the Queen Euridice was omitted; but in all other respects the performance was complete. Mr. Gadsby, in a few preparatory remarks, sketched the history of the Greek tragic drama, and gave the arguments of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Œdipus Colonnus*, and the *Antigone*. The rendering of the choruses was excellent, and in only one case was there the slightest room for fault-finding. This occurred in the chorus, "Amazement! do the powers of Olympus," when a portion of the choir got slightly astray. An encore was awarded to the polished singing of the quartet, "O, Eros! all conquering power," by Messrs. Lord, Evison, Musgrave, and Hubbard. Mr. F. H. Cozens presided at the pianoforte, and his brother, Mr. Sidney Cozens, at the harmonium.

Richmond.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A concert was given on the 21st inst. in aid of the funds for the British Schools. A pretty selection was given, in which Mrs. Holman Andrews and her two young daughters rendered valuable help. The concert commenced with a pianoforte solo, well played by Mr. Hunt, followed by Bishop's round, "Yes! 'tis the Indian Drum," charmingly rendered by Mrs. Andrews and her daughters. One of the latter sang with remarkable facility of execution, "Tell me, my Heart," which the audience would willingly have heard again. Mr. Ganz's song was well received, as also were Mr. Whiteby's efforts. The lovely duet, "Summer Morn" (encored), again displayed the pure style and clear enunciation of the Misses Edith and Gertrude Andrews. A pleasant recitation, by Mr. Jones, followed. Mrs. Hunt gave Schira's exquisite "Sognai" extremely well, receiving an encore. The second part, comprised, among other things, a beautiful song, "Mary, bereft of thee" (Chastelar's "Lament on Mary of Scots leaving France") composed by Mrs. Holman Andrews, and sung by her with the clear and perfect enunciation of a genuine artist. Mrs. Hunt greatly pleased the audience in Wallace's duet "Of fairy wand." This was followed by Osborne's song, "Who's at my Window?" Miss Gertrude Andrews, which being loudly re-demanded, she gave "Spirit of good" with charming taste and feeling. Two excellent recitations, by Mr. W. H. Jones, varied the entertainment.

The *Creation* was given at the Agricultural Hall, on the 23rd inst., with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Orlando Christian, as principals. Owing to some misunderstanding, the performance began late, but the audience were easily appeased as soon as they heard the very impressive "Description of Chaos." All the solos were well delivered.

Bremen.—The operatic season under the new management bids fair to be very satisfactory, and the company is exceedingly good. *Rienzi*, *Dinorah*, *Tannhäuser*, *Hans Heiling*, and *Le Prophète*, are among the operas announced for the approaching "*Freimarktswoche*," the Carnival of this sedate old Hanse-Town.

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PROVINCIAL.

THE *Liverpool Daily Post* publishes a long article upon the "Pianoforte Recital" given by Madame Arabella Goddard, on Saturday afternoon (October 24th) in the small concert room, St. George's Hall, Liverpool. "Of all the musical celebrities who come amongst us from time to time" (says our contemporary) "not one is more cordially welcomed or listened to with more gratification than Arabella Goddard She favoured the audience, on this occasion, with an excellent selection of compositions, including some pieces not often heard in the provinces, and the recital was agreeably diversified with songs by Miss Annie Edmonds." The programme, including Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 79, a Study by Chopin, S. Heller's "*Truits*," two of Mendelssohn's posthumous *Etudes*, separated by a *Lied ohne Worte* from Book 7, Schubert's *Fantaisie-Sonate* in G, and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," has already been cited more than once. We, therefore, merely reprint the critical remarks of the Liverpool Journal:—

"The music-loving portion of our townspeople are so well acquainted with Madame Goddard's merits as a pianist, that comment thereon is utterly unnecessary. We shall, therefore, merely repeat what we have stated substantially again and again—that her playing is a combination of consummate manipulative skill and exquisite taste. The accuracy and clearness with which she executes the most difficult and intricate passages, and the ease and nicety with which she produces the various gradations of tone, are truly marvellous. These qualifications, united to her inimitable phrasing, and intelligent, conscientious interpretation of the ideas embodied in the works she selects for performance, stamp her as one of the most gifted artists of the day. The recital of Saturday left no room for criticism, for it was perfection, and every section of it a treat. Each piece received ample justice at the hands of the talented performer, and each was followed by the most genial, convincing marks of unqualified approval and admiration, Madame Goddard being several times re-called.

"Miss Edmonds sings with remarkable freshness and purity, and in a simple, unaffected style, calculated to leave a very favourable impression upon her auditory. The manner in which she rendered Haydn's pretty, flowing melody, 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' and Arne's quaint, but delicious old ballad, 'When daisies pied,' is especially noteworthy. The audience evinced by long-continued applause, their hearty appreciation of her efforts, and many expressed a hope that they might have an opportunity of hearing her again ere long.

"We may add that Madame Goddard performed upon a concert grand pianoforte by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, a superb instrument, furnished by Messrs. Hime and Son, of Church Street."

THE *Yorkshire Orchestra* of Oct. 17 has the subjoined remarks upon the "Pianoforte Recital" given by Madame Goddard at York on the Wednesday previous, of which a local correspondent forwarded a brief account to us last week:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard visited this city for the first time professionally on Wednesday night, and gave a pianoforte performance in the Festival Concert-room. The music selected for recital was Mozart's Sonata in B flat, No. 6. A selection from Mendelssohn's last book of *Lieder ohne Worte* (Eighth Book — 'Posthumous'); *Invitation à la Valse*, Weber; Grand Sonata (*Pastoral*) in D, Op, 28, Beethoven, and Thalberg's *Mosè in Egitto*. This selection constituted a rich programme of classical music, and we have no doubt that all who heard it would mentally thank the compiler of the printed programme, for the interesting letter-press description of the several items. We never heard Madame Goddard to better advantage. Always artistic in style and exquisite in manipulation, the lady on this occasion seemed to give an interpretation of the music more effective even than usual, and the audience evidently appreciated the performance with an interest akin to what is often manifested by a literary audience when listening to an eloquent lecturer. This interest was maintained throughout the concert, and Madame Goddard's example will, we have no doubt, be of vast service to students of the pianoforte who only occasionally hear perfect examples. Apart, then, from the passing gratification of hearing such performances, by habitual attendance at concerts, a permanent advantage would be gained by the pupils of all teachers. It is said that, to be perfect in the manipulation of the pianoforte, the player must (apart from musical taste and knowledge) be possessed of a peculiar and exquisite sense of touch, in order to produce every gradation of tone. This sensibility Madame Goddard appears to possess in an extraordinary degree. Under her fingers the instrument is vigorous and inspiriting, or it 'sings' with touching delicacy and feeling, as displayed in the *andante* movement in Mozart's sonata, or in Mendelssohn's exquisite *Lieder*. In the latter music, Mendelssohn has no better interpreter than Madame Goddard. As contrasted with his greater works, Mendelssohn's songs appear to be the musical jottings of his leisure moments, casual ideas or inspirations too good to be lost, and hence worked into their present shape; all simple to execute, but only to be performed by those who possess a cultivated taste. Every song breathes a different but marked sentiment, requiring no words to make it understood. Beethoven's 'Pastoral Sonata' would, we imagine, be considered the most classic achievement of the evening. Its performance was marked by great care, and the several movements were received with sincere applause. Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* and Thalberg's *Mosè* were perfect in every sense, and brought down hearty applause, the first receiving a determined encore, in response to which Madame Goddard, as usual, gave the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' in the playing of which she is said to excel all other pianists.

"The concert was varied by the really charming singing of Miss Annie Edmonds. Her voice (soprano) is of the sweetest character, exquisite in tone and perfect in compass, and it is used with all the grace of an accomplished and highly-educated singer. The lady was her own accompanist, and most judiciously she gave this adjunct. The songs she sang were the 'Slumber Song,' Mendelssohn; 'Swedish Winter Song,' Mendelssohn; 'Should he upbraid,' Bishop; and 'When Daisies pied,' Dr. Arne. We venture to say that Miss Edmonds' singing of this selection would create a desire in many of the young ladies of the audience to attempt the same songs, and a very laudable desire too. Would it not be captivating in any of the fair ladies present to be able to sing, as did Miss Edmonds—

"'Hails the sweet spring, hails the sweet spring,
And thus sings he, cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
Oh! pleasing sound! Oh! pleasing sound!
While Echo answers all around.'"

NEWCASTLE.—This town has reason to rejoice in the possession of Mr. W. Rea, who not only plays the town organ like a master, but conducts concerts like a man of enterprise and taste. On the 22nd inst. Mr. Rea introduced to his friends and neighbours no less an artist than Mr. Sims Reeves, who was accompanied by Madame Patey-Whytock, Miss Banks, and Mr. Patey. Of Mr. Reeves and his performance the *Daily Journal* remarks:—

"The great tenor was in magnificent voice, and was announced to sing two compositions with which his name will ever be identified—'Deeper, and deeper still' and 'Tom Bowling.' In the first-named Mr. Reeves was superb, and Handel's glorious recitative and *aria* were sung as, perhaps, never before. Mr. Reeves was compelled to re-appear in answer to a very noisy demand. 'Tom Bowling' elicited even more decided marks of approbation; and being recalled, Mr. Reeves favoured his hearers by giving 'My Pretty Jane' as he alone can sing it Indeed, this effort was, in some respects, his most successful one; and he retired amidst a perfect storm of applause. Mr. Reeves' wonderful powers appear to be in their very prime. Never before has he sung in this town with the same amount of artistic finish and refinement. Possessed always of a vocal organ astonishing for its compass, power, and brilliancy, he has never on any previous occasion proved more completely how his natural gifts are under control. The exquisite finish and delicacy with which all the embellishments were executed, the refined taste he exhibited, and the wondrous amount of pathos and expression thrown into the magnificent recitative of Handel and the simple ballad of Dibdin must have astounded his greatest admirers."

The other artists appear to have given great satisfaction.—Mr. Reeves and party also appeared at the next concert of the series, which was so well attended that a crowd in the gallery sought relief from pressure by climbing into the ventilator. Of our great tenor's singing on this occasion the journal before quoted remarks:—

"On the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, enthusiastic applause pealed forth from every part of the hall. The air selected was 'Adelaide.' It is probable that the song never had such an exponent as Mr. Sims Reeves, for besides the great resources of voice and art which he bestows, he invests it with a subtle tenderness singularly in harmony with Beethoven's delicious music. Of course, there was an enthusiastic encore from the audience, but Mr. Reeves contented himself with bowing his acknowledgment of the honour. Mr. Reeves' second essay was 'The Requital,' which he sang with a pathos and delicacy quite indescribable, and such a scene of enthusiasm was witnessed at its close as has, perhaps, never before been seen in the New Town Hall. The audience rose and gave round upon round of cheering, and the great tenor this time acceded to the encore by declaiming 'The M'Gregor's Gathering,' with all the force and spirit of a battle song."

Mr. Carrodus appeared at the same concert, and played with his usual brilliancy and success.

AN old correspondent has sent us the following scrap of musical news from Birmingham:—

"The Festival Choral Society's concert on the 22nd inst. was a great success, in at least one important point — the attendance — for the large hall was literally crammed with an audience as enthusiastic as numerous, the great attraction being certain stars from Mr. Mapleson's company *en route* from Liverpool to London. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Bauermeister, Mr. Santley, Signors Foli and Mongini, were the luminaries in question—the last named

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gentleman making his first appearance in these dark parts. If I say that the artists named sung in a manner in every way worthy their reputation, I shall convey quite as much information as is necessary, the programme having been of the staple miscellaneous character and devoid of novelty. In justice, however, to the stranger, I should add that the famous Italian *tenore robusto* produced a great effect with his vigorous chest notes, and will doubtless meet with a good reception should he come here again. Those who are admirers of the forcible style must have been delighted, for, in addition to Signor Mongini, fine opportunities were afforded to the basses, two of the most energetic duets in existence, 'Suoni la tromba' and 'The Lord is a man of war,' being not only set down, but sung in the second part, with all the power that Mr. Santley and Signor Foli could throw into them. Mozart's *Fantasia* in F minor, brought into prominence the ability of a rising young organist, Mr. C. S. Heap, a native of Birmingham, and pupil of the Leipsic Conservatoire. As accompanist, Signor Bevignani displayed nice taste and discretion; but I cannot say as much for the Choral Society, whose singing did not by any means come up to the usual high standard.—BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM."

CARMARTHEN.—Mr. Manley's opera *troupe* gave their last entertainment, on Tuesday night, at the Assembly Rooms, when *Faust* was performed. Mr. Manley (Faust), Miss Jessie Mills (Marguerite), Mr. Glover (Mephistopheles), and Mr. Dunthorne (Valentine), performed their parts successfully; but the audience was small. The entertainment concluded with the farce of *The Waterman*.

SWANSEA.—In the *Carmarthen Journal* of the 23rd inst., we read :—

"On Tuesday Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia) gave a concert at Y Dderwen Fawr, near Swansea. There was a large attendance, comprising the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Thomas was assisted on the occasion by several lady amateurs, viz., Mrs. Lucy, Miss Chambers, Miss Jackson, and Miss Kate Ritchie. Of Mr. Thomas's performance it would be superfluous to speak; it was as charming and brilliant as ever, and well calculated to sustain the high reputation he has attained as a composer, and as a master of our national instrument. He was loudly applauded, and the liberal patronage extended to him on this occasion was a pleasing proof of the high estimation in which his musical abilities are held in his native county."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by Miss Bessie Emmett, of London, gave the first of three pianoforte and vocal recitals, in the Theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Westgate Street, on the 26th inst. There was a large audience. Miss Robertine Henderson had originally been engaged as the vocalist, but indisposition prevented that lady's appearance, and the services of Miss Bessie Emmett—a most admirable substitute—were therefore secured. The rich programme, which was selected from the works of esteemed composers, was interspersed with remarks by Mrs. J. Macfarren on the character and purport of the music, written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Miss Emmett was in excellent voice, and sang with fine feeling and pathos the beautiful song, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Mrs. Macfarren played with exquisite finish the several pieces allotted to her on the programme, and it is needless to say that both she and her able assistant were much applauded.

MADAME PAREPA IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A local paper speaks thus of Madame Parepa's performance in *Martha* at the Metropolitan Theatre:—

"Flotow's charming opera of *Martha* was given last evening to a full and fashionable house, and with a sustained excellence not surpassed, if equalled, by any performance of the season. It was put on the stage with more than usual care and attention to detail. The scene of the Fair at Richmond with the harlequin shows, Punch and Judy, feats of mountebankism, etc., formed a unique and pleasant feature of the entertainment, and was keenly relished and warmly applauded. The orchestration was admirable, the chorus was under the best of discipline, and the cast of parts could hardly have been improved. Madame Parepa-Rosa won new laurels as Martha, giving evidence of the possession of comic talent of a high order, acting with characteristic spirit, and singing the gems of the part with a freshness, freedom, and power that excited the audience to the highest pitch of delight and wonder. Her rendering of the 'Last Rose of Summer' was a marvellous effort of vocalization, and elicited such an imperative encore that she responded by giving the English words. This was the great triumph of the evening. Madame Testa acted the part of Nancy with much sprightliness, and sang with rather more than her accustomed vim and power. Signors Ferranti, Sarti, Testa, and Roncovieri were excellent in their respective parts. The opera will be repeated to-night, when we are sure the theatre will be filled."

The same paper gives the following account of Madame Parepa's *Lucrezia* :—

"A very large but rather cold audience witnessed *Lucrezia Borgia* last night. The performance had some features of marked excellence, but lacked evenness and thorough adaptability in the cast. Madame Parepa-Rosa looked superbly in the title *rôle*, and sang the gems of the part in her usual brilliant, powerful, and unaffected manner. Indeed, it is one of the merits of this great artist that she never fails an audience, and is often able, by her single exertions, to redeem a faulty performance. Her execution of the difficult 'Si veli il primo a cogliere' was one of her finest successes, and stirred an unusually apathetic house to some degree of enthusiasm. The effect of her singing in the duets with Gennaro and the trio with Alfonso and Gennaro, was injured by the insufficiency of the tenor. The orchestra was steady and effective under the leadership of Carl Rosa.

WAIFS.

M. Sainton has resigned his place as professor of the violin in the Royal Academy of Music.

A new symphony by Herr Volckmann has recently been performed in Berlin.

Madame Parepa-Rosa started from San Francisco for New York overland, on the 15th inst.

HYPERION TO A SATYR.—The Jug-jug of the nightingale *v.* the Can-can of the music halls.—*Fun*

The Agricultural Hall concerts are now under new management, with Mr. F. Kingsbury as conductor.

The Brussels "Concerts Populaires de Musique Classique" are announced to recommence early next month.

The Spanish Government—going a-head in all things—has abolished the censorship on literary and dramatic productions.

His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted the dedication of Mr. Hatton's new song, "The Gallant Tars of England."

The recent choice of an alto singer in the Eton College choir was not confirmed. Mr. Booth of Birmingham has since obtained the appointment.

The New York *Weekly Review* states that Miss Kellogg was to appear on the 19th inst. at the Academy of Music in "the *entr'acte* of Gounod's *Faust*" Will our contemporary explain?

La Presse Musicale says that some of the *Meistersinger* music recently performed under M. Pasdeloup's direction "se perd dans le vague." It also pronounces the march to be inferior to that in *Tannhäuser*.

Messrs. Bote and Bock of Berlin have entered an action against Messrs. Schott of Mayence to restrain the publication of a *pot-pourri* on themes from *Le Premier Jour*, the German copyright of which opera belongs to the Berlin house.

M Pasdeloup's second popular concert had the following for a programme:—*Struensée*, Meyerbeer; fragment from the *Wallenstein* Symphony, Rheinberger; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Meditation from the *Maitres Chanteurs*, Wagner; fragments from Septuor, Beethoven.

The *Continental Review*, an American journal published in Paris, has the following paragraph:—

"M. de Flotow 'assisted,' Tuesday last, at the representation of *Martha*, the favourite work of the *maestro* and the public. He warmly applauded the divine interpreter, Madame Patti, and the bravos from this source must have been very flattering to the artist."

Mr. Goldberg, after visiting his native town, Vienna, went to Venice, to spend the summer season at the summer residence of his sister, Madame Goldberg-Marini. There he was struck by the voice of a peasant girl, whom he heard singing in the fields. Having given her lessons, and being convinced that she had the means of becoming a singer, he sent her to Bologna, where she is receiving her musical instructions at the Conservatoire, under Signor Zamboni. Mr. Goldberg is now in Paris, and will return to London for the season in the spring.

The *California Alta* says:—Maguire's Opera-house in its palmiest days never contained a greater throng than on last evening. Madame Cuppy invited an audience to remain and witness a marriage ceremony, which would be performed by herself, she being, as teacher in a religious organization, clothed, legally and legitimately, with the right to carry out the rite. A young couple advanced from behind the scenes, and at this novel hymeneal altar they were united by a female. The ceremony was brief but impressive. "You do solemnly swear, Abigail, in the presence," &c., "to take," &c.—our readers know the formula better than we (a bachelor) can give it. At the conclusion the parties retired beyond the scenes, the groom not forgetting to drop a liberal amount of coin in the purse of the fair functionary who had made himself and his so happy.

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A concert was given in Exeter (minor) Hall, on Monday, by the choir of St. Michael's Church, Burleigh Street, Strand, in aid of the fund for restoring and modernizing the church organ, so as to render it equal to the requirements of the Sunday evening choral services Mr. E. Craig conducted the concert, and the following artists lent their valuable assistance:—Miss Poole, Miss Marie Leaford, Miss Kate Bartlett, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, vocalists; Miss Emily Thomson, pianoforte; Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, harp; Mr. H. D Hill, clarionet; and Mr J. Turle Leo, organist and accompanist. There was a large and fashionable audience.

MUSIC.

The birth and early growth of music—if an art can be said to have a birth and growth which probably sprung up and died and sprung up and died again in several times and places, is wrapped in a mist which we can scarcely ever hope to see dispelled, and which makes any trustworthy gleams of light, which research can throw on the matter, doubly welcome.

Whoever wishes to know what sort of music entertained the *beau monde* of Babylon, what kind of harping and piping made the Philharmonics of ancient Nineveh, what manner of "offertorium" resounded over the plains of Dura from Nebuchadnezzar's orchestra of "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music," may consult Mr. Carl Engel's *Music of the Most Ancient Nations*. The cellars of our British Museum and the galleries of the Louvre contain, as we most of us know, marvellous collections of stone records showing how the people of those ancient capitals disported themselves, how they managed their worshipping and their fighting, their festivities and their pageants. These records Mr. Engel has diligently studied, and has reproduced in engravings such part of them as concerns the history of his art. In thus adding an introductory chapter to that history, he has filled, or partly filled, what had been necessarily, for lack of material, left a blank in the works of previous explorers. Of Hebrew and Egyptian music we already knew something, but of the art as it existed in the midst of the lordly civilization now only represented by those stone slabs and the mounds of Nimroud and Kouyunjik, we had no information till Mr. Layard and M. Botta dug it up for us from under a three thousand years' covering of Tigris mud. We now know, it may be said, of that music almost as much as can be known from an acquaintance with the instruments used. From a consideration of the mechanism employed we can infer the general characteristics of the sounds produced. And as to the mechanism of the art our stone testimony is tolerably complete. It has the merit too—a merit not to be lightly regarded amid the general dubiousness which characterizes most archæological inquiries—of being, as far as it goes, trustworthy. The old sculptors evidently give us nothing but literal fact. Their carvings are manifestly transcripts from life as accurately as they could render it. They show no traces of the soaring idealism which inspired Roubiliac to represent Handel contemplating a Greek lyre. The sculpture of our own century, which can concentrate its power on the imitation of a button on a dress or a nail in a chair—see Signor Magni's "Reading Girl"—is not more realistic than theirs. We must make allowance, however, in interpreting them for ignorance of or inattention to technical details. Mr. Engel is wisely careful to guard his inferences on such points as the number of strings in an "asor" or of fingerholes in a flute. Your artist in stone would not necessarily know, in Nineveh any more than in London, the details appertaining to another craft. We remember to have seen, in a grand picture of St. Cecilia at her organ by one of our greatest (Pre Raphaelite) painters, the fingers of the saint placed upon a set of keys which would have sounded a chord to make the very demons shudder.

The point where all known record of this almost pre-historic music fails is in the absence of any relics of a notation. How these ancient people wrote their music down, whether they wrote it down at all, we know not. What, therefore, they played and sang we can only guess from the nature of their instruments. These Mr. Engel describes with great care. The commonest of the Assyrian instruments seems to have been the "asor," a sort of small rudimentary harp with from six to ten strings, twanged with a plectrum. Then they had the harp (in the form still prevalent in the East, that is, without a front pillar); a lyre, closely resembling the "kissar," or popular instrument of Eastern Africa; the dulcimer, or elementary form of the piano;* and the "tabourа," or guitar with wire strings, played with a plectrum Besides those of the stringed genus, they had varieties of the wind family (double-pipes and trumpets); and of the percussion order (drums, tambourines, and cymbals). A little pipe, three inches in length, of baked clay, picked up in the ruins of Babylon, and now in the museum of the Asiatic Society, is, Mr. Engel thinks, the oldest musical instrument in the world It is very like the little pipe with which a blind Piedmontese peasant, Picco, astonished the London public a few years back.

* A dulcimer may still be occasionally met with in our streets, but an old wandering performer, whom the writer has met in several parts of England, said that he *did not k ow* of a brother artist. His instrument was remarkable for the ingenious way in which a bridge was so placed as to support each string at a point one third of its length from its end, thus dividing it into two parts sounding octaves. Or is this a regular feature of dulcimer construction? Mr. Engel does not allude to it.

Of instruments of the viol species, that is of the scraping of strings with a bow, our Ninevite friends appear to have known nothing. The best specimen of an "orchestra" found by Mr. Engel includes seven harps, one dulcimer, two double pipes, and a drum, with a chorus of women and children. This occurs in a triumphal procession, and implies, it will be seen, a general effect as far as possible removed from the type of barbarous music, sweetness and delicacy being evidently the characteristic results of such a combination.

On the great question—harmony or no harmony?—which crops up in all discussions on the archæology of music, Mr. Engel can give us nothing more conclusive than indirect inference from the character of the instruments. Most people, however, will think the inference so irresistible as to be equivalent to certainty. Human nature may be slow at the development of ideas, but it would be hard to imagine beings intelligent enough to enjoy musical sounds and yet so stupid as not to attempt their combination, especially when among instruments (such as harps and guitars) in which it is impossible to help from time to time striking several notes together. It is probable, however, that the Assyrian harmony was mostly of a very simple kind, alternating very much between the chords of the tonic and the "six-four," the latter consequence following from the presumed use of the *pentatonic scale*.

The "pentatonic scale" is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of music, and the subject of one of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Engel's book. He very ingeniously attempts to arrive at a notion of Assyrian music by observing what is the music of the present day among people who use instruments cognate to the Assyrian. Various Indian, Chinese, and other Asiatic races have instruments which are a counterpart of the representations on the Ninevite slabs, and among these people "pentatonics" appear to be the rule. If we are asked what are "pentatonic?" the handiest answer is—the sort of music commonly recognized as "Scotch." Any one (to use the common illustration) who strums at random on the black keys of a pianoforte, plays in a scale in which the ordinary 4th and 7th are wanting.* This *five-note scale* is without semitonic intervals, and gives the skipping character of melody so familiar to us in Scotch tunes, and no less clearly recognizable—so the testimony of both musical and uninstructed witnesses assure us, in the music of India, China, Pern, and the wild tribes in North America. Of this last fact Mr. Engel gives ample proof. How it has come to pass that a large part of mankind prefers, as it seems, to make its music out of a set of sounds which to another large part of man seems obviously imperfect, is a problem of which we have never heard an adequate explanation. That the Assyrian music was generally "pentatonic" is inferred generally from the analogy of instruments mentioned, and this inference is confirmed by the circumstance that the usual number of strings on their harps appear to have been five, ten, twenty, &c., multiples of ten. One might imagine that such a scale could not long continue, or would not, at any rate, be exclusively used among a people who possessed a musical notation; for it will be observed that any *change* of key would employ in one pentatonic scale the sounds omitted in another. For instance, a player modulating from the pentatonic scale on C (C, D, E, G, A), to the similar scale on G (G, A, B, D, E), employs in the latter scale the B which was wanting in the former. Similarly an instrument tuned in D would supply an F sharp, and thus all the sounds requisite to make the *heptatonic* scale in G would be forthcoming, and would certainly be used as such a scale if a notation was at hand to record their relative positions. Or are we to suppose that the five-note scale is after all the most natural set of notes, and that the seven-note scale was developed therefrom?

There are many other points of interest in Mr. Engel's book which we have not space to touch upon We have confined our remarks to its Assyrian chapters because these have most that is new in them. He deals also with the music of the Egyptians and Hebrews. In conclusion, we have to thank him for the research and care which has brought so much that is interesting out of a most promising subject. R. B. L.

* The black notes happening to be the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, and 6th of the key of F sharp major.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 46—No. 45. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1868. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

Mdlle. Tietjens.—First Appearance of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), NOVEMBER 7TH (last time), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

"LES HUGUENOTS."

Raoul di Nangis, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di San Bris, Mr. Santley; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Tagliafico; Marcello, Signor Foli; Meru, Signor Zoboli; Tavannes, Signor Agretti; Bois-Rose, Signor Bolli; Guardiano di Notte, Signor Campi; De Cosse, Mr. Lyall; De Retz, Signor Casaboni; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska (her first appearance); Urbano, Mdlle. Scalchi (her second appearance; Dama d'Onore, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Valentina, Mdlle. Tietjens.

CONDUCTOR - - - - SIGNOR ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

MONDAY NEXT, November 9th, Donizetti's opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," Edgardo, Signor Mongini; Enrico Aston, Mr. Santley; Raimondo, Signor Foli; Arturo, Signor Agretti; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alisa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Lucia, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska (her second appearance).

Mdlle. Minnie Hauck.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 10th, Gounod's opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Bulterini (his first appearance); Valentin, Mr. Santley; Mephistopheles, Signor Foli; Wagner, Signor Tagliafico; Siebel, Mdlle. Sandrina; Martha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Margherita, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck (her first appearance in that character).

Tietjens, Ilma de Murska, Minnie Hauck; Santley, Bettini, Formes, Foli.—Only Grand Morning Performance.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, November 11th, commencing at Two o'clock, Mozart's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI. (See below.)

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

THURSDAY NEXT, November 12th, Donizetti's Opera, "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI." Carlo, Signor Bettini; Antonio, Mr. Santley; Il Prefetto, Signor Foli; Il Marchese, Signor Zoboli; L'Intendente, Signor Casaboni; Pierotto, Mdlle. Scalchi; Maddalena, Mdlle. Cruise; and Linda, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska (who will introduce as the finale, Proch's air and variations). Conductor, Signor Arditi.

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Boxes, Stalls, and Places may be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre (under the Portico), open daily from Ten till Six, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Hall.

MDLLE. TIETJENS will appear THIS EVENING as VALENTINA, in "LES HUGUENOTS;" and on Wednesday Morning next as Donna Anna, in "Il Don Giovanni."—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA will make her first appearance THIS EVENING as MARGHERITA DE VALOIS; and will appear on Monday next as Lucia; on Wednesday Morning next as Donna Elvira; and on Thursday next as Linda.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUCK will appear as MARGHERITA on Tuesday next, and as Zerlina on Wednesday Morning next.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MORNING PERFORMANCE. — The only Grand MORNING PERFORMANCE will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, Nov. 11th, on which occasion will be performed MOZART'S opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens; Zerlina, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; Don Ottavio, Signor Bettini; Leporello, Herr Formes; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Il Commendatore, Signor Foli; and Don Giovanni, Mr. Santley. Conductor, Signor Arditi. Doors open at Half-past One. Commence at Two o'clock precisely. Box-office of the theatre open daily.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

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Programme includes Symphony in B flat, No. 4 (Beethoven); Overtures, "Fingal's Cave" (Mendelssohn); and "Le Siége de Corinth" (Rossini); Organ Sonata in B flat, No. 4 (Mendelssohn); and grand Pedal Fugue in G minor (J. S. Bach), both for first time.

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MISS KATHLEEN RYAN begs to announce her REMOVAL to 21, TAVISTOCK ROAD, WESTBOURNE PARK.

REMOVAL.

MISS HELENA WALKER begs to announce that she has REMOVED from Victoria Street, Leeds, to 6, WEST BANK ROAD, EDGE LANE, Liverpool, and requests that all communications respecting Concerts, etc., to be addressed to her at her present residence.—Liverpool, October, 1868.

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LEYTON CONCERTS.

MISS BLANCHE REEVES will sing BENEDICT'S successful song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the First Concert on Thursday Nov. 12th.

LEYTON CONCERTS.

MISS BLANCHE REEVES and MR. BEARE (the new baritone), will sing H. SMART'S successful duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at the first concert on Thursday, Nov. 12th.

LEYTON CONCERTS.

MISS EMILY MARTER and MR. GREENHILL will sing NICOLAI'S duet, "ONE WORD," at the First Concert on Thursday Nov. 12th.

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play E. SAUERBREY'S new Transcription of "LORELEY," at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, Nov. 10th.

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MDLLE. VANZINI and MR. MAYBRICK will sing H. SMART'S highly popular Duet for Baritone and Soprano, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Newcastle, THIS DAY, Saturday, November 14th; and at Glasgow, Saturday, November 21st.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH;" "JUDAS MACCABÆUS;" Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER," of MENDELSSOHN; MACFARREN'S "MAY DAY"—at Glasgow, Stirling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aberdeen, etc., during the present month. Engagements *en route* (Concert and Oratorio) may be addressed care of her brother, Mr. P. E. VAN NOORDEN, 27, Bedford Square.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE," during his Provincial Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby and party.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing BLUMENTHAL'S popular song, "THE MESSAGE," at Harrow, November 20th.

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MUSIC IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH.*

Music always had its place marked out in the service for the dead. Among the ancients, as among the moderns, vocal music and instrumental music have been the faithful companions of sorrow. Mysterious as death itself, the language of tune is well suited to the tomb. When a broken heart deprives man's lips of the power of articulating words, it is music which, with its vague accents, comes to the aid of grief.

We are ignorant what was the symphony of the Ancients when they confided one of their number to the earth. But, as tradition cannot deceive us, we may form a good notion of it by studying the vestiges which Christianity has preserved for us.

If the Gregorian Chant bears any trace of the Greek modes, we may presume that the melody also of the Greeks is to be found in it, and that the impression of it, though effaced by time, may still be made out.

We are approaching the sacred day when the remembrance of the dear ones we have lost bids each of us retire for a time within himself.† Let such as judge without prejudice, and apart from the question of this or that dogma, take the trouble to go and listen to the strains in our churches on the 2nd November. Let him then say if those severe melodies, the rudeness of which equals their beauty, do not present him with something like the monument of some austere period lost in the night of time.

I do not tell you to visit the temple with the robust faith of the Christians of other days. Go with no other thought than that of the dead, putting off the horrible swaddling clothes in which doubt has enveloped you, and clad in the rays of hope.

If you prefer it, enter the edifice with the veiled forehead of the thinker. Enter with a quiet and respectful step, like an artist about to visit a ruin. When you are inside, when you have abandoned your painful reminiscences to the vacillating light which illumines the insignia of death, listen to the singing of the chapel.

The melopœia of the Invitatory, sung at Matins the day before All Saints' Day, certainly surpasses in grandeur everything with which the thought of Eternity has inspired our modern composers. "Regem cui omnia vivunt," such are the words which open the religious drama. From that moment, the sombre notes succeed each other in the temple until the last knells are tolled forth the next day.

We once stated how great was Proudhon's admiration for the prose "Dies Iræ." That admirable poem has more than once excited the genius of musicians. They have all failed. The ancient Gregorian form alone has the power of allying itself intimately with the ideas of destruction, of horror, and of life eternal, which are contained in this piece.

The liturgical chant has disputed with the greatest masters, not excepting even Mozart, the power of rendering the movements of the soul in the presence of death.

Yet how many masterpieces have fallen from the pens of musicians! How often, at the obsequies of our celebrated men, has music vibrated in hardened hearts, and caused tears to fall upon the cheeks of stoics!

In the country, where the voice of the priest can accompany the remains as far as the consecrated ground, the power of song is revealed in the abrupt response, which, with its glacial intermissions, seems to freeze up in us all the sources of life. Even the muffled drums, with their lugubrious rolls, possess a peculiar kind of beauty.

Music is the friend of the grave, like flowers, and like you, also, august lady, who come, every autumn, to kneel upon the tomb of the poet, in the midst of the grass, beneath which repose the remains of Mozart, on the stone over which the wild creeper mingles its arabesques with the name, almost effaced, of Hégésippe Moreau!

Music assumes, in the domain of death, a perfectly new splendour and grace. How tender and sweet it is when recalling the song of our old grandam; how holy and pure, when causing to glide over our lips the strain heard in other days from those of our betrothed, now for ever closed, of the young mother, or of the friend, no longer with us! Song of the infant, that diffused'st joy in the home, return and be heard around the empty cradle which awaits another little occupant! And thou, sublime song of the human passions, thou song of Edgardo, of Lucia, of the Traviata, and of Arnold, murmur forth thy plaint towards the Eternal, and touch the heart of him who stands upon the tomb of the one who has gone!

Music has such constant affinities with the horrors of life that she wishes to share half the horrors of nature. The wind of the autumn nights weeps as it drives before it the withered leaves of the forest. When the master has left his home to repose under the green hillock, a funereal moaning diffuses terror around. Who will ever note down the symphony of death re-echoing over the immensity of the ocean in the hour of the tempest?

Thou, too, delicate bird, last fledged, minglest thy voice with the mystery of Death and of eternity. Thou singest on the tomb, and thy song is sadder than the sorrowful hymn that escapes from earth. Thou singest near those whom we loved, and thy light, graceful, serene notes cause us legitimate terror. Wilt thou not disturb their solitude? Will not the sleep which preserves them from our miseries be interrupted an instant? Thou singest love, springtide, and thine own innocent joys, but dost thou not fear thou wilt render jealous those beneath? They, too, loved, but death vanquished their love. They, too, beheld the spring, but eternal winter carried them off in his livid arms. They, too, had their joys and their dreams, but all is engulfed in the bosom of the earth!

Music of nature, music of human voices, music of the spheres, murmuring every evening on the tomb, leave us at least hope!

LOUIS ROGER.

* From the *Guide Musical*.

† The article was written just before All Saints' Day, when, in Roman Catholic countries, the cemeteries are crowded by persons, who go to deposit immortelles and other votive offerings on the graves of their deceased relatives and friends.

A CLEAR CASE.

We gladly join our voice to the voices of some among our contemporaries, and plead on behalf of a clear case of real distress. Unfortunately, there are always many of a like deserving sort appealing to tender hearts and charitable sympathies. But in this instance the circumstances are peculiarly touching, and we shall be both surprised and disappointed if relief do not forthcome at once. Some of our readers may recollect that a woman, named Bishop, was recently tried at the sessions and condemned to a lengthened imprisonment. It appeared that her husband was dead, and that her crime would leave two daughters of sixteen and fourteen years respectively in a condition of friendlessness and want. It appeared, moreover, that these young girls are the granddaughters of an English composer whose works are household treasures, and whose fame will endure as long as a taste for peculiarly English music exists. We plead, then, not merely for those who are orphaned, destitute, and (though innocent), to some extent, disgraced, but for those who are all this, being at the same time the grandchildren of Sir Henry Bishop.

We are not going to moralize upon the attendant circumstances of this case, neither shall we try to soften the stony hearts of people who would view the daughters' position through the mother's fault. Our words will reach many who disregard all surroundings where there is real distress, and who never refuse help for fear of crossing the path of a Providence which visits the sins of parents upon their children. These, and others like them, will do all that may be necessary. We may, however, point out the peculiar claims which in this instance force themselves upon the musical public. Everybody possessed of ordinary feeling can sympathize with the position of two orphan girls demanding special care and counsel, thrown upon the world at an age to fight for life as best they can against frightful odds. But men and women who take an interest in music have an extra demand upon their sympathy, and one not less strong upon their gratitude. Whatever may have been the faults of Sir Henry Bishop as an individual, as a musician he is remembered only to be admired. His works have been sung everywhere for years; they are as well known in the cottage as in the concert-room, and they please alike the peasant and the peer. In so far as this has been and is the case, so far is the nation indebted to the composer. He is dead, but his rights live in his grandchildren, who sorely need to be paid an instalment of the obligation. Musical Englishmen are ever ready to acknowledge Sir Henry Bishop with pride. Can they see his descendants, unable to help themselves, sink into poverty and utter ruin? We think not.

Further remarks are unnecessary, and we have only to say that Mr. William Francis, deputy clerk of the peace, at the Clerkenwell Sessions House, will know how best to administer the relief a generous public may send the Bishop children.

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PROGRESSION AND RETROGRESSION.*

My dear Friend,—Decidedly, if matters go on as they are going on at present, I shall be obliged to send in my resignation. I can assure you that I have no wish to continue proving myself an old fashioned friend of retrogression, an obscure, barbarous idiot, an enemy of art, that is of *new art*—called also, with such modesty, *grand art*, *universal art*—and an adversary of that progress and of those doctrines which are to raise music to its highest degree of splendour.

No, no, my dear Giulio, I must be converted myself, and also convert you, if you would save your soul and render it worthy of appearing before the Great Prophet, in order that, from his elevated position in the railway carriage, from which he descends radiant with glory and majesty, the terror of certain critics, of certain parrot-like papers, and of certain musical publishers, he may be pleased to admit you to enjoy the delights of his music.

It is our duty to be thoroughly converted, and to make full amends for our crimes, by renouncing, for evermore, all attempts to seek diversion from the diversion of our ancestors, of our fathers, of our own times, and of our own productions, and, with proper compunction, to rack our brains and torture our ears in order to derive pleasure from the music promised, not to us, who are unworthy of it, but to our grandsons, to future generations.

It is our duty, with the utmost unction, and as though inspired with a "divine" spirit, to repeat in chorus what is continually being asserted at present by the apostles of the High Priest and Great Prophet, concerning the *emasculated*, *pale*, *poor*, *inefficient* art of our best Italian masters, past and present. And, as extremes meet, it is our duty, raising ourselves to the level of the period, to open our heart *candidly* to enthusiasm, both for the transcendentalism of incomprehensible lucubrations, and for those art-puerilities of the moment, that come to us from France with the pictures of the fashions, and which are called, and would be considered, parodies. It is our duty, finally, dishevelled and trembling, to shout till our throats are hoarse: Death to Italian art! Down with Melody! Long live slipshod music *à la* Offenbach! Long live fantastic music *à la* Wagner!

But, as the question involves a change of allegiance, and the adoption of fresh convictions, it is, I fancy, a prudent measure to look round us a little. Permit me, therefore, my dear friend, to examine generally with you the dogmas of the new faith and the rites of the new religion; the precepts of the new school, and the value of those sublime beatitudes of which we are permitted to catch a glimpse, though they are destined for posterity; let us see whether the grand edifice of *universal art*, hitherto restricted to works almost universally repudiated, offers a sufficient appearance of solidity, and which are really and truly the better friends of progress, those who, alone and few in number, address themselves only to a few, or those who, in a most numerous and most energetic cohort, reveal themselves, powerful and active, to the applauding masses?

In art, as in politics, progress is directly proportioned to liberty, and still more, to the ascertained or probable fruits inherent thereto. Prudhomme was enabled to lay down as a principle that property is a theft, because, in accordance with socialism, he had just established the fact that every man had a right to a certain portion of land; but, on the other hand, no one will ever be permitted to imitate that monarch who asserted that his people were full, directly his own appetite was satisfied. The leading members of the Italian school of art not only approve of the French philosopher's theory, but put it efficaciously into practice, calling the masses to share the gifts peculiar to each one among them, while the much bepraised German reformer and his few disciples, besides declaring the people satisfied when still fasting, because they have not tasted what these rich and wealthy individuals, as they pretend to be, have not been able to procure them, allow themselves, also, to deride the said people's pinching poverty. Now, I ask, which are the friends of progress and which of retrogression?

Innovators in politics promise us liberty, fraternity, equality, independence, light taxes, or none at all, and so on; the innovators in music want to give us the liberty of a form worse than slavery, because it is the negation of all form, or rather the liberty of possessing none; they wish to make us retrograde nearly three centuries, sending us back with their continuous melody to the infancy of art, or to the recitative of Caccini and Peri; they want to impose upon us the fraternity of a school repugnant to our way of thinking, to our disposition, and to our traditions; they wish to reduce us to an equality of musical intelligence, renewing, for our benefit, the expedient of Procrustes; they want to achieve, to our prejudice, independence from what is beautiful and good in our bright secular school, which is yet unterminated, and, let us hope, interminable; nor will it be difficult for them to exempt us from the tribute of musical intelligence, because, with their works, we shall shortly share the general misery of not understanding what is incomprehensible.

Again, just as conservatives in politics exert themselves to temper down the abuses of liberty, to keep licence at bay, to moderate the fury of the intolerant, and to render the imposts less onerous, the conservatives in music endeavour to maintain art in a flourishing condition, venerating its priesthood, encouraging its acolytes, and preventing any from going astray; defending the culture of art, and rendering art attractive and beloved, the source of ineffable pleasures.

Now, such being the state of things, I again ask which are the friends of progression, and which of retrogression?

(*To be continued.*)

* Addressed to Sig. Giulio Ricordi, director of the *Gazzetta Musicale* of Milan.

FROM COLOGNE.

"*Si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas.*" Here I am once more, and ready to implore your pardon for my long silence. I have been extremely busy during the last month, and compelled to neglect my duty. The musical events of some importance which have occurred at our Stadt Theatre till the present day, may be resumed as follows:—

First, many *fiascos* of *prime donne;* among them a Fräulein Elise Humber (as Rosina in the *Barbiere*), pupil of Madame Viardot, highly recommended by her mistress—I cannot understand why. This young singer, endowed with a second-rate voice, has to learn yet everything musically as well as vocally. Second, four successful performances of Herr Wachtel and his whip; and, third, the apparition of *Mignon* by Ambroise Thomas. This was very well received, and promises to become a favourite opera with our public. Fräulein Radecke is charming as Mignon, and the *ensemble*, *mise-en-scène*, and costumes deserve great praises. A very interesting psychological incident occurred at the end of the first performance, which took place on Thursday last. The aristocratical part of the audience were indignant that Mignon did not die, according to Goethe's romance, and began to show some opposition. But the common people being not so very classical, although well acquainted with the subject, found it beautiful that the poor girl, after so many years of cruel suffering, was restored to her father and married her beloved Wilhelm, and consequently they applauded frantically, recalling the artists many times.

The *troupe* of our theatre is this season superior to the one of the last year, possessing a very good new tenor, Herr Garsò, and an additional bass, Herr Bretschneider. Out of the two *prime donne* of last season, Frl. Scheuerlein, *soprano drammatico*, and Frl. Radecke, *soprano lirico*, (both Marchesi's pupils) there is a very good *soprano leggiero*, Frl. Deichmann, and another soprano, possessing a very fine voice and natural talent, although not a very good singer, Frau Brulil. We expect to hear the *Katakomben*, by Hiller, and *Hamlet*, by Thomas, during the present season.

Our real musical treat begun with the first Gürzenich Concert on Thursday last, the 20th instant. The first part of the programme included, 1°, the overture of Mendelssohn, "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt;*" 2°, *aria della* "*Resurrezione*," Handel, sung by Herr Carl Wallenreiter, aus London (?); 3°, Violin Concerto, composed and performed by Herr G. Besekirsky, aus Moskau; 4°, "Eine Prophezeiung des Gesaja," for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, by F. Hiller (manuscript, first time of performance), the solo intrusted to Herr Wallenreiter. The second part of the programme was entirely dedicated to the heavenly symphony of Beethoven (No. 7) in A major. Herr Wallenreiter is a very good singer, but he lacks animation, and therefore, "*il plait, mais il n'enlève pas.*" Herr Besekirsky is a virtuoso as well as composer, and he met in Cologne with the same enthusiasm which he had already elicited in Vienna and Leipsic.

The capital orchestra, under Hiller's magical bâton, performed the ouverture of Mendelssohn, as well as the symphony of Beethoven, to perfection, and electrified the large and fashionable audience. The second Gürzenich Concert will take place on Tuesday the 3rd of November next. *Jusqu' à là, vale et ama!*—Yours faithfully,

Cologne, 28th October. Salvatore Saverio Baldassare.

Bremen.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the first Subscription Concert.

Italian Operatic Novelties.—Among the forty, or more, new operas about to be submitted to the ordeal of public criticism in Italy, we may mention: *Bianca di Rossi*, by Sig. Roberto Amadei di Loreto (to be produced, according to report, at Brescia, during the Carnival); *Don Protaso*, by the same; *Lucchino Visconti*, by the same; *Erostrate*, by Sig Antonio Traversari; *Baldassare*, by Giorgio Miceli (written to order for Sig. Ricordi); *La Notte di Natale*, by Sig. Pontoglio; *Valentino Borgia*, by Sig. Nicola de Giosa; *Republicani e Sforzeschi*, by Sig. Giuseppe Marcarini (to be represented during the Carnival at Piacenza); and *La bella Fanciulla di Perth*, by Sig. D. Lucilla (written to order for Sig. Ricordi).

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Schneider and Offenbach.

It is very fashionable in Paris just now to be Spanish. La Périchole is Spanish, Madame Gabrielle de la Périne is Spanish, and the shop windows and the illustrated journals are full of portraits of the heroes of the Spanish insurrection. This novel influence of Spain upon France was felt before the insurrection broke out—witness the Spanish bull-fights at Havre, and the series of entertainments given to the Spanish poets at Aix, in Provence; and the Parisians undergo it the more willingly and complaisantly from a conviction that it was they, through their typical representative, M. Offenbach, who brought about the Spanish revolution. The *Grand Duchess of Gérolstein* was played at Madrid as at every other European capital; and the Spaniards, it seems, took the story to heart, swore that they would have no more such Grand Duchesses, and that the Grand Duchess actually on the throne should start with her Fritz as soon as possible for the French frontier. So that *La Grande Duchesse* is not such an immoral piece as our journalists and burlesque-writers (to whom the bare thought of impropriety is revolting) would pretend. On the contrary M. Offenbach is a great operatic moralist. *Castegat canendo* should be his motto. In his edifying works Vice is confronted with its own image, and Folly made to listen to the echo of her own voice.

In his latest production, *La Périchole*, M. Offenbach deals, not with a new form of vice, as has been rashly asserted, but with the old, familiar form, so effective for theatrical purposes, which he had already treated with so much success in *La Grande Duchesse*. In *La Périchole*, the heroine of that name does, it is true, get intoxicated. So, indeed, do several of the other characters; but that is a mere detail, having nothing to do with the general scope of the piece. The story of *La Périchole* stripped of its accessories, and reduced to its simplest elements, is the story of *La Grande Duchesse*, with the relations between the two principal characters inverted. In *La Grande Duchesse* the awkward effects of favouritism on the part of female rulers were exhibited; in *La Périchole* we are shown the sort of scrape into which a male ruler may be led by a similar weakness. The Grand Duchess of Gérolstein allowed herself to become enamoured of a common soldier—did not, in fact, try very hard to avoid that fate. The Spanish Viceroy of Lima permits himself to fall in love with a street singer—a poor hungry little girl, known as *La Périchole*, who cares no more for him than Fritz did for the Grand Duchess, and who remains faithful through everything to her lover Piquillo, as Fritz remained faithful to Wanda his betrothed.

The plot of the new operetta, or opera buffa, belongs entirely to the ingenious authors of *La Grande Duchesse*, MM. Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy. The character of La Périchole, who leaves her lover because she is *so* hungry, and longs to return to him as soon as she has dined, belongs to the author of Manon Lescaut, who would scarcely, however, have cared to claim this vulgarized copy of his charming creation. La Périchole, to be sure, is faithful to her lover, *pour les choses essentielles*,—at least, we have her own word for it; and that poor Manon never was. Nevertheless, we prefer Manon. For La Périchole, considered as a personage more or less historical (this, we need scarcely say, she quite ceases to be in M. Offenbach's opera), the authors are indebted to M. Prosper Mérimée, who makes La Périchole the heroine of one of the dramas contained in the volume attributed to the imaginary Clara Gazul. In the Théâtre de Clara Gazul there is a piece called *La Carrosse du Saint Sacrement*, which turns upon the sudden conversion to grace of a celebrated actress known in Lima as La Périchole, who, riding in the carriage of the Spanish Viceroy, meets some priests carrying the Viaticum on foot to a dying man, and thereupon gets out and places the carriage at their service. This Périchole, then, has but little in common with the Périchole impersonated at the Variétés by Mdlle. Schneider. The Schneiderian Périchole is, as we have said, a street singer, and at times a very unsuccessful one. Supported by her companion and lover, the handsome but idiotic Piquillo (Dupuis), she tempts the Peruvian public, first with a touching romance, "L'Espagnol et la Jeune Indienne;" secondly, with the elegant "Séguedille pour Soirées," "Le Muletier et la Jeune Personne;" but all in vain, not a maravedi can she get. At last she gives up work in despair. Piquillo begs her to come and try her luck in another part of the town, but she tells him to go by himself, and on his departure lies down on the ground, and, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, falls asleep. The Viceroy (Grenier) at this moment arrives. He loves to wander about Lima incognito, after the manner of Haroun al Raschid; while his courtiers, after the manner of Potemkin travelling with the Empress Catherine, take care that he shall see nothing in his adventures but what may give him a favourable idea of his own government. They disguise themselves as happy subjects of various classes and conditions, and the Viceroy is charmed to see how well everything in the city of Lima is administered, and how contented every one is with his rule.

This is very good comedy; and it is accepted as such by the audience at the Variétés. The censors, however, did not quite like it; and at the last rehearsal caused many alterations to be made in the quasi-political scenes. "*Quel fichu gouvernement que le nôtre!*" had to be changed to "*quel fichu pays.*" &c.; "*sous quel gouvernement nous vivons!*" to "*sous quelle administration,*" &c. In another place the words, "it is written in the ninth article of our Constitution sworn to by your Majesty," had to be changed. Then, best of all, the chin-tuft or barbiche worn by M. Grenier, the representative of the Viceroy, was objected to; and when the tuft was removed it was still thought that his spiked moustaches gave him too Imperial an air. M. Grenier ended by making a clean face of it, and cannot now be accused of resembling any one but himself.

To return to the story. The Viceroy, then, is somewhat of an impostor. He cares much more for the female than for the male portion of the population, and, under pretence of discovering grievances, in reality goes about in search of pretty girls. Naturally, the sleeping Périchole attracts his attention. On being asked to give an account of herself she says that she is very hungry; and the Viceroy promises her an excellent dinner if she will only come with him to the palace. Her love for Piquillo gives way under the pressure of an irresistible appetite, and she consents, but not until she has written and recited a nicely conceived, neatly expressed letter, in which she assures Piquillo that she loves him, but that she *must* have something to eat. This is Mdlle. Schneider's best situation, and she certainly makes the most of it, and sings the graceful melody to which M. Offenbach has set the "Lettre de la Périchole" with an engaging mixture of pleasantry and pathos. But the laws of the country forbid the introduction of single women into the palace, and to satisfy the scrupulosity of his Ministers on this point the Viceroy determines to find La Périchole a husband. The Ministers, nothing loth, are sent in quest of one, and light upon Piquillo just as he is hanging himself for love of the fugitive Périchole, whose farewell letter he has received. This seems to be the very man wanted. He is anxious to commit suicide, and scarcely, therefore, can object to getting married. Piquillo, however, refuses the bride offered to him, and all for the sake of the bride herself! He cannot forget La Périchole, and it is necessary to make him intoxicated before he can be induced to commit an act of seeming infidelity. Bride (already at the beginning of the scene somewhat hilarious), bridegroom, and three high officials of the viceregal court all get drunk together and dance absurd dances. At the first representation Mdlle. Schneider is said to have hiccupped; she is also said to have been hissed. At present she contents herself with exhibiting some of the minor symptoms of intoxication, such as she had already displayed in the Grand Duchess's "Song of the Glass." The air she sings at the beginning of this remarkable scene is curiously but appropriately entitled "Griserie-Ariette," and it is sung to these poetical words, "Ah! quel diner je viens de faire," etc. The intoxication scene brings the first act to a close. In the second act we find Piquillo perfectly satisfied with what he has done. He is at court and on familiar, if not thoroughly friendly terms with the Ministers, two of whom he joins in singing the praises of women in a style which many women would not altogether approve of. Go into the street, ask the first, the second, ask any number of men what they are thinking of, and the answer will always be—"*Les femmes, les femmes!*" That is the simple subject of a series of couplets of which "Les femmes il n'y a que ça" is the burden. It would be wrong to praise this very Offenbachian composition too highly; but, though vulgar, we are afraid it is amusing, and it certainly makes people laugh and call for it again. Piquillo has just finished his couplets in praise of "Les femmes, les femmes!" when he finds that he is to be kept separated from his own wife. The scene between Fernand and the courtiers in *La Favorite* is reproduced in the form of a parody, and Piquillo discovers to his infinite humiliation that he has married the King's favourite. Grand dramatic tableau and defiance of the Viceroy, at the end of which the Viceroy orders the man who has defied him to be taken to prison. "And mind that no women are admitted to his cell," adds La Périchole, much to Piquillo's disgust, who is convinced that La Périchole has been unfaithful to him. The dungeon into which Piquillo is thrown is one reserved specially for "recalcitrant husbands," or, as it is expressed in the music, "*les maris ré, les maris cal, les maris çi, les maris trants, les maris récalcitrants.*" This curious form of joke is, we are assured, borrowed from the Italian farce in which Puncinello is spoken of as "*Signor Pun, Signor Ci, Signor Nel, Signor Lo.*" It was scarcely worth appropriating. Piquillo being now safe in prison the Viceroy begins to pay serious court to his wife, in token of which he makes her valuable presents of jewellery. This affords Mdlle. Schneider the opportunity of singing, "Ah que j'aime les diamants," a fit pendant to the "Ah! que j'aime les militaires" of the *Grand Duchess*. Finally all comes right; Piquillo is let out of prison, he is already married to his beloved Périchole, and the Viceroy has at last discovered that it will be better for him not to interfere between them any more. The little drama then ends happily,

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and La Périchole is allowed to retain her husband and the jewellery she has received from the Viceroy as well.

The favourite pieces in the work are La Périchole's letter, which is melodious and graceful; and "Les femmes il n'y a que ça!" which is too full of mere animal spirits and is, in a word, vulgar. Mdlle. Schneider's picturesque costumes would alone suffice to ensure her success in the part of La Périchole; but she also represents the character with much ability and contrives to give it a certain individuality.

Shaber Silver.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HARRISON.

Although the severe illness with which this once popular vocalist has been for some time afflicted could hardly have allowed his friends to cherish any hope of his immedate recovery, an announcement of the decease of one who has been so long prominently before the public, will, doubtless, be generally received with sorrow. Mr. William Harrison died at his residence, Gaisford Street, Kentish Town, on Monday afternoon, in his 55th year. His last hours were solaced by the presence of his two sons, the Rev. William Harrison and Mr. Frank Harrison, and the inevitable issue of his malady was awaited by the sufferer with the greatest calmness and resignation. It may be mentioned that at the time Mr. Harrison expired, his mother, who had attained the advanced age of 87, was in the adjoining apartment momentarily expected to breathe her last. Those who remembered how energetically Mr. Harrison strove for years to make English opera a permanent institution in the metropolis must have heard with great regret that these efforts had seriously affected his pecuniary position; and there can be no doubt that the disorder which has just proved fatal was much aggravated by the anxiety of mind consequent on his recent heavy losses. The reputation he attained is due entirely to his own unaided exertions. The favourable impression which he produced at one of the festivals of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, where he assisted as a vocalist, after a brief period of study at the Royal Academy of Music, led to his being offered an engagement by Mr. Macready; and on the 2nd of May, 1839, he made a very successful *début* at Covent Garden Theatre as the hero of Rooke's opera, *Henrique; or, The Love Pilgrim.* When *The Bohemian Girl* was produced in November 1843, at Drury Lane, Mr. Harrison was the original Thaddeus; and the popularity which he imparted to Balfe's tuneful ballads, "The Fair Land of Poland" and "You'll remember me," must be even now fresh in the public recollection. As Adolphe, in Balfe's opera of *The Daughter of St. Mark*, Bohemonde in Benedict's *Crusaders*, and Don Cæsar de Bazan in Wallace's *Maritana*, he advanced a reputation which was further strengthened by his success at the Princess's in Macfarren's *Charles the Second*. In August, 1854, Mr. Harrison, accompanied by Miss Louisa Pyne, left England for America, and, after a very prosperous tour through the States, they returned to this country with the intention of establishing a permanent English opera in the English capital. The Lyceum, originally intended for this purpose, was opened in September, 1857, under the Pyne and Harrison direction; and the success which accompanied the undertaking induced Mr. Harrison to become lessee of Covent Garden Theatre for the winter seasons extending from 1858 till 1862. Subsequently he undertook the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, for a similar purpose; but the enormous expenditure thus incurred was never repaid by the receipts, and these speculations ended in the loss of a fortune acquired by his industry and talents. His last professional engagement was at Drury Lane Theatre, where he appeared under Mr. Chatterton's management, as the substitute for Mr. Sims Reeves, in the musical drama of *Rob Roy*. Increasing indisposition soon after forbade his continuing his professional exertions; and since the complimentary benefit which was given to him at Covent Garden last July, his illness rapidly assumed a more serious aspect. Without attaining the highest rank as an English tenor, Mr. William Harrison succeeded in acquiring a popularity which will render his death a source of regret to the musical public.

Leipsic.—Performance of sacred music given by the Academy:—116th Psalm, Leo; Motet, J. Haydn; Sonata ("La Didone") for Violin, Tartini; 137th Psalm, Liszt; Talismane for Two Choruses, Schumann.—Fourth Gewandhaus Concert:—Overture, Op. 124, Beethoven; "Reformations-Sinfonie," Mendelssohn; Scene and Aria from *Lazarus;* Songs, Scarlatti, Moscheles (Herr Wallenreiter); Pianoforte Concerto, E flat major, Weber; Pianoforte Pieces, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Moscheles (Mdlle. Jöell).

Naples.—The management of the San Carlo has not been lucky this season. On the opening night, *Jone* was a failure, the tenor and baritone being pronounced the same. The ballet, too, was not a success. The theatre was opened again the next night, but with the same result. It was then shut to be re-opened in a week with M. Gounod's *Faust*.

MISS KELLOGG AT HOME.

The New York journals are singing pæans over the return of Miss Kellogg, and rapturously rave about her first appearance at the Academy of Music. The *Herald* says:—

"How heartily she was welcomed was manifest from the applause which hailed her first appearance on the stage, and from the profusion of beautiful and fragrant flowers which fell at her feet at each and every re-appearance. Her first song, the 'Waltz,' from *Romeo and Juliet*, was rapturously applauded. Recalled by continuous cheering, she sang with extraordinary pathos that familiar and appropriate air called 'Home, sweet Home.' Afterwards in the duet from *Hamlet* (sang for the first time in this country), she admirably rendered one of the most difficult passages in this fine opera by Ambroise Thomas. The concert concluded by the entire third act of Gounod's grand opera, *Faust*. Here Miss Kellogg amply justified the eulogies bestowed by the London critics upon her unrivalled rendition of the character of Marguerite. As she sang, in costume at the spinning wheel, the simple and touching song, 'There was a King of Thule,' a picture was offered worthy of the pencil of Ary Scheffer. The audience was almost too deeply affected to applaud. The 'Jewel Song' was sung by her with equal brilliancy and power. Every feature of the famous Garden-scene, in which she yielded to her love for Faust, was very effective. This third act of *Faust* decisively tested the purity and dramatic quality of Miss Kellogg's even and well trained soprano voice."

The *Herald* then descends to millinery and describes Miss Kellogg's dress, but this we pass to take up the *World*, which in the tumult of its feelings makes confusion worse confounded of trope and metaphor.

We have room only for a few sentences:—

"At the conclusion of the *valse*, an earnest expression of her merits as an artist came from the intelligent audience. She was recalled, and sang 'Home, sweet Home' in a style entirely her own, and made doubly impressive by the circumstance of her recent return. Often as this ballad has been done as a show-piece by artists of famous skill, who desired to display their emotional and sentimental powers, we cannot conceive of its having ever been better done. Not a note or tremulous *pianissimo* sigh escaped the auditors. Every shade of sound, so marvellously inwrought with the pathos of sentiment, distinct in its softest utterance, was made more than articulate by the soul of this young singer poured into it. When the last note had died away, there occurred that interregnum of dead silence in which the audience were recovering from the pleasant spell of art—a full moment—and then they awoke to rapturous applause. In the third act of *Faust*, she re-appeared in her well-known *rôle* of Marguerite. This whole act was creditably placed on the stage, and in it she had the assistance of Madame Freda de Gebele (Siebel), Signor Lotti (Faust), Signor Susini (Mephistopheles), the latter, unfortunately, suffering from a severe attack of hoarseness. It is here, after Faust's monologue in the garden that she sings in her own delicious way the old ballad of the 'King of Thule,' and then follows the *allegretto* on discovering the casket, in all of which Miss Kellogg not only does full justice to the numerous happy phrases of the composer, but adds a luxury of tenderness in the impulsive embodiment of all the gentler emotions that constitute the great charm of her impersonation. Her conception of this character is exquisitively poetical, and her execution of the music admirable in its exactitude and delicacy, making us regret that we cannot have the opera entire, rather than this tantalizing fragment."

The *Evening Express* is more moderate in its tone, and, perhaps on that account, more reliable. Here is the purely critical portion of its remarks:—

"In the light pleasant movement of the *Romeo and Juliet* waltz, Miss Kellogg's admirable *fioriture* is heard to good advantage, but the duet from *Hamlet* is, to a certain extent, too heavy, too undecided in movement and motive to accord thoroughly with the capacities of a voice that must always express to us either exuberant, heart-felt joy, or subtle and poetic pathos. This we find to its fullest extent in *Faust*, and the result is that Miss Kellogg is acknowledged, without dispute, as the most thorough realization of Marguerite, both from the poetical and musical stand-point, now upon the stage. The Spinning Song, the Jewel Song, and all the other gems of the third act, or Garden-scene, of the opera were delivered by Miss Kellogg last evening with all that grace which has heretofore earned for her so much praise. We have here the whole feeling and sentiment of the entire opera, and, grasping these, Miss Kellogg tells us, in look and voice, the whole story and character of the wronged and confiding Gretchen."

We ought to sincerely congratulate—and do sincerely congratulate—Miss Kellogg on the readiness of her countrymen to acknowledge that nothing succeeds like success.

Darmstadt.—There were one hundred and forty-eight performances at the Theatre from the 1st September, 1867, to the 19th May, 1868. The entertainments included seventy-nine operas, one operetta, and two concerts. The novelties were *Romeo und Julie*, Gounod (played seven times); *Don Carlos*, Verdi (three times); *Das Pensionat*, Suppé (once). The operas revived were *La Sonnambula*, *Lohengrin*, *Indra*, *Zampa*, *Rienzi*, *Die Entführung*, and *Oberon*.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

There has been unceasing activity at Covent Garden. Accordingly the house has always been well filled, and on more than one occasion crowded. *Il Trovatore*, given with a cast including Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli, Signor Mongini and Mr. Santley, has proved as attractive as usual; while *Norma*, with the above-named soprano and tenor, supported by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Foli, has assembled a due proportion of Bellini's admirers. The Druid Priestess suits Mdlle. Tietjens to the full as well as any of the characters assumed by the possessor of Grisi's fallen mantle; while the robust organ of Signor Mongini invests the personage of Pollio with manliness, and therefore with interest.

Miss Hauck justified, on her second appearance as Amina, the favourable predictions we ventured to make after her *début*. She lowered her *rondo finale* by half a tone, and the result was that the piece in which she gave least satisfaction on the first night became on the second her *Glanzpunkt*. It behoves conductors to consider seriously if they would not do well to adopt the established French diapason. There is scarcely a singer, unless it be a bass, who has not reason to regret the high pitch to which our orchestras are now attuned. The voice is too often ruined, and the singing too often impaired, by constant and unnecessary strain. To newcomers who have been singing for years to the usual Continental diapason—there being little difference in this respect between the cities of Germany and Italy—the effort must be peculiarly trying.

As Zerlina, the rustic heroine of Mozart's masterpiece, Miss Hauck appeared to far more advantage than as Amina, the rustic heroine of Bellini's pastoral drama. Miss Hauck may be praised for giving Mozart's divine melodies exactly as they were written, deducting nothing, adding nothing, and singing rigidly in tune. That her performance was found satisfactory by the audience was proved by the encores awarded to "Vedrai Carino," and the duet, "La ci darem la mano," in which she shared the honour with Mr. Santley. Of the English baritone's singing in the part of the Gallant Don, and of Mdlle. Tietjens' personation of Donna Anna we have already spoken so frequently as to render further observations unnecessary. But Madame Rudersdorff, the Elvira, demands recognition for the artistic zest with which she renders any part, important or unimportant, which may be entrusted to her. Signor Bettini made a favourable *début* for the season in the part of Ottavio, astonishing his hearers by the power with which he gave a B flat from the chest at the conclusion of "Il mio tesoro." Signor Tagliafico resumed the part of Il Commendatore, to which no other singer lends so picturesque an interest, and Signor Zoboli was Masetto; Leporello being personated by Herr Formes, who, with voice unchanged, and dramatic earnestness unimpaired, made, in this happily chosen character, his *rentrée* after several years' absence, into London musical life.

On Thursday week Mdlle. Ilma de Murska was to have appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, but, as she was incapacitated by the consequences of a very stormy sea passage from appearing, *Il Trovatore* was again put up with the ordinary cast, except that the part of Azucena devolved on Mdlle. Scalchi, an excellent *mezzo-soprano*, who bids fair to become a real acquisition. With so rich and flexible a voice, Mdlle. Scalchi may go far. On Saturday she essayed the page in *Les Huguenots*; and although she had to contend against the immediate remembrance of Madame Trebelli, who a week previously had played the part, Mdlle. Scalchi succeeded in producing a favourable impression. The opera, as a whole, was given with singular efficiency. Signor Tagliafico assuming the character of Nevers, which suits him so well, and Mr. Santley taking that of Saint Bris. The importance of such aid as that of our compatriot in the long and trying Conspiracy-scene cannot be over-rated. The Queen has been on each occasion impersonated by the always capable Mdlle. Sinico, and Marcel by Signor Foli; while Valentine and Raoul have had the best possible exponents in Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini. How thoroughly the German *prima donna* throws herself into the spirit of the great scene of the third act is known to all opera-goers; but all do not know how splendidly she is supported by Signor Mongini. The high chest notes of this magnificently endowed tenor produced on Saturday night so electrical an effect that the crowded audience were surprised into frequent interruptions of the most absorbingly interesting scene in the whole range of the lyric drama, and at the conclusion of the act both singers were enthusiastically summoned to receive the well-earned reward of their exertions.

Although a printed apology was still considered necessary, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska was on Monday night sufficiently recovered to make her promised *début* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. In her opening cavatina, with harp accompaniment, "Regnava nel silenzio," some huskiness and uncertainty were perceptible; but these drawbacks did not prevent Mdlle. de Murska's extraordinary facility in vocalization from making its way with an audience by whom she was welcomed with much *empressement*, and applauded with much warmth. She was enabled to do herself full justice in the dramatic love-duet with Edgardo, and at the conclusion of the first act she not only succeeded in obtaining the compliment of a recall, but left the impression, even on her most fervent admirers, that she had never yet appeared to such eminent advantage. And yet her triumph was to come. This was, contrary to all expectation, in the Marriage-scene. Exactly where Mdlle. de Murska, who is even more remarkable for vocal agility than for physical power, might have been anticipated to betray weakness, she exhibited strength. It was in the famous concerted piece, "Chi mi frena," which opens the *finale* to the second act, that the lady, throwing herself heart and soul into the situation, poured out tones of such thrilling power that one wondered how such volume of voice could proceed from so slight a frame. A daring series of shakes gave unusual and unlooked for effect to the climax, and the stormy applause of the audience encouraged the singer to repeat the entire movement. It is genuine enthusiasm that animates and invigorates for the moment the fragile form of the fair vocalist, and this earnestness cannot fail to awaken kindred feelings in her hearers. After the elaborate final *scena*, Mdlle. de Murska was again recalled. The effect of her singing is greatly enhanced by her demeanour, which, in the maddest moments of the love-crazed Bride, is always graceful and refined. In short, there is a strange fascination about Mdlle. de Murska which defies description—a fascination, to use Lucia's own words, "Chi si sente e non si dice." Of Signor Mongini's Edgardo and of Mr. Santley's Enrico we have so often spoken that remarks on either are unnecessary. We must, however, again acknowledge the readiness of Signor Tagliafico, who, Signor Foli being ill, undertook the part of Raimondo, and played it as well as though he had given the character special study.

Miss Minnie Hauck, who may count ambition among the qualities which give warranty of her ultimate success, appeared on Tuesday night, for the first time in the character of Margarita, and secured by her highly intelligent impersonation the favourable suffrages she had already gained in the parts of Zerlina and Amina. Her execution of the Jewel Song with its brilliant passages and well-articulated shakes, was sufficiently neat and facile to give unqualified satisfaction to an unusually numerous audience; and the voice was accompanied by action sprightly and unconstrained enough for the most fancy free of maidens. This extreme ingeniousness of manner was kept up by Miss Hauck in Gretchen's account of her little sister's death, and in all the earlier portions of the amorous trifling with Faust. But in the latter part of the famous Garden-scene Miss Hauck warmed with her task, and evinced even deeper feeling than she has yet displayed. When the curtain had fallen on Margarita's unconscious betrayal of her secret to Faust, the young lady was forced to re-appear upon the stage; and she deserved the compliment quite as well after the impressive Cathedral-scene, where the conscience-stricken girl is overpowered by the evil spirit. Signor Bulterini made his first appearance at Covent Garden in the part of Faust, and sang with much expression in the love-music of the third act, while his powerful chest-notes told well in the duel-trio. Valentine's death was invested with even more than usual interest, by Mr. Santley, who has never sang with more legitimately artistic effect; while Signor Foli, as Mephistopheles, Mdlle. Sandrina as Siebel, and Mdlle. Bauermeister as Martha, completed an efficient cast. The chorus of soldiers was encored as strenuously as it was sung; while all the surperb scenic arrangements, which have always commanded admiration at Covent Garden, were as well cared for as in the ordinary summer season.

On Wednesday afternoon *Don Giovanni* was repeated, with the same distribution of characters as before, one excepted — Mdlle. Sinico playing Elvira with her wonted intelligence and success. On Thursday night, Mdlle. de Murska made her second appearance, the opera selected being *Linda di Chamouni*, of which more next week. To-night we are to have *Il Flauto Magico*.

C. C. C.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Sultan is very fond of music, and is especially partial to playing the piano. He has had a most magnificent instrument made for him, and on this he extemporizes and composes. One of his compositions, entitled "Melancholy," is published, with his name in full—Abdul Aziz Khan—by Ricordi, Milan.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Second Museum Concert:—Symphony in D major, Haydn; "Liederkreis," Beethoven (Herr Wallenreiter); "Hebriden" overture, Mendelssohn; Songs, by Schumann; and Fourth Symphony, Mendelssohn.—The St. Cecilia Association celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its existence by a performance of Bach's Mass in B minor.—Herren Heermann, Becker, Welcker, and Müller, in conjunction with Herr Wallenstein, pianist, have announced a series of six Soirées, the first of which they have already given. The programme included Quartet in F major, Haydn; Quartet in C major, Beethoven, and the posthumous Pianoforte Sextet, Op. 110, Mendelssohn.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ELEVENTH SEASON, 1868-9.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the

ELEVENTH SEASON OF THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16th,

And that the Performances will take place as follows:—

MONDAY,	NOVEMBER 16, 1868.	MONDAY,	JANUARY 25, 1869.
MONDAY,	„ 23 „	MONDAY,	FEBRUARY 1 „
MONDAY,	„ 30 „	MONDAY,	„ 8 „
MONDAY,	DECEMBER 7 „	MONDAY,	„ 15 „
MONDAY,	„ 14 „	MONDAY,	„ 22 „
MONDAY,	JANUARY 4, 1869.	MONDAY,	MARCH 1 „
MONDAY,	„ 11 „	MONDAY,	„ 8 „
MONDAY,	„ 18 „	MONDAY,	„ 15 „

SEVEN MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given on SATURDAYS, JANUARY 23, 30; FEBRUARY 6, 13, 20, 27; MARCH 6 (1869).

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription ivories at £5 (transferable), entitling holders to special sofa stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole series of twenty-three concerts—viz., sixteen Monday evenings and seven Saturday Mornings.

Subscription Tickets are also issued for the Sixteen Evening Concerts, at £3 10s.; and for the Seven Morning Concerts, at £1 10s.

Herr Pauer will be the Pianist on Monday Evenings, November 16th and 23rd. M. Sainton and Herr Straus are engaged as Principal Violins for the Opening Concerts before Christmas.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of Principal Violoncello from the First Concert till the End of the Season; Herr L. Ries, that of Second Violin; and Mr. Henry Blagrove, that of Viola.

Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé will both appear during January and February.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in February and March.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Monday, January 4th, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1868.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, Op. 44, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "I know a song"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ... ... *Benedict.*

SONATA, in A major, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI ... ... *Boccherini.*

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

QUINTET, in A major, for Clarionet, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. SAINTON, LAZARUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Mozart.*

SONG, "The mighty trees bend"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ... ... *Schubert.*

SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. PAUER and SAINTON ... ... *Dussek.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

BIRTH.

On the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. HUTCHINGS (Hutchings & Romer, of Conduit Street), of a son.

DEATH.

On the 8th inst., at Holloway, Mr. T. C. REYNOLDS, organist of St. Magnus, London Bridge, aged 34.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

THE PROMENADE CONCERT.

ONCE again it has been proved that the Promenade Concert was M. Jullien and M. Jullien the Promenade Concert. That famous *chef* lifted the thing out of the depths, and, failing him, to the depths it has returned. Mr. Eliason conceived and brought the Promenade Concert forth a sickly babe, dying of inanition; and the brilliant Frenchman wet-nursed it into health. But even he could confer no power of running alone. Since Jullien's death its strength has waned, and now the "vital spark" seems to have fled. There is nothing to wonder at in all this, and very little now to regret. We can say to the Promenade Concert, *Requiescat in pace*, but, Jullien being gone, we drop no tears.

The cause of M. Jullien's success lies so much on the surface that exposition is hardly needed. Everybody appreciates the strange combination of qualities that not only made him a hero in popular estimation, but armed him with the shrewd promptitude that rarely failed him in attaining its object. Everybody knows, also, that none of his successors have rivalled their prototype in the essentials of their common craft. They have wielded the Frenchman's rapier as though it were a broadsword, and have lifted up coarse hands to grasp at prizes which, after a little *finesse*, dropped into his delicate palm. It requires genius to make the Promenade Concert pay in England, and that genius M. Jullien had, as it seems, in his exclusive possession.

Why the requirement we have stated should exist is not clear at first sight. Nothing seems more natural than that the public should eagerly avail themselves of any chance to combine the pleasures of music with the charms of a great social *réunion*, being all the while at liberty to neglect the one or the other, or both, as they thought fit. But this seeming has no foundation in reality, since the whole thing is out of harmony with our national character. There are countries in which miscellaneous gatherings having nothing more serious in view than time-killing are possible. But in England they can only hope at best for the slow decay which, in our climate, befalls even the hardiest exotic. We dislike miscellaneous gatherings, and worship as a fetish the hard and fast lines of demarcation between class and class. Hence the promenade, because open to anybody with a shilling, is practically closed against the half-crown man, who goes into the dress-circle and, in the intervals of yawning, looks down as a patron on the shifting crowd. But even if this were not the case, the result would be but little affected. When we meet together as strangers, or meet as friends in the presence of strangers, we are apt to feel uncomfortable and behave awkwardly. The English people, or, at least, a large portion of them, are shy of any but their own set, and, if possible, would spend every social hour in a private box with a select party. The Promenade Concert can get but little out of these, while from others, not so affected, it may pray to be delivered. There are certain classes among us—sometimes they are called "fast men," at others "roughs," according to the coats they wear—who find in the Promenade Concert a congenial sphere. These—but enough of these. There is yet another reason tending to the same end as both the foregoing. Whatever may be our faults, we are earnest in our pleasure-seeking, and do not care to aim at two marks at once with the certainty of hitting neither. We have a notion that music alone is able to interest us, and, when listening to it, we object to the distraction of sights and sounds with which music has nothing to do. So long as the reasons thus stated remain (and in the absence of a Jullien), so

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long will the Promenade Concert be well-nigh impossible with us. They have killed it in the past, and, should the chance be given, will kill it in the future.

About the artistic value of the Promenade Concert the less said the better. Eager to secure lovers of real music, the concert-givers have leavened their programmes with the leaven of classicality, but to what good? The people attracted were simply made uneasy by the incongruousness of flirtation to the strains of Beethoven, and by the irreverence of cork-drawing to the music of Mendelssohn. As legitimately to them might a card party be combined with a prayer meeting.

Barely possible as a means of promoting social intercourse, and, from an art point of view, questionable, we can let the Promenade Concert go without lamentation. *Requiescat in pace*, certainly, but (Jullien being no more—and Jullien, in his day, was an institution, or, as Madame de Stael said of Napoleon, a system), also, tearlessly.

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ROSSINI.—The last news received about this illustrious musician is by no means favourable. A telegraphic despatch informs us that he had passed a very bad night, and that his position was a subject of great anxiety to his medical advisers.

SIGNOR CIAMPI writes to us from Paris, complaining that in our notice of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera his name is inserted as playing one of the secondary parts in *Lucrezia Borgia*. On referring to the notice we find that he is in error. His name is nowhere mentioned.

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ILMA DE MURSKA.

On Monday night Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, who, some three or four years since, at Her Majesty's Theatre, revealed her striking and very original talent for the first time to a London audience, again appeared, after an absence of two years, and again selected for her *début* the part of the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was to have sung on Thursday week, and also on Saturday, but on both occasions was incapacitated by illness. Even on Monday evening a printed circular claimed the indulgence of the audience on the plea that she had "not entirely recovered from her late indisposition." Nevertheless, Mdlle. de Murska achieved her arduous task with wonderful success, and charmed her audience beyond measure.

The foremost attraction of this lady is not so much her exceptional means, remarkable as they are, as her exceptional mode of employing them. Her Lucia, like every other character in which we have seen her, is entirely her own, both as to conception and execution. It is always pleasant to find something out of the common way; and it may fairly be said of the young Hungarian singer that there is nothing whatever of formal, stereotyped, or conventional in her impersonation of the unhappy bride. At the same time it bears everywhere the impress of truth, and it is difficult, in witnessing her performance, to entertain a belief that any other conception of the character can be the right one. True, she elaborates every situation to the utmost, but she does this in a manner so natural and graceful that all thought of laborious study is lost sight of in the general impression produced. Nature has endowed Mdlle. de Murska with the physical requirements necessary to present an ideal embodiment of Scott's romantic and most prepossessing heroine; and, in spite of the "crinoline," which here and there impeded her movements, and which she would do wisely to lay aside as both inappropriate and ineffective, the illusion on Monday was as nearly perfect as could well be imagined. Indisposition allowed for, traces of which were occasionally manifest, her performance was a legitimate triumph. To say nothing of the first act, which comprises the well-known cavatina, together with the love duet with Edgardo (and which earned a loud recall for Mdlle. de Murska and Signor Mongini), the duet with Enrico beginning the second, and the whole of the scene of the Contract—including one of the finest concerted pieces, and terminating with one of the most dramatic, exciting, and admirably conducted *finales* written by any Italian composer whose name is neither Cherubini nor Rossini—were all that could be wished. In the duet, Mdlle. de Murska enjoyed the advantage of the co-operation of Mr. Santley; and to sing the music of Lucia's designing and pitiless brother better than Mr. Santley sings it is hardly possible. Apart from this, however, we have never seen more intense earnestness thrown into the dialogue, especially where the forged letter has persuaded Lucia that her lover is faithless, than by Mdlle. de Murska, whose frame seems to writhe under the influence of the terrible disclosure, and the accents of whose voice give sympathetic utterance to the emotions by which the whole being of Lucia is convulsed. The signing of the contract, together with what precedes and follows the step which decides the fate of the luckless maiden, was even finer and more forcible. The sense of blank despair and utter helplessness under a stroke of dire mishap could scarcely be conveyed with more eloquent reality. Mdlle. de Murska's penetrating high tones at the end of the concerted piece, which follows the unexpected appearance of Edgardo and in which all the chief characters take part, had no small influence in rousing the enthusiasm of the audience; and notwithstanding the printed circular asking indulgence for the singer (whose physical powers in this particular situation had been exerted to the furthest stretch), they mercilessly encored it—Signor Arditi consenting, which, under the circumstances, he certainly ought not to have done. The whole, however, was gone through once more by Mdlle de Murska with unabated energy, the three trying "shakes," leading up to the high note which is the climax, being accomplished with just as much vigour as at first. Again the curtain fell amid plaudits loud and long-continued from every part of the house, and Mdlle. de Murska, accompanied by Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, and Signor Tagliafico (an excellent Raimondo) came forward to acknowledge them.

It was only in her last scene that any signs of Mdlle. de Murska's indisposition were apparent. But, though evident weakness here occasionally disturbed the even tenour of her performance, it was not the less pathetic, touching, and impressive. In the delineation of poor Lucia's madness, which, in the opera, is the prelude to her unwitnessed suicide, Mdlle. de Murska has moments of almost inspiration. There are accents in her delivery of the *larghetto* which go straight to the heart; and while certain liberties (as from time out of mind) are taken with the text of the composer, the changes, ornaments, and cadences are invariably in such good taste, that (Donizetti not being precisely a "classic") none but a pedant with little ground for his pedantry would be likely to complain. Subdued singing more charming than in several parts of this slow movement is very rarely heard; nor are there many singers gifted with the exceptionable range of high notes that enables Mdlle. de Murska to produce some of her most striking and original effects. We should have liked the cadence where the voice is accompanied by the first flute, in the orchestra (let it be understood that the gentleman who plays the flute was by no means in fault), a little more strictly in time—music of any kind without appreciably regulated measure losing much of its charm; and we should have liked one or two more passages otherwise given than the accomplished Hungarian singer gave them; but, taken from end to end, Mdlle. de Murska's presentation of the scene which robs us of Lucia, and thus makes the conclusion of the opera so terribly dark and gloomy, may be compared with any that has been witnessed on the Anglo-Italian boards. In earnestness it could not easily be surpassed, and the faults inviting criticism are so entirely thrown into shade by beauties which defy criticism, that to dwell upon them by preference would be, in our opinion, to set at naught the most legitimate and, at the same time, most welcome duty of the critic—who, if he looks for perfection may look far and long before he meets with it. We repeat, that, notwithstanding certain shortcomings, the result of manifest indisposition, Mdlle. de Murska's re-appearance among us, on Monday night, was a genuine triumph.

ERFURT.—Joachim and Madame Joachim appeared at the second concert of the Musical Association. The band performed in a very spirited manner Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, in F major, and Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A large number of amateurs and lovers of the harp were present at Mr. T. H. Wright's harp recital on Tuesday the 3rd inst., at Messrs. Erard's. Among the various works performed by Mr. Wright were selections from Alvars, Godefroid, Bochra, Stephen Heller, Tito Mattei, Jungmann, Sydney Smith, T. H. Wright's *Reveries* and his new Transcription of English, Irish, and Scotch Melodies. The harp has, unquestionably acquired increased interest from the zealous efforts of Mr. Wright, Herr Oberthür, Messrs. Chatterton, Thomas, and other professors of talent.

Mr. Aguilar's "performances of pianoforte music" at his residence, 17, Gloucester Crescent, attract crowded audiences. The following programme was gone through on the 22nd ult.:—Sonata, Op. 29, No. 2, Beethoven; "Oft in the stilly night" (transcription), Aguilar; Polacca Brillante, Weber (played by Miss Mina Bourchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Impromptus, Schubert; Sonata in D, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book 8, Mendelssohn; The Blue Bells, Aguilar (played by Miss Mina Bouchier); "Appeal," and "In a wood on a windy day" (transcriptions), Aguilar; Nocturne in F sharp, Chopin; Ninety-ninth march, Aguilar.

Mrs. E. Darvell's concert took place on Friday evening the 6th inst., at the West-End Lecture Hall, which was filled with a numerous and appreciative audience. The programme, a very interesting one, was interpreted by Miss Susan Cole, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Darvell, Mr. Offord, and Mr. Edwards; the instrumentalists being Mrs E. Darvell, her clever pupil Miss Rose Keene, and Mr. Oberthür. Mrs. Darvell played Benedict's piano solo, "Albion," and was loudly encored; she also took part in Oberthür's brilliant duet for harp and piano (*Lucrezia Borgia*), which produced a great effect. Miss Rose Keene gave Ascher's "Chant des Naiades" with much clearness. Her expressive and graceful playing was generally admired. Balfe's trio, "Vorrei parlar" (*Falstaff*), sung by Miss Cole, Mrs. S. Smith, and Miss Darvell, was encored. The same compliment was paid to Miss Darvell's exquisite singing of Mercadante's "Se m'abbandonai," Miss Darvell afterwards gave with equal success one of S. Lover's Irish ditties. Mrs. Smith was encored in "Home, sweet Home," which she sang very tastefully. Miss Cole was recalled after her singing "Tell me, my Heart;" and Mr. Edwards had to repeat Molloy's song, "The Vagabond." Mr. Offord, who possesses a good tenor voice, was also successful both in Dibdin's "Tom Bowling" and Wallace's "Home of my Heart." In the second part, Mr. Oberthür's harp solo, "Bonnie Scotland," was a very effective performance. The concert was ably conducted by Mr. Chalmers Masters.

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ORGAN PLAYING.

We were pleased to observe an unfamiliar feature in the programme of last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert; one, moreover, which is strange to the *habitués* of any metropolitan concerts whatever. Having a good organ, it seems to have struck the managers that the instrument might be made to do work more important than mere accompaniments. The idea was acted upon, and two compositions of renown—Mendelssohn's Fourth Sonata and Bach's G minor Fugue—had a place in Saturday's scheme, with Dr. Stainer, of Magdalen College, Oxon, as performer. We hope this is the beginning of a course. A similiar start was made years ago, when the Monday Popular Concerts were in their babyhood. But the wretched instrument (now happily defunct) then standing in St. James's Hall was quite unfitted for solo purposes, and organ works soon disappeared from Mr. Arthur Chappell's programmes. The Crystal Palace managers make their attempt under better auspices, and there is no reason whatever why it should fail. Musical people will always listen to good organ playing; while scores of works both demand and deserve a hearing

From this we are naturally led to wonder how soon London will possess what Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, and other provincial towns have long enjoyed—regular and first-rate performances upon a first-rate organ. We have the artists, doubtless, but the instrument is nowhere, that in Exeter Hall being out of the question altogether. In this respect the metropolis lags behind, and, as a result, one extensive and interesting department of music receives only such patronage as church congregations can bestow while being "played out." This ought not to be for several reasons. In the first place a cheap sort of pleasure is lost (Mr. Best plays to threepenny audiences in the Liverpool hall), important works by great masters remain unknown to the public, and the highest possible stimulus to exertion on the part of the organ-players is withheld. Surely here is a matter worth thinking about.

Venice.—Donizetti's *Ajo nell' Imbarazzo* has been revived at the Teatro Camploy "as it was originally performed," that is, resembling a vaudeville rather than an opera. It was well received.

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by Lindsay Sloper. No. 13. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The pianoforte pieces in this number are "Happy Memories" by Sydney Smith, and a "Styrienne" by M. Bergson. Some passages in the former are especially elegant, and the whole will be accepted by Mr. Smith's numerous admirers as among his best efforts. The "Styrienne" is pretty and easy. Miss Virginia Gabriel and Mr. A. S. Cooper contribute the songs. That by the former composer—a setting of Mrs. F. A. Kemble's "Farewell," is simple in the extreme; moreover, it is almost painfully monotonous. Mr. Cooper has been very successful in the somewhat delicate task of putting Moore's "Nora Creina" to music. This melody is admirable, and the accompaniments show good taste. The song will be popular wherever heard.

Twilight Hours. Duet for Soprano and Contralto. Written by J. P. Douglas. Composed by G. A. Macfarren. [London: Ollivier & Co.]

A charming duet, of which Mendelssohn need not have been ashamed, and with which, in point of fact, his influence seems to have had something to do. Key E flat; compass moderate.

Welcome Spring. Part-song for three female voices, by Elizabeth Philp. [London: E. W. Ollivier.]

There are several blemishes in this part-song which it may be worth while to point out. The music of the refrain, "Every bird now doth sing" is weak and commonplace. On the third page, penultimate bar, first line, a 6-4-2 chord is badly treated, and in passing from the next bar to the first of the following line, there is a case of hidden fifths between the extreme parts. Miss Philp, however, conciliates us all by her excellent songs.

The Voice and its Management. By Frederic Kingsbury. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Mr Kingsbury has here given the public, in a cheap and accessible form, the benefit of his experience and practice as a singing master. The book, though small, is a complete thing. It treats of the structure of the vocal organs, management of breath, modulation of the simple sound, the *mezza voce*, the voice registers, flexibility, the shake, and articulation. Mr. Kingsbury's ideas on all these matters are set forth in the plainest language, are illustrated by admirable diagrams, and accompanied by a series of exercises harmonized for piano. We can commend the work because assured that no young singer can study it without profit.

The Fishermaiden. Barcarolle. Words translated by Dr. Dulcken. Music composed by Berthold Tours. [London: William Czerny.]

A pleasing and well-written song, much above the average in all respects. Key D; compass easy.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son. Cradle Song. Words by Dr. Dulcken. Music composed by Berthold Tours. [London: William Czerny.]

We have cradle songs out of number, but room must be made for this one, because deserved. Though somewhat less simple in construction than most of its kind, the song has all the required tenderness and pathos. Moreover, it is excellent from a purely musical point of view.

The Chorister's Album. No. 10. "'Twas in May month." Four-part Song. Written and adapted by Wellington Guernsey. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

In this harmonized German melody we have a very acceptable vocal piece. Each part has a genuine melody (would that the same could be said of English choral songs as a rule), and the effect is very smooth and pleasing.

Chappell's Vocal Library of Part-Songs, &c. No. 18. "The Shepherd's Sabbath Day." By J. L. Hatton.—No. 19. "Thoughts of Childhood." By Henry Smart.—No. 20. "Spring's Return." By Henry Smart.—No. 21. "An old Church Song." By Henry Smart. [London: Chappell & Co.]

Mr. Hatton's part-song is of a semi-sacred character. We need not say that it is well adapted to the words, and written by one who is a master of his craft. The music of "Thoughts of Childhood" flows along with consummate ease and grace. It is an admirable specimen of part-writing as, in a different style, is that of "Spring's Return." The latter is as simply and as unaffectedly joyous as could be wished. "An old Church Song" appeals to a graver feeling, but is, in its way, equally successful. We understand that these songs will be followed by others of the same kind. *Tant mieux.*

Alexandria.—While *Jone* was being rehearsed lately in a house in the Ghetto, the ceiling fell close to Sigra. Fiorentini. Luckily there was no serious accident, the only sufferer being the manager, who had his shoulder slightly damaged.

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PROVINCIAL.

THE *Sheffield and Rotherham Independant* of Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, gives the following account of Madame Arabella Goddard's pianoforte recital at Sheffield on the evening of that day:—

"The above-named celebrated artist gave a grand pianoforte recital at the Music Hall last night, performing a programme of almost exclusively classical music. It is almost needless to say anything in praise of an artist of European reputation like Madame Arabella Goddard; suffice it to state that whilst she charmed her listeners with the rendering of the delicate passages, she roused them to the highest enthusiasm by her playing of the more brilliant and passionate phrases, gaining repeated and prolonged applause. Lovers of good pianoforte music must feel indebted to Madame Goddard for introducing to them Mozart's graceful Sonata in B flat, with which the programme opened, as well as for the selection from the Eighth Book of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, containing short movements full of character, betraying the genial thought of their author. In answer to the encore which Madame Goddard received for the spirited rendering of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, she substituted the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' The second part of the programme contained Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale*, and Thalberg's fantasia on the prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*. Both pieces were loudly applauded, and the latter being re-demanded, Madame Goddard gave Thalberg's 'Home, sweet Home,' instead. The vocal part was sustained by Miss Annie Edmonds, who was not only felicitous in the choice of her songs—selected from Schubert, Mendelssohn, Benedict, and Gounod—but sang them with true feeling and artistic skill, accompanying herself on the piano. Miss Edmonds was encored in Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep.' The audience seemed thoroughly appreciative, alike of the high class music presented to them and of the highly artistic performances."

A long and interesting article appears in the *Edinburgh Courant* of a recital given by Madame Goddard in the Music Hall at Edinburgh, on the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 21st. From this, however, we can only find room for an extract or two:—

"The pieces performed by the distinguished pianist were of great interest, particularly Schubert's *Fantaisie-Sonate*, in G major, Op. 78—which gorgeous work was rendered with the greatest care and almost sublime conception. It is very gratifying to see this composer's numerous and ingenious works more and more appreciated. During his lifetime Schubert's unconscious genius was, on account of his extreme modesty, and perhaps his high and strict musical standard, little known beyond the walls of Vienna; and even there it was a mere chance that it did become known. At the present time, however, now forty years after his death, he is all the rage. Besides this sonata, the most attractive feature of the concert, Madame Goddard played Heller's transcription of Schubert's 'Forelle.' Mendelssohn's *Etude* in B flat minor, *Lied ohne Worte* in F (Book 7), and *Etude* in F major (the first and last being posthumous works of the amiable author), with grandeur and wonderful brilliancy. The elegant and finely finished performance of the latter-mentioned pieces procured the player a well-deserved encore, after which we had the pleasure of enjoying an artistic reproduction of Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' The other pieces performed by Madame Goddard were Beethoven's Sonata in G major, Op. 79; Chopin's *Etude* in A flat, and Thalberg's 'Home, sweet Home'—all played to the delight of the attentive audience. We now express the sincere hope that Madame Goddard will continue the recitals in our city, convinced that the highly interesting music chosen by her, and her thoroughly worthy interpretation, will not fail to attract."

MARGATE.—A concert was given at the Assembly Rooms on the 2nd inst., in aid of the Alexandra Homes, which, as our readers probably know, is an admirable charity founded to commemorate the arrival, off Margate, of the Princess whose name it bears. The concert was given under very distinguished patronage, had a capital programme, confided to excellent artists, and was, in every sense, a complete success. A prominent part in the evening's work, as well as in the preliminary arrangements, was taken by Mrs. Frances Talfourd, who is known, not only in Margate but elsewhere, as the always ready helper-on of a good work. Mrs. Talfourd did admirable service in several of the concerted pieces, and obtained an encore for Gounod's *Berceuse* (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus), which she sang with touching expression. Among the professional artists engaged were Madame Thaddeus Wells, Miss Lucy Franklein, Signors Ciabatta, Caravoglia, and Tito Mattei, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Mr. Lazarus, all of whom gave immense satisfaction to the crowded audience. Madame Thaddeus Wells and Signor Caravoglia were encored in Rossini's "Dunque io son;" Miss Lucy Franklein had to repeat "The Farmer's Daughter of Berkshire," and Signor Ciabatta, Signor Tito Mattei, and Mr. Lazarus had special honours conferred upon them. We must not omit stating that Mr. Trelawny Cobham made an excellent impression in Ascher's song, "Alice, where art thou?" Signor Tito Mattei and Mr. Louis Wright were accompanists.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. George Tolhurst has made arrangements with Madame Arabella Goddard to give one of her popular recitals of classical and modern pianoforte music, at the Maidstone Corn Exchange, on Friday, December 4th.

TIDESWELL.—A concert was given here, on the 9th ult., in aid of the Church Restoration Fund, at which Mr. Lazarus gave his services. The *Buxton Advertiser* speaks rapturously of his performance. Its criticism may be homely, but we can be sure that it is honest. Says our contemporary:—

"Mr. Lazarus's exquisite performances on the clarionet are so well known at Buxton, that any praise is superfluous here; but it was most pleasing to feel how truly his delightful music was appreciated at Tideswell, and certain it is that at few places can he have ever given more genuine pleasure: the profound stillness that prevailed in the room during his playing proved how deeply the music was felt. The cleverness and accuracy of every note, the taste in the swells, descending at times to the faintest, most touching sound; and at other times filling the room with a flood of boldest music; the severe simplicity of a homely air touching the very heart by the deep feeling infused into it, and then changing into the elaborate variations executed without a falter or a fault—all these elements of perfection made every one present conscious that in hearing Mr. Lazarus they had a treat which only genius can confer. The kind and frank manner, too, in which his performances were given, and his readiness to play anything which would give pleasure, won him golden opinions among the audience."

Everybody can understand what the writer means to say, even when he talks about the "the taste in the swells," and everybody knows, also, that what he meant to say was deserved by the genuine and genial artist to whom reference is made.

STOURBRIDGE.—Mr. James Matthews, the accomplished flautist, was lately publicly presented in the Union Hall, Stourbridge, with a handsome gold flute, manufactured by Messrs. Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co. Mr. Matthews has long been known for his readiness to assist at any concerts for charitable purposes, and his fine talent invariably attracts numerous admirers. The instrument was presented by Mr. Forrest, as a tribute of personal esteem, on behalf of himself and friends. Mr. Matthews expressed his thanks for the handsome gift, and was loudly cheered at the conclusion.

"AN amateur concert"—writes a correspondent—"was given at Corwen, North Wales, October 21, by the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, assisted by Miss Anna Jones of the London Academy of Music, and pupil of Signor Schira, who sang several solos which were rapturously encored; one—'Do not wake me from my dreams'—was particularly well rendered and received quite an 'ovation.' Miss Anna Jones does infinite credit to her accomplished instructor, and will doubtless in a short time become a favourite."

HAMBURGH.—Steinhart's comic opera, *Hero und Leander*, is to be produced shortly at the Stadttheater.

LECCO.—Sig. Luigi Vicini, a young composer, has been presented with a pin in brilliants by the Princess Margherita and Prince Humbert, for his having dedicated to them his opera, *Oscar d'Alva*.

BRUSSELS.—At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, *Le Barbier* has been performed with Mdlle. Marimon as Rosina. In the singing-lesson, this young lady introduced an Italian melody, "La Notte," by Charlot, and the air of the Queen of Night from *Die Zauberflöte*. She was much applauded all through the opera. M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* was to be produced at a very early date.

COLOGNE.—Second Gürzenich Concert:—Symphony in G major, Mozart; Air from *Alcine*, Handel (Mdlle. von Facius); Pianoforte Concerto, composed and executed by Herr Saint-Saëns; Chorus and Solos from *Der Sieg der Zeit und Wahrheit*, Handel; overture to *Medea*, Cherubini; Songs by Hiller, Schubert, and Schumann; Pianoforte Solos, and Overture, "Im Hochlande."—There will be a series of six Soirées for Chamber Music this season.—Herren Hiller, Gernsheim, Rudorff, and Seiss will in future perform pianoforte compositions, at the String-Quartet Concerts given by Herren von Königslow, Japha, Derckum, and Rensberg.

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WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has given "Pianoforte Recitals" this week at Clifton, Taunton, Weston-super-mare, and Bath. Next week she is invited to other towns. She is everywhere accompanied by Miss Edmonds.

Mr. Sims Reeves, whose recent appearances in the provinces have been a series of extraordinary successes, and who was never, according to all accounts, in more complete possession of his magnificent means, has been taking a brief repose, but will resume his labours immediately after the elections.

Signor Mongini has left England for Bologna.

Madame Gueymard has made a successful *début* at Madrid in *Il Trovatore*.

Le Premier Jour de Bonheur of Auber has had a brilliant success at Frankfort.

Signor Tamberlick will arrive in Paris for the winter at the close of the month.

Herr Carl Eckert, late of Stuttgardt, has been appointed first Capel-master at Berlin.

Duke Ernest, of Wurtemberg, who married the singer Nathalie Frassini, is just dead.

The MS. of Cimarosa's *Hymne Republicaine*, written in 1799, has just been discovered at Naples.

M. Arthur Pougin, the well-known French critic, has become editor of the *Paris Magazine*.

Madame Trebelli-Bettini has gone to fulfil her engagement at the Italian Opera of St. Petersburgh.

Signor Bottesini has written, and M. Escudier will shortly publish, an instruction book for the double bass.

Madame Patti gave eleven representations at the Italiens during October, and the receipts amounted to 147,942 francs.

A posthumous work by Moritz Hauptmann, entitled *Die Lehre von der Harmonik*, has just been published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

M. Pasdeloup has undertaken to produce Mr. Alfred Holmes's new symphony, *La Jeunesse de Shakspere*, at one of the Popular Concerts.

Mr. Levy the cornet player, leaves to-day for the United States of America. He is engaged for a tour with the Parepa-Rosa concert party.

It appears that Mdlle. Rose Bell (Mdlle. la Pommeraye) did not die as reported. She still lives to expound the gospel according to Offenbach.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann is about to leave England on a tour in Germany, having accepted engagements to play at some of the principal orchestral concerts.

The rehearsals of Mr. Henry Lealie's Choir began on Wednesday. We hear that Mr. Lealie intends to resume the orchestral concerts which excited so much interest last season.

M. Germain Delavigne, the friend and *collaborateur* of Scribe, and joint author of the libretto of *Robert le Diable*, died last week at Montmorency. He was over seventy years old.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, speaking of art in that city, says that "none of the best musicians and none of the respectable societies will touch Offenbach's fiddle-faddle compositions."

The Amateurs' Musical Society, Brixton, have elected Mr. H. Weist Hill, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, as their conductor, for the ensuing season, in place of the late Mr. C. Boosé.

The Boston Handel and Haydn Society's programme for the winter includes *Judas Maccabæus*, *Elijah*, *Messiah*, Bach's *Passion Music* (St. Matthew), and Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*.

Frater Johannes Drahicius, in his book, *De Cœlo et Celesti Statu* published at Menz, 1718, employs 425 pages in proving that the occupation of the blessed will be the perpetual ringing of bells.

Signor Tito Mattei is about to give a series of concerts in the chief provincial towns of England, immediately after the elections, assisted by Mdlle. Clara and Rosamunde Doria, Signor Caravoglia, and Signor Li Calsi.

Here is the programme of M. Pasdeloup's concert last Sunday:—Symphony in C major, Mozart; *Adagio* from the "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein; Concert-Overture (Op. 7), J. Rietz; Prelude to fifth act of *L'Africaine*, Meyerbeer; Overture, *Allegro, Scherzo, Nocturne*, and March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn.

Madame Rudersdorff has been engaged by the directors of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts for the 1st and 7th of January, and also by the Society Zur Beförderung der Tonkunst, at Amsterdam, for *Judas Maccabeus*, December 12.

Mdlle. Lesca a pupil of Madame Marchesi at the Cologne Conservatoire, made a highly favourable *début* at Mr. Archer's last concert at Brighton. Mdlle. Lesca possesses a soprano voice of power and flexibility, and sings like an artist.

The *Little Musical Gazette* of New York gives the following piece of news:—

"ADELINA PATTI AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—This poor girl is the *daily* talk for a few years. *Every six months* appears in the papers, coming from France, a new concluded marriage. About the last rumour concerning her marriage, she declares in the French paper, *La Gazette des Etrangers*, that she had not concluded to get married with a Monsieur Marquis de Caux, a very celebrated horse-tamer."

In language no less quaint we are apprised of the existence of an unknown Paganini:—

"Charles Feininger, a violin player of the first rank, is living among us, since a few years, without being known at all. How great our surprise to hear him in a private party, performing two very difficult compositions—Vieuxtemps' grand Concerto and Ernst's *Airs Hongrois*. Let us give him a chance to show his great talent, we are convinced if he plays as we did hear him in that *matinée*—he will come out victorious. This young violin *virtuoso* is too modest to make something out of himself, therefore, managers should take notice of this genius."

From the same authority we also get some information about Leopold de Meyer, and a world-renowned stone and sun painter:—

"Sarony, the world-renowned lithographer, and still greater photographer, has just finished Leopold de Meyer, in ten different positions, one better than the other. One must see these pictures to have an idea of Sarony's skill, and what he is able to do in such short times of his photographic establishment. These Leopold de Meyer photographs are on exhibition at J. Schuberth & Co.'s, 820, Broadway."

Schuberth & Co., are, it appears, the proprietors and publishers of the *Little Musical Gazette*. They publish music, too, as the *subjoined curious* appeal will show:—

"The music public will please take notice of the annexed catalogue of J. Raff's works, all of them Schuberth & Co.'s publications. Raff is at this moment one of the composers who rank first. What an immense fortune this firm has spent in publishing classical compositions proves this catalogue of only *one* composer, whose works cost, by the retail price, in *one* copy over one hundred dollars; each of them had an issue of about one thousand copies. In a short time we will also publish the catalogues of a hundred other composers of less importance. Each of them has been paid for the copyright with thousands of dollars, not to talk of the immense amount of capital, to publish them. It serves only, to give to the public an idea of the importance of that publishing firm in Germany, who ranks first in the world. Branch 820, Broadway, N. Y."

Schuberth & Co., among other things, have also published Schumann's *Album for Young People*; and thus vaunt the superiority of their edition:—

"It is a work bought from the composer, and sole original property of the firm, J. Schuberth & Co., 820, Broadway, New York (Leipsic, Felixstrasse, No. 2), and we want to have it known that this corrected new and brilliant edition is in progressive order (from the easy to the difficult, by the known piano pedagogue, K. Klauser), and is only to be had from the original publishers. The public, we beg, may not be deceived and older edition of this work from London or Paris, which is recommended without shame by other music dealers in this city, an uncorrect, dear, and unlegal edition (without fingering, not in progressive order, and without portrait).

☞ "We shall continue to let the public know the particulars of this unjust proceeding of the different retail dealers in this city, in order to protect the public from detriment."

"The known piano pedagogue" is good; and our readers will be glad to learn, by what follows, that the *Little Musical Gazette* can manage to exist without support from the bi; press:—

"Our *Little Musical Gazette* is rapidly advancing in the favour of the public, its circulation amounting already to over one thousand copies. Indeed, astonishing to succeed in so short a time, as this little paper had not the least patronage by our so-called friends of other papers, which we have bestowed always with our friendship."

The *Little Musical Gazette* is written half in German and half in English. It has, we understand, two editors; and it is generally believed that the German articles are contributed by the English editor, and the English articles by the German editor. Let us hope that, after the extra publicity thus afforded it in our "Waifs," it will "bestow" us also "with its friendship."

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AMERICAN MUSICAL CRITICISM.

We take the following choice example of plain speech from the New York *Sun*. Is the style of it that which the critics of our English critics wish to see imported? The occasion was Miss Kellogg's first concert:—

"In the first place, the programme was miserably made up. The orchestra played two overtures, Messrs. Lotti, Susini, and Petrolli sang, and a Mr. Alard played the violoncello. Now the orchestra was a poor, thin, weakly, picked up affair, and played detestably. Its accompaniments were as bad as its overtures, which is saying a great deal. Miss Topp, the pianist, of course played well—she is an artist, and always does—but the Academy of Music is no place for a piano; it is too large, the resonance of the instrument is lost and dissipated, and the tone destroyed in the immense space to be filled. The piano is a parlour instrument, at most an instrument for a concert-hall, not an instrument certainly for an opera-house; and it is no wonder that the audience yawned through the long pieces by Liszt, and were decidedly bored and glad when it was over. Mr. Steinway might have spared his men the trouble of rushing forward (after the instrument was rolled into place for the performer), with an immense signboard with "Steinway" upon it to be hung out for the benefit of the audience and his own glorification, for the instrument gains no reputation when heard in that house. This piano business being over, we had a solo on the violoncello. This is quite as foolish an idea as the piano solo, and proved even more trying to the patience of the audience. Who wants to hear any one saw out melodies on a violoncello at the Academy of Music? No one does, not even when the instrument is in the hands of a master much less when it is in those of a quite commonplace musician. The piece fell flat, and deservedly so, upon the audience, and hardly a hand was raised in applause. Mr. Lotti also sang a solo. His voice is always sweet and pleasant in quality—a feeble, insufficient voice, uncertain in its middle register, apt to give out suddenly in soft passages where you expect it to be strong; peculiarly strong in taking the high notes with vigour, when you expect it to be weakest. In fact Lotti depends on redeeming a very inadequately sung *aria* by coming out strong on the last note. It's an old trick, and has been played by many singers, and such easy tempered things are audiences that it seldom fails to succeed. It is no satisfaction to hear Lotti feebly warble his little solos. He is very excellent at 'supporting distance,' as a help to the *prima donna*, to carry the tenor part in a quartet, or even in a duet, but as for a solo—spare us! And now we come to the worst of all—Signor Susini. He did more than any one else to spoil the evening. He had a cold so bad that he could hardly articulate, and sang not a note in tune from the beginning to the end. Such noises as he made we never, in a long experience of public singers, remember to have heard. There is no comparison that would do it justice; the hoarse bellow of a sickly bull would have been melody compared to it. We cannot imagine what induced Mr. Susini, an excellent artist and a man of sense, to come on the stage in such voice. It may have been his good nature and a desire not to disappoint, but it seemed to us without excuse, and an insult to the audience for which Mr. Strakosch should be held answerable."

Our friend then goes on to speak of Miss Kellogg herself, changing his tone very materially in doing so, and showing that if he can blow cold he is equally able to blow hot.

Odd Thoughts.

Speaking of Rossini, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—"The Curé of Passy who came to see him was politely refused admission to the sick chamber. The Pope's Nuncio paid the *maestro* a short visit the other day, but gave offence by asking whether he had lately performed the duties of a good Catholic." Surely if heaven is to be gained by performing anything, the composer of the *Stabat Mater* is safe.

M. Gounod is reported to be making additions to his *Faust*, "believing he can produce a second success of that opera." Somebody conveyed the rumour to Bodger, who remarked that, bearing in mind the quality of M. Gounod's recent brewings, it was no bad idea to put his thin cider into a brandy cask.

Our new contemporary, the *Morning Summary*, promises to be far funnier than *Fun*. In a recent article it gave Aaron's rod to Moses, and then went on to speak of a wonderful key. "Tact," it remarked, "is the key that opens for her an otherwise unattainable heaven; with it (the key) she can lay the winds and waves of social tempests; she can tune into harmonious melody the most discordant social instruments; with it (the key) she can bring together those who stand with aggrieved faces, at the opposite poles of social intercourse, and smooth the ruffled plumes of irritated social pride, &c."

The Legend of the Page.

(*Dedicated to* Miss Kitty Glass, *by a youthful admirer.*)

There was a Page, about the age
Of ten, or two years more,
Who soon turned out a pretty lout,
And a confounded bore.

One day he went, on message sent,
'Twas just about eleven;
But he so slow, it seems, did go,
He ne'er came back till seven,

His master said he'd punch his head,
If he did that again;
The boy replied (while now he cried),
His trousers gave him pain.

As he away so long did stay,
No dinner did he see;
But, 'stead of that, he had a fat
Beefsteak to eat at tea.

His master gay, heard, the next day,
A fizzing sound below:
He hasten'd down, and saw the clown,
And a most novel show.

The boy was not, with what he got,
It seems, quite satisfied:
His master found another pound
Of steak was being fried.

The master had told the young cad,
When anybody came,
That he should show them where to go,
And then announce their name.

Upon a morn, when all had gone
The Tower for to see,
There came a friend the day to spend,
And drink a cup of tea.

The boy now thought, what he'd been taught
He would do very soon:
He hollowed out, "Here's Mr. Sprout,"
And left him in the room.

After the day on which this play
Was acted by the lout,
He went again (now out of pain)
With note to Mr. Sprout.

The master found, upon the ground,
Something the note did lack;
He hasten'd out, and gave a shout,
Which made the boy look back.

On turning round, the boy soon found
The master, whom he knew;
He gave a cry, and off did fly,
His master also flew.

Away they went, their breath was spent,
They scarcely could run more;
They stopped at last, both panting fast,
And also feeling sore.

The boy found out, his master's shout
But meant him back to come;
They went to Sprout, found he was out,
And then they both went home.

Septimus Silver.

N.B.—*Although this is not a musical article, the Page was often employed in taking such to the office of the* Musical World.

S. S.

Prague.—The pianoforte rehearsals of Gluck's recently discovered one-act comic opera, *Der Zauberbaum*, have already commenced.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Boosey & Co.—"Sweet is true love," song, by Elizabeth D. Cross Bullock.
Bussell & Co. (Dublin).—"O Lord, my God," short anthem; and "O Lord, my God," a short full anthem, by Professor Stewart, Mus. Doc.
Ollivier & Co.—"Bell' angioletta," melodia a 4 voci; "Oh sont nos amoureuses?" serenade a 4 voix de femmes; "Whom should I fear," hymn for five voices, by Giacinto Marras; "Summer's Good-bye," ballad, by Philomela.
Rudall & Co.—"Grand fantasia on *Orphée aux Enfers*," for the flute, by B. Wells.

Advertisements.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

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No. 3. "PARTED" ("Scheiden, Leiden"—E. Geibel).
No. 4. "THE REQUEST" ("Viel Tausend Tausend Küsse Gieb"—E. Geibel).
No. 5. "THE VICTORY OF SPRING" ("Und als ich aufstand Früh am Tag"—E. Geibel).
No. 6. "EVENING SOUNDS" ("Ich liebe dich"—K. Beck).

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"So far as we know this is the Op. 1 of a young lady who, for the sake of the well-known literary name she bears, and for her own undeniable talents, will be heartily welcomed into the ranks of song composers. By the issue of the work before us, Miss Coyne has bidden boldly for public favour. Six songs of a more or less ambitious character, to words translated by herself, are pretty well for a first attempt; but, we are happy to say, the result proves that the youthful composer and translator did not overrate her powers in either capacity."—*Musical World.*

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NOTICE.—Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. have just received from Paris the above new Italian Songs, by the celebrated composer of "Faust," which are worthy the attention of connoisseurs.

NEW WALTZ BY GOUNOD.

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EXTRA FINAL NIGHT.

One Night more, on Monday next, November 30th, positively the last of the Series of Opera.—Grand Combined Performance.

MONDAY NEXT, November 30th, Rossini's overture to "Guglielmo Tell" (performed by the full orchestra) will commence the evening. To be followed by the Third Act (Garden Scene) of "FAUST." Faust, Signor Bettini; Mephistophiles, Signor Tagliafico; Siebel, Mdlle. Sandrina; Martha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Margherita, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck. After which the First Scene of the Second Act of "DINORAH" (including the celebrated "Shadow Song"). Un Capraio, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. To which will succeed the First Scene of the Second Act of "DER FREISCHUTZ" (including the Grand Scena). Rodolfo, Signor Bulterini; Annetta, Mdlle. Sinico; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens. To be followed by the Second Act of "I DUE FOSCARI." Lucrezia, Mdlle. Rose Hersee; and Il Doge, Mr. Santley. To conclude with the Last Act Act of "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Bulterini; Raimondo, Signor Tagliafico; and Lucia, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. In the course of the Evening the NATIONAL ANTHEM. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

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MDLLE. TIETJENS will appear as DONNA ANNA, in "IL DON GIOVANNI," THIS EVENING, and as Agata, in "Der Freischutz, on Monday next, on the occasion of the Extra Final Night.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

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MDLLE. MINNIE HAUCK will perform the character of ZERLINA, THIS EVENING, and appear as Margherita, in "Faust," for the last time, on the Final Night on Monday next.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

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MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN will make her First Appearance at Exeter Hall this Season, December 2nd, in "THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA" and "WALPURGIS NIGHT."—8, Berners Street, W.

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MISS ABBOTT, the popular Contralto of the London Musical Academy, will sing during her Provincial Tour commencing December 8th, at Longton, Staffordshire, and on the evenings of December 9th, Congleton; 10th, Hanley; 11th, Wolverhampton; 12th, Stone-on-Trent; 14th, Stoke-on-Trent; 15th, Burslem; 16th, Newcastle-under-Lyne; 17th, Leek—the admired song, "O COME TO GLENGARIFF;" and, with MR. D. NEWTON, HENRY SMART'S Duet (Poetry by WELLINGTON GURNSEY). "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES."

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing BENEDICT'S popular Variations on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Miss Achley's Concert, Albert Hall, November 30th; and at the Albion Hall, December 18th.

MISS ANNA HILES (Soprano) will sing at Hull, November 30th; Sheffield, December 7th; Wakefield, 13th; Hull (*Alexander's Feast*), Slaithwaite, 21st; Dumfries (*Messiah*), 23rd; Peterhead (*Messiah*), 25th; Aberdeen (*Messiah*), 26th; (Abstainer's Union Festival) Edinburgh, 1st January, 1869; Kirkcaldy, 5th. For Concerts and Oratorios, address—Miss Hiles, 5, Meadow Lane, Leeds.

MISS ANNA JEWELL will sing at Exeter Hall, December 2nd ("THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA"); Biggleswade, December 10th; Camberwell, 15th; and Newport, Isle of Wight, 17th ("THE MAY QUEEN").—70, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing December 2nd, at Oxford; (*Alexander's Feast* and finale *Lorelei*); 3rd, Worcester; 15th, Maidstone; 23rd, Southwark Musical Society (*Messiah*); 31st, Brixton; January 21st, Reigate; 26th, Walworth; February 22nd, St. John's Wood Athenæum; March 15th, Marlborough; 16th, Newbury; 31st, Birkbeck Institution.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON and MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing SMART'S new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at the Anglo-Cambrian Concert, Store Street, November 30th; and at Hemel-Hempstead, December 8th.

MISS ABBOTT and MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing SMART'S new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Congleton, December 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-on-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 14th; Burslem, 15th; Newcastle-under-Lyne, 16th; and Leek, 17th.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Tooting, December 1st.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA being engaged to sing at the Choral Union Concerts, Glasgow, on New Year's Day, and Kendal, etc., will be happy to receive applications for Oratorios and Concerts *en route* before or after January 1st, 1869.—67, Portsdown Gardens, Maida Hill, W.

BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," will be sung by Miss BESSIE EMMETT, in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital for St. Barnabas Schools, on Tuesday, December 1st. Tickets and Programmes at the School Rooms, Wandsworth Road; and of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing (for the first time) Mr. TILLYARD'S new song, "COME SING THOSE TENDER WORDS AGAIN," at Myddelton Hall, December 4th.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH;" "JUDAS MACCABÆUS;" Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER," of MENDELSSOHN; MACFARREN'S "MAY DAY"—at Glasgow, Stirling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aberdeen, etc., during the present month. Engagements *en route* (Concert and Oratorio) may be addressed care of her brother, Mr. P. E. VAN NOORDEN, 27, Bedford Square.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON and MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Tooting, December 1st.

BRISSAC'S new brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE" will be played by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN, in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital for St. Barnabas Schools, Wandsworth Road, on Tuesday, December 1st.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S Sacred Cantata will be performed by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday Evening, December 2nd. Vocal Scores, folio, nett 12s. All the numbers published separately; also in Vocal and Instrumental Parts. Lists application to the Publishers, LAMBORN COCK, & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street, W.

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ROSSINI.

(*From the "Saturday Review."*)

Rossini has died, full of years and honours. He had lived out his artistic life, or at any rate his period of productivity, long since. Many stories are current as to his reasons for virtually ceasing to labour for the world's entertainment and his own glory before he had reached the age of forty, but none worth much attention. The comparative failure of his noblest effort, or, at any rate, the mere "*succès d'estime*" which it won at the outset, may possibly have exercised some influence on his unexpected resolution. *Guillaume Tell* cost him six months of earnest and unremitting application, a longer period than he had often devoted to half-a-dozen operas, more or less. But it should be remembered that with *Guillaume Tell* he completed the contract which bound him to the Théâtre de l'Opéra in Paris, it being the last of three grand works which as "*Premier Compositeur du Roi*" (Charles X), he had pledged himself to write for that establishment. His re-arrangements of *Maometto Secondo* and *Mosè in Egitto* for the same theatre must have given him no small trouble, taking into consideration the proportions they assumed, as *Le Siége de Corinthe* and *Moïse*, immediate precursors of *Guillaume Tell*. And judged from the simple point of view of art, these are certainly the achievements which place him nearest to the musicians for all time. As a mere creation of genius the *Barbiere di Siviglia* may be named even with the last and best of the three; while there are *finales* and concerted pieces scattered through the many operas which he composed for the Italian theatres that clearly show how much larger were his constructive powers, and how much more thorough a command he possessed over the technical department of his art, than severe judges felt inclined to admit; but his French performances fairly challenge criticism. In truth, Rossini never endeavoured actually to do his utmost until he commenced writing for the great lyric theatre of Paris; and it may he readily imagined that one accustomed to earn laurels so easily, one whose genius had enabled him to produce masterpieces almost without knowing or caring how, who, the darling of his own country, and a recognized conqueror in the domain of opera "from Lisbon to Moscow," to say nothing of England, had, after a somewhat prolonged struggle, against the cunning intrigues of such men as Paer, &c., succeeded in winning also the allegiance of France—the most difficult, because in musical matters the most arrogant and conceited, of all nations—would experience a certain degree of mortification from the fact that in France he had set himself for the first time quite seriously to work and yet failed to obtain the recognition which was his due. No one knew so well as Rossini that in *Le Siége de Corinthe* and *Moïse* he had surpassed his previous efforts, and that in *Guillaume Tell* he had gone still further. This too he had done in submission to French taste, accommodating himself to the French way of looking at such things, declaiming after the French fashion, becoming dramatic from the French special point of view, supplying the French with their indispensable ballet, and composing for them dance music such as had never been composed before and has never been composed since, Auber and Meyerbeer not forgotten—and all this while giving a new shape to dramatic music and stamping it indelibly with the imprint of his own individuality. After being initiated into the French mode of dealing with this particular kind of lyric composition, he taught the French in turn, showing them what true genius could accomplish under any conditions. To *Le Siége de Corinthe*, and still more to *Moïse*, we owe Auber's *Muette de Portici* and *Gustave III*; and, in a measure, too, the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer—to say nothing of *La Juive* and other works of Halévy; but *Guillaume Tell* was an entirely new creation, to imitate which successfully would have demanded an invention no less fertile than that of the author of *Guillaume Tell* himself. Among the causes. therefore, which have been suggested for Rossini's abandoning the pen nearly forty years ago, the most feasible seems to be the scant appreciation afforded to that great work which had cost him so much thought to plan, so much labour to complete, and upon which he had lavished all the wealth of his extraordinary resources. It is difficult to believe that his invention was exhausted at this period, or that he had written himself out. His *Stabat Mater*, indeed, the most important pieces in which were composed three years later than *Guillaume Tell* his *Soirées Musicales*, his religious choruses, *La Foi*, *L'Eperance et La Charité*, his *Tantum ergo* emphatically declare the contrary. On the other hand, the scandal that so long obtained credence about Rossini's jealousy of Meyerbeer and Halévy, and his avowed determination not to resume the pen till *les Juifs auraient fini leur sabat*, is beneath consideration. From their first aquaintance in Italy to the end Rossini and Meyerbeer lived on terms of friendly intimacy. No one spoke with more enthusiasm of Rossini than Meyerbeer, and no one said so little in disparagement of Meyerbeer as Rossini.

Gioacchino Rossini was born in 1792 (February 29th), less than three months after the death of Mozart. His birthplace was Pesaro, in the Roman States. Upon the details of his boyhood it is unnecessary to dwell; nor, even did space permit, should we think of attempting a history of his life. Rossini's life resembled that of many other Italian composers for the theatre—a life full of ups and downs. Hurrying to and fro, sometimes to success, at others to failure, for a long time receiving the smallest guerdon for operas, written for this town or for that, he gradually, though surely, won the public sympathy, and, as a natural sequence, managerial recognition, till at length fortune smiled upon him and he could command his own terms. Such was the life of Rossini, from the time at which he composed his earliest operatic works, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* (in one act) and *L'Equivoco Stravagante* (in two), the first for Venice (1810), the last for Bologna (1811), to the time that *Tancredi*, produced at the Fenice, in Venice (1813), made his name famous over Italy; such was his life from *Tancredi* to the *Barbiere di Siviglia* (February, 1815), upon which his fame has depended as much as upon *Guillaume Tell* itself; such from *Il Barbiere* to *Semiramide*, brought out at the Fenice, Venice (1823),—the last opera he composed for Italy. What was before all remarkable is the rapidity of production which enabled Rossini within the space of thirteen years to give so many operas to the world, and among them so many containing much that is likely to endure. When he wrote *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* he was about 18; when he wrote *Semiramide* he was no more than 31. Nor was his ordinary habit of composing by any means favourable to the end in view. He frequently wasted in conviviality a good portion of the time stipulated for in his contracts with managers, and only when one might imagine there was just enough left at disposal to enable the copyist to make a fair copy of his score did he begin in earnest. He would then shut himself up and see no one till his opera was entirely sketched out, the scoring of it for the orchestra, which to the majority is by no means the least arduous task, being usually effected while laughing and conversing with his boon companions. And yet Rossini never failed on the appointed day when his work was to be delivered into the hands of the *Impresario*. Even *Guillaume Tell* was scored under similiar circumstances, with the same easy *nonchalance*, in the society of his Parisian friends.

The operas we have named form the standpoints in the various stages of Rossini's Italian career. Between *La Cambiale* and *L'Equivoco Stravagante*—written when he was scarcely free from the trammels of Mattei, his master in counterpoint and composition, to whose strict habits of discipline the young musician was anything rather than passively obedient—and *Tancredi*, he composed *L'Inganno Felice*, *Il Cambio della Valigia*, *Ciro in Babylonia*, *La Scala di Seta*, *I due Bruschini*, *La Pietra del Paragone*, *L'Occazione fa la Ladra* and *Demetrio e Polibio*, all of which were received with more or less favour, two or three of them with enthusiasm. No less than six were produced within the space of a single year (1812). The book of *Demetrio e Polibio*, Rossini's first attempt at *opera seria*, was written by Madame Mombelli, sister of the choregraph, Vigano, who invented the ballet of *Prometheus*, which Beethoven set to music. A quartet in this opera is spoken of, by Stendhal and others, in glowing terms. In *L'Inganno Felice* may be detected a foreshadowing of *Il Barbiere* and *Cenerentola*, while *Ciro in Babylonia* contains a chorus of magicians which would not have been out of place in *Semiramide*. As *La Cambiale* was the opera by which Rossini tried his wings at the little theatre of San Moisè, in Venice, so *La Pietra del Paragone* first brought him forward at the great theatre of La Scala in Milan. This last may fairly be regarded as his "pierre de touche." It was in *La Pietra* that he first employed the effect of *crescendo*, subsequently and so often turned to excellent account, but of which he was no more the originator than Giuseppe Mosca, from whom he was said to have stolen it. But enough of the early works of our composer, who

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received for each no more than the moderate consideration of from 200 to 250 francs—except for *La Pietra del Paragone*, for which he was paid 600. His first standpoint, as we have hinted, was *Tancredi*, in which at the age of 21 he showed himself master of *opera seria* and creator of a school. *La Pietra del Paragone*, as one of his biographers justly remarks, "gave him reputation; *Tancredi* gave him glory." From *Demetrio e Polibio* to *Tancredi* was one step; from *La Pietra* to *L'Italiana in Algeri* another. What *Tancredi* had done for Rossini in the direction of serious opera *L'Italiana* did for him in the direction of comic opera. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was produced in the summer of 1813, at the San Benedetto, Venice, and met with unequivocal success. In the *Italiana*, extravagant as is the libretto, Rossini had given new life to the *buffo* style. Every piece, from the overture to the trio, "Pappataci," was instinct with fresh vigour. He had now arrived at such a pass that the *Barbiere* and *Semiramide* are easily explained. Though producing with almost unexampled rapidity, he composed so much that, while frequently repeating himself, to write an opera was to him no labour; and it depended solely upon the mood he might be in whether the opera would or would not turn out a genuine work of art. Thus *L'Aureliano in Palmyra*, which separated *L'Italiana* from *Il Barbiere*, was at the best a *rifacimento*. It is remembered, however, for several reasons. Its overture was that now played to the *Barbiere;* and the theme of one of its choruses is the same as that of Almaviva's cavatina, "Ecco ridente." Rossini (like Auber) would use for other purposes whatever pleased him best in a work which had been unsuccessful; and for this he has frequently been called to account. *Aureliano* is otherwise noticeable as the opera in which Rossini himself first wrote the embellishments of his airs. Hence the florid *bravura* style, subsequently carried to a high pitch in *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, and still later brought to perfection in *Semiramide*.

L'Italiana in Algeri was followed by *Il Turco in Italia*. This opera-buffa, as extravagant and as amusing in its way as its direct precursor, with Philippo Galli as the "Turco," Giovanni Davide as Narciso, and Paccini (the Ronconi of his day) as Don Geronio, was produced at the Scala, Milan, in the autumn of 1814, and brought its composer the magnificent sum of 800 francs; but the Milanese, jealous of the Venetians, who had gone wild about *L'Italiana*, received it with as much coldness as they had shown to *L'Aureliano*. This was not encouraging for Rossini, whose next opera, *Sigismondo*, although highly praised by the orchestra as his very best, and produced at the theatre which had witnessed the triumph of *Tancredi*, was a decided failure. *Sigismondo* is now as little known as the *Cambio della Valigia*, of which not a single piece is extant. In the autumn of the same year Rossini produced another *opera seria*, entitled *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, at Naples, having entered into an engagement with the notorious Barbaja to undertake the musical direction of the San Carlo and Fondo in that city, and to compose an opera for each annually. *Elisabetta*, at the San Carlo, was the first fruit of his engagement. The overture was that to *Aureliano in Palmyra* (to which the composer must have been very partial). The *recitativo secco*, or recitative accompanied solely by the violoncello and pianoforte, was here for the first time abandoned; Rossini himself wrote the ornaments and *fioriture* for the singers, instead of permitting them to supply their own; and among the principal performers were Manuel Garcia, the tenor (Malibran's father), and the Spanish *mezzo-soprano*, Isabella Colbrand, who, seven years later became Rossini's wife. The opera had genuine success, and so delighted was the King with the music, that he issued an express order for removing a prohibition against the works of Rossini which had been enforced at the Conservatorio by the pedantic old master, Zingarelli. Although subsequently given in London, when the composer and his wife were engaged at the King's Theatre, *Elisabetta* is now almost forgotten.

The opera which came after *Elisabetta* was *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, at the Teatro Valle, Rome (1815), the chief characters being sustained by Madame Sala (who long afterwards settled in England), Donzelli, Galli, and Remorini. *Torvaldo* was a failure; but one of its most striking themes was subsequently introduced in *Otello*. It was succeeded by *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rome, 1816). *Il Barbiere*—with the intermission of *La Gazzetta*, an "operetta buffa," improvised for the Teatro del Fiorentini—was followed by *Otello* (Naples, 1816); *Otello* by *La Cenerentola* (Rome, 1817); and *La Cenerentola* by *La Gazza Ladra* (Milan, 1817). The production of four such works—not to speak of a cantata, entitled *Teti a Peleo*, or of the scarcely known *Gazzetta*, or of *Armida*, composed and performed at the San Carlo, Naples—within so brief an interval of time, denotes a facility only excelled by the almost incredible feats of Handel. About the *Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazza Ladra* it would be superfluous to say anything; the anecdotes connected with their production are familiar, while as operas they are just as popular in England as elsewhere. Nor need we do more than enumerate the other Italian operas of Rossini—*Adelaida di Borgogna* (Rome, 1818); *Mosè in Egitto*,* afterwards the *Moïse*† of Paris (Naples, 1818); *Adina*, a one-act opera (Lisbon, 1818); *Ricciardo e Zoraide* (Naples, 1818); *Ermione* (Naples, 1819); *Eduardo e Cristino*, a "*centone*," or *pasticcio*, made out of pieces from the two works last mentioned (Venice, 1819); *La Donna del Lago* (San Carlo, Naples, 1819); *Bianca e Faliero* (the Scala, Milan, 1820); *Maometto Secondo*, afterwards the Paris *Siége de Corinthe* (Naples, San Carlo, 1820); *Matilda di Shabran* (Rome, 1821); *Zelmira* (Naples, 1821); and *Semiramide* (Teatro Fenice, Vienna, 1823). All these were produced under the same conditions of precipitate haste as the operas which preceded them, and the catalogue alone, without reference to the beauties with which many of them are crowded, and in which not one is altogether wanting, must raise astonishment at the facility and seemingly inexhaustible resources of the composer. In *Ricciardo e Zoraide* Rossini had a chance of writing for Pisaroni, for whom afterwards he composed the part of Malcolm Græme in *La Donna del Lago*. When he first heard Pisaroni at Genoa, she was playing soprano characters, and among others, Amenaide and Matilda in *Tancredi* and *Matilda di Shabran;* and it was he who persuaded the renowned artist to abandon soprano, and take to parts for which her voice was naturally suited. Through his advice Pisaroni became the greatest contralto of her time—the Tancredi and Arsace *par excellence*. *Ricciardo*, next to *Semiramide*, is the opera in which Rossini has been most prodigal of the florid *bravura* style. Of *Bianca e Faliero* little is now remembered but a quartet and a duet for women's voices, both since interpolated in *La Donna del Lago*. At the first three representations of *Matilda di Shabran* the orchestra was directed by the famous violinist, Paganini, who, the conductor being ill, had, without Rossini's knowledge, proffered his services to the *impresario*. Shortly after the first performance of *Zelmira*, in which Mdlle. Isabella Colbrand played the principal character, she accompanied Rossini to Bologna, where their marriage was solemnized—the result of seven years' courtship. Though originally produced at Naples, *Zelmira* was composed for Vienna, and it was the first opera (followed by *Matilda*, *Elisabetta*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Ricciardo*), which so completely fascinated the Austrian capital, to the despair of Beethoven and the anger of *soi-disant* "classical" critics. With respect to *Semiramide*, to this day so popular, it is enough to state that the chief singers on the occasion of its first representation were Colbrand (Semiramide), Mariani (Arsace), Galli (Assur), and the English tenor, Sinclair (Idreno). Speaking of *Semiramide*, Rossini said, "It is the only one of my Italian operas which I had the chance of composing at leisure; my contract allowed me forty days—but I did not take forty days to write it." The Italian career of this singularly-gifted man thus commenced at the little theatre of San Mosè with the musical farce of *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, and terminated at the great theatre of La Fenice, with the lyric tragedy of *Semiramide*. Thus Venice, so far as his own country was concerned, was both his Alpha and Omega.

Of Rossini's sojourn in Vienna (1822) no more need be said. We may pause to regret that the opera he wrote expressly for the Austrians, the *Zelmira*, of which Carpani and others speak in raptures, although given in London during the professional visit of the great Italian and his wife (1823-4), should be at this moment virtually unknown to London amateurs. With reference to this visit it is enough to add that Rossini did not compose the opera, *La Figlia dell' Aria*, for which he had engaged himself to the manager of the King's Theatre, but paid the forfeit instead. His time had been otherwise too profitably employed; by singing

* Originally played in London, at the King's Theatre, as *Pietro l'Eremita*.

† Performed at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, under the name of *Zora*.

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and accompanying at concerts, public and private, he had amassed, in less than five months, between £7,000 and £8,000. Nor shall we go into details about his varied fortunes as director of the Italian Opera in Paris, where he produced the *Crociato in Egitto* of Meyerbeer, where he composed *Il Viaggio di Rheims*, afterwards metamorphosed into *Le Comte Ory* (for the *fêtes du sacre* of Charles X.), where he brought forward Donzelli, Rubini, Malibran, Sontag, Pisaroni, Galli, Lablache, Tamburini, and Giulia Grisi, where he engaged Hérold, composer of *Zampa* and *Le Pré aux Clercs*, as *chef du chant*, and did many other things worthy commemoration. To his subsequent achievements in Paris reference has been made at the beginning of this article. In 1836 Rossini left Paris for Bologna; in 1845 his first wife died in that city; in 1847 he married Mdlle. Olympe Pelissier, now his widow; and in the same year quitted Bologna for Florence, where he remained till 1855, when he returned to Paris, never again to leave it. The position he held and the life he led in the French capital are well known.

If not the most learned of Italian composers, or the one who did most with the gifts he owed to nature, Rossini was certainly the most prolific. Compared with Cherubini as a scholar he could not fairly be, any more than as an inventor Cherubini could be compared with him. Cimarosa and Paesiello, his immediate predecessors, were also prolific; so was Piccini, who preceded them; but allowing for the time in which they respectively flourished and the progress which, through the German masters (Haydn and Mozart especially) the art had made, we must still admit that Rossini was, not only in genius but in acquirement, their superior. What, after all, is the *Barbiere* of Paesiello, what the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa (the *Buona Figliola* of Piccini is altogether out of date), placed in juxtaposition with the *Barbiere* of Rossini? Or, to leave *opera buffa*, and go to *opera seria*, who would think of putting the *Orazii ed i Curiazii* of Cimarosa on a par with *Otello*, or with any other of Rossini's operas of that class? As a proof that the old masters, changes of style and means accounted for, can hold their own, it is but necessary to cite the instance of Mozart; and we should no more think of pitting *Guillaume Tell* against *Don Giovanni* than the *Barbiere* against *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But can any one acquainted with their works imagine Paesiello or Cimarosa writing *Guillaume Tell* or *Moïse?* No, nor even *Otello*. All the Italian dramatic music of the last half century comes more or less from Rossini. Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi himself, are alike indebted to him; and how much they are his inferiors need scarcely be added. That Auber, superlatively French as he is, owes him something, Auber would be the readiest to admit. Meyerbeer was more or less his debtor to the end; and the influence to which we owe *Margherita d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato* is not altogether absent from *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

In the Krausenstrasse, Berlin, where the Friedrichstädtische Halle is now the nightly resort of the "Deas minorum gentium," stood, forty-five years ago, the modest establishment of Henkel the restaurateur, where students were in the habit of taking their frugal repasts. Here were seated opposite each other, one evening in the winter season of 1823-24, two young men, one of whom attracted the attention of the other, who was a stranger to him, by the Napoleonic type of his features, and still more by his remarkable restlessness. The possessor of the Bonaparte-like physiognomy kept executing in his chair all kinds of seemingly dangerous manœuvres, without appearing to bother his head in the least about the existence of his companion. After attempting unsuccessfully some Japanese knife-tricks, and projecting sundry bread-pellets against the ceiling, which was not very high—some of the pellets rebounding close to the portion of the table justly belonging for the time to the writer of these lines—he began whistling a fantasia, a wild effusion without tune or rhythm, but the instrument with which Nature had provided him he employed with great virtuosity. As yet we had not exchanged a word, and I was beginning, within my own mind, to grow angry at my neighbour's unceremonious behaviour, when I thought I might amuse myself in the same way that he amused himself. During a pause which shortly afterwards supervened in the mimico-plastico-equilibristico-musical solo *scena*, I suddenly commenced singing in a loud voice the first part of a then universally popular Ecossaise-Walz. Scarcely had I concluded, when my *vis-à-vis* whistled the well-known eight bars, in the same key, and the same time. "So, he is not altogether unmusical," I thought, and, to test him, I sang the second part of the waltz. The answer was instantly whistled back, but with a variation in the third, and another in the fourth bar. I looked at my companion, and again sang the second part according to the reading familiar to me; the echo did not obey, however, for my companion whistled his melody as before, merely laying a particular stress upon the altered passage. "Yes, that is really right," he now said, as I looked scrutinizingly at him, "for there is no simple accompaniment to your melody."—"I am sorry," I replied, "that I cannot prove to you the contrary, as, to do so, we should require an instrument."—"Oh, there is one in the landlord's room, next to this; I am a regular customer," he continued, "so we will go in without more ado." It was thus that I made the acquaintance of a highly gifted young man, and we ended the evening by playing, without notes, the finale to *Don Juan* for four hands, and then, in mutual admiration of our musical capabilities, we took friendly leave of one another. August Dohrn, an amateur endowed with talent such as few artists possess, became my inseparable comrade at the University, and, for two successive years, I accompanied him, each vacation, to his home at Höckendorff, near Stettin. But it is not He who is the One now Dead to whom I refer in the heading of this notice; Dohrn is alive in all the fulness of health, and in the lap of wealth, the happy father of a family, the director of the largest sugar-refinery in the kingdom of Prussia, President of the German Entomological Association, the translator of Spanish dramas, and ex-deputy.

Some weeks after our first meeting, we were seated together in a *Restauration* in the Jägerstrasse. In 1850, Marie Gey resided in the same house, and, 1860, the beautiful Leontine from Perleberg. We were looking at some other customers, strangers to us, playing billiards. An exceedingly handsome young fellow, whose Sarmatian descent was apparent at the first glance (even if you had paid no attention to the braid upon his coat) was unfortunate enough to make a marvellously large number of false strokes. Dohrn appeared highly pleased at this, and began again acting the part of whistling virtuoso. At every fresh blunder, Papageno's five-toned melisma escaped from his lips. The object of all this whistling soon turned round upon his self-constituted critic, gave his own name and address, asked, in the most friendly manner, for the name and address of the critic aforesaid, and, after obtaining them, finished the game in due form. Three days afterwards, there was a set-to, with broad-swords, in the Scharnstrasse (in the building of which the under portion is supposed to be at present employed by Herr Krauss, of the Royal Opera-house, as his wine-cellars). At the bloodless conclusion of the affair, the two duellists became good friends, and Constantin Holland, of Breslau, made henceforth the third in our band. Holland, who, like Dohrn, was thoroughly musical, owed a part of his education to old Urban in Elbing. There, in the house of his uncle, the "Stadtmusicus," or Musician to the Municipality, he learned to play all kinds of instruments,* and heard a great deal of good music; in addition to this, he possessed a very agreeable deep tenor voice. Dohrn's *hautcontre* and my baritone completed the trio, and whenever we met, we regularly got through two or more operas or oratorios from alpha to omega. Spohr suffered considerably at our hands! We were especially fond of singing and playing his *Faust*. I generally sat as orchestra at the piano; favourite duets were sung, mostly from memory, by the two others, and even then Holland exhibited great talent for acting, and would never be prevented from giving dramatically the principal scenes from the *Barbiere*. My two friends had no family connections in Berlin; I had, and, of course, so many musical acquaintances that it was easy for me to introduce strangers. But I could do so only with Holland, who, by the way, was most gentlemanly in his bearing and manners. Dohrn was superior to him in scientific education, but always disliked putting on a dress-coat. After he had left me in the lurch two or

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

* In his *Biographie Universelle*, Fétis speaks of him as a virtuoso on the flute, who afterwards went on the stage. When he was a student at Breslau, he played a flute solo at an Aula Concert, and was praised in the papers. It appears, therefore, that Silesian journals then found their way to Belgium.

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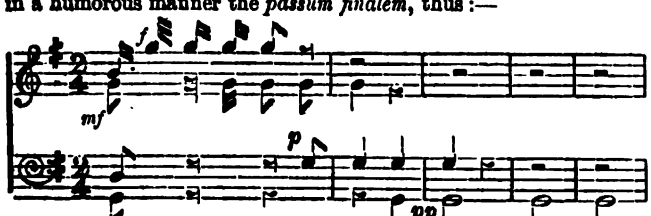
three times, I did not ask him any more. Holland, on the contrary, possessed the talent of rendering himself very soon a favourite everywhere. At that time, there were in Berlin far fewer public, but far more private, concerts than at present. The little tables, on each of which there was room only for a pianoforte score and a light, and of which there used to be at least half-a-dozen, wherever it was customary to give musical *soirées*—these little tables, round which we sat, partly as solo singers, and partly as chorists, and helped to execute entire operas or oratorios—these little tables no longer exist anywhere. They always recur to my mind whenever I meet Gustav Reichardt in the streets of Berlin: the little tables, and the pleasant evenings at the houses of Bloch, Büsching, F. Förster, Friedländer, Hildebrand, Köhler, Kuhlmeier, Parthei, Schleiermacher, Stägemann, and Zimmermann. The good-humoured, merry *candidatus theologiæ* was the *perpetuum movens* of our musical undertakings; generally entire operas were executed with great precision though without fuss. Reichardt had introduced me, and I in my turn introduced my friend Constantin. . . there was no end to our musical performances. But, with all this, we did not forget that the real object of our coming to reside in the capital was to study, and, by paying frequent visits to the set who met at the Court of Madagascar, an obscure beer-cellar in the Grosse Friedrich-Strasse, we kept up our connection with the University, especially with Holland's countrymen—the Poles—and also with those students who hailed from the same province, Pomerania, as Dohrn. The latter did not abandon me after I completely exchanged law for art; on the 25th July, 1826, the day when my first opera, *Roland's Knappen*, was produced at the Königstädter Theatre, they formed the *claque* in the pit, and would not rest until they had obliged me to come on at the conclusion of the opera. Twenty years later, on my paying a visit to the newly-arrived *Regierungspräsident*—afterwards *Cultusminister*—von Raumer, he reminded me of the warm evening in the Alexanderplatz, when, wedged in between Holland and Dorn, he assisted in representing the enthusiasm of the Berlin public for my masterpiece. In the interim, I had concluded my musical studies under Bernhard Klein, and attained the object of all my wishes: the management of an opera company, beginning in my native town, Königsberg. On the morning of my departure from Berlin (7th March, 1828), I was surprised by a *Ständchen** from my friends. Glagow, at present director of the High School for young Ladies, at Stettin, had written the verses; Holland, who, like me, left the University for the stage, was the composer. The heading of the MS., which was handed me with great solemnity, ran thus: "Cantata dedicated to Heinz D., Musical Director in Königsberg, on his completing *Die Bettlerin;* words by Ed. Glagow, *Privatgelehrte*, Berlin; music by C. Holland, opera singer in Cüstrin." (He was to make his first trial on the stage at that town.) The verses concluded with the words: "Du schufst ein Werk voll Harmonie—nimm unsern Dank für deine Müh'!" ("Thou hast created a work full of harmony—receive our thanks for thy pains!") and Holland would not let slip the chance of illustrating in a humorous manner the *passum finalem*, thus:—

Besides Glagow and Holland, the author and musician of the Cantata, Dohrn, Geppert (now dead) the Brothers Kugler (also dead) Lengerich, and Fr. Tietz (the well known *feuilleton* writer) figured as singers. Thus, after being together almost daily for four years, the members of our trio separated never to meet again collectively; each of us has, in his way through life, afterwards met, now and then, one of his two friends, but the three have never since met at the same time.

(To be continued.)

* A *Ständchen* is generally given, under one's windows, in the evening. It is then to be translated a "serenade." What is the correct English rendering when a *Ständchen* is given in the morning, as in the present case, I leave the intelligent reader to determine for himself.—TRANSLATOR.

The Sphinx upon Charles Halle.

Œdipus, you're wanted.

By a vast number of people Mr. Charles Hallé's concerts are looked forward to as one of the few things worth living for—in Manchester. Various elements contribute to their success. In the first place, they have immense merits in themselves; in the second place, fashion has simpered on them; in the third place, the daily press cherishes a kind of superstition in Mr. Charles Hallé. While there are so many good-natured critics constantly perspiring with admiration, we propose to keep our blood below fever heat, by directing our attention rather to the defects of the concerts. It is with pleasure we admit that our notices will necessarily be shorter than those of the other side. And any irritation which we may from time to time display, must be construed into a feeling of almost jealousy, that what might be faultless isn't.

Mr. Charles Hallé is gifted with the first of all qualifications requisite in a pianist—denial of self. He renders the composer with exactness, simplicity, and taste. When Charles Hallé plays, he ceases to be Charles Hallé, and becomes an exquisite instrument. The possession of this gift of self-restraint in such a high degree may exclude the gift of doing justice to all styles. It argues a want of the impulse and quick sympathy which a perfect rendering of music such as Robert Schumann's demands. But for a conscientious and refined reading of the composer, Charles Hallé is unequalled. If you were to hear him only once, you might not feel this, but in the end he gains a complete victory. Young people sometimes prefer a more romantic style, but Charles Hallé appeals to the formed judges who like to go to the source of the stream, and test the pureness of the water for themselves. Charles Hallé's playing leaves the impression of calm and constant sunshine; and if a single murmur can be urged against it, it is that it sometimes leaves that suspicion of languor which even too much fine weather will suggest. Sometimes we get impatient, and would like him to give one good thump on the keys—just as we long for a thunder-storm or a single cloud. Under the leadership of Mr. Hallé, the orchestra has become animated with the same spirit of self-restraint, and has improved accordingly. But even the orchestra sometimes shows a want of all the energy intended by the composer.

One of the greatest mistakes made in these concerts lies in the length of the programmes. It is not entirely Mr. Hallé's fault. When an Englishman goes to a place of amusement, he expects to be entertained from the six o'clock dinner or tea up to bed-time. Now, if a digestible dose of music may be prescribed, we should say, from our experience of Continental concerts, that it must be contained in one hundred minutes. Perhaps nothing has so much tended to corrupt musical taste in England as this habit of giving quantity at the inevitable expense of quality. Who ever heard, out of England, of a monster concert? By the-bye, does it mean that the concerts themselves, or the people who go to them, are monsters? But why trouble ourselves with definitions—both views are correct.

Charles Hallé's programmes are signal instances of English greed. They are like nothing so much as an over-laden supper-table, where hardly room is left for your own plate. Who ever enjoyed the most magnificent supper at an evening party, where you are pushed about the room with a spoon in one hand, and the bread part of a once-upon-a-time ham-sandwich in the other? In Mr. Hallé's concerts the pieces follow each other so quickly that we have no room to enjoy them. If you go to a picture-gallery, no matter how many different pictures court your attention, you can always shut your eyes and seek a little rest in conversation. But a succession of musical pieces takes you mercilessly by the ears, and no escape is possible excepting through the door. Let a Commission of Inquiry sit upon the six oldest subscribers, and determine the number of bars which a human being, not being either an English school-girl or an Italian exile, can listen to at one time without injury.—*Manchester Sphinx.*

Moscow.—Mdlle. Artôt achieved a great triumph in *Gli Ugonotti*, being called on no less than twenty-seven times.—On the occasion of his benefit, when *La Muette* was played, M. Dupont, the conductor, received many marks of respect and many presents from his numerous admirers and friends. Among the presents was a watch worth two thousand francs.

LEIPSIC.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been very successfully produced, though none of the singers, with the exception of Madame Peschka-Lentner, as Helene, did the composer justice.—The programme of the Sixth Gewandhaus Concert included: Suite in Canon form for Stringed Instruments, Grimm; Violin Concerto, Paganini, and "Polonaise," Besekirsky (Herr Besekirsky); Second Symphony in C major, Schumann; Air, "Göttin des Herzens," from *Die Vestalin*, Spohr, and songs by Gluck and Schumann (Mdlle. Förster).

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TWO FANCIFUL STORIES.

One concerns Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and M. Mahalin tells it in *Les Jolies Actrices de Paris.*

"It is snowing. The skies, all black as they are with night and cold, commence turning gray in the east. After a while the sun rises in the mist. A vague bluish light seems to descend with the snow-flakes. Here and there pines and birches covered with icicles, tremble and moan in the wind. In a sort of ravine are to be seen a few wretched cabins; from the snow-clad roofs, made of bark, ascend blue clouds of smoke; those who look out of the low windows of these cabins behold a flock of ravens on the dazzling white plain.

"We are far from Paris, fifty leagues from Stockholm, in a miserable village of the province of Smaland.

"Let us enter one of these hovels, which seem rather to have been made for wild boars than for men.

"The poor people here live in the same room with their cattle. A miserable stove emits painful sounds, in the middle of the floor. On the ground, in a motley group, lie goats, sheep, and children, stretching their necks wistfully towards a kettle on the hearth. These children are dressed in rags. Under a window in the roof sits the mother spinning. The father, smoking a pipe, sits in a corner of the room. Every now and then are heard from without the merry sounds of jingling sleigh-bells, or the dull noise of a horse galloping past, a sleigh darts past with lightning speed. In the same manner there appears and disappears a fur-cap, fur-robe, a fur-jacket; then the father's voice drowns the noise of the spinning-wheel, the seething kettle on the hearth, and the hissing green-wood on the stove.

"'Christina!'

"From the group of children there emerges the shapely head of a very pretty girl, surrounded by a crown of straw-coloured, soft, and silky hair.

"'Christina, take your violin and go to the height!'

"In this manner Christina Nilsson entered upon her career as an artist. What a contrast between the highway, on which she once, when a little girl, played the violin, and the magnificent *salon* in which an enthusiastic audience now lavishes applause on the great cantatrice. And yet, not more than ten years have elapsed since her *début*.

"Ten years ago a distinguished Swedish gentleman ascended that height; heard the little peasant girl play the violin; caused her to conduct him to her father, and said to him: 'Nilsson, I want to make you an offer. Your daughter is a talented child. Intrust her to me, and I am sure I can make a great artist of her.'

"'Old Nilsson,' a sharp clear-headed peasant, knew full well that his daughter possessed extraordinary musical talents; and, inasmuch as the aristocratic stranger gave him several gold pieces, and promised to send more money from time to time, he did not hesitate long; and the little Christina, after bidding farewell to her parents and brothers and sisters, and shedding a few tears, accompanied the gentleman who had promised to make a great artist of her, and had already won her young heart by the great kindness with which he treated her. Two days afterwards Christina reached with him the city of Gothenburg, where a new outfit was bought for her, and where everybody who saw her in her new dress exclaimed, 'What an exceedingly pretty child.' Her protector then took her to a boarding school, where she was so industrious and made such rapid progress that a year afterwards, she could already be sent to Stockholm where she studied music, and where all professors and musicians who heard her sing wondered at her extraordinary talents, and said that at length a worthy successor of Jenny Lind had been found. Upon her first appearance at a public concert, where she sung a few simple national songs, she electrified the whole audience, and elicited the most rapturous applause. Finally, when her professors in Stockholm could no longer teach her anything new, she went to Paris, where Prof. Wartel completed her musical education, and where she soon afterwards achieved such marvellous triumphs on the stage of the Théâtre Lyrique.

"And what a difference there is between that wretched room in the low hovel in the Swedish province of Smaland and the apartments in which the cantatrice now lives!

"Her apartments are on the fourth floor of a large and very fine house in the Rue de Rivoli, and the Tuileries are to be seen from the windows of the *salon*.

"The *salon*, the only place in this sanctuary to which profane persons have as yet gained access, is in white and gold, and its furniture is covered with blue damask. It has only one window, and three doors; that on the right leads to the bed chamber of the mistress, that on the left to the room of the lady of company, and the third communicates with a passage leading to the ante-room.

"The mantle-piece is made of Parian marble, and so beautifully wrought are the bronze ornaments on it that it cannot but delight the eyes of all lovers of the style of Louis the Fifteenth. Against the wall opposite to the window stands a piano; beside it a sofa and a *guéridon*. The piano is loaded with music books; the sofa and *guéridon* are loaded with bouquets.

"The hands of the clock point to midnight.

"Before the piano sits a young lady. Her dress tasteful though simple, reaches up to her throat. Her hand with the shapely, though somewhat long fingers, touches the keys of the instrument, while her eyes wander about the room, and are fixed now on her handsome slippers, now on the window curtains, through which the gas-lights of the Rue de Rivoli are seen.

"She is absorbed in deep reflections; she seems to listen to something in her past. Does she not, perhaps, think of the immortal masters to whose compositions she has just given expression.

"No, she calls to mind the days of her childhood; she hears again those words which speak more impressively to her heart and soul than the music of Mozart:

"'Christina, take your violin and go to the height!'"

The second story tells of Miss Minnie Hauck, and for it the *New York Herald* is responsible:—

"Minnie Hauck, who seems destined to take the place of Patti, was, a year or two ago, a poor little girl living in a garret in Stanton Street, unknown and little dreaming of the future before her. Her parents were poor, and her father a mechanic. Her parents were residing in New Orleans during the war, when a lady of wealth and musical taste there, hearing Minnie sing, was so struck with her voice that she kindly undertook to give the child lessons. After the family returned to New York, and while living in Stanton Street, some one passing the house heard the young girl singing, and mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Jackson, a music-teacher and organist at Christ Church, in this city. It so happened that the congregation of Christ Church wanted at that time a soprano voice for the choir. Miss Hauck was requested to go to the church to let the congregation judge of her vocal ability. The result was, she was engaged immediately, and the poor girl, in her delight at such unexpected good fortune and at the prospect of being able to help her parents in their struggle for a living, exclaimed fondly, 'Now, father, we shall be able to get along!' The organist was delighted with her, and did all he could to improve her musical education. Subsequently she took lessons from Italian singing-masters, and then, step by step, from the church choir to the concert-room, and from there to the opera, she acquired the reputation which has placed her in the front position as a *prima donna*."

Of both narrations it may be said "Se non é vero, é ben trovato."

BENNETT'S "WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

We are glad to observe that this latest production of our distinguish d countryman is making its way into public favour. A few weeks ago it was performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Benedict. Last week Mr. Charles Hallé made it known to his Manchester audience, and next week, we are specially glad to observe, the cantata will form part of the National Choral Society's opening programme. *Apropos* of its Manchester performance, we take the following from a local paper:—

"The programme included Professor Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, supported by Madame Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, as principal vocalists. Having yesterday referred at some length to the design and character of the cantata, we may at once state our favourable impression was more than confirmed by last night's performance. To appreciate the essential beauties of a work of this kind, more than superficial acquaintance must be granted; but even this is sufficient to prove the great merits of the new cantata. It is pre-eminently a suggestive composition, appealing not merely to the cultivated intellect, but aiming also, in spirit and treatment, to excite feelings in harmony with its lofty theme. The instrumental introduction was admirably played, and the well-known subject of the opening soprano chorus, 'Luther's Hymn,' at once excited the attention of the audience. The choruses were, generally, well sung, and none more so than the lovely 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,' and the picturesquely beautiful, 'Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion.' Others also claim notice both for composition and performance, but we hope to have further opportunity of calling attention to them. Mr. Hallé deserves the thanks of the public for introducing this interesting work, and may be congratulated on so efficient a performance."

The soloists are not uniformly praised by the critics, but Mr. Lewis Thomas appears to have pleased all round.

RATHER TARDY ADVICE.—"Better late than never" is a good axiom, but, like every other earthly thing, it has its limits, which are slightly overstept in No. 8 of this year's series of the German musical paper *Euterpe*. At page 168, the writer of the article on the *Landorganist*, by Robert Führer, remarks: "His compositions are light and pleasing, and this fact is partly the reason why, though they are generally deficient in anything like serious purport, they are preferred to most of the better works of their kind in town churches and in country churches. At the present day, however, a by no means inconsiderable spirit of opposition has sprung up against this sort of sacred music, 'light' in a double sense; from several quarters people are pressing vigorously towards something more serious, more dignified, and more noble, and the time is probably not far distant, when" (*sic*) "Robert Führer must make up his mind either to produce something of more sterling quality, which he could well do, or to see his star pale." But Robert Führer died on the 28th November, 1861, and is, therefore, unfortunately unable to follow the advice so kindly tendered him.

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ROSSINI'S FUNERAL.

The following account of the mournful ceremonial of Saturday last is from an eye-witness:—

The funeral of Rossini was solemnized this day. It was at first intended that the religious service should be celebrated at the Madeleine, but, in consequence of a ceremony having been previously fixed for the same hour, that arrangement was changed and the service was performed in the new Church of the Trinity, at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin. Special invitations had been sent out, with the usual addition that the deceased had received the sacraments of the Church. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed, but the crowd began to arrive at 10, and soon filled all the approaches to the church so densely that, but for the intervention of numerous *sergens-de-ville*, it would have been impossible for those who had tickets to enter. The great gate was hung in black; and in the interior a catafalque stood in the centre of the nave, facing the high altar. The galleries were reserved for ladies, and the whole attendance could not have been less than four thousand. A little after twelve the rolling of muffled drums announced the approach of the hearse, which was followed from the Madeleine, where the body had been temporarily deposited, by the deputation from Pesaro and the intimate friends of Rossini. While the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid in the catafalque, the great organ played the "Ténèbres," from the *Semiramide*. The mass opened with a chorus of Jomelli, executed by the pupils of the Conservatoire and the vocal celebrities of Paris. The *morceau* selected for the occasion were in the following order:—The "Dies Iræ"—the solos performed by Mesdames Nilsson and Block, and MM. Gardoni and Tamburini. The "Liber Scriptus," adapted to the music of the "Quis est Homo?" of the *Stabat*—Rossini's *Stabat*—sung by Alboni and Patti. The "Lacrymosa" of Mozart's *Requiem*, by the choir. At the offertory, "Vidit Suum," from the *Stabat* of Pergolese, by Mdlle. Nilsson. At the Elevation, "Pie Jesu," adapted to the *quatuor* "Quando Corpus" of Rossini's *Stabat*, by Mesdames Krauss, Grossi, and MM. Nicolini and Agnesi. The "Agnus Dei," adapted to the *Prière de Moïse* (Rossini), *solo soprano* by Alboni and Patti; and the bass solos by MM. Bonnehu, Cams, and Belvel; and the "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat*, was sung by M. Faure. Nothing could give an idea of the impression produced on the assembly by such music, interpreted by such artists. The *duo* of the *Stabat* by Alboni and Patti was given with such deep pathos that several persons could not help melting in tears. Never did Alboni—the illustrious pupil of so illustrious a master—sing with more beauty and more effect.

It was past 2 o'clock when the service was over. The *cortége* formed after a good deal of delay, owing to the crowd in front of the church. It proceeded slowly up the Chaussée d'Antin, the windows of the houses on both sides being filled with spectators, and issued out on the Boulevards. The pall-bearers were M. Nigra, the Italian Minister; M. Cerutti, Consul-General of Italy; M. Camille Doucet, head of the Administration of the Theatres; and M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of *Hamlet*. The Emperor was represented by M. de la Ferrière, one of his Chamberlains, who followed in one of the Court carriages. M. Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household and of the department of Fine Arts, was also present. Indeed, the list of celebrities in all departments who paid their last tribute to Rossini would fill a column. The deputation from Pesaro preceded all the musical corporations in the procession. On the coffin was deposited a crown formed of laurel and gold. It was past four when the *cortége* reached the cemetery, where, after the remains were laid in the ground, discourses were pronounced by M. Mamiani in the name of the Italian deputation, and by MM. Camille Doucet, Ambroise Thomas, St. George, and others.

Another spectator dwells more particularly upon what took place in the church. He says:—

The interior of the church is magnificent, with great space, unadorned architectural beauty, some of the best painted windows in Paris, and splendid organs. The centre of the building, from the door to the altar, was kept by two files of the 51st of the Line, who, being in heavy marching order, knapsacks, &c., took up a great deal of space, and also at times interfered with the harmony of the service by "grounding arms," "presenting arms," and "kneeling" at "words of command," which, by chance, were always given in a loud voice in the midst of a solo. Ladies were sent to lateral chapels, the body of the church being reserved for the men. The doors were—very unnecessarily—kept closed till eleven. It was a cold, nay, a bitter day, and a long train of ladies, many in *demi*-toilet, were kept perishing for hours. Five minutes after eleven there was not a seat, in twenty minutes there was not standing room. I should say there were present at least 4,500 people. There was no ornament, nor were men forced to go in evening dress and mourning, which would have made the scene more striking. I shall make no attempt to tell you who were present. It is shorter to say that every celebrity in France was there. The Emperor was represented by Vicomte de Laferrière, in his uniform as First Chamberlain; Cavaliere Nigra, and all the Italian Embassy, were there in full uniform, and all their "orders" to represent Italy. Auber was there—Ambroise Thomas—the "Institut," the "Académie," the Italian "Delegate"—all the art and science, and most of the beauty of Paris. I have never in France seen in one assembly so many pretty faces. The chorus, which was very fine, and included voices rarely heard in chorus, was at the extreme end of the church; the solo singers over the entrance. The music was admirable.

It is a very long time since, if ever, I heard anything so splendid as the music. Every singer seemed inspired. Nilsson—who had sung *Hamlet* on Friday night—was wonderful; but of course the duet between Alboni and Patti was the gem; and the grand, round, melodious voice of Alboni never came forth in greater majesty. The effect was electric, and scores of women and men were weeping. Madame Alboni was very much affected, and wept before she began the favourite air of her old friend. Gardoni, too, was in grand voice. "That's Gardoni!" said a friend of mine who had not heard him for years, and to-day could not see him. In a word, all sang splendidly. The ceremony was in itself nothing. A coffin, absolutely covered with medals and crosses, Parma violets—Rossini's favourite flower—and wreaths of ivy, was carried into the church before the mass; and, after it, was taken with great pomp to Père la Chaise. All Paris lined the road to the last resting-place of the "Swan of Pesaro," and then all was over. And so was celebrated, far from the land of his birth, the funeral of the greatest composer of the day. His own splendid melody was splendidy sung over his grave, and he may be said to have been wafted away in a cloud of his own harmony. *Requiescat in Pace!*

In our next number we hope to complete this record by giving translations of the speeches delivered by M. Ambroise Thomas and others over the grave of the illustrious deceased.

TO ROSSINI.

(*From the "Kölnische Zeitung."*)

And so you have left us, poor dear Maestro, you, so fond of life, and so spoilt! gone from your joyous world of Paris, of which you had taken possession, just as, in the good old times, a prince took possession of his inheritance. You have been snatched from so many that it is not astonishing if each individual is less painfully affected at your decease than he otherwise would have been—for men like to have even their own special sorrow. There is scarcely one newspaper reader in the whole civilized world, who, on seeing the report of your death, will not have exclaimed: Oh! how sorry I am!

The world does not like to render any one famous, but if a man, despite all obstacles, no matter what, has fought his way upward, and made his name a name of note, the world looks with a certain feeling of satisfaction on him. If, however, as was your case, the combat occurred so long ago as to belong to history, if a man requires scarcely anything more from the Present, neither attention, nor recompense for new creations, nor marks of distinction for himself personally, or for his works, more honours are showered upon him than he can well bear. How many generations received your name as a word forming part and parcel of their mother-tongue, and admired you, before they had a notion of what your productions were. And then they became acquainted with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, who for the last half-century has been not merely the "factotum della città" but of all the opera-houses in the world. While, too, they were delighted with the melodies with which their fathers had grown up, they heard that the creator of those melodies was still alive and merry—that he had a friendly welcome for all who sought him out; that he launched forth the most admirable and the most humorous repartees, and in his uncommon position, did not wish to be anything more (what people *call* more) or anything else than a musician. The world grew enthusiastic for such a being—and rightly—for he was amiable and extraordinary.

In the whole history of art is there a career like yours, cherished Maestro? I doubt it. We find, it is true, geniuses who, like you, required only a few years to declare themselves—but their last works filled up their last days. Or they were men who, up to the most advanced age, were as insatiable in producing as the most fanatic martyr is in suffering. But you gave hardly twenty years of your existence to musical art, while you gave about forty to the art of life. Twenty years of sharp struggles and fabulous success—and then you hid yourself from the sun of your own genius, and

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allowed the days to glide by in the pleasant shade of your fame. Your art became for you a merry joke; you acted towards it as a man does with his little grandchild, as the hospitable rich do with good society. Some esteemed, and others blamed you for this line of conduct, but no one was able to explain it, and you probably never disclosed the real motive of it. As a prudent conqueror in the realm of tune, you did not wish, said your friends, to imperil by fresh hostilities the crown you owed to your former victories. Perhaps this was so! but it is not likely! I am afraid that you drank too deeply of the spring called popular favour—and you could not escape a little feeling of seediness.

But I am far from presuming to say that I have penetrated your motive. The most unimportant man is so complicated a machine that the Eternal machine-manufacturer alone can understand its inward machinery. Who, then, could comprehend so wonderfully organized a being as you were. What contradictions were united in you! The old Italian joy at the Beautiful, and the scepticism of the eighteenth century; the desire for the most exquisite enjoyments life affords, and the simplicity of a child of the people; the most cordial *bonhommie* and the most wanton love of raillery. But the Graces were your constant companions; they encompassed everything you did, and, most loveable of all the daughters of heaven, surround their favourites with a brightness more pleasing than the halo of the saints.

The history of civilization will have to record the almost mythical state of intoxication in which your songs plunged men, while the history of music more especially will have to speak of your genius, as well as of the direction it took and the influence it exercised; the journals of the day will, for the hundredth time, collect the names of your works with the dates of their production and the success they achieved, and will, one and all, not fail to indulge in æsthetical dissertations. I have no intention of this kind, as I jot down these hasty lines. I would speak only of the gap which your demise leaves among us. Or does Paris, great and rich as she is, contain another spot like your little bedroom, with its pianino, and its piles of music heaped one upon the other, and its cosy state of disorder? A spot where an artist found, at almost every hour of the day, the most hearty welcome, and the most charming chit-chat, and the most interesting people, and sympathy devoid of the slightest hypocrisy? Or a man on whom a visitor never intruded, for you had always time, and were always good-humoured, merely requiring, for all the intellectual enjoyment you afforded, that your visitor should take his seat now and then as a guest at your table. And when, in addition to the benefits which, in the strictest sense of the word, were offered to thousands, is added the recollection, ever present, of the kind and friendly feeling you manifested towards me as a boy, and retained towards me, as a youth and a man, for a long series of years, I may well be allowed to yield to the want I experience of giving utterance to sentiments of the deepest gratitude.

Farewell, then, beloved Maestro! If the number of delights in store for you on the other side the grave is equal to the happy hours you have afforded millions of men upon earth, an eternity of bliss will be yours. FERNANDO.

[For Fernando read Ferdinand Hiller. The apostrophe is worthy him who made it, and him to him it is addressed.—ED.]

HAMBURGH.—*Mignon*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, has been produced with only moderate success.—First Quartet Entertainment of Herren Lee and Bote: Quartet in B flat major (Op. 18), Beethoven; Quartet in F minor, Volkmann; and Quintet in C major, Schubert.—Soirée Musicale, given by Herren Brahms and Stockhausen: Recitative and Song from *Susanna*, Handel; Prelude, Bach; Sonata in C minor, Op. 111 Beethoven; Duet for Alto and Baritone, Op. 28, Brahms; Die Löwenbraut," Schumann; Adagio (unpublished), Schubert; "Ungarische Weisen," Brahms, &c.—First Subscription Concert of the Cecilia Association: *Requiem*, Cherubini; Symphony, D major, Haydn; "Chörlieder," Dowland, Brahms, Radecke, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.—Concert given by Herr Reinecke: Trio, B flat major, Op 97, Beethoven; "Nocturno," Chopin; "Impromptu, Gerlitt," "Am Springbrunnen," and "Fantasiestücke" for the Pianoforte and Violin, Schumann; Variations on a theme from Bach, and Ballad, Reinecke; and Salterello, Heller.—Concert of the Bach Society: Cantata Für jede Zeit, Bach; Fugue upon "Bach," Schumann; chorus, "Ehre sei Dir, Christe," Schütz; "Adventslied," Stobäus; and Prelude and Fugue, F minor, Handel.

Odd Thoughts.

La Presse Musicale, having to name a popular London weekly, calls it "The Quen, The Lady's Nems-paper."

Madame Carvalho, the original Marguerite, having been engaged at the Grand Opéra, Mdlle. Nilsson, also a Marguerite, sent the following letter to the management:—

"SIR,—The engagement of Madame Carvalho, beginning just as the rehearsals of *Faust* were about to commence, dictates to me the natural duty of restoring to her the character of Marguerite, which she has acted with such great success. I the more owe this homage to the celebrated singer, as I made my first appearance on the French stage by her side, and received a welcome which I can never forget. Glad, therefore, in these circumstances, to be able to show my respect for the eminent talent of Madame Carvalho, I place myself at your immediate disposal for any other of the characters included in my engagement."

We put this among our "Odd Thoughts," because it is undeniably very odd. Does the fair and graceful Swede mean to reform the moral code of the greenroom, which may be summed up as "Everyone for himself, and (with a paraphrase) bad luck to the hindmost."

DEAR PUNCH,—Do you want to know how to become a Prime Minister? If so, read and digest: Go first on one side and then on the other, turn round and round until you are Dizzy.—Yours ever,

To Job Punch, Esq. CAPER O'CORBY.

We are told how Signor Verdi has suggested the joint production of a requiem by the Italian composers in honour of Rossini, the work to be kept sealed up and only opened for performance at each anniversary of the illustrious master's death. We fancy the precaution to be needless. Written by the present generation of Italian musicians nobody is likely to violate the sanctity of the composition.

The Paris correspondent of the *Star* told us that Lord Lyons was present at Rossini's funeral; which report "amused" his more famous brother of the *Telegraph*. The latter assures us that Lord Lyons was busy slaughtering game at Compiègne along with the Emperor and the Prince of Wales. He also sends information as to the number falling to each gun, and what the Prince of Wales said about the whole affair. This we pass to enquire whether our Ambassador has not reason to pray for salvation from his friends.

Here is an odd sentence from a transatlantic journal:—"*Fac ut portem* was sung in the warm contralto, and pure style and feeling of Mrs. Carey." What can be meant by Mrs. Carey's warm contralto?

Another choice bit of American musical journalism is the following:—

"Miss Kellogg's solos were directed by Signor Giorza, who, being an Italian and a stranger, struggled manfully with the German element, which struggled back with equal manfulness, producing a 'musical muss' of the most disgraceful kind. It is true, they acted upon the pure Samaritan principle—Giorza being a stranger, they took him in—with a vengeance."

Watson's Art Journal speaks about Offenbach in its high-faluting style, as thus:—

"Whatever taste there is for the pure and beautiful in music, has been of too slow a growth, and has struggled through too many difficulties, to be troubled by the sweep of this vagrant breeze over the calm surface of its deep love. No; Offenbach may patter and clatter, but his time, as compared to that of the Prophets in the Art, is but as a moment to eternity."

Our contemporary also tells us that Offenbach has "a special talent for musical tailoring of light summer garments." Our contemporary is not less truthful than fanciful.

DRESDEN.—According to the German papers, the King of Saxony grants an annual subvention of 150,000 thalers to the Theatre Royal, an immense sum, considering that is the fourth of his civil list, which amounts to only 600,000 thalers a year.

ROTTERDAM.—At the first concert of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, Schumann's "Faustmusik" was performed. The solos were sung by Herren Stockhausen, Schneider, Bletzacker, Meadames Wegringer and Gryps.

NUREMBERG.—Concert for the benefit of the Hans Sachs Monument: Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; Fifth Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat major, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach; Fantasia in A minor, Mozart; "Römischer Triumphgesang," Bruch; "Polonaise" in E major, Liszt; March and Chorus from *Tannhäuser*, Wagner.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1868,

To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

OTTET, in F, Op. 116, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabass, Clarionet, French Horn, and Bassoon—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, PIATTI, REYNOLDS, LAZARUS, WESTLAND, and WOOTTON ... *Schubert.*

SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr. VERNON RIGBY ... ... *Mozart.*

SONATA, in A flat, Op. 39, for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER... ... *Weber.*

PART II.

ANDANTE and RONDO, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Signor PIATTI ... ... *Mollique.*

SONGS { "Through the night my songs adjure thee" ... ... *Schubert.* / "Devotion" ... ... *Schumann.*

Mr. VERNON RIGBY.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 54, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—*The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.*

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du ROY FLORENDOS de MACEDOINE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHONO.—Sound the "r" certainly.

DEATH.

On the 22nd inst., at 33, Gaisford Street, Kentish Town, AGNES HARRISON, mother of the late William H. Harrison, aged 87 years.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

ROSSINI ON MELODY AND MORALITY.

BEING dead he yet speaketh. Here is a clause in the will of the great master who has just gone from us:—

"I desire that after my death, and that of my wife, two prizes, each of a hundred and twenty pounds, be given in Paris, and to Frenchmen alone—one to the author of a musical composition, religious or lyrical, in which melody, now so much neglected, shall be chiefly considered; the other to the author of the words for this composition, in which the laws of morality, which writers do not always sufficiently consider, must be respected. These productions to be submitted to a special commission taken from the Academy of Fine Arts, which shall judge who is worthy of the Rossini prize which, after the performance of the piece, either at the Institute or the Conservatoire, shall be publicly decreed. I wish to leave to France, which has received me so hospitably, this proof of my gratitude and of my desire to see brought to perfection that art to which I have devoted my life. ROSSINI."

There is more in this bequest than the bequest itself. It embodies a protest which, weighty at any time coming from Rossini, is made far more powerful by attendant circumstances. Taking with him to the very gates of death an absorbing anxiety for his beloved art, the master's voice is last heard in warning against two formidable evils. Melody, he tells us, is neglected, and morality despised. The master is right.

That Rossini should champion melody is natural enough. Above all things he was a tune-maker—perhaps it would be more correct to say a tune-medium not having the trouble of creation. To him melody was music; the devices of harmony but the dress which enhanced its beauty. From *Tancredi* to *Guillaume Tell* he consistently preached this faith, and has left behind him a wealth of tune not to be overvalued by the wildest estimate. Unhappily for Rossini, he lived long enough to see the world grow contemptuous of his favourite creed. Yet not so; the world is as ready as ever it was to honour the tune-maker. We should have said the composers of Rossini's later years grew heedless of his precept and example. A new school has arisen, the disciples of which have for shibboleth such words as "profundity" and "intellectuality;" they talk largely of ideas and are ever searching for or trying to embody hidden meanings. The result is confusion, or worse—chaos. We are told that a muddy torrent of technicalities, of violent contrasts, and of blatant noises, is music, and a great many of us believing opaqueness to betoken depth, exclaim about it accordingly. Those who do so are hardly equal in wisdom to the composers whom they admire. There is a certain fish which can hide itself by dirtying the surrounding water, and the "intellectual" musicians of our day are clearly open to the suspicion of a like device. They have no tune, that is to say, no real musical ideas, and they try to conceal the fact by means of mystical utterances which, being unintelligible, may mean anything or nothing. Rossini's instinct must early have warned him of the danger to music arising from this, and one of his latest acts was to put upon record, in a practical and abiding form, his protest against it, doing so, as he expressly states, out of regard for the art to which his life was devoted. What the result will be nobody can tell. Immediate result there is likely to be none. The "intellectual" musicians of modern Germany, chiefs of the school to which they belong, will smile at the old man's words, and go on pouring forth confused sounds after their wont. Our hope is that the educated public will take the matter up, and demand tune as the firstly, secondly, and thirdly of music. Mere trickery has been worshipped long enough. We have had enough of artificial effects, and a change to the simple and natural is seriously needed. The ladies are beginning to copy their grandmothers in the matter of hair-powder. Would that composers thought it well to imitate Papa Haydn in the matter of tune.

But Rossini pleads for morality not less than for melody. As one loving and reverencing his art, he must long have grieved over the public and acknowledged association of music with indecency and filth. He lived to see the day when the most successful lyrical productions are allied to unblushing shamelessness of words and action. What marvel that his latest utterance should be a protest against so deep a degradation. We fear it would be vain to hope that either M. Offenbach's book-makers, or the public for whom they cater, will be much affected in consequence. The former will go on writing and the latter applauding the choice effusions beloved by the popular composer—save the mark—of our day.

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Nevertheless, Rossini's protest stands an honour to himself and an enduring example to all who have the well-being of music at heart.

—o—

Herr Liebich has again written to us on the subject of certain articles which not long since were published in the Brighton papers. His anxiety to exonerate himself from the charge of being their author is so great that, although no such charge was ever preferred against him by us, we shall allow him to state his case in our columns.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

8, *Powis Grove, Brighton, Nov. 24th*, 1868.

Sir,—A short time ago I took the liberty of requesting you to insert in the *Musical World* a letter, containing on my part the assurance that I was not in any way connected with criticisms and other articles which have appeared in the Brighton papers on ——— ——— ———'s last Brighton Recital. You declined the publication of that letter and intimated in strong terms that I felt guilty of participation in those articles. At the same time you suggested my writing to the Editors of those Brighton papers in which those articles had appeared. As a last resource to clear myself from the imputation of the authorship, *I have* applied to the Editors, viz. *Brighton Gazette, Guardian* and *Herald* but I am still without reply.

The *Guardian* Editor told me that he must decline to comply with my request and I made him at least promise me to write to me to that effect. As soon as I can I shall call upon the other Editors and see what can be done.

It is to me, a mere beginner in the musical world, of the greatest importance to keep free from anything dishonourable. To write unjust and disagreeable articles behind one's back and *put the authorship on some one else is in* my eyes dishonourable.

I have, in my really *great anxiety to convince you that I had not any connection with* those articles consulted Mr. ——— and he advised me to explain to you how matters stood. I am quite aware that the Brighton Editors are under the influence of some one who has used me badly and who is stronger than I am, but I am also of opinion that there are means in *your* hands rather than in mine to clear me. *You* will certainly not benefit from the discovery that I did not write articles on any of ——— ——— ———'s Recitals but at the same time I am convinced that your sense of justice will not allow me to suffer unjustly in so bad a cause.

This explanation I wished to give you next Saturday personally, but I wanted to request you to insert the enclosed advertisement and to say a few words in a little paragraph. This latter favour I can only expect after having given you satisfactory evidence of my total innocence. Will you not believe my repeated assurances that I neither attended the Recital in question nor wrote altogether after it anything on ——— ——— ———?

It is very painful to me to be deprived of all means of real proof, but I am quite confident that, if such proof is wanting *now*, some future time will give me an opportunity of convincing you of my straightforwardness.

From the advertisement you will see that my Concert is by far greater than any given before here and had I been able to make any arrangements about it months or weeks ago I should have tried before to explain to you everything personally. I had to decide very rapidly.

Trusting this will exculpate me in your eyes, believe me, yours most obediently, I. Liebich.

P.S.—May I trouble you for an immediate reply?

We are by no means surprised at Herr Liebich's anxiety to be relieved from the suspicion of being the author of articles clearly libellous, and, worse still, of aiding and abetting in a conspiracy. But, on the other hand, if he has not forgotten a *critique* upon a recital given at Brighton last summer by a celebrated foreign virtuoso, signed with his own name in full—"Immanuel Liebich"—he, in turn, can hardly feel surprised that a degree of suspicion should attach to him in the present instance, seeing that the *critique* to which we refer contained the germ of the very articles which he is desirous of repudiating, and which have been circulated anonymously in every quarter.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was in type, we have received another letter from Herr Liebich, together with an enclosure. Here are both:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

8, *Powis Grove, Brighton, November, 25th*, 1868.

Sir,—The Editor of the *Brighton Herald* has just sent me the enclosed note, and I hasten to put it into your hands. In respect of the other papers I think I shall put an advertisment in them, disclaiming in that form every connection with the article in question.—Yours obediently, I. Liebich.

Herald Office, November 25th, 1868.

Dear Sir,—No criticism on ——— ——— ——— has ever been contributed by you to the columns of the *Brighton Herald*.—Believe me, yours truly, Chas. Fleet.

Herr Liebich.

While taking Herr Liebich at his word, we must, nevertheless, decline to insert the advertisement or to write "the little paragraph" about his concert.

—o—

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Meyerbeer's pastoral, *Dinorah*, perhaps the most finished, certainly the most spontaneous of his contributions to the lyric stage, was revived on Saturday night. Remembering the extraordinary impression created some two years since by Mdlle. Ilma de Murska as the half-demented heroine, we cannot be surprised that this opera should have been included in her present series of performances. Mdlle. de Murska's Dinorah is in all its salient characteristics precisely what it was before, while, with regard to simple matters of detail, it shows what persevering study can effect where the artist, not willing to stand still, is bent upon approaching nearer and nearer to the desired perfection. On no occasion has she played the character with more dramatic force, or sung the music with more admirably sustained expression and "*finesse*," than on Saturday night, and on no occasion have her efforts met with heartier recognition. Not to go over the old ground in describing scene after scene—and Dinorah, it need hardly be stated, is seldom off the stage—we may single out the famous address to the "Shadow" (Act II.), as a masterpiece of piquant acting, and singing no less brilliant than effective. Of Mr. Santley's Hoel not another word need be said beyond the reiteration of a worn-out phrase—that no other such Hoel has been seen and heard, M. Faure not excepted, either on the French or the Italian boards. Signor Bettini is the best Corentin, Signor Gardoni alone excepted (and Corentin was Signor Gardoni's character "*par excellence*"), we can call to mind. Thus the three principal parts were admirably filled; and—with the co-operation of the new contralto, Mdlle. Scalchi, who, in the song with chorus of the goat-herd, composed by Meyerbeer expressly for the late Madame Nantier Didier, when *Dinorah* (in 1859) was first brought out at Covent Garden, exhibited a voice from which great things may be fairly expected, Mdlles. Rose Hersee and Bauermeister, to whom were entrusted the solo parts in the introduction of Act I., Signor Tagliafico, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mdlle. Sandrina, who, as well as Mdlle. Hersee, took part in the idyll which commences Act III., and from which, with an artist so thoroughly capable of doing it justice as Mr. Lyall, the omission of the "Song of the Reaper" seems unaccountable—the delicious music of Meyerbeer, in so far as the vocal part of it is concerned, has never been better given. On the other side of the lamps, the orchestra, conducted with his usual care and ability by Signor Arditi, was irreproachable throughout—the overture being played with marvellous spirit and all the delicate and ingenious accompaniments to a wish. The audience, delighted from beginning to end, besides encoring Mr. Santley in the melodious and expressive romance of the last act, called for Mdlle. de Murska after every scene in which Dinorah is conspicuous.

No "short winter season" ever undertaken by Mr. Mapleson has been conducted with more energy than this. Besides the operas already noticed, we have had the *Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Norma*, the *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *Il Flauto Magico*—all familiar features in his now extensive and well varied repertory. In *Faust*, as Margherita, and in *Don Giovanni*, as Zerlina, the young American singer, Miss Minnie Hauck, has made good her position and fully maintained the promise of her *début*; Mdlle. Tietjens has, as usual, been "Protean," excelling alike in German, French, and Italian opera; the well-remembered Herr Formes was right welcome as Leporello, a character in which, as our musical readers will not have forgotten, he used to be peerless; Mr. Santley has been of infinite service in almost every opera produced; Mdlle. Sinico has continued to exhibit the versatility of talent for which she has long been famous; and Mdlle. de

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Muraka, by her wonderful execution of the exceptionally difficult songs of the "Queen of Night," in *Il Flauto Magico*, has renewed the old enthusiasm. Signor Mengini, after singing better than he ever previously sang in England, improvement in style being accompanied by voice rather strengthened than impaired, has left to fulfil some Continental engagements; and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, whose singing stood in no need of improvement, has also quitted London for St. Petersburgh, where she is engaged for the winter.

Il Flauto was repeated on Monday night; *Le Nozze di Figaro* (of which, more next week) was played for the first time on Tuesday; *Il Flauto* was again produced on Wednesday afternoon; and on Thursday night we had *Dinorah*.

To-night *Il Flauto*; and on Monday (last night of the season) a miscellaneous entertainment.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of the second concert (on Monday last) was as follows:—

PART I.

Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Beethoven.
Song, "Ave Maria," Miss Edith Wynne ...	Schubert.
Sonata, in G, violin, pianoforte accompaniment ...	Porpora.
Sonata, in F, No. 18, pianoforte alone	Mozart.

PART II.

Fragments of unfinished quartet—strings	Mendelssohn
Song, "I know a song," Miss Edith Wynne ...	Benedict.
Septet, in D minor, pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and contra bass	Hummel.

Hummel's septet is not only the finest show-piece of its very industrious composer, but one of the finest show-pieces ever written in which the pianoforte has a leading part. That it was safe in the hands of so good a musician and practised a pianist as Herr Ernst Pauer, backed as he was by six such skilled performers on the other instruments as Messrs. Radcliffe, Barret, Wentland, Henry Blagrove, Reynolds, and Piatti, we need scarcely add; nor is it necessary to describe the satisfaction with which the entire work was listened to by the audience, who applauded each movement as became them. Porpora's violin sonata (introduced for the first time), is interesting as a specimen of a master who was the great Joseph Haydn's first instructor. The finest of the four movements into which it is divided is the third, an animated and ingeniously developed *fuga*. The concluding *aria* is pretty, but the rest is somewhat dry. The whole is full of those "trills" for which Porpora was notoriously famous, and with which, on a special occasion, a certain Emperor of Austria was so mightily diverted at Vienna (where Porpora habitually resided). The onata was superbly played by M. Sainton, from end to end, and the distinguished Toulousian fiddler was recalled to the platform at the conclusion with applause the hearty unanimity of which showed how welcome to all was his re-appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts. M. Sainton's execution of the *fuga*, which is very difficult, reminded us, by its well sustained vigour, of Joseph Joachim. The pianoforte accompaniment played (how we need not say) by Mr. Benedict, is not the composition of Porpora, but of M. Ferdinand David, of Leipsic, one of the quorum who have dealt out with such grudging parsimony the eagerly sought *reliquiæ* of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Mozart's Sonata in F is one of the most masterly and beautiful compositions dedicated by that wonderful genius to the pianoforte, or, as in his time it was called, the "clavecin." The first movement is a prodigy of contrivance, replete with that counterpoint in which Mozart was wont to revel, and which seemed, indeed, almost to be his natural language. The *andante* (in B flat) is one unbroken chain of lengthened sweetness—all melody, divine melody. The final *rondo* is as unpretending and charming as anything of its kind in existence. This *rondo* was composed two years earlier than the other movements; and there is no known authority for Mozart's having ever himself combined the three movements in a sonata. In this form, however, have they been published and performed for more than half a century. Herr Pauer deserves no less credit for his taste in selecting such a work than for the careful steadiness with which he played it from beginning to end.

The *andante* and *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's unfinished posthumous quartet are provoking. That so original and beautiful a half should be in want of its other half, which might (though that is difficult) have been even its better half, is enough to make musicians weep. The *scherzo* is as genuine a bit of Mendelssohn as anything of his with which we are acquainted. The two movements were admirably executed by M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti, and the *scherzo* was encored and repeated. The glorious Trio of Beethoven, perhaps the finer of the two (Op. 70), though that is hard to decide, should have been mentioned first, seeing that it came first in the programme; but the truth is, there was nothing to say about it except that it is glorious, and pleased, as it always pleases and always must please when played well—as it was played on Monday night by MM. Pauer, Sainton, and Piatti.

Miss Edith Wynne gave both her songs with true expression. Of the "Ave Maria," of Schubert (Walter Scott's words), we need say nothing. The new ballad of Mr. Benedict, "I know a song," is in its way a gem, and received a hearty encore, the fair artist repeating it entirely.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon the chief feature was an unknown Symphony of Schubert—No. 6, in C major—for the first production of which in England (and it has been played nowhere else) we are indebted to the spirit of research which induced the Crystal Palace directors to send one of their most valued servants to Vienna, in order to examine the MSS. of the now universally-sought Viennese composer, and obtain possession of whatever seemed most interesting. Each piece from the rich unpublished collection that Mr. Grove was fortunate enough to procure has turned out a real treasure—a thing the loss of which would have been a loss to art. The Symphony in C, in genuine musical interest, is equal to any composition of Schubert's with which we are acquainted. It has, moreover, the peculiarity, strange in Schubert, of being a lively and cheerful character from beginning to end. How it was performed by the admirable orchestra which Mr. Manns directs so well, we need hardly say. The whole symphony, in its way a masterpiece, was rapturously received, and will be doubtless heard again very shortly. The overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Leonora*, which respectively began and terminated the concert, were both played in perfection, and the first was uproariously encored. A young pianist, Miss Marian Buels (pupil of Mr. W. G. Cusins), produced a marked impression by her extremely neat, tasteful, and wholly unaffected performance of Mendelssohn's very difficult *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor (with orchestral accompaniments), a well-known *Gavotte* from one of the *Suites* of J. S. Bach, and a *Scherzo* from a MS. sonata of her own composition. Miss Buels, who was received with genuine favour, exhibits real promise both as pianist and as composer. She was unanimously called for after her solos. The singers were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Byron—the last a young tenor, pupil of Mr. Randegger, who sang an air from F. David's *Lalla Rookh* and Beethoven's "Adelaide," in the second of which he was most ably accompanied on the pianoforte by his professor. At present, "Adelaide" is beyond the powers of Mr. Byron; but he sang his first air in such a manner as to give general satisfaction. Miss Wynne sang a very charming song ("Love will be master"), from Mr. A. S. Sullivan's MS. opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, and a somewhat trite air from Mercadante's *Leonora*, which ends with a waltz tune of which M. Gounod must have been thinking, while engaged upon the first act of *Romeo e Giuliette*. She was excellent in both.

Already the new organ in the Crystal Palace concert-room has been put to good use, Dr. John Stainer, of University Church and Magdalen College, Oxford, an organist of the first rank, having, at a recent concert, played, with remarkable ability and the greatest applause, Mendelssohn's Fourth Organ Sonata (in B flat), and J. S. Bach's grand Pedal Fugue in G minor, the most familiar and probably the finest of the grand old master's works in that style.

MADRID.—*Il Trovatore*, with Mad. Gueymard, Tamberlick, and Boscolini, in the principal parts, has proved a great success.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A line or two must suffice to record the fact that, on Friday week, this greatest of our choral societies has begun a new season with a very splendid performance (in Exeter Hall) of Mr. Costa's second oratorio, *Naaman*, directed by the eminent conductor and composer himself. Among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Prussia, who occupied the gallery to the right of the orchestra, and remained till after the famous quintet, "Honour and glory, Almighty, be Thine,"—the last piece but one in the oratorio. We have nothing fresh to say about *Naaman*, which appears to be recognized as one of the stock pieces of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was never heard with more unanimous satisfaction than on the present occasion, and this no doubt as much because the public have become familiar with the many beauties that distinguish it, as on account of the absolute perfection of its execution in all those parts in which the chorus and orchestra are concerned. The solo singers, too—Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Enequist, Messrs. G. Perren, Montem Smith, and Santley—one and all, sang their very best.

Israel in Egypt was given last night.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(*Communicated.*)

At a general meeting of the members of the society, lately held at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, it was resolved—"That the concerts be held next season at St James's Hall," and the directors were empowered to make the necessary arrangements. It was further resolved—"That the subscription should be three guineas;" the room also allowing for other subscriptions, those of two guineas and one guinea each were sanctioned. This is one of the most important innovations which has occurred in the annals of the society, and has no doubt been brought about by the increased love for good music, which is apparent in the opportunities now given to all classes, and by the large numbers who are willing to enjoy the works of the great masters, interpreted by the best musicians, at comparatively low admissions. The Society had within a few years the exclusive privilege of rendering these compositions, and it must have felt for some time the difficulties it has had to contend with in the limited area of the Queen's Concert Rooms, and though the arrangements and excellent acoustic properties of those elegant rooms render the separation a painful one, it is only carrying out the objects for which the society was founded, by appealing to all, rather than a small circle of the *dilletanti* in art. For this reason, as well as the advantage to be gained in a pecuniary sense, the change has become imperative. The removing the concerts to the much larger *locale* of St. James's Hall will enable the directors to grant to a much greater extent than heretofore the privileges accorded to their patrons, whose interest and gratification must be the society's first aim in view, and whether those interests accumulate in rendering in the best possible manner the masterpieces of the geniuses of the present and last centuries, or in endeavouring, as far as lies in their power, to foster the talent which each age brings to notice, it is hoped that, as years roll on, this decision to widen the sphere of the society's operations will prove to the advantage of the music, and maintain amongst the exponents of art that position which the Philharmonic Society, and through it the members themselves of the musical profession, have up to the present time enjoyed. It has been arranged that the opening concert at St. James's Hall shall take place on Wednesday evening, March 10th, 1869, and returning to the Monday evenings on April 5, 19; May 3, 17, 31; June 14 and 28; the single tickets for any evening being 10s. 6d. and 7s. for reserved seats; 5s. and 2s. 6d. unreserved. The vacancies for members and associates were filled up at the same meeting, Mr. Charles Gardner being elected a member; Miss Read, Mrs. J. Balsir Chatterton, Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. J. Foster, Mr. Santley, and Mr. G. B. Allen, Mus. Bac., associates; the election of many more candidates being deferred at present, either from there being no more vacancies, or the necessary number of readings of their recommendation papers not having been completed.

S. L.

PROVINCIAL.

Dr. Spark's last Tuesday afternoon organ recital (Nov. 24th) in the Town Hall, Leeds, was "*In Memoriam*," and the programme, with a single exception, was appropriated to the music of Rossini. It was as follows:—

The Prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*, "Dal tuo Stellato" ...	Rossini.
The Dead March in *Saul*	Handel.
Selections from the *Stabat Mater*:—	
"Stabat Mater Doloroso" (Coro)	Rossini.
"Cujus Animam" (Tenor Solo)	
"Quis est Homo" (Duet S. S.)	
"Inflammatus" (Sop. Solo and Coro)	
Introduction and Duet, "Giorno d'orre" (*Semiramide*)...	Rossini.
Overture to *Guillaume Tell*	Rossini.

Dr. Spark did what might have been expected from a true musician and a reverencer of true genius. That his performance was worthy the occasion may be taken on trust.

Llanelly.—A concert for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Williams, late bandmaster of the Dafen band, was given at the Athenæum on Saturday. There was a crowded house. Mr. Blethyn Jones, bandmaster to the 1st Glamorgan R.V.C., played a cornet solo. A glee class from Morriston was present, and also the Dafen glee class, conducted by Mr. John Thomas. The accompanist was Mr. Harry Ll. Edmund, who played a pianoforte solo, "March of the Men of Harlech," by Brinley Richards. There were several encores.

Nottingham.—Mr. Henry Farmer began his new season of "Concerts of Chamber Music" in the School of Art on Monday last. The programme was admirable:—Kallivoda's Trio, in E flat (Op. 200), for piano, violin, and violoncello; Haydn's Emperor Quartet; Bach's *Gavotte* and *Rondo* for violin; and Weber's *Concertstück*. Miss Bennett (piano), Mr. Henry Farmer (violin), and Mr. Selby (violoncello), were executants. The concert (54th of the series) passed off admirably. We hope the good people of Nottingham appreciate Mr. Farmer and his enterprise as they deserve.

Aberdeen.—At the Saturday evening entertainments, Madame Emmeline Cole from London has been received with great favour. Her voice is a good soprano, and she sings like an artist. In Haydn's canzonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," Randegger's charming song, "Birds of the Spring" (encored), and in "Coming through the Rye," the clever vocalist made a decided impression. Her singing of "Within a mile of Edinburgh toun" no less deserves to be mentioned with approval.

Brighton.—The musical season is in full swing. Numerous concerts have taken place and many more are announced. Madame Sainton-Dolby gave her's in the large concert hall in West Street, and obtained, notwithstanding its being "election time," a good attendance. The *bénéficiaire*, assisted by Miss J. Wells, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, were the principal vocalists, while in the instrumental department M. Sainton and Signor Piatti were chiefs. —Signor Calderazzi has given a *matinée*, and the new organ has been inaugurated in the Dome Assembly Rooms, Mr. Best of Liverpool showing its capabilities in a masterly manner. A miscellaneous concert was given in the morning, and the ever-welcome *Messiah* in the evening. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlles. Mehlhorn, Drasdil, Marliani, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Lawler, Walker, and Carter.—The first concert of our Sacred Harmonic Society has taken place with Mad. Sherrington, Miss Elton, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. O. Christian, as vocalists. *Samson* was the oratorio given.—Mr. Mark Lemon has given his reading of *Falstaff* in the Pavilion Rooms, and Mr. Basil Young his "Entertainment" in the same *locale*.—At the Theatre, Mdlle. Beatrice has commenced a "twelve nights'" engagement, and has already played in *Marie Stuart*, *Broken Ties*, *Marie Antoinette*, &c.

Torquay.—The local *Directory* says:—

"Mr. Charles Fowler's second pianoforte recital took place on Saturday last at Villa Mentone. The programme consisted of Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Op. 2; 'The Rivulet,' Mendelssohn; *Bourrée*, Bach; an *Andante*, Weber; *Rondeau*, Rameau; *Valse*, in C sharp minor, Chopin; 'Queen Mab' (a sketch), C. Fowler; and 'Fun,' a third *tarentelle*, C. Fowler. The last is everything that its name implies. There are

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effects in it altogether new and startling. 'Queen Mab' is a short, well written piece, in style quite out of the beaten track, and moreover, charming in effect. One of the most effective pieces in the performance was the *Bourrée*, by Bach, played with great spirit by Mr. Fowler. Mr. Fowler's third recital is advertized to take place on Saturday, December 5th, when his new sonata will be repeated. The programme also contains Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and several smaller pieces by various authors."

ROSSINI.

(*From the "Sunday Times."*)

Rossini is dead, and of the great masters who made lustrous the early years of this century, Auber alone remains. The event is suggestive. It brings before us that heroic musical age to which Rossini belonged and of which he survived the close. It forces upon us thoughts about the present dearth of creative genius, and makes comparisons not at all flattering to the self-esteem of this generation. But from such considerations we must turn aside to sketch, and only sketch, the life that has just ended.

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini was born in February, 1792, at Pesaro, then a city of the Papal States. The advantages he inherited by right of birth were very few. His father played the trumpet in connection with a strolling operatic *troupe*; so that, but for the genius he possessed, Rossini might have succeeded to, and been satisfied with the paternal instrument. The lad's remarkable gifts, however, soon attracted attention, and made it evident that the future was in his own hands. He was placed under Mattei, a well-known master of the day, but seems to have brought considerable impatience to his studies. The secret of this was that he had resolved upon his course, and his ardent nature burned to begin even at the sacrifice of educational completeness. Mattei must have been considerably disgusted when young Rossini enquired if enough had been learned to qualify him for writing an opera. As opera writing was then understood, Mattei was compelled to reply in the affirmative; whereupon his promising pupil took himself off, and entered upon a career, the brilliancy of which neither master nor scholar could have anticipated. His first efforts brought him no great amount of fame immediate or remote. In this respect Rossini differs from many other masters of music. His genius, decided though it was, can hardly be called precocious. True, he wrote eight operas between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, but the whole of them are almost entirely forgotten. It was not so with Mozart, with Beethoven, with Mendelssohn. The youthful productions of these composers are now, and ever will be, counted among the treasures of art. In explanation it must be remembered that the genius of the Germans was much more comprehensive than that of the Italian. Rossini was above all a melodist, and, as we have seen, he only cared to learn enough of harmony to serve the purpose of accompaniment. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that his first efforts lacked stamina. Rossini's ninth opera (*Tancredi*) was really the beginning of success. Produced at Venice during the Carnival of 1813, it has lived ever since and is living now; the overture especially having become everywhere a household piece. *Tancredi* was followed by *L'Italiano in Algeri*, which possessed equal vitality and brought the composer equal fame. The success of these works marked public acceptance of the peculiar style originated by Rossini, and more or less characterising Italian opera ever since. As time went on, the master introduced modifications or expansions, but these touched lightly the main features of a method which remained to the end pretty much what it was in the beginning. Successes like those of *Tancredi* and *L'Italiano* could hardly expect unbroken repetition. The next opera, *Aurelian in Palmyra* (1814), was comparatively a failure, but in the same year Rossini made another effort, the result of which was all he could have wished. *Il Turco in Italia* did much to extend a fame contemporary lookers-on must have foreseen would become universal. Curiously enough this alternate failure and success was the beginning of a series of alternations. *Sigismondo* (1815) gave promise of but brief existence, and speedily died; but *Elizabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, which followed in the same year, was welcomed everywhere with enthusiasm, and made Rossini the most popular of Italian composers. It was the turn of the next opera to fail, and fail *Torvaldo e Dorliska* (1815) accordingly did. But it was the turn of the next to succeed, and as that next was *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (1816), we need not point out how thoroughly it fulfilled expectations. The story told of the reception by the Roman audience of this immortal work is so generally known as not to demand repetition. We cannot help saying, however, that when Rossini was roused from sleep by the serenading noises of the very people who, on the previous night, had hissed his work, he must have been more gratified than surprised. The composer, at least, knew what sort of music he had written, and no doubt had supreme confidence in its ultimate success. From the date of *Il Barbiere* down to that of *Semiramide* (1823) the master's prolific genius gave opera after opera to his delighted and admiring countrymen. Most of these still survive, and some remain public favourites of the highest class. In the *Barbiere* year *Otello* made its appearance, followed in rapid succession by *Cenerentola*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Armida*, *Adelaida di Borgogna*, *Mosè in Egitto*, *Adina*, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *Eduardo e Christina*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Bianca e Faliero*, *Maometto Secondo*, *Matilda di Shabran*, *Zelmira*, and, lastly, as a close to the master's labours in Italy, *Semiramide*. This list speaks of itself for Rossini's wonderful fertility, and more especially to those who know the operas, for his almost marvellous flow of tune.

By this time Rossini had acquired a European renown, and it was natural that he should respond to the invitations of foreign admirers. As a matter of course, Vienna, the city of great masters, was first visited. There the charm of his style and of his engaging melodies completely won the hearts of a people who had men like Beethoven and Schubert living in their midst. From Vienna Rossini came to London, meeting with hardly less enthusiastic a welcome than in the Austrian capital. During one season the Italian composer was the "lion" of aristocratic *salons*, and we are told that not a little English gold left England with him. Paris was the next city of his choice, and there Rossini took up his abode. He speedily became director of the Italian Opera, and entered upon the second productive period in his career. To this we owe the *Comte Ory*, the expansion of *Maometto* into *Le Siége de Corinth*, and of *Mosè* into its present proportions. But to this above all we owe *Guillaume Tell* (1829), with which great masterpiece Rossini brought to an end his career as an operatic composer. Considering that no further success could add anything to the glory accruing from *Guillaume Tell*, he laid down his pen, only taking it up to show by means of the *Stabat Mater* (1832) and one or two other sacred pieces, that he could also excel in the handling of the most exalted themes.

It is of little worth to speculate upon the reasons why Rossini ceased to work. In 1829 he was but 37 years old, an age at which Handel had written only one oratorio—*Esther*. The loss to art from this early retirement cannot be calculated, but the retirement itself can in some sort be understood. During nineteen years the master had laboured continuously, under circumstances of intense excitement. His was no mere study work done in quiet retirement. On the contrary, he was always in an atmosphere which strung mind and body alike up to the highest pitch. What wonder, therefore, that he should rest at a time when, as he thought, the summit of ambition's ladder was reached, and there was no possibility of going higher. Moreover, it is easy to see in the character and temperament of the man a reason for his conduct. Paradoxical as it may appear after a record of so much industry, Rossini was indolent. Though incited to constant production by the sharp spurrings of great ambition, he compromised with his love of ease whenever possible. Hence the frequent using up of old material, and hence other contrivances familiar to those who know his life. Ambition once satisfied, indolence had everything its own way, and there followed the strange spectacle of a great genius barren for thirty-nine years. During that period, exactly the years of Mendelssohn's life, Rossini was the centre of a brilliant circle, in keen enjoyment of an existence which wanted nothing, and knew nothing of disturbance.

The inevitable hour came at last, and the brilliant Italian has passed away. But his memory will be green so long as his works survive—that is to say, so long as music itself shall endure.

MUSIC IN ETON COLLEGE.

That some of the Eton boys are musically inclined let the following extract from a juvenile's MS. testify:—

"I will not sing my little penny songs.
It is more blessed for the rippling pool
To be absorbed in the great ocean wave,
Than even to kiss the sea-weeds on its brink.
Therefore in passiveness I will be still,
And let the multitudinous music of the great
Pass into me, till I am musical."

To gratify this feeling Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge organized a concert, whereat only the "multitudinous music of the great" was performed. The affair came off in the mathematical school, on Saturday last; Mr. Coleridge being assisted by Messrs. Dannreuther, Blagrove, and Booth (professionals); Mr. Cornish and Rev. W. H. Bliss (amateurs). The programme included Schubert's Trio (Op. 99), Mendelssohn's Trio (Op. 66), and Beethoven's Trio (Op. 97), as well as a selection of songs by Schubert, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. Nothing could have passed off better, or more to the delight of those who, for the time, suspended their "little penny songs." Mr. Coleridge hopes the experiment will be tried at Harrow and Rugby.

STUTTGARDT.—A new three-act opera: *Elsa, oder das Lied der Mutter*, words by Herr Ernst Pasqué, music by Herr Felix Hochstätter, will shortly be produced.

MILAN.—Two performances of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* were given at the Teatro Carcano last week, "all' omagio di Rossini," and half the receipts will be devoted to a fund that is being raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late illustrious composer. Arrangements are now being made for a grand concert at La Scala for the same object, and will, in all probability, take place this month.

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Shaber Silber across a Comic Singer.

The longing to "get into society" is accountable in a great measure for some of the worst evils of the time. It does for superior people what the love of fine clothes does for pretty servant maids. Dusterina knows that she is pretty; she is sure she should look like a real lady if she only had the weeds and trappings of a gentlewoman; for these are sacrificed all that was ever likely to make her respectable perhaps, and so *one* social evil is perpetuated. There also prevails amongst more fortunate people, though not the most fortunate, a passion for achieving all the appointments of the real "swell"—for living in the elegant splendour of titled people in general, to be of their neighbourhood and company; and to this passion, increasing enormously with the increase of commercial wealth of late years, a good deal of what is called commercial immorality is due. This also is a social evil of considerable magnitude, and it entails another of a political character. The same passion has given and gives to the House of Commons some of the worst and most mischievous pretenders that ever sate in it—men some of whom have gone from that assembly to the hulks, or to die by suicide at a prison door. Therefore it is a very deplorable passion. Nevertheless, it is so very natural a one that it is not likely to succumb to any amount of preaching. Such ambitions are common and ineradicable; and all we can hope for is that their pursuit may be less frequently made through the fortunes of innocent people, and to the injury of public morals. He should be regarded as a blessing to his generation who indicates a way to the same desirable ends by means more innocent; and we fancy we perceive such a way. It is suggested by a letter to the *Standard* from Mr. Harry Sydney, a comic vocalist (he disclaims the credit of being comic, but he can't seriously deny it, he *is* funny), one of those artists the lustre of whose genius extends from the dais of the music-hall, to the tables of dukes and princes. Mr. Sydney seems to have been attacked by the *London Review* in such a way as to provoke him to assert his honours and dignities. As a politician his views are "those of five out of six of the gentlemen of England;" he belongs to the great Liberal party. As an artist he has reminiscences connected with the Cave of Harmony of which any man may be proud. It was there that William Makepeace Thackeray spoke thus of him:—"Sometimes clever, always respectable." There also, says Mr. Sydney:

"I formed acquaintances, many of which have ripened into friendships, with gentlemen of every profession, and the leading men of every town and county in the kingdom. I could refer to more of the nobility and aristocracy of wealth and talent among my correspondents than the *London Review* has readers. 'Of all the memories of the past,' no circumstance affords me greater satisfaction than this—at Evan's I have been frequently and heartily complimented by the great historian"—

and then a name is mentioned which all England holds in respect. Here, then, is a social position which leaves nothing to desire—gentlemanly politics, the approbation of the History and Imagination of your time, friendships made out of number amongst the nobility, to say nothing of the aristocracy of wealth and talent, and all achieved by the innocent means of singing comic songs in a Cave of Harmony. Why, then, we say to the ambitious, why strive for distinction in the weary mart and by the electioneerer's elbow—too often to the destruction of the innocence of your boyhood and to the ruin of other people's comfort? See what is to be done in Mr. Sydney's line, with nobles for patrons; and if you *must* be a swell, go and do likewise.

Shaber Silber.

SEVEN DOOMED THEATRES.

Of the seven theatres which are to be swept away by the Boulevard du Prince Eugène, the *Revue Municipale* gives the following historical particulars:—1. The Petit-Lazzari was in 1789-92 the Théâtre des Variétés-Amusantes. This soon fell into the hands of an Italian, named Lazzari, who played the part of harlequin with such grace and suppleness, that he became quite a favourite, and the public, consigning the real name of the theatre to oblivion, thenceforward baptized it Lazzari. This theatre was burnt down in 1798, and poor Lazzari, in a fit of despair at this accident, committed suicide. Under the Restoration a theatre for puppets only was erected on the Boulevard du Temple, and called the Petit-Lazzari, to commemorate the harlequin of former days. This theatre in 1830 exchanged its wooden actors for others of flesh and bone. 2. The Délassemens Comiques stands on the site of the Théâtre des Associés, which flourished in 1768 under a manager of the name of Beauvisage, who was succeeded by the clever harlequin Sallé, when the theatre assumed the name of Théâtre Patriotique du Sieur Sallé. In 1795 it was called Théâtre Sans Prétention; it was closed in 1807 by an Imperial decree, and transformed into the Café d'Appollon; but in 1815 Madame Saqui obtained leave to perform rope-dancing and pantomimes there, which in 1830 were exchanged for vaudevilles. The old house was pulled down in 1841, and rebuilt in three months, when it assumed its present name. 3. The Funambules was formerly exclusively devoted to rope-dancing, as its name implies; but since 1830, vaudevilles and pantomimes have been performed there. The concern was sold for 400,000f. a short time ago. 4. The Gaité was also in 1759 a theatre for rope-dancing, under the celebrated Nicolet, who attracted all Paris to his show by the drollery of his performance, enhanced by farces of rather questionable morality. The directors of the Opera became so jealous of his success that they obtained an order in 1769 restricting Nicolet's performances to mere pantomimes. But this restriction did not last long. In 1772 Nicolet performed before the Court at Choisy, on which occasion Countess Dubarry was so well amused that she caused the title of Théâtre des Grands Danseurs du Roi to be conferred upon this establishment. Nicolet set his brother managers the first example of generosity by giving the profits of a night's performance to the sufferers from the fire, which in 1777 destroyed all the booths of the Foire St. Laurent. His theatre assumed its present title in 1792; three years later it was called Théâtre d'Emulation, but Nicolet's widow restored the name of La Gaité in 1798. The celebrated fairy piece called the *Pied de Mouton* was performed here in 1806. The theatre was rebuilt in 1808, burnt down in 1835, and rebuilt in the same year at a cost of 443,000f. 5. The Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques has no history of interest to boast of; it was built in 1831 by M. Allux, the inventor of the Neorama. 6. The Théâtre Impérial (*ancien* Cirque) was founded in 1780, by Astley for equestrian performances; it was taken in 1794 by Franconi, who in 1802, transferred it to the old convent of Capucines. But five years later the Rue de la Paix was run through the grounds, and Franconi had to migrate, first to the Rue Monthabor, and then once more to the Boulevard du Temple, where he erected the Cirque Olympique. This was burnt down in 1826, and rebuilt in the following year. Before 1848 it changed its name to that of Théâtre Lyrique; and the concern will be transferred to the new buildings west of the Pont au Change under its present name of Théâtre Impérial. 7. The theatre opposite, as our readers know, is destined to replace the Théâtre Lyrique, which was built by M. Alexandre Dumas and others, on the Boulevard du Temple, in 1846, under the name of Théâtre Historique, and opened with the first representation of the drama called *La Reine Margot*, which had considerable success.

Darmstadt.—M. Gounod's *Königin von Saba* has been revived.

Bologna.—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Signor Dell' Argine, has been produced at last. Some say it is a tremendous success; others assert it is a fearful failure. *Nous verrons.*

Elberfield.—Second Subscription Concert, when Herr Joachim and Madame Joachim were engaged: Two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; air subsequently composed for *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Mozart; Violin Concerto, Spohr; the *Schöne Melusine* overture, Mendelssohn; "Jubilate," Handel, &c.

Antwerp.—The members of the orchestra of the Conservatory have determined to give, every winter, a series of four concerts for the performance of overtures, symphonies, choruses, etc., both by the old masters and modern composers. Solo performances, also, will be included in the programme.

Musical matters in Japan.—The music of the Japanese is worth extremely little. To accompany the singers on the stage, they have an orchestra of twenty-one performers. The "Syamsia" is the principal instrument. It is a kind of guitar with three strings, two being toned in the octave and the third in the dominant. The body of the instrument consists of the shell of a turtle, in the cavity of which the sounds produced by the three strings are re-echoed, the strings being set in movement by a small rod, made of horn. From this wretched instrument, the reader may form an idea what the others must be. The Japanese are not acquainted with harmony, and their instruments are played either *unisono*, or in the octave. As regards intervals and rhythm the poverty of their melody is such that no European musician can possibly conceive it. The Japanese nevertheless listen with pleasure to their music for hours together. Blind people are exceedingly numerous in Japan, even if we leave out of consideration the beggars who feign blindness. The bands which play at festivities and private parties are composed of blind men. The theatrical bands are almost exclusively so constituted, and excite in the mind of any European who happens to hear them a feeling of regret that he is not, for the time, deaf. The theatres have three tiers of boxes. The latter are so arranged that the ladies can change their toilets in them, and they do so in every wait between the acts. The actors' dresses are very rich, and the scenery splendid. The Japanese perform dramas, farces, and music, to which is added a pantomimic dance. In private drawing-rooms, where all games with cards or dice are forbidden by the police, the company amuse themselves with acting plays, and executing characteristic dances. Others, however, make up a party at "Iho-ho-yay," which offers a great resemblance to chess. When there are only two persons engaged in it, they play with 40 stones, on a board with eighty-one squares. The most favourite amusement in Japanese private circles is the "Game of Gossip," for which special performers are engaged. These performers pick up all the little stories and scandalous reports about town, and represent them at parties.

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WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has been unanimously elected an Associate of the Philharmonic Society.

Mdlle. Sarolta has left Paris for Moscow.

Madame Sass is re-engaged at the Opéra.

M. François-Jules Simon, chief editor of *L'Orpheon*, has just died, aged 52.

Gluck's *Iphigénie in Tauride* is announced for production at the Lyrique.

Lohengrin has been produced in the Russian capital without success. —*Athenæum.*

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has suspended its concerts for want of money.

Rossini's *Stabat* was given at the Italiens on Saturday night—a commemorative performance.

A special performance of *Guillaume Tell* was given at the Paris Opéra, on Sunday, in honour of Rossini.

Auber's *Le Premier Jour* still makes way. It is about to be produced at Strasbourg, Nancy, and Lille.

M. Roger has taken the place of singing-master at the Paris Conservatoire, made vacant by the dismissal of M. Révial.

Operatic business in Madrid seems to be very bad. According to some accounts, neither Mdme. Gueymard nor Signor Tamberlick can attract the public.

M. Albert Sowinski has published a translation of Nissen's Life of Mozart, and appended to it a number of letters and authentic documents never before printed.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti gave a very large concert, on Monday night, at Versailles. Nearly all the musical amateurs went down by express train, and the concert itself was a great success.

Mdlle. Patti is not only going to Russia this year, according to her original agreement, but she has made an engagement with the St. Petersburgh Opera for the two following seasons.

We understand that it is determined to remove the Philharmonic Concerts from the time-honoured *locale* in Hanover Square to St. James's Hall. The change was foreshadowed at the close of last season.

The opening programme of the Brussels Concerts Populaires included these works:—Beethoven's Symphony in A, Gade's Scotch Overture, Chopin's Funeral March, and the Overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger*.

The Sacred Harmonic Society are about to give a performance "*in memoriam*"—for Rossini. The programme will comprise the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*, the *Stabat* of Rossini, and the *Requiem* of Mozart. Good.

Mendelssohn's *Trumpet Overture* (in C), one of the most interesting of his posthumous publications, will be played to-day at the Crystal Palace before the *Mount of Olives*, which in turn will be followed by the Triumphal March from Mr. Costa's *Naaman*.

At the third Monday Popular Concert (Monday next) we are to have, among other interesting things, the magnificent Ottet of Schubert, for string and wind instruments, which Mr. Arthur Chappell, at his instructive and delightful entertainments, was the first to introduce to a London audience.

Mr. Alberto Lawrence, who originally performed the character of Nelusko in the English version of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, at Covent Garden Theatre, has accepted a most lucrative engagement as principal baritone for the carnival at Brescia, where he will appear in Verdi's opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

The programme of the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, is almost entirely devoted to Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. We cannot but think that, under the circumstances of the hour, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini would have been more appropriate. What says whaler Bowley?—what says net-fisher Grove?—what says fly-fisher Manns?

A Paris paper states that at the rehearsal for the last Concert Populaire, the members of the orchestra revenged themselves for being compelled to play the overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger* by hissing the work they had just performed. It may be questioned if executants have the right to express any critical opinion on the music they are called upon to execute, but there can be no doubt about the estimation in which Wagner's productions are held by professional musicians in Paris.

The author of innumerable burlesques, Mr. H. J. Byron, having latterly succeeded as a writer of comedies and dramas of real life, is acting at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to crowded audiences. The part chosen by Mr. Byron for his own performance is that of Spraggs in *Blow for Blow;* and the unanimous verdict has been highly in his favour.

Mr. Aguilar's last programme of pianoforte music included the following:—Sonata in D, and "I arise," transcription (Miss Grace Aguilar); Caprice in E, and three Etudes (posthumous), Mendelssohn; Sonata (*quasi* Fantasia) in E flat, Beethoven (Miss Grace Aguilar), Gage d'Amour, Henselt; Consolations, Nos. 3 and 5, Liszt; and Fantasia on *Lucia*, Aguilar.

The *Choir and Musical Record* tells us that a curious illustration of the attractions of nature *versus* art is now to be seen in the Tropical Department of the Crystal Palace. On the one side we have the pranks and frolics of the large assembly of monkeys, and on the other a recital on Messrs. Byryceson's grand organ. The British public, with its usual delicate perception of the beautiful, prefers the apes to the music.

At the communal theatre of Turin a mark of respect was rendered to Rossini on the evening of the 15th. After the second act, the curtain rose upon the stage hung with black, and the whole of the company, wearing crape scarfs, were perceived standing round a bust of the deceased *maestro*. The audience at once rose and remained uncovered while the orchestra played the funeral march from *La Gazza Ladra*.

Mr. Frederick Burgess, the obliging manager of the "Original Christy's Minstrels," has announced his annual benefit, to take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, December 2nd. This is the fourth time Mr. Burgess has appealed to the public. On each previous occasion the appeal has been well responded to, and we have no conception of its failing now. The programme will be of the most attractive character, and the whole of the "double company" will appear.

"The Continental press"—says a contemporary—"is loud in praise of a young singer, Mdlle. Orgeni, who is expected to make her *début* immediately at the Théatre-Lyrique. She has been performing Valentine at the grand ducal theatre of Carlsruhe, by the express desire of their Majesties, the King and Queen of Prussia, and to the great satisfaction of the public in general."

All we can say is that Mdlle. Orgeni must have made wonderful progress since she sang at the Royal Italian Opera in London.

The following has gone the round of the French and English press:—

"It is said that Auber, when he left the Villa Rossini, exclaimed, 'Poor Ambroise Thomas!' Evidently the composer of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* does not in the least believe that his affairs are in danger when the next house is burning."

Auber never said anything of the kind—never anything so silly and unfeeling. He is not the man for such miserable *bon-mots* as these; and it is too bad that idiotic penny-a-liners should father their wretched jokes on illustrious men.

Here is another bit of precious penny-a-lining:—

"Rossini and Meyerbeer greatly esteemed each other, but seldom met. A friend once asked Rossini why he was not more familiar with his German rival. 'You know he admires your *Semiramide* and *Cenerentola*, and you admit the merit of his *chefs d'œuvre*.' 'That is quite true,' said Rossini, 'but Meyerbeer and I cannot get on together.' 'But why not?' 'Why he always will have it that sour krout is better than maccaroni.'"

Rossini and Meyerbeer, or the contrary, were intimate friends from the time of Meyerbeer's first visit to Italy, and were never in the same town without frequently meeting. The friend who asked the question is, like the stupid reply attributed to Rossini, a pure invention. Equally unauthentic is the following wretched old story unearthed for the occasion:—

"The stories of Rossini's vain glory, during his invasion of England, are countless. Who has not heard of his speech to the beauty standing between him and the Duke of Wellington: 'Madame, how happy you should be, to find yourself placed between the two greatest men in Europe.'"

Rossini never said anything of the kind. He was not such a donkey.

The *Sunday Times* (Nov. 22) begins its notice of the opening of the Monday Popular Concerts as follows:—

"The eleventh season of these concerts began quietly and unostentatiously on Monday last. No fuss was needed, and none was made. Performers, audience, and officials fell into their places, and the work began like that of a well-ordered school after the play-hour. During the recess St. James's Hall has been 'swept and garnished' to such a degree that those who have a fondness for loud colours must look upon it as a triumph of chromatics. But painters and gilders, though useful men enough, possess no such claims upon

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public gratitude as those who removed the miserable organ which once had a place in the orchestra. That instrument offended the eye, and tortured the ear; moreover it took up valuable space henceforth to be eagerly occupied by Mr. Arthur Chappell's shilling patrons. Its departure to the place whither bad organs are sent is, therefore, in every way a boon."

COLOGNE.—Third Gürzenich Concert:—Overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis*, Gluck; Fifth Suite, Lachner (conducted by the composer); and the opera of *Orpheus*, Gluck (solos by Mesdames Joachim, Scheuerlein, and Beckmann).

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, (SATURDAY). ROSSINI CONCERT.—Programme includes: Overtures to "Tancredi," "Semiramide," and "Gazza Ladra," ballet music in "William Tell," &c. Vocalists—Mdlle. Bauermeister, Mdlle. Scalchi, Mr. Perren, and Herr Wallenreiter. Harp Solo, Herr Sjoden. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Guinea Season Tickets, free; Stalls, 2s. 6d., at the Palace.

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MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing the renowned song by Benedict, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone, on Tuesday, December 15th. Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Hemel-Hempstead, December 8th; Bridgenorth, 14th; Welshpool, 15th; Ruthen, 16th; Denbigh, 17th; Corwen, 18th; Llavdudno, 21st; Bangor, 22nd; Carnarvon, 23rd; Liverpool, January 2nd and 4th; Bacup, 5th; Manchester, 6th; Chester, 9th.

MISS ABBOTT, the popular Contralto of the London Musical Academy, will sing during her Provincial Tour commencing December 8th, at Longton, Staffordshire, and on the evenings of December 9th, Congleton; 10th, Hanley; 11th, Wolverhampton; 12th, Stone-on-Trent; 14th, Stoke-on-Trent; 15th, Burslem; 16th, Newcastle-under-Lyne; 17th, Leek—the admired song, "O COME TO GLENGARIFF;" and, with MR. D. NEWTON, HENRY SMART'S Duet (Poetry by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES."

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing BENEDICT'S popular Variations on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at the Albion Hall, December 18th.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON and MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing SMART'S new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Hemel-Hempstead, December 8th.

MISS ABBOTT and MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing SMART'S new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Congleton, December 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-on-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 14th; Burslem, 15th; Newcastle-under-Lyne, 16th; and Leek, 17th.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA being engaged to sing at the Choral Union Concerts, Glasgow, on New Year's Day, and Kendal, etc., will be happy to receive applications for Oratorios and Concerts *en route* before or after January 1st, 1869.—67, Portsdown Gardens, Maida Hill, W.

MADAME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing BLUMENTHAL'S "THE MESSAGE," at Longton, December 8th; Congleton, 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-upon-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 13th; Burslem, 14th; Newcastle, 15th; Coventry, 16th; Solihull, 21st.

MISS BINFIELD and MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN" (from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen"), at Longton, Tuesday, December 8th; and at Wolverhampton, December 11th.

MR. GREENHILL will sing H. T. TILLYARD'S new song, "COME, SING THOSE TENDER WORDS AGAIN," at the Pimlico Rooms, December 9th; and at Leyton, December 16th.—DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce that he is free to accept any Engagements for Concerts and Oratorios from December 4th until February 10th. All communications to be addressed to SIGNOR FOLI, St. Michael's Villa, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

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G. ROSSINI.*

The death of Rossini has been the European event of the week, so much so, indeed, that the obsequies of Rothschild, the great king of finance, passed by almost unnoticed. This striking and universal homage rendered to genius is a public testimony of the noble emotions engendered by music, which has become, in France as well as in Germany, an art profoundly national, affecting the popular masses equally with the highest strata of society. The venerated likeness, and the biography of Rossini, cried about the streets at five centimes a piece, found their way spontaneously among the people, while the members of the fashionable world seek for the least relics of the great man, and rival each other in their efforts to possess them. The name of Rossini is heard on all lips; it is in the air, like some magic vibration to which no human being can remain indifferent. The reason is that no man ever achieved a fame more popular, and, at the same time, more aristocratic than Rossini's. The strains of the Swan of Pesaro are graven in the memories of all, and will ever remain so. They are indelibly incrustated in high comedy and in grand drama. The music of the *Barbiere* and of *Otello* will live as long as Beaumarchais and Shakspere. But let us leave to the voice of one endowed with the due authority, with eloquence, and with a conviction of the truth of what he utters, the task of sketching in, with bold strokes, the portrait of this mighty musical genius, let us at once make room for the words pronounced by M. Ambroise Thomas, in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, at the tomb of the great master whose loss France deplores as deeply as Italy. J. L. H.

ORATION OF M. AMBROISE THOMAS.

"My emotion is profound, and I should find it difficult to overcome the extreme agitation which I now experience, were I not borne up by the thought that I am speaking in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, of the Institute.

"By doing me the honour of entrusting to my care the formidable mission of representing it at this moment, the Academy wished that the expression of its regret—this public act of solemn homage—paid by it to the colleague it was so proud of possessing, should come from the lips of a musician, the most humble and the most fervent of Rossini's admirers.

"Gentlemen, when we behold a man of genius disappear from among us, when we see one of those lights expire which have illumined an entire age, the most eloquent praise of all would be, perhaps, to incline ourselves in mournful silence.

"I shall not attempt, therefore, to trace the life and the works of Rossini; others will perform that immense task; but, at this hour of our last farewell, it becomes the Academy to remind you of the attractive influence this extraordinary man exerted upon his art.

"Springing from the beautiful Italian school; endowed with a fertile imagination; and animated by the most brilliant intelligence, he enriched the stage, from the very commencement of his career, with works of incomparable vigour and brilliancy.

"Who does not remember the astonishment, the disputes, the storms, his appearance excited in Italy? But by what triumphs were those conflicts followed! The noise of them soon spread through all Europe, and Europe became enamoured of his luminous genius, and welcomed the successful innovator.

"It was by the external form which he possessed the art of giving to his works, and by the variety of his striking rhythms, and, also, by the marvellous skill with which he brought out to the best advantage the talent and the charm of great singers, that he earned the title of an innovator.

"This superiority alone, and the universal favour then bestowed upon Italian singing, even in its excesses, would have sufficed to make Rossini the great enchanter of the world.

"His rapid and prodigious renown, due to the seductions of a school of art which will never entirely escape the reproach of sensualism and frivolity, would, perhaps, have not endured so long, if to the attractions of this external form there had not been united beauties of a higher order. Dramatic life and movement; truth of character; abundance and clearness of ideas; harmony of proportion; elegance and charm of style—such are the beauties which Rossini has scattered through his works, which he thus stamped with the impress of a great master.

"If, in light music and in comedy, he has often proved himself inimitable, to what a height has he not attained when treating the most severe subjects? With what nobility of sentiment and with how powerful a hand has he not traced the most grandiose scenes! His last dramatic masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, written especially for France, displays to brilliant advantage and in the most admirable unity the elevation of his thoughts, the richness of his imagination, and the majestic serenity of his style.

"From the remembrance and consideration of Rossini's works, ought we not to-day more than ever to derive a salutary lesson?

"How was it that this marvellously gifted melodist became a thinker and a great musician? It was by studying assiduously the models of every school; it was by giving his mind up more especially to Haydn and to Mozart, whom, during all his life, he absolutely worshipped, that this man of spontaneous genius subjected himself to healthy traditions, and acquired that sense of the Beautiful, that love of form and of grand lines, and that knowledge of architectural order, which render works of art imperishable.

"Let no one be mistaken! Under an appearance of scepticism, Rossini concealed an artist of deep faith; those who saw him during the years of his retirement, years so well filled up, and so productive, as people will soon discover; those who were fortunate enough to enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the delicacy of his wit and the amenity of his character; those persons know with what interest he followed the movement of musical affairs, and how correctly he judged the period of trouble and bewilderment through which our art is passing.

"He looked forward calmly to the Future; everything about him, even to his smile, announced his confidence in the triumph of the immutable principles of the Beautiful.

"He had a right to reckon on the equitable judgment of posterity, and to believe, with us, in the immortality of his works!

"Gentlemen, one word more, one more act of homage, rendered not only to the great genius but to the man of heart! Desirous of leaving a last testimony of his love of art, and of his sympathy for France, his adopted country, Rossini recently founded two prizes of three thousand francs, to be awarded every year in his name, one for a piece of poetry, and the other for a musical composition, lyrical or religious.

"The Academy will take a pride in being connected with this noble and generous thought. In the name of the young artists of France, who alone will be allowed to compete, let us at once give expression to a feeling of lively and profound gratitude.

* * * * * * * *

After these last words of M. Ambroise Thomas, words greeted by prolonged marks of approbation, we will place before our readers the actual text of this double legacy, bequeathed by Rossini:—

THE ROSSINI PRIZE.

TESTAMENTARY DIRECTIONS.

"I desire that, after my decease and that of my wife, there shall be founded, at Paris, and exclusively for Frenchmen, two prizes, of three thousand francs each, to be awarded annually for ever: one to the composer of a piece of religious or lyric music, the composer being bound to pay particular attention to melody, so neglected at the present day; and the other to the author of the words (prose or verse) to which the music is to be wedded, the said words being perfectly appropriate to the music, and the laws of morality, to which authors do not always pay sufficient attention, being observed in them. These productions will be submitted to the consideration of a special committee, chosen from among the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the committee shall decide which of the competitors shall have deserved the prize, called the 'Prix Rossini,' to be awarded at a public meeting, after the performance of the piece, either in the building of the Institute, or at the Conservatory.

"It has been my wish, in bequeathing this legacy, to leave to France, a country from which I received such kindness, a testimony of my gratitude, and of my desire for the perfection of that art to which I consecrated my life.

"G. ROSSINI."

We must also inform our readers that, by the same will, Rossini, being equally anxious to consecrate his entire fortune to music and musicians, bequeathes all his property eventually—comprising the proceeds of the sale of his *objets d'art*, instruments, and curiosities—to his native town Pesaro, for the purpose of founding a Conservatory, which, like, by the way, the two prizes founded by him, shall bear his name.

Otherwise, except two small legacies to relations, and the twice twenty Roman crowns given by him, *ab irato*, to the city of Bologna, there are no particular testamentary directions. He leaves his widow for her life his villa in the Bois de Boulogne, together with his actual fortune, and the complete collection of his manuscripts and posthumous works, which will constitute quite

* From *Le Ménestrel*. Translated for the *Musical World*.

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another fortune. His admirable Mass, composed for his friend, Pillet Will, would alone suffice to do so. One thing may be confidently asserted, namely, that this monumental work, scored by the hand of the master himself, will render him a second time celebrated in a department of music in which his immortal *Stabat* has already placed him so high.

This admirable Mass was not heard at Rossini's funeral service; the prayer from *Mose* set with Latin words, fragments of the *Stabat* combined with fragments from the respective *Requiems* of Jomelli, Pergolese, and Mozart—Mozart for whom Rossini entertained so deep an affection, and whom he used to call the master of masters—had to be given instead. Jomelli's "Libera" was selected on account of the admiration which Rossini expressed for this magnificent piece, at the meetings of the Academic Society for Sacred Music, founded and directed by M. Vervoitte.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

There is some analogy between the history of Schumann's music in England and that of his artistic life. The composer whose genius has battled so long for recognition made a weary search before he found out where his strength lay. As the schoolboy of Zwickau, devoting spare hours to the piano; as the law-student of Leipsic and Heidelberg, mixing up music and jurisprudence; and as the pupil of Friedrich Wieck, labouring at the key-board so hard as to disable a finger, Schumann was groping his way into the light, with confused ideas of its whereabouts. But when Dorn had opened up to him the entire field of musical expression, the light was found, and Schumann saw himself the prophet of a new artistic faith. In modern times poets establish journals, and by means of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* the young composer founded a propaganda which is working still, because the world is not yet converted. He preached down forms and exalted idealism; he demanded that music should be liberated from the trammels of precedent, and be free as his own fantastic imagination. Schumann was desperately earnest, and tried hard to reduce his theory to practice. But he found this more difficult than either its conception or its advocacy. Nevertheless, he worked on through what was really a "storm period," with painful devotion. His earlier compositions show how visionary were the ideas on which he hoped to base the canons of art, and of what mental licentiousness he had to get rid. For the creed that, in his young enthusiasm, Schumann set himself to preach, though in part true, was in greater part false. His intensely poetic temperament demanded a complete idealization of that which after all has largely to do with the real. He could not bear to see the genius of art restrained like a hobbled Pegasus. By so much did Schumann's passion get the better of his reason. He mistook music for a branch of metaphysics.

It was not surprising that even so earnest an advocate of an exaggerated truth should come to see its real proportions, for Schumann was, above all, conscientious. As the ardour of youth abated his sight grew clearer; moreover, the charm of Mendelssohn's purity and sweetness began to work upon his mind. It may be, also, that the influence of a gifted wife had something to do with the manifest difference between the first and second periods of his career. At any rate, the date of his first symphony (1841) marked the beginning of a series of works which, though strongly individual in conception and treatment, shows that the composer had made a compromise with the dogmas he would once have overturned. The old leaven was still apparent, but not less so how Schumann had come to look upon the older masters as other than prophets of an effete dispensation. In the union of highly original ideas with acknowledged modes of expression which marks his second period lies Schumann's strength, and hence the works written between the dates of his first and fourth symphonies will determine the place he must definitely hold. Earlier he was a dreaming enthusiast, later a hypochondriac.

We mentioned at the outset that there is an analogy between Schumann's career and the history of his music in England. Such a man could not arise without drawing to himself a few disciples between whose active enthusiasm on the one side and the passive unbelief of the great majority on the other a long contest would inevitably take place. In this respect Schumann stands alone. Haydn and Mozart, with their unfailing melody and transparent treatment, Mendelssohn uttering his poetical thoughts in most mellifluous numbers, and Schubert touching every heart with piquant simplicity or melancholy grandeur, were promptly welcomed by the English public; while Beethoven was only rejected for a time when he uttered the "dark sayings" to which, even now, few possess a key. Schumann, on the contrary, has had to fight for every step towards public favour, and the conflict is not half over yet. We charge nobody with unfairness or prejudice in this matter. The fault, if fault there be, lies with Schumann himself, who chose, or was impelled, to write, caring less for the beauty of his work than for its faithfully reflecting certain trains of thought or emotional conditions. He could have taken no more certain means of arousing wide-spread distrust, if not dislike. The sticklers for form would have nothing to do with one who made form subservient, while those who wished to be pleased without effort of their own turned away from music the meaning of which—if it had any—required patient seeking out. The vitality of Schumann's creations under circumstances like these is an argument in their favour. That cannot be an insignificant thing about which the entire musical world has contended for years, and still contends with unabated earnestness. But vitality may legitimately mean something more to the composer's disciples. They may take it as an earnest of final success. As with men, so with movements—if infancy be outlived, the chances of maturity are favourable. Twenty years have passed since Schumann wrote the works upon which his fame will rest. That those works are not only living now, but exciting more attention than ever, warrants a hope as to the future bright enough to satisfy their most exacting advocate.

It is evident that Schumann has been making not a few English friends of late. Some who stood aloof at first, and demanded to know the stranger before they trusted him, have permitted friendship to take the place of suspicion. Others, who honestly objected to him for what they considered faults, have since discovered merits on account of which they more than tolerate the sinner. And others again—a far larger number—who merely echoed the cry of the hour, begin to quaver in their accents. Much of this result is owing to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which Schumann has been exhibited through evil as well as good report with a constancy that deserves success. Happily for the composer, Messrs. Grove and Manns—each in his way as great an enthusiast as ever was their common idol—possess exceptional resources, and are able to do their work in the most perfect manner. For example, the production a few weeks back of the Symphony in E flat was worth a hundred essays upon its composer's genius, and made an impression not likely to be soon effaced. Schumann's advocates may well be proud of the work in question, for it is an example which goes far to establish their case. Of its character and purport the master himself has told us somewhat. The Rhine and Cologne Cathedral had each a part in suggesting the five movements composing it, three being due to the national river, and two to the religious edifice. Schumann gave the former a popular cast, and never more successfully proved the elasticity of his powers. Both the opening *Vivace* and the closing *Allegro*, not less than the quaint *Scherzo*, strongly reflect the composer's individuality, yet they are as clear, straightforward, and intelligible as could be wished. Nothing by Schumann is more unlike the popular idea of the master. It is rollicking, sunshiny music which might suggest the (operatic) revels of Rhenish grape-gatherers. The other movements are hardly so satisfactory. The inconsequential musing of one who rambles through a Gothic cathedral is apparent in the *Andante;* while the *Religioso*, though here and there interesting, conveys the notion of a man struggling with ideas beyond his power of expression. But, these things notwithstanding, the entire work is calculated to make every impartial mind avoid a hasty judgment of its composer. The claims of a man able to write the Symphony in E flat must not be refused a thoughtful hearing.

The domain of music is a wide one, and affords ample room for Robert Schumann. Even if this were not so, room should be made for one who comes with such independent thought and original expression. If any have to remain outside, let them be the manufacturers of music after other men's patterns, of whom we have enough, and to spare. But the author of Schumann's four symphonies—of his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, &c.—should be welcomed as one who speaks, because having something new to say. His speech may be strange, but that of itself is no reason for rejection or even doubt.

Bologna.—The new *Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Signor Dell' Argine does not appear likely to enjoy any very great run.

Breslau.—The oratorio of *Moses* was performed on the 17th ult., under the direction of the composer himself, Herr Thomas. The impression produced was, on the whole, favourable, but the work is decidedly not a masterpiece.—Concert of the Orchestral Union: "Hebriden Overture," Mendelssohn; air from *Rinaldo*, Handel; Preludes, Liszt; air from *Semiramide*, Rossini; and Symphony in A major, Beethoven.

Cologne.—First Soirée of Chamber Music given by Herren Königslöw, Japha, etc.: Stringed Quartet in A minor, Schumann; Stringed Quartet in C major, Beethoven; Pianoforte Quartet (new), Hiller; and Pianoforte Solos.—Concert of the Musical Society: Overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Concerto for Violoncello, Molique (Herr Krumbholtz); Overture to *Faniska*, Cherubini; and Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Mendelssohn.

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COMPOSERS AND COMPOSING.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, when descanting upon what Dr. Watts calls "this fleshly load," delivered himself as follows:—

"These limbs—whence had we them; this stormy force; this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow-system gathered around our *me*; wherein, through some moments or years the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh."

Possibly, when looked at from the heights of philosophy, our corporeal structure may appear as a "shadow-system." But viewed from the lower level of common humanity it turns out to be a very material thing, with very material interests dependent upon it. Sometimes, indeed, it proves so little like a shadow as to be an insurmountable obstacle in the path of the particular "*me*" who owns it. When the old Jewish writer passionately exclaimed, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest," his desire was not for what Mr. Disraeli would call the "lateral extension" of his body, so much as for the power of getting out of it altogether. In this feeling poets and philosophers, from David to the sage of Chelsea, have shared so far as to run a muck against "the house we live in," and to say all manner of disparaging things respecting it. No doubt, somewhat may be advanced on the other side—at any rate, the argument of necessity cannot fail to suggest itself—but, from their point of view, these poets and philosophers are right, and the body *is* sadly in the way. It has wants which must be supplied after the prescribed fashion of the community to which it belongs; it is subject to natural laws, and so compels the "divine essence" within to pay heed to gravitation and the barometer; and the possession of it involves the owner in a maze of duties and responsibilities, the end of which is nowhere. Imagine what it would be for a great intellect to know nothing of such an encumbrance, to be above all considerations of demand and supply; to be heedless of the tax-gatherer, free of the jury-box and the electoral register, and able to laugh at the time-wasting customs and absurd restraints of civilization. What an amount of noble work could not such an intellect get through in such a case? How it might lay itself out for its own glory and the good of its kind with a devotion only limited by the time in which it would have to act. To be sure, there would be a difficulty in the way. Pure intellect cannot hold a pen, paint upon canvass, or handle a chisel. But we decline to push our supposition thus far.

We will not assume the reader to be asking what all this has to do with composers and composing, because he has, doubtless, seen its application from the first. The composer, more than any other, finds the body and its belongings stand in his way. This is not owing to any peculiarity of construction. Neither does the result altogether arise from liability to dyspepsia and other ills which sadly and surely upset the equilibrium of the tenant within. Indeed, so little is the result due to inherent disability, that one can readily imagine a state of things in which the possession of a body with all its attendant responsibilities shall be a source of pleasure, even to the musician who can conceive nothing but symphonies. But such a state of things is not yet; for the symphonic musician would assuredly "shuffle off this mortal coil" in a workhouse. At present, the composer's disability springs from the conditions and tastes of the community of which he—by virtue of his flesh and blood—forms a part. This is unpleasant and aggravating in itself; nor is it made less so by the fact that he alone of all creative art-workers is placed at such a disadvantage. The painter can paint for future fame with a certainty of present profit. He knows that the more likely a picture is to hand down his name to future generations the more likely it is to find a liberal purchaser. As for the cunning artist who can make—

"Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone,"

he also is well assured that the more noble his productions the more noble the pecuniary return they bring him. Not so the poor man whom Heaven has gifted with the power to write music. If he work for fame, or from a noble ambition to achieve the highest forms of his art, he simply can't live. He has a bodily appetite which must be satisfied—an overture will not bring him bread. Climate and custom make clothing imperative—he cannot pay his tailor's bill with a concerto. The tax-gatherer, and all sorts of people with their "little accounts," knock at his door—they are hardly disposed to be satisfied with the assurance that he has just finished a symphony in E flat. So the poor man has to choose between the degradation of the body or the degradation of the mind. Either he must write something to "sell," and be content to throw off ephemera having the longevity of a gad-fly, or he must put up with "short commons" and take his shabby coat to Coventry, at the unanimous wish of all his friends. Who will say that this is not true, or that, being true, it is not hard? No doubt the sight of a great musical genius, producing, in poverty and obscurity, works destined one day to make him famous, is immensely interesting; as it is to imagine such a man being thus apostrophized by some future Pope:—

"Hail, bard triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heir of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn thy mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

Meanwhile, however, the cupboard of the great genius is as bare as that of Mother Hubbard, and Tomkins, who flourishes upon *morceaux pour salon*, cuts him dead in the street. Such has been the fate of genius before now; and such may be its fate at the present moment for anything we know. But whether this be so or not, it is certain that the necessity for living clips the wings of composers, and keeps them fluttering at the lowest level.

Here then, is an undoubted grievance. Can it be got rid of?—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" A composer out of the body is impossible; the State will not pension him in the body (on the contrary, with a grim humour, it demands a yearly account of his income for purposes of taxation), and publishers object to buy, because they cannot sell, any work likely to do him credit, or augment his fame. So in looking for a remedy, one must travel into the region of imagination, where, happily, everything is possible. Once there a choice of measures presents itself. On the one hand, we see an art-loving public, jealous for the honour of their generation, ever keenly on the look out for the signs of genius, and ever anxious to direct that genius into the highest paths; not by eulogistic maunderings, which "butter no parsnips," either in figure or in reality, but by the simpler and more practical course of money down. On the other hand we see the composer of acknowledged merit elevated to the rank of a State personage, with a grateful country regulating all his mundane affairs, paying all his bills, keeping hand organs and intrusive friends at a distance, and leaving him to court the Muses in some congenial retreat which he and they most effect. Vain dreams, of course; but what if there be nothing for it but to dream? Even imagination comes as a consoler when naught better can be had. So let the composers of our day, who must live as they can, and not as they would, create for themselves an ideal world in which there is no demand for drawing-room songs and pianoforte fantasias, but where everybody calls for music such as can

"Soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."

This is the only possible comfort we can offer them.

THADDEUS EGG.

ROSSINI'S DEATH has excited a profound impression throughout Italy. Commemorative performances, concerts, &c., have been got up in all the principal towns.

MILAN.—*Le Nozze di Figaro* has been given at the Santa Radegonda, but with very moderate success, on account of the utter inefficiency of the artists. At the Carcano, *Il Barbiere* was given lately in memory of Rossini, but given in a very unsatisfactory manner.

AMSTERDAM.—Concert of the Cecilia Society: Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn; Overtures, Nos. 1 and 2, to *Leonore*, Beethoven; two movements from Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Symphony in C minor, Haydn; and Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber.

STRASSBURGH.—The band of the Conservatory celebrated the third year of its existence by a concert, when the following works were among those performed: Eroica Symphony, Beethoven; Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; and Prelude to *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner. Mdme. Viardot sang several songs.

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PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

(*Continued from page* 808.)

During my three years' stay, 1829-32, in Leipsic, the theatre of which city was then a branch of that in Dresden, I received letters once or twice from my friend Holland. He had come out successfully in his native place, Breslau, as Roger in *Le Maçon;* George Dibdin, in *Der Vampyr;* and Ottokar, in *Der Freischütz;* his great wish, however, was apparently to be an operatic director. He now formed the acquaintance of the then celebrated *bravura* singer, Mdlle. Kainz, who not only became his singing-mistress but his wife. She proved a greater prize to him in the former than in the latter capacity, for, when I met him again in October, 1832, at Riga, where they had both been engaged on brilliant terms, I found he was a very excellent singer but an unhappy husband. He was a favourite with the public, and it was really almost impossible for any thing to be more graceful than his Johann von Paris, Fra Diavolo, his Figaro in *Il Barbiere*; von Saldern in *Die Braut*; and Don Juan. His fine high baritone was admirably suited to these parts; but he sang also Licinius, Othello, and all low tenor parts, with equal skill and success, being seconded by his handsome appearance, and knowledge of the stage, which caused small deficiencies to pass unnoticed.

We were always together, and a fresh charm was lent to our meetings by the addition of a young artist closely allied to us in mind. A few weeks only after my arrival in Riga, the new chorus-master (and also first violin in the orchestra) was introduced to us in the person of Carl Friedrich Weitzmann, a pupil of Hauptmann and of Spohr. His first appearance was intensely comical. The management had resolved to give an evening concert upon the stage, and Weitzmann was to make his *début* as a virtuoso with some variations on the violin *à la* Paganini (then something spic and span new). At the rehearsal, conducted by Herr Engelien the *Concertmeister*, I was seated next to Holland in the gloomy pit, watching the proceedings. Weitzmann came unsteadily forward, looking, as he used to look, half bashful and half impudent, with his mighty hawk's nose and his large wondering eyes. He began the pleasing fifths, and immediately afterwards went off into "Il cor non più mi sento," being honoured, when he had executed only the motive, by the applause of his future colleagues. Then the brilliant display of fireworks, the squibs and rockets of the demoniacal Italian, began fizzing up into the borders, while, after every eight bars, the gentlemen in the orchestra stretched their necks more and more, and looked upwards—for nothing similar had ever before been heard in Israel. Weitzmann, being now sure of success, grew bolder and bolder in his fingering, quicker and quicker in his time . . . . when, suddenly, just as he had completely run down the gamut, *prestissimo*, from the three-line *g* to the small *g*, alternately *col arco* and *pizzicato*, his bow flew out of his cunning hand, whizzed high up into the air, and then passing through the opening for the float, fell underneath the stage, while Weitzmann made a fruitless attempt to catch hold of it. Even at the present day I can perceive the scene so clearly that I could paint it. But the impression produced arose not only from the form of the yet youthful violinist being transformed to that of a helpless old man by his unexpected and heavy loss; it was strengthened by the real Berlin "Nanu!" which escaped at the same time, from the virtuoso's lips, in a tone that cannot be described, but which was perfectly audible. Holland immediately said to me, "Henry, my boy, that is the man for us!" and such was the case. Agreeable as were the hours I had previously spent in intimate intercourse with artists and lovers of art, at Königsberg, Leipsic, and Hamburg, as well as similar ones afterwards passed at Cologne and Berlin, they never equalled those we three passed together at Riga. Banished as it were to Russia in early manhood, we did not, like so many of our older colleagues, bear within us the crushing feeling that, having been found wanting in Germany, it was only in Russia that our efforts would be tolerated; on the contrary, we glowed with justifiable pride at its being our lot to preach and propagate the gospel of true artistic faith at a place so rich, and so fond of art as Riga. Not one of us, either, left the chief city of the provinces on the eastern coast of Russia without being conscious of having done the best in his power to foster the growth of art in that promising soil.

There was plenty of work, for our manageress. Madame von Tschernjäwski (formerly well known to older theatre-goers, even in Berlin, as the vocalist, Madame Gosler, *née* Herbst) understood how to make up a bill *comme il faut*. But the company had its full complement, and was willing; the heads of the various departments were young and zealous—and thus the performances were conducted to the satisfaction of all persons. It was here that Holland displayed, among other things, his talent for stage management, achieving, in grand opera, in a comparatively small space, really great effects, by his clever grouping of the various characters; while, in comic opera, his delicate sense of what was required ensured the greatest possible animation in the combined efforts of the artists. He so developed this gift under Herr Moller, who took the position of the manageress, that he subsequently discharged with great credit the duties of stage manager of the German opera in St. Petersburgh.

There reigned among the singers then engaged at Riga, so highly cultivated a taste for art, and so brotherly a feeling of good fellowship, that, combined with the humour we had imported from Germany, they united the leading artists by a bond of social intercourse which was exceedingly agreeable. We got up for our own private amusement (*mirabile dictu*) vocal quartet parties, in which only compositions of our own were executed. To our number belonged the basso Grisler, an excellent musician, and Flische, now a theatrical manager, but then a highly talented young buffo, and a second tenor singer as safe as the Bank. This *réunion* was the nucleus of the German *Leidertafel* afterwards founded by the late Herr Porth, and myself, and the first ever known in Russia. In W. A. Wohlbrück (now dead), who was engaged for character parts, we gained an excellent writer of occasional verses, whose ready wit most infallibly frightened away every fit of hypochondria almost before it began. Holland's birthday inspired the merry band with the notion of giving him a morning *Ständchen*, on which occasion the entire article "Holland," from beginning to end, was, after a few introductory words, read, as a solemn speech, from a geographical Gazeteer. Every time the reader came to the catch-word, "Holland," we all reverently bowed our heads. At appropriate places, the chorus came in with short explanatory remarks set to music, such for instance, as "Holland hat die feinste Leinwand, fein're Leinwand hat wohl kein Land."—"Holland hat auch Tulpenzwiebeln, na! wer will ihm das verübeln?"—"Holland hat famösen Käse, darob sind wir gar nicht böse."—"Holland hat den fettsten Häring, Schweden's ist dagegen gering!" etc. Accompanying all this, we had chocolate and hock *ad infinitum*. We had not much time to spare, however, for such festivities. In the morning from 8 to 11 we gave private lessons; then we had rehearsals in the afternoon; from 3 to 6, more lessons; then the performance . . . Such was the agreeable fashion in which we parcelled out our time, a fashion of which German musicians know something even in their native land. Our professional duties were not the same day after day—but the hours not devoted to them were always filled up by extra lessons. When we arrived, Holland was already highly popular as a singing-master, especially in the small but rich circle of the Livonian nobility; Weitzmann and I entered on possession of the great inheritance left by Herr and Madame Lehnhart, who had just gone to St. Petersburgh, and of Herr Hesse, a pianoforte virtuoso, who had left at the same time for Italy, with a Russian lady of distinction. Thus all three of us had plenty to do, and our leisure time was, therefore, devoted all the more zealously to recreation. Our motto was "Cheerfulness," and the amateurs of Riga joined us heart and soul.

Only too rapidly did the first pleasant years of our triumvirate pass away. An engagement was offered Holland, as singer and stage-manager for opera in St. Petersburgh, and the moment of separation drew near. But before we said good-bye, a wonderful musical event was destined to take place. Madame Holland resolved to give Rossini's *Cenerentola*, as a novelty, for her benefit. The parts were distributed; the vocal rehearsals, with the help of the pianoforte arrangement, in full swing; and we were expecting every hour the arrival of the full score, which had been copied in Berlin from that borrowed from the Königstädter Theatre. At length, the regular sailing vessel arrived from Lübeck—but it brought no score. It is true that Captain Wenditz had the latter

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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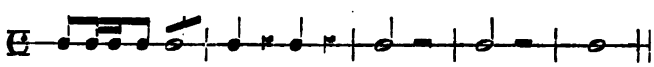
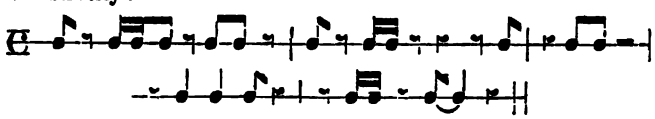
down in his bill of lading, but that was all. To write to, and receive a letter from, Berlin; to search for the missing score; or perhaps to have it copied out . . . all this would, at that time, have taken months. In this state of things, we three leaped into the gulf, for the *prima donna*, as Curtius did for Rome; the pianoforte arrangement was divided into three portions among us, and in ten days the score was complete. What mad things we introduced: instrumental effects of which no musical ear had previously had a presentiment; rhythms in the accompaniment which left the singers uncertain as to whether they were accompanied in equal or unequal measure, and many other things which I cannot now remember with precision. But Holland's spirit of fun towards the orchestra surpassed even Weitzmann's good nature for the tenor Don Ramiro (sustained by Robert Schmid, still resident at Riga, where he is inspector of the new theatre), who was never allowed to come upon the stage without a flourish on the big drum and the cymbals. Holland, in fact, rendered the most simple final formulas so complicated, that every member of my band had to be continually on the *qui vive*, in order not to become the laughing stock of the rest. Thus, for instance, the conclusion on the triad of the tonic, which occurs a hundred times and runs thus:—



was transformed, according to Holland's version, into the annexed monstrosity:—



At the rehearsals, the singers and the orchestra were in high spirits, and at the first performance, everything went admirably, but as there are always two parties required for a joke, the party making, and the party taking, it, and as our jokes were unintelligible to the public, and, therefore, necessarily ineffective, the attention indispensable on the part of the executants gradually diminished, and at the second performance I experienced greater vexation than pleasure. The day afterwards, Holland took his place in the mail, and set out on his journey to the North.

HEINRICH DORN.

(*To be continued*)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Our hard-hitting friend, the *Tomahawk*, has just struck a blow for this most deserving institution. We gladly echo the sound of it:—

"Not *the* Royal Academy but the Royal Academy of Music, an institution which, in no other country of Europe but barbarous England, could be so neglected as it is now. We squander millions every year in firing useless guns at useless targets, to say nothing of the countless hundreds which go towards the support of equally useless birds of prey known as servants of the crown, but we grudge a thousand pounds from the national purse towards any institution connected with art. There is no School of Painting or Sculpture, properly so called; there is no School of Music; there is no School of Elocution; there is no School of Acting, in this highly civilized country. The Royal Academy of Music is now so badly off, receiving as it does no assistance or encouragement from the State, that but for the unselfish conduct of the various professors, who have been content to receive only a percentage on their salaries in order to keep it open, this highly useful institution would have died of inanition.

"There are now, every week, public rehearsals, or, more properly, concerts, given by the students, and it is to invite attention to them that we write these lines. We were present at the last concert, and, although we were painfully impressed by the singular inadequacy and shabbiness of the accommodation, considering that this is the only School of Music which England possesses, yet we were delighted to see how much industry and perseverance had been expended in a good cause. Ridiculously scanty as is the extent and wealth of the Royal Academy of Music, it has numbered among its pupils some of our best musicians; and, even fettered as it is for want of funds, it does much now to create a class of educated musicians, and to cultivate the taste and talent of our young male and female aspirants to musical fame.

"One of the greatest of living English composers, Sterndale Bennett, is at the head of this establishment. We heard some very charming music, and the pupils, if some of them smacked rather too much of the pupil-room, still showed how well they were taught, and what pains they took to profit by the teaching. The great faults that struck us in both instrumental and vocal music were, first, faulty pronunciation of the words, and, next, a want of expression and soul. One singer (a Miss Christian) was certainly a notable exception, for she sang a song founded on a Scandinavian legend with great intelligence and feeling. She has contracted a habit of breathing too audibly, which much mars the effect of a very sympathetic voice. But we do not wish to be censorious, or to make invidious distinctions. All the students acquitted themselves with much credit, and showed that they had, at any rate, taken the greatest pains to prepare their various pieces. Two young ladies recited a scene from the *Hunchback* with great spirit, and did much credit to the Professor of Elocution. The part-singing is capable of great improvement. But severe criticism would be out of place and cruel. We heartily commend these concerts to the patronage of those who wish to encourage the study of music in this country, and who are anxious to aid all organizations which tend to wean our youth from the degrading frivolity which is the curse of this age."

ROSSINI.

(*From the "Continental Review."*)

It is all over. Rossini is no more; his remains lie in Père-la-Chaise; the crowd has dispersed; and the universal hum of deferential sorrow in which all joined on hearing of the death of this illustrious composer has totally subsided. This is not the place for considerations on the instability of man's grief, and, moreover, Rossini can never be forgotten; he must live in the memory of posterity, and it is no form of speech to compare such men to monuments which are erected on high places and weather all storm, even the outbursts of ingratitude, and rise majestic even under the cloud of oblivion. Rossini's body alone is therefore in the silent cemetery; his memory is everywhere, and though neither Alboni, nor Patti, nor Nilsson, could rouse the sleeper from under the sumptuous catafalque, over which they alternately, with plaintive and imploring melody, poured out the strains he loved, still, they will ever find, on turning over the pages of his works, that in some passage or other he will respond to whatever they feel on yearning for reciprocity. It would be a satisfaction here to repeat all that the papers have communicated on Rossini's funeral, to put down the names of the famous and great who pressed in serried, silent ranks into the Trinité to record the subdued murmur of deep reverence and admiration, which was so near turning into profane applause when the voices of our *divas*, tenors, and baritones, almost impersonated the *Stabat;* but however satisfactory such an enumeration would be, it is a repetition of what has been told, and the harmonious phalanx of that grand funeral day did not satisfy my inward cravings half so well as the harmony I found yesterday in the lane down which Rossini would walk to the Bois, passing through the narrow, almost hidden, door which led from his garden to his favourite bench near the Mare d'Auteuil. True, the leaves were all falling, and the lace-like ferns are heavily curling back instead of crisply waving as they did in June, but the birds still hop among the branches and chirrup while mating. The damp is but a veil thrown over the traces of Rossini's footsteps, and under it the thrill is quietly quivering—that powerful thrill which some call "*souvenir*." There is a lyre over the side-door I have indicated, and some tender hand has slung a black crape streamer across it. It could not even float, but, quite wet, fell drooping over the chords, and still the place was full of music to me. One more reminiscence, for I leave to the erudite hand of the critic the pleasant task of *judging* Rossini; I prefer relating the unobtrusive signs of regret to the pomp which attended him this week, and therefore will tell the incident of the mandoline, which may some of us who attended the funeral never forget. The long procession had just entered the last street leading to the cemetery—that strange avenue, lined right and left with marble slabs, effigies, urns, wreaths, silver and crystal hearts, zinc tears, muslin sighs, and all the fictitious paraphernalia of sorrow sold by tomb merchants. One of these houses was ornamented or disfigured by a wooden balcony, and leaning over this mournfully gazed down an Italian; a mandoline was hung upon a nail outside. This is all, but if we suppose that this was a wandering musician, whose fingers had struck the instrument for bread, and who, having nothing more to offer as a sacrifice of love, doomed his beloved mandoline to eternal silence because he whose tunes was most productive was no more, we have something for a painter to think of as grand as the simplicity of the Hebrews, "who hung up their harps" because of the sorrows of Jerusalem. And so it is; the least said the better, and instead of a more official article, I offer the narrow lane, the lyre, and the mandoline as fit elegies on departed Rossini.

GUY FLAX.

ROTTERDAM.—Concert of the "Voorzorg" Society: Overture to *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini; Fourth Symphony, A minor, Mendelssohn; Overture to *König Stephan*, Beethoven; and Symphony in C major with Fugue, Mozart.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FOURTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7TH, 1868,

To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabass—MM. STRAUS, HENRY BLAGROVE, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WOTTON, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Amor nel mio penar" (*Flavio*)—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... *Handel.*

SONATA, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. J. F. BARNETT (his first appearance at these Concerts) ... ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Herr STRAUS... ... *Corelli.*

SONGS { "Du bist die Ruh" / "Norman's Gesang" } Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... ... *Schubert.*

QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 20, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Haydn.*

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N.B.—*The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.*

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDOS de MACEDOINE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us" occurs *twice*, not once only in *Tristram Shandy*, and *once*, not twice, in *Hamlet*. Our correspondent should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

MR. HENRY HOLMES, one of our best violinists and cleverest composers, is holding, in conjunction with Signor Pezze, the excellent violoncellist of Her Majesty's Opera, a series of chamber concerts at St. George's Hall, under the title of "New Musical Winter Evenings." Two of these have already taken place, and they are of sufficient interest to merit a special notice, which we shall be able to devote to them in our next.

DEATH.

On the 23rd ult., at Kentish Town, J. W. GRIESBACH, Esq., aged 68.

On the 23rd ult., at Bath, suddenly, Mr. ELLIS REYNOLDS, leader of the Pump Room Band for nearly half a century. He succeeded his father in that position.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

THE communicated article relating to the Philharmonic Society which appeared in our columns last week, suggests a good many thoughts. True, it had but a simple tale to tell—nothing more than that our oldest musical institution is about to change quarters and abate terms. Behind this move, however, there is a significance which ought not to be passed over.

A word, in the first place, about the step itself. The Philharmonic Society has an historic past intimately connected with a certain policy. Very naturally it is proud of that past, and has clung as long as it could to the policy. Its traditions have always been aristocratic and conservative. It existed for "society," and practically knew no more of people unable to afford fifteen shillings for a ticket, than did Beau Brummel of a leg of mutton. For more than half-a-century, the Society has gone on catering for the *beau monde*, oblivious of any other world, and as indifferent to the march of events beyond its own circle as that worthy gentleman must be who wears the last of the pigtails. But the march of events has been too strong for it. There was once a lover of old-fashioned habits who ignored railways till the existence of his own house was threatened, whereupon he looked sharply after compensation. In like manner, the Philharmonic grew uneasy when its aristocratic supporters began to fall away, and at last it put on its spectacles and surveyed mankind at large. What a sight met those venerable eyes! Cheap music at St. James's Hall, cheap music at the Crystal Palace, cheap music here, there, and everywhere, and such music! Not glees, ballads, and dance tunes, but the greatest works of the greatest masters; symphonies — erst almost exclusive Philharmonic property,—concertos, cantatas, and much else of a like sort. Yet more to its astonishment, the ancient Society saw a shilling public greedily listening to every note, while waiting carriages outside proved conclusively whither the "upper ten" had transferred their allegiance. No wonder the spectacles were taken off, and much anxious cogitation supervened.

What decision followed upon cogitation the reader knows. We applaud it heartily. The Philharmonic does not resolve to nail its traditions to the mast. It does not vociferate, "The Philharmonic dies, but never surrenders." On the contrary, it comprehends the situation, and gracefully adapts itself to circumstances, doing so, moreover, by no half measures. It tears itself away from a time-honoured and aristocratic *locale* to abide, henceforth, in a place of popular resort. It expresses itself willing to serve the humblest music-lover, and is as ready to take money from Horny-hand as from Kid-glove. In fine, it offers to become the people's Philharmonic. This is well and bravely done, and if the people listen to their suitor, the old institution will have a new lease of life.

We are fast "levelling up," as Mr. Disraeli would say, in matters appertaining to art generally and to music in particular. The time is gone by for any assumption of exclusive taste or knowledge by any one class. This was found out long ago by keen-eyed men, and the discovery, together with that of the omnipotent shilling, has revolutionized concert-giving. Henceforth Jack and his master will enjoy their musical feasts, if not side by side, under the same roof, and, it may be, that Jack will have his way even in the matter of Philharmonic encores. "What next, and next?" No matter what if change upon change lead us in a like direction.

A CLEVER writer in the *Musical Times* laments over fanciful interpretations of great musical works. He takes a great deal of trouble to very little purpose. What harm do the rhapsodists? If anybody be reminded by anything of "a gradual ascent from a level country, through various elevated regions, to a culminating summit, composed of stupendous rocks of terrific aspect and difficulty, amid which the presiding genius is one of awe and fear, and where the pole-star of the beautiful begins to pale in the dark obscure," by all means let him say so. He can hurt no one and may amuse a great many. There is not too much laughter in the world.

VENICE.—Signor Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi* was recently produced, for the first time in this city, at the Teatro Apollo, but it failed to achieve any very great success.

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NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

This society began a new season under the direction of its founder Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday last. The beginning was a good one if only because Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* had a place in the programme. Probably Dr. Bennett's work would have received more justice after more rehearsal, but, on the whole, its performance was very creditable, and Mr. Martin deserves somewhat of the public for having brought it forward. The soloists were Miss Jewell, Miss Franklein, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Miss Franklein was encored in the beautiful air, "Lord, Thou hast searched me out," and a similar compliment was paid all four artists after singing the equally beautiful "God is a Spirit." Mr. Perren struggled manfully against indisposition (for the consequences of which an indulgence was bespoken), and sang the tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," with much care. Mr. Lewis Thomas was well suited in the bass airs, obtaining an encore (unaccepted by the conductor) for "He that drinketh of this water," and singing throughout in a style admirably adapted to the character of the music. The cantata was once more a complete success, and at its close there were loud calls for the composer, who, however, did not appear.

After the *Woman of Samaria*, two choruses from Handel's *Acis*, and the whole of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* were given in a manner most encouraging to the society's well-wishers.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The insertion of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* in Saturday's programme necessarily decided its whole character, as the following will show:—

Trumpet Overture (in C)	Mendelssohn.
Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*	Beethoven.
Variations on "God Preserve the Emperor," by all the stringed instruments	Haydn.
Song with chorus, "Nazareth" (Mr. L. Thomas)	Gounod.
Sacred song, "The Legend of the Cross-bill" (Madame Sherrington)	Lemmens.
Air, "Be thou faithful unto death" (*St. Paul*), Mr. W. H. Cummings...	Mendelssohn.
Triumphal March (*Naaman*)	Costa.

From a musical point of view we cannot but regret that English scruples or—if the reader like the word better—English prejudice, should stand in the way of Beethoven's oratorio. Public taste among our people is opposed to anything like dramatic treatment of episodes in the life of Jesus; above all, of that which possesses the greatest tragic interest. Hence, the comparative neglect of the *Mount of Olives*, the substitution of another story altogether in some versions, and the material alterations made where the original subject has been retained. Yet, even after concessions like these, the work remains almost unknown by the public at large—a fact to be regretted, because not even the great composer himself ever wrote music more worthy of his genius, or of an exalted theme. We cannot enter at length into a description of this every way remarkable oratorio. One feature, however, must be mentioned, and that is the splendour of the accompanied recitatives. Beethoven, with his strong dramatic instincts, and unlimited power of expression must have revelled in the opportunities afforded by the sacred story. At all events he took advantage of them to write descriptive music, which will for ever remain an example to be imitated—hardly, we fear, to be equalled. This is not a point likely to arrest general attention; all the more, therefore, should it be indicated as the chief glory of a composition that worthily deals with the greatest event in history. The performance was generally very good. Madame Sherrington's rendering of the solo in "Prize your Redeemer's goodness," was little short of admirable. Mr. Cummings, the most hardly worked of the soloists, acquitted himself right well. His task was not a grateful one. In treating the theme Beethoven never condescended to study either singer or audience, and somewhat of Beethoven's lofty purpose is required by whoever takes the tenor music in his work. Everybody knows that Mr. Cummings is a capital artist and musician whose last thought would be to put himself before the work he has to do. On this occasion he sang every note with a conscientiousness and reverence pleasant to observe. The qualities thus displayed are rare, and when found, Captain Cuttle's injunction is not required to induce us to make a note of them. Mr. Lewis Thomas had not so prominent a part, but he, too, sang with all the care and effect long experience has led us to look for. His part in the trio, "My beating heart dilated," was sustained in a manner particularly worthy of admiration. The choruses were generally well done, a fact hardly less agreeable as a surprise than as an experience. With regard to the accompaniments we will only say that they were worthy the Crystal Palace band.

We must pass over the balance of the programme with only one general remark. The "Trumpet Overture" was admirably played, but the airs might have been improved by a little more care on the part of Herr Manns, whose dealing with vocal music is never very satisfactory.

To-day there is to be a Rossini commemoration, when the programme will include, as examples of the just deceased master—what does the reader think?—the overtures to *Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, and *Gazza Ladra*, with some of the *Guillaume Tell*. Shame on such a selection. Far better let the illustrious dead alone than treat him so. What would have been said had the Handel Centenary Festival programme been made up of selections from his harpsichord pieces and his operatic airs—all admirable of their kind, but no more a measure of the composer's genius than *Venus and Adonis* is a measure of his power who wrote *Hamlet*.

T. Egg.

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REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by Lindsay Sloper. No. 14. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The pianoforte pieces in this number are a *Cantabile* in G flat major, by Charles Wehle, and a Serenade, "Rêve Espagnol," by Edwin M. Lott. Both are very pleasing examples of drawing-room music, while some portions of the first have considerable merit from an art point of view. The first song is a setting by Mr. G. A. Macfarren of Walter Scott's "Farewell to Northmaven." We need hardly say that it has features of a high excellence. Mr. G. B. Allen contributes the second. "'Twas long, long since in the spring-time" is a good example of the composer's talent, and one likely to become popular.

I never cast a Flower away. Song. Written by Miss Jewsbury. The music composed by Henry Sims. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A song written with considerable care and more than average success.

The Spanish March. For the pianoforte. By Nicolo Falieri. [London: R Cocks & Co.]

A timely publication, but ardent Spanish sympathizers like to know whose march it is, and to what party it belongs.

The Zouaves' Retreat. March. By Stephen Glover. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Easy, and not particularly attractive. The Zouaves would scarcely feel complimented by the title, but as those braves are represented in a picture as furiously advancing, matters are fairly balanced.

Afton Water. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Eugen Woycke. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

There is more real worth in this transcription than in most of its kind. As an exercise in different styles it is admirable.

Thou art ne'er forgot. Song. The poetry by P. F. Briody, Esq.; the music by Hamilton Croft. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A smoothly written song if not remarkably original.

Sunshine o'er my Soul. Ballad. Words by Wellington Guernsey; music by Francesco Berger. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

This is a superior song, written with great taste and skill. Melody and accompaniment are alike admirable. It ought to command the success it deserves.

Brussels.—On the 17th ult. a performance was given in memory of Rossini, and attracted an immense concourse of people. The programme was made up exclusively of works by the deceased master: *Il Barbiere*; fragments from the *Stabat*; an air from *La Gazza Ladra*; the prayer from *Mose*; and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. The enthusiasm of the audience reached its climax, when, just as the chorus was about to begin the prayer from *Mose*, the back scene was drawn up, and the bust of the illustrious master, crowned with a laurel wreath, exposed to view. Rossini visited Belgium only once, namely, in 1836, on his way, with the Baron Rothschild lately deceased, to the banks of the Rhine. On his arrival at Brussels, the illustrious composer, then at the height of his fame and in the flower of his age, was triumphantly received. The Grande Harmonie Society gave him a serenade composed of the overtures to *Il Barbiere* and *La Gazza Ladra*. Several thousand persons had collected before the Hôtel de Belle-Vue, where he was staying, and rent the air with their acclamations when he came out to thank the conductor. The following day the title of honorary member of the society was offered to, and accepted by, him. After a visit *incognito* to Antwerp, he returned to Brussels, where the decoration of Chevalier of the Leopold Order was awaiting him. Liége was not behind Brussels in doing honour to the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. The inhabitants came out in enormous crowds to greet him. From Liége he proceeded to Frankfort, where fresh ovations were in store for him.

An old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of "New Music."

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A SOIREE was given by Mr. and Madame Collard, at Westbourne Hall, on the 25th ult. The singers were Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Goodall, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Herr Stepan, Signor Caravoglia, and Herr Angyalfi. Madame Lancia was encored in a new song, 'Good night, sweet mother," the same compliment being also paid to Madame Leupold's talented pupil in Bevignani's "To him I gave my heart." A capital performance of Hummel's septet was given by Messrs. Claridge, Reynolds, Ford, Brace, Matthew, Evans, and H. R. Bird. Mr. A. Collard is a flautist of considerable skill and taste; his tone is good and his execution brilliant and clear; while Madame Collard, in Weber's *Moto Continuo* and in a duet for the pianoforte (with Mr. H. R. Bird) proved herself a good executant, and one who has studied in a good school. Mr. Vernon Rigby sang Mori's "Pearl Diver" very nicely. Madame Leupold, Messrs. H. R. Bird, Mann, and Mori were accompanists.

A CONCERT was given on the 25th ult. at Brunswick House, Wandsworth Road, in aid of the South Lambeth and Vauxhall Benevolent Society. The soloists were Miss R. Henderson, Miss Houghton, Messrs. Bernard and John Wilson. A miscellaneous programme was well rendered, and the audience indulged in frequent encores. The pianoforte was kindly lent by Messrs. Broadwood. We hope the society, which ast year gave away 337 Christmas dinners, was largely benefited.

MRS. MACFARREN gave a pianoforte and vocal recital at Wandsworth, on Tuesday evening last, to a numerous and appreciative audience. Her artistic rendering of the various pieces by Hummel, Weber, Mendelssohn, Brissac, &c., called forth the hearty applause of her hearers, the airs arranged by the latter composer meeting with especial approval. Miss Bessie Emmett was the vocalist on the occasion. Her pure voice and touching rendering of Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," secured for her the favour of the audience, who honoured her with a recal for each of the four remaining songs, for the first of which she substituted Macfarren's "Will my hope be mine," and for the last the "Clochette." These recitals gain more and more favour with the public.

SOME concerts have been recently given at Leyton which shall be noticed in our next.

PROVINCIAL.

MARLBOROUGH.—Mr. W. S. Bambridge, the professor of music at Marlborough College, gave an evening concert in the Town Hall recently. He had the assistance of Miss C. Westbrooke, Mr. and Mrs. H. Barnby, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. W. H. Aylward. Mr. Bambridge played Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 29) and Chopin's *La Berceuse* (Op. 57) and Eighth Polonaise, taking part also in a *Duo Concertante* (Mendelssohn) with Mr. Aylward. A new vocal quartet, by Mr. Bambridge, "What do the forest leaves whisper?" was much admired as sung by Mrs. H. Barnby, Madame Osborne Williams, Messrs. Henry Barnby, and Wallace Wells. The last-named gentleman displayed his fine voice in the "Death of Nelson," a song by Reichardt (encored), and Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" He also sang, with Mrs. Barnby, Rossini's "Mire la bianca." The concert gave much satisfaction.

WORCESTER.—The Cathedral Choir gave a concert in the Music Hall last week assisted by Mrs. Sutton and Miss Pullen. A selection from *Il Trovatore* took up the entire first part. The performance does not seem to have given much satisfaction, probably because every one present had heard the music in its proper place. The second part was miscellaneous. Mrs. Sutton carried off the honours of the evening, being encored (with Mr. Price) in Parry's "A B C" duet, and also in "Laugh while you may." Mr. Done conducted, and Mr. Hughes was at the harmonium.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The autumn concert of the Choral Society took place in the Music Hall, on Wednesday. The first part consisted of Hatton's "Robin Hood," and the second of a miscellaneous selection. Miss Clara Wight (Wolverhampton), Mr. Deacon, Mr. Kent, and Mr. Muston, took the principal parts in "Robin Hood." The concert appeared to give satisfaction. The band and chorus were nearly seventy, and the members showed they had been making steady progress since their last appearance. Mr. Fitzgerald conducted, Mr. Mills was leader of the band, Mr. H. Everitt was at the piano, and Mr. W. Brinton at the organ.

BRADFORD.—At the second subscription concert the chief items in the programme were the Jupiter Symphony, and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Fidelio*, and *Le Domino Noir*. Mr. Hallé was pianist, and Mdlle. Sinico vocalist. Of the lady, a local paper thus speaks:—

"To Madame Sinico was assigned the welcome task of sustaining the vocal music, which, throughout, was of a high character. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's *scena* was marked by true dramatic power, but fell tamely, notwithstanding that the concluding portion of the *aria* contains majestic passages, to which her voice did full justice. Verdi's air was rapturously given, and met with a deserved encore; and in her final song, a new and most excellent one, by Signor Bevignani, who visited us on the occasion of the last concert, her abilities of execution were abundantly displayed. The song is well written, and cleverly instrumented, and testifies to Signor Bevignani's ability as a composer of light music."

THE *Liverpool Mercury* says:—

"Mr. Michael Maybrick is pursuing a very successful career throughout the country. He has lately been singing with marked success at Carlisle, Glasgow, and other northern towns. Last week he returned to England, and made a highly satisfactory appearance at Bolton. It is to be hoped that Mr. Maybrick may soon be induced to visit his native town, when, in consequence of the respect in which his father is held, and the pleasurable remembrance of his deceased and musical uncle and namesake, he may expect a most cordial reception."

ORGAN NEWS.

MR. J. NICHOLSON has in course of completion, at his manufactory, Worcester, an organ for a church at Mentone, Alpes Maritimes, France. It is a most complete instrument for its size, and has two complete manuals from CC to F, 54 notes. One of the stops—the dulciana—is said to be a great improvement on the old stop of that name. The following is the composition of the instrument:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC to F (54 notes).

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Open Diapason (metal).....	8	54	5. Wald Flute (wood).....	4	54
2. Stop Diapason, bass			6. Principal (wood).....	4	54
3. Stop Diapason, treble (wood)	8	54	7. Mixture (metal)	—	162
4. Dulciana, tenor C (small scale)—metal.....	8	42			

SWELL ORGAN—CC to F (54 notes).

1. Bell Diapason (metal)	8	42	4. Harmonic Flute (metal) ...	4	54
2. Metal Stop (wood)	8	54	5. Cornopean (metal).....	8	54
3. Principal (metal).....	4	54			

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to C (25 notes).

Bourdon, wood (large) ..... 16 ft. tone. 18

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great. | 2. Great to Pedals. | 3. Bourdons to Swell.

Three composition pedals, lowest octave of the swell to CC acting on the Bourdons in the Pedal Organ, one octave and a half of German pedals.

THE new and excellent organ which has been erected in the Wesleyan Chapel, Lady Margaret Road, Kentish Town, was opened on Wednesday evening by Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The instrument, which has 28 registers and 1,492 pipes, has been built by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull, and includes:—

GREAT ORGAN—Compass, CC to G.

1. Double Diapason, closed.	5. Dulciana.	9. Fifteenth.
2. Open Diapason.	6. Harmonic Flute.	10. Mixture, 4 ranks.
3. Violin Diapason.	7. Principal.	11. Trumpet.
4. Rohrflöte.	8. Twelfth.	12. Cromorne.

SWELL ORGAN—Compass, CC to G.

1. Lieblich Bordun.	4. Flûte d'Amour.	7. Mixture, 3 ranks.
2. Open Diapason.	5. Principal.	8. Horn.
3. Stopped Diapason.	6. Flageolet.	9. Oboe.

PEDAL ORGAN—Compass, CCC to F.

1. Open Diapason. | 2. Bourdon.

There are five couplers, and all the latest improvements in machinery and tone have been introduced, including a simple and effective light touch movement to the manuals. The proceedings on Wednesday evening commenced with prayer and the singing of the Old Hundredth Psalm, after which the following programme was executed:—Chorus, "Give thanks unto God," Spohr; *Andante*, from the Sonata Duo in C major, Mozart; Rondo and Fugue, Bach; Organ Concerto (G minor), Handel; March of Priests, Mendelssohn; Prelude and Air with variations, J. L. Hatton; Prelude and Fugue, Bach; Duet, "Sion now her head shall raise;" and Chorus, "Tune your harps to songs of praise," Handel.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAPPELL & CO.—"Art Treasures for the Pianoforte." Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, by W. S. Rockstro.

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & CO.—"Réunions Musicales," for voice, flute, and piano. No. 8, "The Setting Sun."

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Hanover Square Magazine," for December.

DUFF & STEWART.—"Good-night, sweet mother," song, by N. Diodenato; "The true right hand," song, by Theodore Distin; "My love will come with the summer," song, by G. A. Macfarren.

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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

A general meeting of students interested in this society was held in the Music Class-room, Park Place, lately. The chair was occupied by Professor Oakeley, one of the presidents of the society.

In his introductory remarks, the chairman, after narrating what steps had been taken to establish the society on a permanent basis, remarked:—

"Now, whatever drawbacks may exist—such as scanty attendance at rehearsals, and the apparent impossibility here (as I remember we found it at Oxford) of forming an efficient amateur orchestra—it would surely be a very great pity if the interest of the students should in any respect flag as regards this newly formed society, and the annual concert in which the public takes so evident an interest. I understand that some alterations and modifications of the existing rules are to be proposed to you by the committee, which, if agreed to, may be of advantage. I need hardly add that I will personally lend all aid in my power to any musical society here, and of course I must be specially interested in one so intimately connected with this University; and I should much regret if the next concert is not even more of a success than the last one."

Dr. Rutherford then read the committee's report, which advised—

"1. That the instrumental section of the society should be organized shortly before the concert proposed to be given by the society. 2. That the subscription to the society should be lowered to five shillings for the winter session. 3. That the meetings of the vocal section should be begun as soon as forty members are obtained."

In moving that this report be adopted, Professor Maclagan made a long and interesting speech. Among other things he said:—

"He would submit to them one or two considerations in favour of vocal music which formed reasons why young men should embrace so good an opportunity as the present of cultivating it, and would try to meet some objections which students or their guardians might make to a young man joining such a society. First, vocal music was a good mental exercise. He wished particularly to bring this to the attention of the Art students who formed the junior portion of the members of the University, and who were at the period of life when they could most advantageously try to get some acquaintance with the practice of singing. They would be doubly valuable as members of the society, because they had the prospect of being longest at the University, would ultimately form most efficient members, and would be a nucleus to which future students would attach themselves. Most of these gentlemen were engaged in studies which were not intended to be used by them for the practical purposes of their future lives, but which were to give them that mental culture which every gentleman ought to have, whatever his future occupation was to be Now, he claimed for music, just as he did for the study of the dead or living languages, the merit of being a good mental exercise. It stimulates attention and thought. Like a language it has a grammar and a construction of its own. It is, in fact, a language, and one in which ideas and feelings and affections and passions can be most fully and impressively uttered. Secondly, it is a charming recreation. It is something to possess an accomplishment which can give pleasure to others, but he appealed to all those who had ever taken part in true part-singing whether the pleasure which it gave to the performer was not greater even than that which it gave to the hearers. Even at the first trial of a new piece of music, when indifferent singers like himself were only rudely hammering at it, there was a pleasure in feeling how the harmonies came out; it was still greater when it began under further practice to be a little smoother; and greater still when it was so well polished under the instructions of a master that could be pronounced by him to be a satisfactory performance. Thirdly, it is a good moral discipline. It requires constant attention, patience, punctuality, and obedience, and these were good things for every one to learn. He believed, however, that the greater part of their fellow-students would assent to all that could be said in favour of music, and would admit their willingness to join in the cultivation of it, but that there were difficulties in the way; and to some of these difficulties he would now address himself. It might be said by those whom they asked to join the society that they were too busy, and could not afford the time. Now he begged to state that to teach people to sing in parts did not require any great expenditure of time. He was not speaking of those who were to make music their business in life: such persons required to give their whole time to it, just as every person had to do in regard to anything whatever that was to be his business in life; but to learn to sing in parts, as amateurs, sufficiently well to give pleasure to themselves and others, would not require any great expenditure of time. Professional men, even when deeply immersed in important professional duties, found time to learn and practise singing; and he did not believe that a student had more calls upon his time than a busy professional man. Besides, one of the many advantages of such an employment of an hour or two in the week was that it gives relief from the pressure of other mental work, and would enable them to return to their studies with renewed zest and vigour. Another difficulty which might be started was that they—those whom they wanted to join the society—had not the capability of being taught music. Now, in reply to this he had to say that, in the opinion of persons of large experience in teaching singing, everybody was more or less capable of being taught to read music and to sing. Some persons condescended upon statistical statements, and said that 90 per cent. of females and about 80 per cent. of men could be readily taught. He was not able to speak to this from personal observation, but certainly a large proportion of human beings could be taught, much larger than was done in other countries; and if done in other countries, why not here? During his residence in Germany, he had had abundant opportunity of seeing how common an accomplishment part-singing was, and he had derived, during a recent residence at Aix-la-Chapelle, the greatest pleasure from the vocal performances of the "Liedertafel"—in short, a singing club composed of gentlemen, and a similar body—the "Orphea"—composed of tailors, shoemakers, and other working men. He saw no reason why this should not exist here? Oh! but it would be said the Germans are such a musical people! Now, this was one of those statements which were very often made, and assented to without any consideration being given as to what it meant. If it meant that Germany was essentially a musical country, because it had given to the world Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, and other great masters, he was not going to deny that, with the echoes of the C minor Symphony still in his ears from the Choral Union's concert the previous night. If it meant that a man who was born on the banks of the Rhine had a natural capacity for learning music which was denied to one born on the banks of the Tweed, he ventured to deny that altogether. Indeed, so far as spontaneous efforts to sing or whistle might be held as proof of a natural tendency to music, he heard far more of those in the streets of this country than in Germany. To be sure, they were in general execrable performances of the tunes which were ground on hand-organs; but they showed the musical tendency of the performers, such as they were. If, on the other hand, it were maintained that Germany is a musical country because far more and better singing was to be heard there, he assented to that at once. It was just because teaching singing to the young was so general as to be almost universal in Germany that this was the case, and that was precisely what he would like to see here. There were now about 1400 students at the University of Edinburgh; he would knock off the odd hundreds and take them at 1000, and instead of 80 per cent. he would only assume 50 per cent. to be capable of musical instruction; and on these data the University ought to furnish 500 persons who might with advantage join this society. It might be said by the guardians of young men that this practice might lead to habits of idleness and dissipation, and he did not deny that it had done so when people could not meet to sing together except in a tavern. But when they had a place in the University itself in which to practise, and at timeous hours, he no more admitted that it would lead to dissipation than he would admit it to be singing when a parcel of fellows more or less drunk were heard bellowing, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," over a sixth tumbler of toddy at two in the morning. Objection to joining the society might be made on the score of expense. He would direct attention to that part of the committee's report.

Mr. Macdougall seconded the adoption of the report, which was unanimously approved.

After the election of office-bearers, the proceedings concluded by a performance on the organ by Professor Oakeley. He played the "Nightingale chorus," and as a tribute of respect to the memory of Rossini, he gave also the Prayer from *Mosé*.

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SCHUBERT'S SIXTH SYMPHONY.

The Symphony in C—sixth in order of the nine Schubert is known to have written—is one of the results of Mr. George Grove's Vienna researches during the autumn of last year. Dr. Edward Schneider, in whose possession the original manuscript has long been (and still is), did not seem thoroughly alive to the importance of his trust. At all events, he permitted the work to lie, with other treasures hardly less precious, in the silence and darkness of a cupboard which promises to become historical. That this should be the case in Vienna, the city of great masters, the place where Schubert lived and died, appears incredible. So it was, however, and the composer might have waited long for his full meed of recognition had it depended upon the men of his own country. But while Dr. Edward Schneider kept his cupboard locked, and the Viennese musicians never troubled him for the key, one belonging to an "unmusical country" appeared on the scene, eagerly

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looking for remains of Schubert. He heard of the cupboard, promptly asked for the key, and got it, disturbed the dust in that neglected receptacle, felt the joy of a discoverer, and went home treasure-laden. As we have pointed out, the Symphony in C is one of the results, and by this time Vienna must have heard the echoes of hyperborean applause bestowed upon her gifted but neglected son. Let us hope Vienna will learn the lesson.

But now to the Symphony itself. From one point of view it is as affecting as Milton's description of his blind hero, since it is equally suggestive of touching personal experiences. In 1818 poor Schubert came upon an oasis in the desert of his otherwise joyless life. Out of poverty, and all the miseries which it must have entailed upon an organization like his, the composer was lifted into circumstances of comfort, even of luxury. This was the result of an engagement as resident music-master in the family of the Esterhazy's. Once installed with a perspective of dinners before him to which there was no vanishing point, and with ample leisure to cultivate the art he so passionately loved, what wonder that a complete revulsion of feeling came over him. Every one of us can, to a greater or less extent, sympathize with his emotions. To him the sunshine must have been brighter, the face of nature lovelier, the song of the birds more melodious, and life altogether a blessed thing, which it could hardly have been before. Under circumstances like these the symphony now given to the world was composed. We should expect to find it reflecting the master's happiness, to see it a-glow with the light that shone for a time upon his path; and such expectations it fulfils. Years before, another composer had dwelt in the palace of an Esterhazy, and had there written music so genial and pleasant that it is always as welcome as flowers in May. The same influence came upon Schubert, and the Esterhazy music-master of Zelész is, in some respects, scarcely to be distinguished from him of Estoras. But of all Schubert's works this Sixth Symphony stands alone in its Haydnish vivacity. On the face of his other compositions is stamped the sadness or the despair from which he enjoyed but a temporary relief. Are we not right, therefore, when we call it affecting?

THE SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT MOVEMENT.

A *soirée* was held on Wednesday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern the object being to celebrate a recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas, to the effect that the opening of such places as St. Martin's Hall on Sunday evenings for concerts of sacred music was not contrary to law. The chair was taken by Sir Joshua Walmsley, who was supported on the platform by Mr. Baxter Langley, Mr. H. J. Slack, Mr. Clapham (Leeds), and one or two other gentlemen. The chairman and following speakers addressed themselves to "sentiments" in the American fashion, making short speeches, without, however, concluding with any motion. The chairman strongly denounced the proceedings of the Sabbatarians, which he compared to those of the protectionists previous to the repeal of the corn laws. Mr. Slack recited a comic poem or song, the burthen of which was "Let us all be unhappy on Sundays," and which seemed to be much relished by his auditory. Mr. Clapham detailed the struggles which had taken place in Leeds between the Sabbatarian magistrates of that town and the working classes, on the subject of Sunday sacred concerts, resulting in the success of the movement. Mr. Conway addressed himself to the history of the Sabbath, contending that to make it a day of gloom was contrary to its original intention, and that the restrictions now imposed on the English people were the result of an ignorant and imbecile superstition. The serious proceedings of the evening terminated with the presentation by Mr. Weatherly of an address from the "Recreative religionists," to Mr. Baxter Langley thanking him for his recent successful defence, in the Court of Common Pleas, of the principles advocated by the recreative religionists. After a suitable reply from Mr. Langley the company adjourned to the concert and ball rooms.

CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR.

The following letter appeared in the *Sunday Times* of the 29th ult.:—

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."

SIR,—Your remarks upon our shortcomings are rather hard to bear, although I fear they are deserved; we cannot lay claim to decent powers of performance. But permit me to put the matter before your readers in what I conceive to be its true light. The Choir is composed of amateur singers who have small chance of practice, apart from the Thursday evening rehearsal at Exeter Hall, and the occasional performance at the Palace. In order that a body so constituted may attain to any decent executive power, it is important that the utmost economy of time be practised, and that the constituent parts of that body be not unnecessarily puzzled. Now, with every kind feeling for Mr. Manns, I must beg to state that we are in one perpetual state of wonder as to his meaning. In most places certain recognized beats stand for certain times—these we all understand; but Mr. Manns has signs of his own, which may be understood by his band, but are certainly not understood by us. He appears to me to take great pains to arrange the work to be rehearsed "for one stick," and when he appears before us he goes through this pictorial performance with much vigour; but it is misplaced energy, for I can assure you that the great majority of us do not comprehend in the least his meaning. Apart from the doings of "the stick," Mr. Manns' directions are mostly given in broken English, and his well-meant intentions only puzzle us the more.

Having stated the case thus far, I may perhaps be allowed to suggest a remedy. I am of opinion that if Mr. Manns could secure the help of an *English* assistant to conduct part-songs at the Palace, and the rehearsals at the Hall, a very speedy improvement would be perceived in the Choir. Any such assistant would, of course, be prepared to give Mr. Manns' readings to such works as are to be performed with orchestra, and should assuredly be well able to make accurate and intelligible time-beats. I make these suggestions in all humility, but I make them with the conviction that your notice of the 22nd inst., is only the prelude of the coming storm—a storm, by the way, which may sweep the Crystal Palace Choir clean away.—I am, Sir,

A MEMBER OF THE CHOIR.

We hope this voice from the ranks will be heard and attended to lest worse befall.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard, accompanied by Miss Annie Edmonds, has given pianoforte recitals this week at Southampton, Newbury, Horsham, and Maidstone, each with the most gratifying results, both as to attendance, applause, encores, &c. Never has our distinguished pianist been received with more unanimous and hearty favour in this country, where such music as she invariably selects and the manner which she executes, about which it would be superfluous to say one word, are calculated more than anything else to raise and spread a taste for the beautiful and pure in art.

The town of Lugo has preferred its claim, in opposition to the hitherto generally admitted one of Pesaro, to be the birthplace of Rossini. A statue of the great Italian is to be erected in the principal street. Pesaro might do likewise, and the dispute remain unsettled.

Mozart's *Requiem* was performed, on Tuesday morning, in the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, for the repose of the soul of Rossini.

Herr Joseph Joachim is expected in London the first week in January to fulfil his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The Tyrolese singers (from the Zillerthal), Die Herrn Holaus, Meickl, Margreiter, Holwarth, and Frau Holaus, had the honour of singing the following programme on Thursday week before the Queen and the Royal family, at Windsor Castle. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were present:

Quintett and Jodl, "The Travelling Minstrel; National Song, "My Heart is in the Zillerthal;" Valse Quartet, "Remembrance of Peterhoff;" Solo Xylophone (National instrument); Laughing Chorus; Song and Chorus with Jodl, "Up in the Alps;" Solo (Zither), Herr Margreiter.

The singers were accompanied by Mr. Nimmo, who represented Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond Street.

Madame Harriers-Wippern has left Berlin for a six months' tour in Italy.

Steps are being taken to erect no fewer than twenty monuments to Rossini's memory in different parts of Italy.

The *Tomahawk* says:—"When a great composer like Rossini dies he leaves us heirs to a never-failing fund. His notes will never be dishonoured."

Madame Rossini has, it is said, consented to the removal of her husband's body to Italy, but it is not certain whether Florence or Pesaro will be chosen for its final resting place.

Guillaume Tell has been performed at Rouen in honour of Rossini. At the close of the opera a bust of the composer was crowned while the orchestra played the prayer from *Moïse*.

The Russian Director of the Imperial Theatres is suing Signor Fraschini for 80,000 francs damages, arising out of the singer's refusal to keep his St. Petersburgh engagement.

At the last Monday Popular Concert Herr Ludwig Straus was leader. Schubert's Octet and a quartet in C by Haydn (first time), were in the programme. Next week we shall give a notice in full of Herr Straus's success and of the concert generally.

The last programme of the Concerts Populaires was as follows:—Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn; *Adagio* from Septuor, Beethoven; Symphony in E flat, Mozart; *Andante* with variations, Haydn; Overture (*Vaisseau Fantôme*), Wagner.

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Owing to a family bereavement, Miss Agnes Zimmermann has returned to London without fulfilling her engagements in Germany.

At the last Concert Populaire, the overture to *Guillaume Tell* was played and encored amid what is stated to have been "indescribable enthusiasm."

Our friend, the *Little Musical Gazette* (New York), informs its readers that "Handel's oratorios and Bach's choir works in piano arrangements are never-ending fountains of delight and progressive knowledge." This is what a well-known poet would describe as "the rapture of a dreamy thought."

The *Morning Summary*, a tory and high church paper, two or three weeks old, is no more. Its patrons must therefore be contented with the older prints of that party. A sad fatality has been at work among the comic publications. The *Censor*, *Toby*, and *Banter* have disappeared, but the world seems none the gloomier.

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska sang on Tuesday at a concert in Brighton, and will sing at a concert in Liverpool this evening, On Sunday she leaves England for Pesth. Her engagement at the Opéra Italien, in Paris, commences on January 5th, when she takes the place left vacant by Madame le Marquise de Caux (Adelina Patti).

Mr. Wilford Morgan (who has been for some months fulfilling an engagement in the Provinces with the "Grand Duchess" Opera Company, sustaining the important character of Fritz for upwards of 150 nights with much success) has returned to town and is now playing the same part at the New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch.

The *Continental Gazette* says:—

"Moscow is at present enraptured with a young cantatrice, named Berthe Ferucci, who in the *rôle* of Gilda, in Rigoletto, was called eight times before the curtain, and nearly smothered with bouquets. Paris will soon have an opportunity of applauding this new star, whose beauty equals her talent, and who will add another to the brilliant galaxy.

Another "remarkable child-pianist," Miss Henrietta Markstein, is spoken of in flattering terms by *Watson's Art Journal* (New York)—which journal, by the way, appropriates wholesale the articles and paragraphs that appear in the *Musical World*, with never a word of acknowledgment. Watson is not the less welcome, however, for his paper is one of the most gentlemanly conducted art-papers in this wide and dreary world.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove recently had the honour of performing the following selection of pieces, in the Red Drawing Room of Windsor Castle:—Duet, *Faust*, Gounod; Concerto (1st Movement), Concertina, De Beriot; Solos Pianoforte: Berceuse (D flat), Study (G flat), on black keys only, Chopin; Fantasia Concertina: Scotch Airs, R. Blagrove; Duet on Welsh Airs: "Watching the Wheat," "The Camp," "The Blackbird," "The Bells of Aberdovey."

We (the *Pall Mall Gazette*) recommend to the attention of Mdlle. Schneider, whose performances excited so much virtuous indignation when she visited us last summer, the following announcement, which appears daily in all the public journals:—

"At 10, Kotzebue's play of *The Stranger*, burlesqued under the title of *The Stranger Stranger than Ever*. At 10.30, the *Cancan* danced every evening by the Stranger and Mrs. Haller."

We (the *Musical World*) recommend Mdlle. Schneider to look to her own affairs. *Cui bono?*

"Last evening," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent on Monday, "the Marquis and Marquise de Caux had an *intime* reception. Among the guests were Madame Alboni and M. Auber, Agnesi and Alary—cold and consequent extinction of voice kept away Gardoni—Prince Poniatowski, &c. Madame de Caux sang 'L'Etranger,' of Alary, and a new composition of M. Hoffman. Agnesi also sang. M. Auber who left soon after midnight, as the young fellow had 'some other parties to go to,' looks as fresh as a boy, and, indeed, as if it would be 'any one's turn next' except his own. The veteran composer was asked last night his opinion of his hostess, and I have great pleasure in repeating his answer: 'I have seen and heard many singers. I remember Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Sontag; but I never heard so perfect an artist as La Patti: as for her voice, it is without a flaw.'"

HAMBURGH.—Second Philharmonic Concert: Symphony in D major, Haydn; Overture and ballet music to *Rosamunde*, Schubert; and Symphony in B major, Op. 38, Schumann.

LEIPSIC.—Second Soirée for Chamber Music: Quartet in D major, Haydn; Sonata for Flute and Pianoforte (arranged by Herr David), Handel; Duet for Violin and Tenor, Mozart; and Quintet in C major, Beethoven.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—A report having been spread about that Madame Adelina Patti would not be able, for reasons connected with her health, to keep her engagement with the manager of the Imperial Theatre, M. de Gedeonow forwarded to the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* the following telegram received from the fair singer:—"False and absurd rumours; health excellent; shall come to St. Petersburgh according to agreement; happy that the moment is approaching." M. de Gedeonow adds that Madame Patti has, moreover, signed for all the season of 1869-70, and for all the season of 1870-71.—The Italian operatic company for the present season is thus constituted:—*Prime Donne:* Madame Pauline Lucca (from 16th November to 28th December, 1868); Mesdames Fricci, Volpini, Trebelli, Galli, and Adelina Patti (from the 13th January, 1869, to the end of the season, that is, the 15th March). *Seconde Donne:* Mesdames Vall' Anese, Berini, and Pedroni. *Primi Tenori:* Signori Calzolari, Stagno (in the place of Signor Fraschini, who has declined to fulfil his engagement), Neri-Baraldi, and Mario. *Secondi Tenori:* Signori Rossi and Patrinieri. *Primi Baritoni:* Gassier, Meo, and Steller. *Primi Bassi:* Signori Angelini and Bagagiolo. *Primo Basso Buffo:* Signor Zucchini. *Secondo Basso:* Signor Fortuna. Conductor: Signor Vianesi. Principal Stage Manager: Mr. Augustus Harris. Second Stage Manager: Signor Ferrero.

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The Musical World.

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THE *STABAT MATER* OF VARIOUS MASTERS.

Among the innumerable crowd of musicians, who, from the end of the fifteenth century down to the present day, have tried their talents on this song of pain, seven have produced works which have achieved celebrity. These great artists are Josquin Deprès, Palestrina, Pergolese, the Marquis of Ligniville (Prince de Conca), Haydn, Boccherini, and Rossini. There is nothing more interesting than to compare these works, so different in character, in form, and in the means by which they produce their effects, but, if we separate each one from its own epoch, if we do not thoroughly imbibe the sentiments which inspired the composer, and if we entertained fixed opinions against the tendencies of one school or the other, it is impossible to form an impartial judgment on the subject. If, however, our mind is eclectic, if it makes allowance for the influence of circumstances, and for the aim the artist had in view, we shall have a well-founded opinion of the value of each work, and our judgment will be impartial, for eclecticism is enlightened impartiality.

Behold me, then, face to face with the *Stabat* of Josquin Deprès, who ruled the art of his own time. Church music was then written for voices alone, without any accompaniment, even of the organ. The art of writing had just emerged from its swaddling clothes, and harmony was limited to a single consonant chord. For Josquin, the *Stabat* was a sequence, a prayer; his mission was simply to impart to this prayer a calm and devout character. The Saviour on the cross, and the grief of Mary, have nothing relating to human sentiments; it is the mystery of the Redemption in process of accomplishment. The artist did not see, therefore, in the work he had to produce, aught more than an act of calm devotion, and for this he possessed what he required: the pure sounds of the human voice and consonant harmony. The composition is written for five voices on the ancient Roman chant of the sixth tone (F major). One of the voices sings uninterrupted plain chant, in long sustained notes, and, upon this theme, the remaining four voices join in such sweet harmony, in something displaying such intelligent treatment of entries, rests, imitations, and the opposite character distinguishing the different classes of voice, that, if we bear in mind the considerations stated above, the work is really beautiful and worthy the attention of every educated and impartial musician.

Three quarters of a century elapsed from the moment that Josquin wrote his *Stabat Mater* to the period which saw Palestrina produce his. The order of ideas presiding over musical compositions was still the same, but art had improved in form, and Palestrina brought to it the power of his individuality. The composer already aimed at producing effect, by the means, still limited, at his disposal. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* is for eight voices in two choruses. The latter, alternately separate and combined, produce some striking effects. In this sublime composition we perceive most plainly that the composer was deeply imbued with the words of St. Matthew: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land unto the ninth hour. . . . And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." It is a sentiment of terror which reigns in the work of the Papal chapelmaster. The three perfect major chords with which the first chorus commences on the words "Stabat Mater," and to which the second sings the words "Juxta Crucem," are something horrible, something barbarous, which wounds our musical feeling by the false relations that their succession engenders. It is something out of Palestrina's habitual style, always so pure in its harmony. But Palestrina required an accent of horror, and, as he did not have at his disposal dissonant natural harmony, unknown during his life, it was only by violating the laws of tonality that he could obtain that accent. The sombre grief he wished to express seizes the soul at the combination of the two choruses on the words, "O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!" It predominates up to the end of the work, and leaves no doubt as to the feeling by which the artist was moved when writing the latter.

Between Palestrina and Pergolese there was a period of one hundred and fifty years; art was transformed; a new system of tonality had arisen to furnish accents hitherto unknown; and instrumental colouring had combined with voices to form a complex whole. Such were the elements placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan composer. Feeble as regarded his physical constitution, his soul alone possessed energy; but powerful combinations were repugnant to it; it took pleasure in works of small dimensions only. He has accents to express tenderness, but not to express force. His *Stabat Mater* is, consequently, not a grandly developed composition; we do not find the powerful effect of choruses employed in it; a soprano and a contralto constitute all the vocal portion, while the orchestra consists of only two violin parts, a tenor and a bass, with the organ. The work is not always equal; two numbers are weak in their conception; but what touching sadness there is in the others! It seems as though Mary's tears had fallen upon Pergolese's heart. When executed by first-class artists (for such are necessary) the *Stabat* of Pergolese has always moved an audience; its celebrity eclipsed that of the other compositions of the same kind, and there is no doubt that this celebrity was well deserved. The work has lost none of its value for the connoisseur not under the influence of a particular epoch.

Although Haydn's talent does not shine to such advantage in his church music as in his instrumental music, he was happily inspired in his *Stabat Mater*. The nobleness of character which, as a rule, predominates in his ideas, is associated in this production with the tinge of melancholy cast over it. Haydn appears to have felt that the grief experienced by the mother of the Saviour was no human grief. We perceive, at the bottom of this sentiment, the resignation belonging to entire confidence in the fruits of the sacrifice which is being accomplished. This fine composition does not enjoy its due share of popularity in the world of music; a few formulæ of the time alone disfigure it.

The least known of all the Stabats which I have mentioned is that of the Marquis de Ligniville, an amateur whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who, having died young, did not produce much. His *Stabat*, a charming "Salve, Regina," and a "Dixit Dominus," for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. Looking at his subject from a point of view very different to that of the other composers I have named, the Marquis de Ligniville did not endeavour to pourtray sentiments above human nature, nor to strike terror into his audience. What he wanted to express was the mystic tenderness for God expiring on the cross, and we must confess that he has succeeded admirably. Three voices, sometimes all similar, as in the first verse, sung by three soprani, and as in "Quæ mœrebat et dolebat," for three contralti, and sometimes mixed, for soprano, tenor, and bass, or for soprano, contralto, and bass, as in the other verses, three voices, I say, without accompaniment of any kind, are sufficient for the author of this interesting composition to produce the most touching impressions. The Marquis de Ligniville considered it incumbent on him to give all his numbers the form of canons, but these combinations are merely accessaries, which in no way injure the expression of sentiment.

Boccherini looked at his subject from the same point of view as the Marquis, in his work, but with more powerful resources for the production of effect, as his three voices are accompanied by an orchestra. The ingenious abundance of happy ideas which is conspicuous in all the other works of this great musician is found also in the work under consideration; but he has infused into it more melancholy, and even more force in certain verses, as, for instance, in "Cujus animam gementem." Though known only to the erudite in music, and, perhaps, never performed, this composition is worthy of the greatest admiration.

One of the most powerful geniuses of the nineteenth century, Rossini, wrote a *Stabat;* he made of it a drama, under the form of an oratorio, or sacred cantata. In taking this course, the illustrious master yielded to the proclivities of his genius. To appreciate properly the value of his work, we must look at it from his point of view, and not see in it music destined for the church, at least as regards certain verses, for otherwise we should run the chance of forming a very erroneous judgment of it. The originality of thought and form, the happy employment of the riches of harmony, and of the combinations of voices and instruments, such are the things we ought to consider in this fine work; we must, more especially, take care not to make any comparisons between it and works conceived with a totally different object. Regarded, therefore, for itself, this fine composition contains matter for unrestricted praise in the introduction ("Stabat Mater"); in the tenor air ("Cujus animam gementem"); in the quartet ("Sancta Mater"); and in the air with chorus. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has already withstood the ordeal of time and criticism; it is, at the present day, justly classed among his finest works.

FÉTIS, Sen.

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MR. SEMIBREVE'S GRUMBLE.

(*From "Vanity Fair."*)

I have been asked by my friend, the Editor of this journal, to prove my goodwill to himself and to his new undertaking by writing something about music for the first number. If I really took the best means to serve his interests, it would rather be by leaving it alone, since my occupation is to write music, not write about it; but that objection being overruled, the next consideration was, what to write about. And this was and is a serious difficulty, for although I have begun, I have not even yet made up my mind.

Shall I speak generally of the past musical season? No; that has already been done by every journal that professes to give art-criticism, and, besides, the new season has begun. Shall I use this opportunity, and, under cover of the anonymous, retaliate, in a trenchant onslaught upon the critics of the various journals for their criticisms on me? No; for they would be sure to find out who wrote the stinging article, and then, how would my next oratorio be treated? No; I will avoid criticism of every sort, and whilst cherishing a secret desire to administer a severe, and, as I think, well-deserved rebuke (always under the anonymous) to my publishers for the shamefully small sums they offer me for my compositions, I will allow prudence to overrule all vengeful feelings (for they might even refuse to buy my next sonata for Pianoforte and Doublebass, with the paltry excuse that there was no demand for that class of music), and avoid personalities altogether. Well then, as I can't abuse my friends, very little is left to me. I might, indeed, write a panegyric on my own works; but the world is ill-natured, and might misunderstand the intention.

How our eminent Reviewers make up their copy every week is a mystery to me. I allude to the gentlemen who write those amusing and instructive essays *àpropos de bottes*. Do they keep a little list of favourite subjects, and select from them according to their own mood, and as occasion demands? or do they take things haphazard, and thus write about "Spasms" one week, and "Long Engagements" the next, with an ease which forces us to believe that they have done and suffered (like that which "a verb" expresses) every phase of life and fortune? If I had to write constantly, I should certainly make a list of musical subjects to write about, and like the versatile Reviewer, discourse eloquently on "Natural Harmonics" or "Negro Minstrelsy" with equal facility. I won't speak of either now; for about "Natural Harmonics" people know absolutely nothing at all; and it would be useless in the small space allotted to me to try and explain them: while of "Negro Minstrelsy" we have had decidedly too much. Poor Music! with her head in heaven and her feet in the gutter, what dreadful things have been done in her name! Why should she be made to suffer from the terrible curse of being a "Social" art? Why is music always the chief sacrifice on the altar of "Society?" I could never conceive why ladies with charming houses and pleasant friends should, having these elements of success, spoil their parties by the introduction of music. I am not speaking of those who give regular concerts of professional or amateur musicians (although I shall have a word to say to them presently), where the programme is fixed, silence enjoined and kept, and where the folks really come for the sake of the music; but I allude to the fair members of society who send out cards during the season:—"Lady May Phayre at home —music, small and early,"—these parties are my *bêtes-noires*. For what happens at these sacrifices? There is a great crush of people—locomotion is difficult, and yet every one wants to move about—you pass your evening in begging people's pardon, and you are treated to a selection of third-rate Italian music performed in a fourth-rate style, by young ladies who look as if they were more bored than the listeners, and who are often accompanied on the pianoforte by their mothers in a style which, in common humanity, I can only account for by believing that they are playing a different piece of music from what their daughters are singing, and are prevented from discovering their mistake by the noise of the listeners' talking. This is bad enough, but worse may follow in the shape of a pianoforte solo by a lady who keeps the loud pedal down the whole time, and who also cannot hear what dreadful sounds she is producing, because an instrumental solo is the signal for people who have been previously talking in a moderate tone of voice, and who may not naturally be of a violent disposition, to roar at each other. Then the lion of the evening is brought forward, some good-natured French or Italian singer, who invariably sings either Gounod's "Serenade" or "A vingt ans," or maybe (but this is more rare) a pretty canzonet of Gordigiani's, while the hostess goes about and says it's "too charming." At last the moment comes which I have anticipated, and I brace myself up for defence, as the hostess, after various whisperings with friends round the piano, makes her way up to me. "Oh, Mr. Semibreve, how good of you to come! What charming music we've had, haven't we? I am sure you've enjoyed it." I, who during the day perhaps, have been rehearsing new songs with Mr. Santley and Miss Edith Wynne, or trying through a MS. concerto with Joachim!—I bow and smile, and say "how very good of you to ask me." (I know what her next question is going to be from long experience).—"Might I?—would you?—you are so very kind you know; it would give us all so much pleasure if you would play us something." I recollect the dangerous effect of the instrumental solo on my quietly-disposed friends, and reply blandly, "I have been writing all day, and my fingers are so stiff that I could not play two notes in succession." "Oh, I am sure that won't matter in the least from *you*," says my hostess, with well-meaning but doubtful politeness. I bow again and simply decline to play. I am very little molested now, as my idiosyncracies are known and respected, but I have had to fight for that social independence which should be the first care of an artist. I see many letters and complaints in musical journals about the position and social status of musicians, and I hope my brother artists won't be angry with me, or think me wanting in modesty, if I ask them whether it is not their own fault if their status is not as good as they would like it to be, whether a man's position in any calling, provided it be a respectable one, does not depend pretty nearly on himself alone. Music is a divine art, and a musician, in the highest sense of the word, has a noble calling, and one for which he never need blush; therefore, if he respect his calling, he will respect himself, and others will respect him. Don't let us parade the shop, nor, on the other hand, be ashamed of it, and above all, don't let us make our art so cheap and common that people do not care to buy it, but run after other wares. Lady May Phayre once pressed me so rudely to play that I felt bound to give her ladyship a rebuff, and said: "My dear Lady May, here is my friend Millais; also an artist. Why don't you ask him to sketch a portrait of yourself and some of your family, for the amusement of the company: he would be gratified, I am sure, by having such a compliment paid him." And since then her ladyship has never asked me to any of her musical parties, and there was a coolness between us for some time; but this season she graciously sent me a card for her ball, and I went and enjoyed myself immensely.

There are, however, one or two houses that I frequent where I am only too glad to be allowed to assist at musical evenings. But how different are the whole arrangements! Take the case of my friend Boulton Bowe, Q.C., at whose house pleasant, artistic gatherings constantly take place: sources of real enjoyment to everyone. There many a new work of Gounod has been read through for the first time, before it was known in England. I have heard Schumann's songs, Chopin's ballads, new things by Rubinstein, unknown works by Schubert, and much else interesting, sung and played in a style of which no artist need have been ashamed, and afterwards discussed in a manner that showed how keen were the taste and appreciation of performers and audience. But Bowe, and one or two others whom I cannot now name, are unfortunately exceptions; and the great mass of London evening music is trash—wearisome alike to body and mind. How much pleasanter the parties would be if the entertainers had no music, and put "gossip" in the corner of their cards. This is a capital idea, and if any enterprising Heraldic Engraver takes it up and makes a large sum of money out of it, I hope he won't "forget to remember" the originator.

The word I wished to say to those excellent ladies who give regular concerts is a short one, but of considerable importance. With all the means at their disposal, with first-rate singers, players, rooms, and audience, is it not a pity they give us nothing but a *rechauffé* of the most worn-out and hackneyed Italian *arias* and duets? Is there nothing else in the world that their friends would like to hear, and can the artists give them nothing different? Surely something fresher might be found, than the eternal *Gazza Ladra* and *Semiramide* duets, and I know the folks would enjoy a novelty. As a proof—I was at a private concert last season, when Mdlle. Tietjens sang Schumann's ravishing song, "Dumeine Seele" and made an enormous effect with it—those who had never heard it before (and their name happened to be legion that evening) thought it the most beautiful song ever written, and so it very nearly is. The great *prime donne* are paid so exorbitantly that those who engage them would be justified in demanding from them something a little newer than "Il Bacio" or "Di Piacer."

Now I have come to the end of my tether, and have said enough to prove my goodwill for the Editor without, I trust, doing his paper very serious harm, or injuring the enormous circulation which the second number ought to have. I have had my grumble, and it has been a great satisfaction to me, and in fact, I like it so much that perhaps my Editor will let me have another soon. I am sorry I have no magnificent peroration to finish with; ending is always a difficulty. There is a story told of (I believe) the late Archbishop of Canterbury—(all honour be to the name of such a good man!)—who, having received a deputation, and being unprovided with the customary luncheon for the members of it, was at a loss how to get rid of them, as he saw they were expecting the usual hospitality. A happy thought seized him; he pronounced the blessing, and then left the room!

I can't dismiss my readers in the same manner, but instead of apologizing for my superficial style, I will merely say that my Editor told me to write "just as I talk." I have done so, and my readers will be able to judge whether in society I am a verbose, heavy old bore, or a charming, sprightly young companion.

A. SEMIBREVE.

VIENNA.—It is definitively determined that the new Opera-house is to be opened with Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, after which the first novelty will be R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

GENOA.—The season was brought to a close with *Il Trovatore*, in which Signora Pinco was very much applauded, as, also, in the duet from *L'Elisir*, brilliantly sung by her and Signor Florini. The orchestra performed the overture to *Semiramide*.

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ORGAN-PLAYING.*

The organ, long expected, has arrived, been unpacked, set up, and gloried over. The great players of the region round about, or of distant celebrity, have had the grand organ exhibition; and this magnificent instrument has been put through all its paces in a manner which has suprised everyone, and, if it had had a conscious existence, must have surprised the organ itself most of all. It has piped, fluted, trumpeted, brayed, thundered; it has played so loud that everybody was deafened, and so soft that nobody could hear. The pedals played for thunder, the flutes languished and coquetted, and the swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes. Now it leads down a stupendous waltz with full bass, sounding very much as if, in summer a thunder-storm should play above our heads, "Come, haste the wedding," or "Monymusk." Then come marches, gallops, and hornpipes. An organ playing hornpipes ought to have elephants for dancers.

At length a fugue is to show the whole scope and power of the instrument. The theme, like a cautious rat, peeps out to see if the coast is clear; and after a few hesitations, comes forth and begins to frisk a little, and run up and down to see what it can find. It finds just what it did not want, a purring tenor lying in ambush, and waiting for a spring, and as the theme comes incautiously near, the savage cat of a tenor pitches at it, misses its hold, and then takes after it with terrible earnestness. But the tenor has miscalculated the agility of the theme. All that it could do, with the most desperate effort, was to keep the theme from running back into its hole again, and so they ran up and down, around and around, dodging, eluding, whipping in and out of every corner and nook, till the whole organ was aroused, and the bass began to take part, but unluckily slipped and rolled down stairs, and lay at the bottom raving and growling in the most awful manner, and nothing could appease it. Sometimes the theme was caught by one part, and dandled for a moment when, with a snatch, another part took it and ran off exultant, until unawares the same trick was played on it, and finally, all the parts being greatly exercised in mind, began to chase each other promiscuously in and out, up and down, now separating and now rushing in full tilt together, until everything in the organ loses patience, and all the "stops" are drawn, and, in spite of all that the brave organist could do—who flew about and bobbed up and down, feet, hands, head, and all—the tune broke up into a real row, and every part was clubbing each other one, until at length, patience being no longer a virtue, the organist with two or three terrific crashes put an end to the riot, and brought the great organ back to silence.

Then came congratulations. The organist shook hands with the builder, and the builder shook hands with the organist, and both of them shook hands with the committee; and the young men who thought it their duty to know something about music looked wise, and the young ladies looked wise too, and the minister looked silly, and the parishioners generally looked stupid, and all agreed that there never was such an organ—no, never. And the builder assured the committee that he had done a little more than the contract stipulated; for he was very anxious to have a good organ in *that* church! And the wise men of the committee talked significantly of what a treasure they had got. The sexton gave a second look at the furnace, lest the church should take it into its head, now, of all times, to burn up; and he gave the key an extra twist in the lock, lest some thief should run off with the organ.

And now, who shall play the organ? is the question. And in the end, who has not played it? First, perhaps, a lady who teaches music is exalted to the responsibility. Her taste is cultivated, her nerves are fine, her muscles feeble, her courage small, and her fear great. She touches the great organ as if she were a trembling worshipper, fearing to arouse some terrible deity. All the meek stops are used, but none of the terrible ones, and the great instrument is made to walk in velvet slippers every Sabbath, and after each stanza the organ humbly repeats the last strain in the tune. The instrument is quite subdued. It is the modern exemplification of Ariadne riding safely on a tamed leopard. But few women have strength for the mechanical power. It ought not to be so. Woman ought to have better health, more muscle, more power, and, one of these days, doubtless, will have.

Next, an amateur player is procured, who was said to have exquisite taste and finished execution. A few pieces for the organ he knew by heart, a pretty way of varying a theme, a sentimental feeling, and reasonable correctness in accompaniment.

Next came an organist, who believed that all this small playing, this pretty sweetness, was a disgrace to the powers of the instrument. He meant to lead forth the long pent-up force, and accordingly took for his first theme, the Deluge, and the audience had it poured upon them in every conceivable form—wind, rain, floods, thunder, lightning, with all the promiscuous stops, which are put in all large organs to produce a screeching brilliancy, full drawn, to signify universal misery and to produce it. That man gave the church their full money's worth. He flooded the house. The voices of the choir were like birds chirping in a thunder-storm. He had heard that the singing of a congregation should be borne up upon the music of the organ, and, as it were, floated, and he seemed to be aiming, for the most part, to provide a full Atlantic ocean for the slender choir to make its stormy voyages upon.

A fortunate quarrel disposed of him, and the organ went back to the tender performer. But before long a wonderful man was called, whose fame, as he related it, was excessive. He could do anything—play anything. If one style did not suit, just give him a hint, and he would take on another. He could give you opera, ecclesiastical music, stately symphony of Beethoven, the brilliant fripperies of Verdi, the solemn and simple grandeur of Handel, or the last waltz, the most popular song (suitably converted for the purpose)—anything, in short. The church must surely be hard to please, if he could not suit them. He opened his organ as a pedlar opens his tin boxes, and displaying all his wares, says, "Now, what do you want? Here is a little of almost everything!"

He took his turn. Then came a young man of a true and deep nature, to whom music was simply a symbol of something higher, a language which in itself is but little, but a glorious thing when laden with the sentiments and thoughts of a great heart. But he was not a Christian man, and the organ was not to him a Christian instrument, but simply a grand Gothic instrument, to be studied, just as a Protestant would study a cathedral, in the mere spirit of architecture, and not at all in sympathy with its religious significance or uses. And before long he went abroad to perfect himself in his musical studies. But not till a most ludicrous event befell him. On a Christmas-day a great performance was to be given. The Church was full. All were musically expectant. It had been given out that something might be expected. And surely something was had a little more than was expected. For, when every stop was drawn, that the opening might be with a sublime choral effect, the down-pressing of his hands brought forth not only the full expected chord, but also a cat, that by some strange chance had got into the organ. She went up over the top as if gunpowder had helped her. Down she plunged into the choir, took the track around the front bulwark of the gallery, until opposite the pulpit, whence she dashed down one of the supporting columns, made for the broad aisle, where a little dog joined in the affray, and both went down toward the street door at an astonishing pace. Our organist, who, on the first appearance of this element in his piece, snatched back his hands, had forgotten to relax his muscles, and was to be seen following the cat with his eyes, with his head turned, while his astonished hands stood straight out before him, rigid as marble!

But in all these vicissitudes, and in all this long series of players, good playing has been the accident, while the thing meant and attempted has been in the main, a perversion of music, a breaking of the Sabbath-day, and a religious nuisance. The only alleviation in the case was, that the general ignorance of the proper function of church-music saved the Christian congregation from feeling what an outrage they had suffered. But we must try this topic once more before we can get it fairly finished.

* From *Summer in the Soul*, by the Rev. H. W. Beecher.

CAVEAT EMPTOR.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Will you allow us to expose in your columns an imposture which is being practised in the musical profession and trade? It appears that a man giving the name of "Johnson" has been calling at the houses of various artists and others, and has obtained small sums of money from them, supposed to be in payment for copies of the *Musical Directory*. In some cases he has succeeded in extracting a "fee" for insertion of their names. We charge no such fee, know nothing of such a person, and shall be under considerable obligation to any one who will, when he makes his appearance, give him into the custody of the nearest policeman, and communicate with us.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & Co.,
Publishers of the "Musical Directory, Register, and Almanack."

ROTTERDAM.—Herr Bouch's *Lorelei* has been produced by the German operatic company, but has not met with any very great success.—The programme of the first Soirée for Chamber Music, given by Herren Lange, jun., Wirth, etc., included the following works: D minor Quartet, Haydn; Pianoforte Quartet, Schumann; Violin Sonata in A major, Handel; and Impromptus, Lange.

MILAN.—Sig. Filippo Marchetti has arrived to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *Ruy Blas*, which is to be produced during the approaching Carnival.—The *Gazzetta Musicale* gives a formal denial to the assertion made in certain Paris papers that Sig. Verdi is engaged on a new opera, entitled *Giuletta e Romeo*. It says that there is not a single word of truth in the whole assertion from beginning to end.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concert on Saturday afternoon was in several respects interesting. It began with the overture to *Prometheus* and ended with the overture to *Tannhäuser*, the former all music, the latter all noise, but each so marvellously well executed as to encourage a belief that Mr. Manns and his followers thought just as highly of Wagner as of Beethoven—of the arch-enemy of music as of its high priest elect. Of course, the members of the orchestra have nothing to do but to play that which is set down for them; Mr. Manns, however, on more than one occasion, has introduced the overture to *Tannhäuser* in his programmes, and thereby laid himself open to a charge of high-treason against the majesty of art. He pretends, and justly pretends, to have accomplished a vast deal of good through his management of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts; and, indeed his claims have been frequently acknowledged in such unequivocal terms of praise as are awarded to few enjoying no higher position than that of simple "concert-master." Nevertheless, Mr. Manns should be reminded that beginning with Wagner means going on with Wagner, or else it means nothing at all. Now if, which we can hardly doubt, he has carefully perused the score of the Munich opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, he must be aware that in that remarkable work, according to the declarations of Herr Wagner himself and Herr Wagner's most turbulent partisans, the Wagnerian theory is for the first time perfectly developed. Why, then, not plunge at once into *Tristan*, instead of eternally standing on the threshold of the temple—in other words, perpetually bringing forward the inchoate *Tannhäuser*, as though in *Tannhäuser* was unfolded the entire Wagner? The so-called "march" from the latest Munich revelation, the *Meistersinger von Nürnburg* (a "comic opera" according to Wagner), produced by Mr. Manns a few concerts ago, counts for little or nothing, being of far less importance than even the oft-cited bridal scene from *Lohengrin*. What the Wagnerians desire is the whole Wagner, and nothing less There are some, Herr Wagner himself, and his enthusiastic patron, Abbé Liszt, among the rest, who believe that from the point at which Beethoven left off—say, from the ninth symphony, the second mass, the last quartets &c.—Herr Wagner virtually starts, and that had Beethoven lived to make farther advances, he would have proceeded in the same direction. If this were true, musicians might take some consolation for the loss of that tenth great symphony which the giant of music had projected. But it is altogether false; and to know anything about Beethoven is to know that Beethoven would never have tolerated the doctrines set forth by Herr Wagner and promulgated so industriously and obstreperously by his disciples. It was enough to hear the overtures to *Prometheus* and *Tannhäuser*, one after the other, on Saturday, to convince any one with ears attuned to harmony that, instead of marching onward from the latest works of Beethoven, the author of the *Art-work of the Future* was immeasurably in the rear of, and without the smallest conceivable chance, at any period, however remote, of catching up the earliest. *Prometheus* is an overture, exhibiting all the strength, conciseness, and symmetry of form in which Mozart supremely excelled, with, here and there, a bold passage already foreshadowing the Beethoven now unanimously hailed as the most original of all musicians; while the overture to *Tannhäuser*, at the best, is but pantomime music, not less empty than loud and pretentious. It is the bounden duty of those who, caring for the welfare of music, have the means of addressing the public, to protest, when occasion offers, against the encouragement of anything so utterly wrong in art and so inimical to art's most serious interests as that which is exemplified by the writings of Herr Wagner. Mr. Manns, we are aware, is—putting Italian and French art aside—an eclectic; but even in German art a line should be drawn somewhere.

As the concert on Saturday was the twelfth and last of the first series for 1868-9 (of which, happily, yet fourteen more remain to be given), we subjoin the programme *in extenso*:—

Overture (*Prometheus*)	...	Beethoven.
Song, "Deign, great Apollo (*Ruins of Athens*)	...	Beethoven.
Music in the *Tempest*	...	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "Honour and Arms" (*Samson*)	...	Handel.
The Song of Miriam	...	Schubert.
Aria, "Il soave e bel contento"	...	Paoini.
Part-Song, "Sleep, gentle lady"	...	Bishop.
Overture (*Tannhäuser*)	...	Wagner.

Nothing could more appropriately have succeeded the overture of Beethoven than the song from a work written by the same composer ten years later. The music for *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was produced in 1801, the same year as the so-styled "*Pastoral Sonata*," and the famous string quintet in C: that for *Die Ruinen von Athen* belongs to 1811. also the year of *König Stephan*. In the *Ruinen von Athen*, which preceded by a very short time the great orchestral symphony in A (No. 7), we find its author entirely free from the influence of his illustrious predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. In fact, it was produced in the meridian of what is termed his "second period." The song so carefully given by Signor Foli is an excellent specimen of the work, and could not but be welcome to the lovers of Beethoven.

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's music to the *Tempest* of Shakspere came back to us as fresh and attractive as when it was first heard. As piece followed piece, from the opening orchestral prelude to the end, it was pleasant to be able to feel that the praises lavished some years since on this first important production of the young composer had not been indiscriminate. To deny that in writing his *Tempest* Mr. Sullivan was considerably influenced by Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, would serve no purpose. Such is unquestionably the truth, but deeply impressed as he must have been with that admirable model, he successfully avoided plagiarism. In short, he respected his model so much that he would not appropriate a bar of it. When, therefore, we add that he has produced a work which, notwithstanding the imitations by German composers, &c., during twenty years and more, is worthier to come after *A Midsummer Night's Dream* than any other we could name, we are paying Mr. Sullivan a very high, though, we sincerely believe, a thoroughly well-merited compliment. The orchestral preludes to Acts 1, 3, 4, and 5, have each a distinctive character and each a marked interest; all the incidental music, while the dialogue goes on, is delicately imagined and as delicately wrought out; the dances are piquant, melodious, and full of vigorous life; and it is difficult to award a preference to either the "Banquet Dance," so quaint and sparkling, or to the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers"—though to the last, which for its salient *ad captandum* qualities is quite equal to the other, may, if only on account of its more varied and extended design, be justly given the palm. It is held by some that where Mr. Sullivan has been least successful is in the setting of Ariel's songs. This may be so, but we confess our inability to recognize it. According to our own impression, they are each and all: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," deeply felt and happily illustrated—and this, not forgetting how our young composer had to fight against the reasonable prejudice in favour of those truly English songs for which we are indebted to Purcell. Arne, &c. That Mr. Sullivan has looked at his task from the Mendelssohnian, rather than from what would be regarded as the national, point of view is undoubted; but as the most Shakesperian music in existence is universally allowed to be the music composed by Mendelssohn for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as the *Tempest* appertains incontestably to the same order of play, we cannot see that Mr. Sullivan is to be blamed. Fine as are their melodies, what Purcell and Arne produced, compared as mere art-work with what Mendelssohn produced, is, it will hardly be denied, of *small* pretension. And then, the resources of the modern orchestra, which, in the musical illustration of such subjects can be employed to *such rich* purpose, were no more likely to be disregarded by an aspiring Englishman than by the most imaginative of Germans. Apart from all these considerations, however, the music to the *Tempest* is genuine from one end to the other, and every one must have been delighted to listen to it again. The performance, on the whole, was good, though in some instances it might have been better. The orchestra was very nearly perfect, the chorus efficient in the very little that is assigned to it, and the solo singers, Misses Banks and Fanny Armytage, did their very best. The audience, unanimously pleased, were liberal with their applause, which, at the conclusion of the first part of the "Banquet Dance," was so protracted that Mr. Manns was compelled to stop the orchestra and briefly remind them that, after a few bars of slow interlude, the "Dance" would come over again as a matter of course. Those previously familiar with the music (and they were not a few) were considerably diverted with this too precipitate demonstration of approval.

Schubert's "*Song of Miriam*," set to a cantata by the poet Grillparzer, is interesting as one of those works composed in 1828, the year that deprived the musical art of a genius only second to the genius who had been snatched away a year earlier (Beethoven). It is a pity that "*Miriam*" should have been left by its composer without anything more than a pianoforte accompaniment; for of all eminent musicians Herr Franz Lachner, who has scored the accompaniments for the orchestra, was, perhaps, the least likely to enter quite sympathetically into Schubert's ideas; and then, Schubert's own manner of orchestration was as individual as his own manner of composing, and as entirely original. Nevertheless, the cantata contains too much that is beautiful not to disarm criticism built upon comparatively subordinate objections. It is written throughout for soprano solo and chorus. The subject, we need scarcely say, is that of Handel's *Exodus*, though confined to the single miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, which Miriam and her companions recount amidst prayers and thanksgivings to their Almighty Deliverer. We have left ourselves no space to describe this cantata at length; but, as its second performance was not only much better, but much more warmly appreciated than the first, and as it is short, extremely effective, and full of unmistakable beauties, we are likely to have more than one occasion of recurring to it. For musicians it must possess a special value, as containing some of the fruits of those contrapuntal studies to which poor Schubert had betaken himself so late in the period of his brief and sad career. The solo part this time was sustained by

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Miss Banks, in lieu of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; and to the credit of Miss Banks, be it added, she gave no cause to regret the absence of her more experienced predecessor.

That the air from Handel's *Samson* was allotted to Signor Foli will be readily understood. The Italian cavatina fell to the share of Miss Armytage, Bishop's familiar part song, admirably given by the choir, was encored and repeated. Bishop, at the same time, has left far better things than this hackneyed and commonplace trifle.

In the course of twelve concerts, the first of which was held on the 31st. of October, we have had the *Eroica* and B flat symphonies of Beethoven; the "Surprise" symphony of Haydn, and the "Parisian" of Mozart; the "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies of Mendelssohn; Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, with his previously unknown one in C major, No. 6; and Schumann's No. 3 in E flat. The "Surprise" of Haydn, the No. 6 of Schubert, and the No. 3 of Schumann, as our readers have already been informed, were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. The symphony of Haydn made every one wish for more from the same inexhaustible store; that of Schubert has put the musical public under a fresh obligation to the spirited directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and to Messrs. G. Grove and A. Manns, their indefatigable representatives in all such matters; while that of Schumann found many admirers, and has advanced the cause of its composer a sure step. Among the overtures and other shorter instrumental pieces have been several novelties, but only one—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's "Concert-overture" No. 2—of any real value, Herr Volkman's *Fest-overture* being but a dry affair, Herr Reinicke's prelude to *King Manfred* a mere question of "mutes" ("*sordini*"), and the march from Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* a mystery to the uninitiated. Four of Weber's overtures, three of Beethoven's (including the sublime *Coriolan*), four of Mendelssohn's (including the ever more and more welcome "Trumpet Overture"), one by Mozart, one by Auber, one by Schumann (*Genoveva*), and five by Rossini, have been played. Then, in the way of choral music, besides the *Song of Miriam*, we have had (first time) Beethoven's magnificently dramatic *Mount of Olives*, the same composer's Choral Fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, comprising, not only the *finale* and the "Ave Maria," but the "Vintagers' Chorus," another cause for regret that an opera promising so richly should have been left unfinished. Even now we have left untold the instrumental solos, the novelties among which were Mendelssohn's duet for clarionet and corno di bassetto (posthumous—still in MS.), his organ sonata in B flat, and Bach's great G minor pedal fugue—the first and only instalments of the promised organ performances. Into a retrospect of the vocal music at each of the twelve concerts we cannot possibly enter; nor would our retrospect be likely to meet with many readers, supposing it made. But enough has been said to show that the Crystal Palace Concerts are going on as usual, and maintaining their position as the foremost entertainments of their kind in the country. They begin again on the 16th of January, 1869, when Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" is to be repeated, and Herr Joachim is to play Beethoven's violin concerto.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A CONCERT was given on the 10th inst., at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park, for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Robert Topliff, composer of "Consider the Lilies," &c., many years organist of Trinity Church, Newington. There was a full audience, which was no more than might have been expected considering the many artists of high standing announced to appear. The promise held out of a musical treat was scarcely realized; the programme being found to consist in great part of common-place songs and ballads by third-rate composers. Amongst others, Madame Talbot-Cherer, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Herr Carl Stepan, Mr. W. Carter (who conducted), Mr. J. B. Chatterton, Mr. Chas. Lester, Mdlle. Marie Gondi, and Miss Palmer, gave their assistance.

THE Brixton Amateur Musical Society's second private concert took place last week in presence of a fashionable audience. The chief item in the programme, Mozart's D major Symphony (No. 2), was well played by the well-trained orchestra. Its reception was, however, scarcely favourable. The other orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Zampa*, and B. Tours's "Melodie Religieuse," the violin solo in which was very carefully played by Mr. Spiller, the leader. The singers were Mr. J. N. Frye, baritone, and Miss Annie Edmonds, whose pleasing voice and expressive singing gained the good opinion of all. The lady sang Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," "Should he upbraid," and Dr. Arne's delightful old ballad, "When daises pied." An encore was imperatively demanded for Bishop's song, and Miss Edmonds returned and sang "Love has eyes." Mr. H. Weist Hill conducted, and Mr. J. Harrison accompanied. The "Reformation Symphony" is promised for the next concert, in January.

NATIONALITY IN VOICES.

At the ordinary meeting of the Anthropological Society of London, held on the 15th December, Dr. James Hunt, president, in the chair, Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., vice-president, read a paper "On the Character of the Voice in the Nations of Asia and Africa, contrasted with that in the Nations of Europe," of which the following is an abstract:—The subject was quite new, and difficult to handle from the comparatively few facts bearing upon it; the author, however, trusted to these and to his general experience in its elucidation. The voice of the Chinese and Japanese was of low power, feeble compass, and whining in its tone, possessing at times a sort of metallic twang. Among the natives of Tartary, Thibet, and Mongolia, the voice was stronger, louder, more powerful, yet still partaking of the metallic twang; the female voice was not inferior in power to that of the male sex; the metallic and deafening tones of the voice in those peoples were a well-marked and distinctive peculiarity. In India and Birmah, the voice was generally soft and very feminine, not so powerful as shrill; the natives of the hills had a more robust voice than those in the plains, the former possessing a somewhat metallic twang, and the latter, a plaintive and whining tone. In Africa, the negro was taken as the type, whose larynx was of intermediate proportions between the Chinese and Tartars, but differed from all other races of mankind in certain peculiarities, which the author described. The negro wanted vocal power in whatever part of the world he was placed, but possessed the elements of a bellowing or roaring voice—a deafening noisy sound, without harmony or distinctness. In speaking, the voice was smooth and harmonious, or rough and husky. Considered generally, the various nations of Europe possessed strong, powerful, sonorous, and clear voices; variations as to character and tone might and did exist, but, as a rule, they all agreed in power, full compass, range, clearness, and loudness of sound. The German had the most powerful voice in Europe, for reasons which the author gave; but in strength of voice he must yield to the Tartar, who, without exception, has the most powerful voice in the world. The condition of the larynx, with length of the vocal chords, and other circumstances bearing on the subject in the various nations of the three great continents, were considered, and the reasons given for the general conclusions arrived at. The following gentlemen took part in the discussion: Mr. L. Owen Pike, Dr. Carter Blake, Dr. Roden, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Charnock, Mr. Allan, Rev. Dunbar Heath, Dr. Campbell, Dr. King.

ORGAN NEWS.

The following is the specification of Messrs. Bryceson Brothers & Co.'s Electric Organ just erected in Christ Church, Camberwell. It will be remembered that a portion of the instrument was used at the Gloucester Festival:—

SWELL ORGAN—CC to G.

	Pipes.	Ft.		Pipes.	Ft.
1. Bourdon (wood)	56	16	4. Principal (metal)	56	8
2. Open Diapason (wood and metal)	56	8	5. Echo Cornet, 3 ranks (metal)	168	
3. Lieblich Gedact (wood)	56	8	6. Cornopean (metal)	56	8
			7. Oboe and Bassoon (metal)	56	8

GREAT ORGAN—CC to G.

1. Open Diapason (metal)	56	8	6. Twelfth (metal)	56	3
2. Hohl Flöte (wood)	56	8	7. Fifteenth (metal)	56	2
3. Salcional (wood and metal)	56	8	8. Full Mixture, 3 ranks (metal)	168	
4. Principal (metal)	56	4	9. Trumpet (metal)	56	8
5. Flute (wood)	56	4	10. Clarion (metal)	56	4

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to E.

1. Open Diapason (wood)	29	16	2. Violone (wood)	29	16

COUPLERS.

1. Super Swell to Great.
2. Sub Swell to Great.
3. Swell to Great.
4. Swell to Pedals.
5. Great to Pedals.

SUMMARY.

	Stops.	Pipes.
Swell Organ	7	504
Great Organ	10	672
Pedal Organ	2	58
Couplers	5	
Bellows Signal	1	
	25	1234

Three Combination Pedals to Swell. Three ditto to Great Organ.

This organ is constructed for a chamber above the vestry on the south side of the chancel, but the organist will sit with the choir in the stalls, and play the organ through a cable of insulated wires passing beneath the floor, and measuring some fifty feet in length. The largest pipes are grouped beneath an arch, and richly decorated with gold and colours upon the bright metal.

VENICE.—The Teatro San Benedetto, for which Rossini composed *L'Italiana in Algieri* and *Edoardo e Cristina* is in future to be named the Teatro Rossini.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4TH, 1869.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*

SONG, "I know a song"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ... ... *Benedict.*

SONATA, in D major, Op. 53, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... ... *Schubert.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Orpheus with his Lute"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ... ... *Arthur Sullivan.*

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 64, No. 5, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... ... *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1869,

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*

SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... ... *Handel.*

SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "A year ago"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... ... *Rockstro.*

TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—*The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.*

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du ROY FLORENDOS de MACEDOINE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Jehannin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

DEATHS.

On Monday the 21st inst., Mr. JOHN SIMPSON, of 266, Regent Street, aged 75.

On the 22nd inst., at 20, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, ROBERT JOHN JEWELL, formerly of Newport, Isle of Wight, aged 81.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

TO THE READER—SPECIAL.

THE present number completes the forty-sixth volume of this journal, and the thirty-second year of its life. The *Musical World*, therefore, has out-lasted a generation. Its retrospect is full of interest. How many things and men have come and gone; how many enterprises have started and failed; and what changes have taken place since the issue of its first number. That modest sheet is now before us, and a look through its pages is like reading an obituary. Even the journal itself in its then form, and as then published, edited, and priced, has passed away. On the eighteenth day of March, 1836, Mr. J. Alfred Novello offered to the public sixteen pages (demy-octavo) of printed matter for threepence, and thus "*The Musical World*, a Weekly Record of Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence," was ushered into being. On the first of those pages is the name of a dead and gone celebrity; Samuel Wesley having led off with a "Sketch of the State of Music in England from the year 1778 up to the Present." Thence onward we read little save epitaphs. Mr. Cornelius Field's Concerts, Quartet Concerts, and Chamber Concerts (all dead); a concert of the (dead) order called Ancient, directed by a (dead) Archbishop of York; Vocal Concerts (dead) attended by the (dead) Duchess of Kent—these are the things recorded in the list of current events. More of a like sort follows. We are told of doings at the "King's Theatre" by Coleoni-Corti and Cartagenova, whose names most of our readers see now for the first time. We are told also that Spohr "will visit England this year," and that a "great musician"—one Mendelssohn in point of fact—"is putting the last touch to his sacred oratorio of *The Conversion of St. Paul*," a work described as "in the severe Handelian school." Lastly, we come upon certain criticisms of an opera just previously brought out in Paris, afterwards to be known everywhere as *The Huguenots*. Then follow five pages and a half of advertized music, a good deal of which is now as extinct as anything else in the number. *Sic transit*, indeed, and of a truth.

The *Musical World* came just in time to witness and record the popularization of music. By the same movement it may also have profited, if the reception given to No. 1 be any criterion. That fortunate sheet ran through two editions—a happy augury of the vitality which is strong as ever even after the wear and tear of forty-six volumes. In the dissemination of musical knowledge and taste among the masses this journal took an active part. It had a share in transforming music from a luxury into a necessity, from the plaything of the few into the comfort and solace of the many. What an amount of work and resulting success its pages record. Reading them one sees again "the little one become a nation, and the small one a strong city." Its earliest pages tell of embryo festivals in Exeter Hall, and its latest of giant gatherings in the Crystal Palace, where each "part" is a brigade, and the whole chorus an army. Between these two extremes lie more than thirty years of effort. We are entitled, therefore, to claim a past unique among English musical journals. Our contemporaries can only say, "Others have laboured, and we have entered into their labours."

But if the *Musical World* has had its serious task, it has also had its "little game," which, by the way, was not without a purpose. It shot Folly flying with arrows winged by Folly's own plume—often the surest way to hit the mark. Few journals ever possessed sportsmen with keener eye or more unerring aim. From the immortal Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton and his chief representative, Dr. Shoe, down to Sir Caper O'Corby and company, they were as skilful in a battue as in the stalker's patient art—unequalled in both. If these gentlemen now rest awhile from their labours (Dr. Silent excepted—he is irrepressible) it is because, with pardonable vanity they believe that ridicule has in great measure banished the ridiculous. But let not Folly's children presume upon their retirement. The Muttonian weapons are not, like Prospero's wand, buried "certain fathoms in the earth." At a word they can be again brought into use, and the word will be spoken whenever need may arise.

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Promises as to the future are rash, and we avoid them. We may, however, invite the co-operation of our readers in making the *Musical World* a complete epitome of intelligence. We seek correspondents everywhere where anything worth recording is done. These forthcoming, nothing shall be wanting on our part to secure for the oldest of English musical journals the enviable distinction of being the best.

IT has been determined to hold the Norwich Festival as usual next year. A good many complaints were made in connection with the last (1866). Sufficient accommodation had not, it appears, been provided for members of the Press, and one of the London reporters stated that while the arrangements for the Festival were being discussed beforehand, a motion was preferred not to exclude journalists altogether, which would have been foolish as well as illiberal, but simply to make them pay for their admissions. Ultimately a compromise was resorted to. It was decided to give these unhappy men places, but not good ones, and, whether as the result of a formal resolution or from mere carelessness, there was nothing on the issued cards to show that the bearers were entitled to any places at all. Vague and meaningless as a general invitation, they gave authority to go anywhere, which practically signified nowhere. Nothing could exceed the politeness and attention of those stewards who were applied to personally for seats; only seats which, under a proper system, ought to have been reserved, were not reserved. Then as to composers, the rule in England is to allow absolutely nothing for the right of producing new music, and the directors of the Norwich Festival were not the men to violate so wholesome a regulation. They even took a step in a contrary direction. Thus, they refused Mr. Sullivan a couple of tickets on the night that his new overture was to be performed, and were, in consequence, compelled to allow Mr. Costa to pay for a seat, although his oratorio, *Naaman*, was one of the attractions of the Festival. Much, however, if not all, of this was owing to the great inconvenience attached to the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, for whose accommodation the Festival had been postponed from early September to the last days in October and beginning of November. In 1869 the Festival will be held, as time out of mind, in September, the week after the Festival at Worcester.

O LOVE! O MINE!

O Love! O Mine! this love of ours
We bid no earthly words reveal,
No murmured vows, no symbol flowers,
The toys of those who think they feel.
For we have seen the holy light
Up-leaping in each other's eyes,
And known what throb of sudden might
Has made that mystic signal rise.

But every heart that dares rejoice
Will sometimes pour its music free,
And thou hast joy to hear the voice
Of one who owes all joy to thee.
Then take this song, 'twill but repeat
Eye's, lip's, and pulse's joyous sign;
O Love! O Mine! thou'lt find it sweet
For only meaning "I am thine."

[The above graceful stanzas, set to music in a congenial spirit by Mr. Frederick Clay, are published in *Once a Year*, the Christmas number of *Once a Week*, which serial, under the vigilant and admirable editorship of Mr. E. S. Dallas, has risen higher in public estimation than it ever stood before. "O Love! O Mine!" is from the accomplished pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks.—ED. *M. W.*]

COBURG.—Weber's *Freischütz* was performed, the other day, for the hundredth time in this town.

PROVINCIAL.

WE read the following in the *Kentish Mercury* of Saturday the 19th inst.:—

"Mr. Alfred Baylis (the young English tenor) gave a concert at the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, on Friday week, which drew together a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Baylis selected Beethoven's 'Adelaida,' 'The Snow lies white' (Sullivan), and a new ballad, 'My Soul is dark' (Chatterton); in all of which he displayed, to the enjoyment of his audience, great control over a remarkably rich, pure, and sympathetic tenor voice, cultivated in the highest degree by careful study and practice. In the last phrase of Beethoven's song, Mr. Baylis produced, without the least effort, the high 'A' from the chest, which called forth loud and deserved applause. Mr. Baylis was also unanimously encored in 'My Soul is dark,' and Verdi's 'La donna è mobile.' Miss Elena Angele took part in two duets with Mr. Baylis, 'The Sailor sighs,' and 'One Word,' which gave general satisfaction. Mr. Chatterton (harpist to the Queen) and Mr. O'Leary were the instrumentalists, the former obtaining an encore. The concert was in every way a great success, and Mr. Baylis will be a genuine acquisition to our list of English tenors."

ON Friday and Saturday last Miss Louisa Pyne's Opera Company gave two farewell performances in the Concert Hall, Malvern, to large and fashionable audiences. On Friday evening, they produced *Poor as a Rat* and *The Treasure found by Lantern Light*. The singing and acting of Miss Pyne, Mr. Beverley, Mr. F. Crellin, Miss Joceyln, and Miss Susan Pyne, were all that could be desired; and Miss Louisa Pyne's singing of Rode's celebrated air with variations was excellent. The performers were frequently applauded. On Saturday, a ballad concert was equally successful.

RAWTENSTALL.—A correspondent sends us the following:—

"On Wednesday evening, the Rawtenstall Choral Union commenced their fourth season by introducing Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The principal vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Meenan, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Brandon, and Mons. Lemmens presided at the organ. The performance passed off successfully. It was a musical treat highly creditable to all parties concerned. Madame Sherrington sang every piece allotted to her in excellent style. Her rendering of 'Pious orgies,' 'From mighty kings,' 'Ah! wretched Israel,' and 'So shall the lute,' secured for her the hearty and well-deserved applause of the audience. Madame Meenan sang with care and precision. Mr. Nelson Varley's 'Call forth thy powers,' 'How vain is man,' and 'Sound an alarm!' were given with remarkable spirit. The last received an encore. Mr. Brandon fully sustained his reputation. The chorus was well trained, and fully justified their reputation as the best chorus that ever existed in Rossendale, and we understand that the principals expressed gratification and surprise at the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The concert was a perfect success."

HULL.—The first performances of the Harmonic Society took place last Friday, in the Music Hall, Jarratt Street. *Alexander's Feast* was the cantata chosen for the occasion, and a miscellaneous selection followed. The cantata was gone through in a creditable manner. The artists were Miss Anna Hiles, Mr. Birtle, and Mr. Brandon. Miss Hiles was in capital voice, and sang in her best manner. She was obliged to repeat Bishop's "Echo Song," in which she was well accompanied by Mr. Hay (flute *obbligato*). Mr. Brandon's fine baritone voice was heard to advantage in Benedict's "Rage, thou angry Storm" (encored), and the performance altogether gave satisfaction.

MAIDSTONE.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital at the Corn Exchange, on Tuesday, December 15th, attracted an audience, despite the tempestuous state of the weather, of more than 800 persons. The fair performer played Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, a Rondo of Weber's, a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' and, as specimens of the *bravura* style, a grand fantasia of Prudent's and three attractive pieces by Jules Brissac—nocturne, 'Long ago;' caprice, 'The Butterfly;' and a brilliant 'Fantasia on Welsh Melodies.' Miss Robertine Henderson sang Rossini's 'Une voce poco fa,' Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep,' Arthur Sullivan's 'Will he come?' and G. A. Macfarren's 'Late, so late,' the last two of which she had to repeat.

FREIBURG.—A new opera, entitled *König Georg*, the music by Herr Ehrlich, has been successfully produced.

BRUSSELS.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is still being played at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.—Herr Ludwig Straus is announced to appear shortly at the Concerts Populaires.

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COLONIAL.

GRAHAMSTOWN.—A grand Festival Service was given in St. George's Cathedral on November 12th, from an account of which in the local journal we abridge as follows:—

"Last evening, selections from the *Elijah* were given with marked success in St. George's Cathedral. The musical arrangements were made by Mr. Barratt, choir-master, who acted as organist, the Dean taking his place as conductor. The leading singers engaged were Miss Hirst, soprano; Madame Leffler, contralto; Mr. H. Harper, bass. The chorus included about forty voices. This was the first time, we believe, that Mendelssohn's magnificent composition has been attempted in this city. The St. George's choir has, in fact, given proof of no small daring in attempting an oratorio so exacting. The Choir, however, assisted as it was by professional singers, did much more than merely escape failure. The masterpiece of a master was rendered with creditable ability, and a Grahamstown audience was assisted to a comprehension of a lofty work of genius. The music of *Elijah* was assigned principally to Mr. H. Harper, who acquitted himself with well sustained taste and skill. 'It is enough, O Lord, now take away my life,' was rendered with admirable effect. Miss Hirst took the following solos, 'Ye people, rend your hearts' 'What have I to do with thee, O man of God,' 'There is nothing,' 'Hear ye Israel,' and 'Then shall the righteous.' This is a very fair share of responsibility, and it was admirably sustained. Madame Leffler gave the angel's message, 'Elijah, get thee hence,' with a full and beautiful voice, and throughout sustained her reputation by the manner in which she rendered 'Now Cherith's brook,' 'Woe unto them that forsake him,' 'Arise, Elijah,' 'O rest in the Lord,' and 'Above him stood the Seraphim.' But the most attractive piece of the evening was 'Lift thine eyes,' in which Miss Hirst, Mdme. Leffler, and Mrs. Williams joined. It was given with remarkable beauty and softness. The magnificent 'Sanctus,' 'Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord,' was well received, although the congregation did not stand up, as is usual at Home. The chorus, although deficient in power, did their part in a manner which surpassed expectation. Indeed, this may be said of the whole performance. The Dean led with excellent judgment. The attendance was good; probably about four hundred persons were present."

—o—

THE FUNERAL SERVICE TO ROSSINI IN FLORENCE.

(*From the "Daily News."*)

FLORENCE, *Dec.* 15.

Yesterday there was celebrated in the church of Santa Croce a funeral service for Rossini, in which the performance of Mozart's *Requiem* constituted the chief feature. Until the last moment it was doubtful whether the ceremony would take place at all, because on the morning of the previous day the telegraphic communications exchanged between Madame Rossini and the municipality of Florence had assured the latter and the Government that the mortal remains of the great composer would be brought before long to Florence, and find their last resting place in Santa Croce, the municipality have acceded to Madame Rossini's request, that she too should be permitted to share the tomb of her husband. It was, therefore, only a natural conclusion on the part of many even amongst those most desirous to honour Rossini's memory, that as a great funeral service must take place on the actual arrival of the body, it would be much better to suppress funeral rites organized in comparative haste, and musical performances but imperfectly prepared, so as to have but one grand and solemn celebration a few weeks hence. And though these repetitions of funeral honours remind one rather too much of the "more last words of Mr. Baxter," there were other reasons which rendered it somewhat difficult to adjourn the ceremony, the strongest being that the municipality of Pesaro, Rossini's birth-place, had been invited to attend, and were already either in Florence, or on the way—so the funeral ceremony took place. The commencement was announced for eleven o'clock, but everyone desirous of securing a good place had found his way long before that time to the church. An open passage had been left from the central front door, up which those who had been favoured with special tickets passed to the reserved space in front and at the sides of the high altar, on the right of which was the orchestra with its two hundred performers; the deputations from the chief bodies of the State and the members of their families being in front, and the strangers and foreigners—English and Italians mustering in great force—occupying the seats to the left. By the time fixed for the commencement of the service Santa Croce was closely crowded in every corner, but the very bad weather was perhaps the cause of its not being inconveniently over-crowded. I cannot say that the internal decoration of the church was marked by either the splendour or the tastefulness which the occasion would have justified; but perhaps these characteristics were purposely reserved for the future service on the arrival of the body. The orchestra, about two hundred strong, was under the joint direction of Mabellini and Giovaubini, the first for the vocal and the second for the instrumental music. The execution of the *Requiem* was in the highest degree creditable considering the short time employed in the rehearsal; it was even the finest display of choral music which I have heard for a long time in Florence; but its effect was sadly marred by the unappreciating and even inattentive demeanour of the audience, who certainly for the most part seemed to be in a frame of mind quite the reverse of that with which one should participate in a grand funeral solemnity. The Florence newspapers of yesterday evening and this morning speak of the deeply-moved appearance of all present. I can only say I could discover no signs of such emotion, nor has it been visible to any other person present whom I have questioned on the subject. At one point of the performance, a sudden, striking, and most appropriate effect was produced by the celebrated violinist, Sivori, playing, just at the elevation of the Host, a solo, the air of the prayer in Rossini's *Moïse*. It was admirably given, and the introduction, at such a time and place, of one of the most exquisite pieces from the sublime work which will always place Rossini in the first rank of the masters of the sacred musical drama, told, beyond all question, immensely on the listeners. The service finished at about one o'clock.

—o—

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE ROSE.

The Pilgrimage of the Rose is the name of a poem set to music by Schumann, a graceful fairy tale, full of imagination and feeling, from the pen of Moritz Horn.

A beautiful rose, weary of her quiet uneventful existence, yearns for a higher being, and sighs for love as known to mortals, for life as human beings live. The Fairy Queen overhears her lamentations, her repining, and her intense wish to realise the bliss, the pain of love; she lovingly chides her darling flower and warns her that her nature is too fragile to support the pangs of humanity, but, however, finally yields to her prayers, and transforms her into a lovely virgin, a floral peri, and bestows upon her a magical rose—endowing its possessor with felicity and good fortune. Should she, however, part from this marvellous flower, even for a single instant, her human life will be extinguished, and restored to her pristine form, a gentle breeze will bear her to her former home among the graceful elves who Flora's call obey. She sinks into a temporary trance, and awaking after a short time in the soft beams of the moon, she discovers the magic rose upon her breast. In her new form she still remembers her previous existence and still yearns for love. She wanders on until she arrives at a pretty village; she asks for shelter and food at the first cottage, but is rudely repulsed. "*Es war der Rose erster Schmerz*" (It was the Rose's first grief)—a melody for the tenor—tells of the first awakening from the Rose's dream of universal love.

Sadly quitting the village, she sees a solitary cabin, near which an aged man is digging a grave. "For whom?" asks the Rose. "For the Miller's daughter, deserted and broken-hearted in the springtime of her life." "Does true love, the love I am sighing for, bring such desolation as this?"—thinks Rosa, strewing flowers on the coffin, which, followed by mourning friends, is borne to the grave by villagers singing a solemn and tender funeral hymn. Night's shades close around, and the venerable grave-digger offers her a refuge in his hut, and after singing her evening prayer, she sinks to slumber, her last thought being of the companions and friends of her former life. During her sleep, bands of fairies troop around her couch uttering warnings and beseechings to return:—"Return to us, pretty Rose, little Rose; deceive not thyself; canst hope for perfect happiness upon earth, among mortals whose every smile is wedded to a tear? Come back, pretty Rose, come back!"

The end of the story is equally fanciful. The bereaved Miller adopts little Rosa, as she is now called; the son of the head forester loves her, and is beloved by her; and in due time a precious little rosebud appears upon the scene. The Rose's worldly bliss being now complete, she determines to run no risk of future suffering or sorrow, and clasping her baby's tiny hand closely round the talismanic rose, she fades tranquilly to death, and thus terminates her earthly pilgrimage.

Schumann's musical illustration of this little story is full of his genial individuality. There are several solo parts, the most important being that allotted to the Rose. The tenor elucidates the story, as in olden times did the Greek chorus. Two choruses of fairies and one by angels, a trio of spirits, a soprano and contralto duet, and a quartet of adoption are the most remarkable pieces.

NAPLES.—At a recent performance of *La Muta di Portici*, with Sra. Rubini, Signori Mazzoleni and Quinteli-Leoni, the San Carlo was the scene of a disgraceful disturbance. After the chorus, "Silenzio, O Pescator," not a note of the opera could be heard, on account of the shouting, hooting, whistling, &c., of the audience. It appears that the manager is not as popular as he might be, and the public, or rather those among the public who are inimical to him, have resolved on doing all they can to ruin him and close the theatre.

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Odd Thoughts.

The first announcement of a new oratorio cannot fail to have abiding interest. We, therefore, present our readers with a miniature copy of a handbill lately circulated in Leeds:—

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1868.

HALLÉ'S MESSIAH.

Mdme. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mdme. PATEY-WHYTOCK,
MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. SANTLEY.
BAND AND CHORUS OF 264 PERFORMERS.

Organist - - - Mr. BROUGHTON.
Conductor - - - Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

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Need we say how anxiously the criticism of our local correspondent, Mr. Gooch, is awaited? By a coincidence due to the season, Handel's *Messiah* was performed on the same evening at two different places in Manchester.

—o—

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

SIR,—The destruction in the recent fire of the larger part of the musical library belonging to the Crystal Palace was much to be regretted. True, all or most of the scores could be replaced; but, on the other hand, Mr. Manns had to do the work of years over again. That conductor is a genuine enthusiast. Not satisfied with the printed scores as they existed, he took diligent pains to enrich them with signs and references for his own guidance, while directing rehearsals or public performances, which enabled him to arrive at a finish of detail, a close adherence to the gradations of tone by which the lights and shades of orchestral colouring are realized, otherwise impracticable. To the refinement of execution thus placed within his reach was owing the high opinion entertained by competent judges of the instrumental performances at the Crystal Palace. All this hard labour of Mr. Manns, however, for the time, at least, was labour lost. It was, nevertheless, hoped that he would not also lose heart, but, remembering the reflection of the Augustan poet—

* * * * * * * *

go at once sedulously to work and retrieve his disaster. The only one of the many symphonies thus edited by Mr. Manns which escaped the fire, was, I believe the C minor of Beethoven; and that great work was announced, among other things of interest, for one of the earliest concerts after the first.

Meanwhile, there was little but praise for the first concert which took place since the conflagration in the music-room of the Crystal Palace, the finest music-room, with scarcely an exception, in Europe. The first piece in the programme was Schumann's Symphony in B flat, the earliest and by no means the weakest of the four ambitious works in which the Leipsic Aristarchus tried to emulate Beethoven. There is such spirit in this symphony, such enthusiasm, such earnest striving, and such wonderfully brilliant and effective orchestration, that, while hearing a performance of it in every way so satisfactory as that under Mr. Manns, one was forced to accept it as it stands, unwilling and, indeed, unable to criticize it till it was over. The short and stilted themes, the superabundance of modulation, the chief resource of unfinent, unready contrapuntists, and, in consequence, unfluent writers * * * * * But here let me desist. I thought of writing at the time, but circumstances prevented me. I am not the less yours, Sir, as of old, SIMON HALF.

[Had Mr. Half written a year or two earlier his communication might have been more or less to the purpose. He used not to be so dilatory in writing about the ex-English Opera Company, Limited. —A. S. S.]

Royal Academy Concerts.

(*A Record of the Past.*)

The fourth and last concert of the season, for the exhibition of the students, took place on Saturday, in presence of a very numerous audience. The programme was not only better than at any of the preceding concerts, but more in consonance with the principles upon which the institution was originally based. The performance began with an overture in A flat, by Mr. Banister (associate), entitled *Cymbeline*, which does not carry out the promise indicated in other works of the same young composer. It is too fragmentary; there are too many stops and too many forced contrasts, which gives an unsatisfactory effect to the whole. The instrumentation is wanting both in tone and brilliancy. What relation, moreover, the overture has to Shakspere's *Cymbeline* is left entirely to the imagination, which must be exercised very keenly to find it out. Mr. Banister should try his hand again. Let us warn him, however, not to write too fast, and not to be too easily satisfied with what he produces. An overture, by Mr. Cusins (K.S.), which opened the second part of the concert, was much better. Besides being spirited and cleverly arranged for the orchestra, it has the advantage of a clear and well-defined plan. Of the two principal themes we prefer the second, the first being somewhat trite. They are nicely contrasted, however, and treated in a concise and effective manner. What we have stated on former occasions about the talent of Mr. Cusins, one of the students who do most credit to the Royal Academy, is more than justified by this overture, which evinces unquestionable signs of advance. A song in D minor, "The withered heart," by Mr. T. Nunn (student), carefully sung by Miss Freeman, is ably written, but unusually sombre. A pastoral ballad, by Mr. J. Thomas (associate), from an opera called *Alfred the Great*, of which the first *finale*, executed last year, was a favourable specimen, pleased us unconditionally. Miss Helen Taylor sang it charmingly, and we have nothing to reproach her with except a tasteless *cadenza* at the end. Besides these compositions, which were welcome to everybody as signs of the progress the students are making, the programme contained an interesting selection from Mr. Macfarren's serenata, entitled *The Sleeper Awakened*, comprising the duet in D, "Ho guards!" for Zuleika and Hassan, in which occurs the beautiful ballad, "The hour when first thy glance met mine," and the introduction, including the chorus, "Applaud him," the *duettino* for Hassan and Zuleika, and the prayer, "Mighty Allah," one of the most striking pieces in the serenata. The execution was on the whole very good, especially on the part of the band and chorus. Miss L. Baxter sang the ballad with the right sort of expression, but neither she nor Mr. Swift was quite at ease in the first duet. The *duettino* went better. The more we become familiar with the music of *The Sleeper Awakened* the more we are convinced that its proper place is the stage. It is essentially dramatic in character, while the story is quite as theatrical as it is interesting. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Webster to bring out a work of real merit, by an English composer, at the Haymarket Theatre, where opera is at present, and will possibly be for some time to come, the leading attraction.

The instrumental solos were all deservedly successful. Miss Parker displayed a light touch and remarkable neatness of execution in Hummel's *Introduction and Rondo*, Op. 98—a work very rarely heard, although one of the most graceful contributions to the piano of the master, in spite of the polka-like theme of the second movement. Mr. Simmens, in the *Andante* and *Rondo*, from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in E minor, showed signs of steady improvement. His execution has gained in sureness, and his tone is full and agreeable. The *Rondo* was delivered with a vast deal of animation, accompanied by unfailing neatness. Mr. Simmons does credit to his eminent master, M. Sainton. A fantasia for the violoncello—*Scena Pastorale*—by Kraft, was only objectionable on account of the length and dulness of the music. Mr. Aylward (K.S.), though his tone is thin, displayed considerable command of the instrument. He would do well, on another occasion, to select a piece of less pretension and more calculated for effect. The other solo was Mendelssohn's song, "The Last (or "First"?—A. S. S.) Violet," arranged for the cornet-à-pistons, and very well played by Mr. Hay, the adapter.

The vocal music, on the whole, was better selected than usual, although there is not much novelty. In the first part, Mrs. Marshall sang "Va, dit, elle" (*Robert le Diable*); Miss Isabel Oakley, "Stanca di piu combattere" (Marliani); Mr. Blake, "Qui sdegno" (*Zauberflöte*), and Miss Browne, "Vedrai carino." We should have liked the last very much, but for the too-lengthened *appogiatura* in the second bar of the melody. In the second part, Miss Mary Rose introduced the *aria*, "Deh non voler" (*Anna Bolena*); Miss Emily Trickett essayed Gluck's "Che faro;" Miss Blanche Younge sang Vaccai's air, "Va la reca" (*Giovanna Grey*); Mrs. Hancock, a song from *Der Freischütz*, and Miss Sophy Law, a young student of decided promise, "Ah! quel giorno" (*Semiramide*), which, nevertheless, she should be informed is at present beyond her powers. The full pieces were the introduction from the second act of Spohr's *Faust*; a somewhat tame madrigal by Nicholson (1,600), "Spring comes again," and the chorus and quintet, "Bella vita militar," from *Cosi fan Tutti*. We have no particular remarks to offer upon any of these performances. For the future, it would be advisable to exclude such music as that of Marliani and Vaccai, which has neither

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school nor excellence of any kind to recommend it. The concert was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Sainton occupied his habitual post of *chef d'attaque*.

We are glad to remark, in the last concert of the season, so decided an improvement, and so evident a move in the right direction. It depends upon those in authority to make the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music instrumental both to the progress of the students and the credit of the institution, failing in which they must remain without utility or public interest. We have faith, however, in the future, and reason to believe that the directors are determined to make some stringent and necessary reforms.

Petipace of Winchelsea.

[It was rumoured that "Petipace of Winchelsea" was killed in a duel with Mr. Thaddeus Egg long ago. But killing in a duel is murder; and it has been propounded that murder will out.—A. S. S.]

MUSIC AT FLORENCE.

(*From a Correspondent*).

The season at the Pergola was recently brought to an unexpected and highly unsatisfactory conclusion. It appears that the salaries had not been paid with the exactitude desirable in pecuniary matters, and some nights since, just as the ballet was about to commence, the *figurantes*, supported by the male dancers and all the other subordinates attached to the theatre, struck, refusing to go on the stage without receiving the arrears due to them. The manager offered to pay an instalment at once provided they would not stop the performance. But the ladies were inflexible. Under these circumstances, the manager had no resource left him but to inform the public that the performance would not be continued and that their money would be returned. But the manager was somewhat premature in his assertion, because, on proceeding to the pay-places, the audience found that their money was already gone, having been seized by bailiffs. This occasioned some slight disturbance, which, however, was soon subdued.—A short time since, the Duca di S. Clemente determined to continue Marcello's *Salmi*. He commissioned consequently the lamented Giorgetti to compose one psalm, and Bazzini, another. Bazzini has just completed a third, which is shortly to be executed in this capital, and he has come to superintend the rehearsals. The overture written by him for Alfieri's *Saul* will be performed on the same occasion.—The series of concerts given by the Quartet Society continue exceedingly successful and attract all persons of refined musical taste. At the third concert, Signor Papini greatly delighted his hearers, by his rendering of a Grand Sonata composed by Rust in 1795. In the opinion of competent judges, Signor Papini, who is one of Giorgetti's best pupils, would speedily take his place among the first violin soloists of the day, were he not compelled to play in theatrical orchestras.

St. Petersburgh.—The Italian operatic season commenced according to announcement, but without one of its chief attractions, namely, Madame Lucca. This accomplished lady caught a severe cold on her arrival here, and the consequence was the necessity of her deferring her first appearance, much to the regret of the public, and greatly to the prejudice of the management.

Cassel.—Third Subscription Concert, at which Herr and Madame Joachim appeared: Suite, Op. 101, Raff; Violin Concerto ("in ungarischer Weise"), Joachim; Cantata, Marcello; Andante, Spohr; "Abendlied," Schumann; two Songs, Schubert; "Teufel's Sonata," Tartini.—A highly creditable performance of Haydn's *Creation* was recently given by the Gesangverein, under the direction of Herr Reiss.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—According to a statistical return issued by the management, there were from the 1st November, 1867, to October 31st, 1868, 336 performances at the Stadttheater; of these, 138 were devoted to operas and 30 to operettas. One opera, and one operetta were novelties. The classical school was represented by Beethoven (once); Gluck (twice); Mozart (twice), and Weber (eight times).

Munich.—First Soirée of the Royal Vocal Chapel: Motet, "Tu es Petrus," Palestrina; "Wach auf!" Eccard; Psalm, Marcello; two old English Madrigals, Bennett and Morley; "Ave, Maria," Mendelssohn; three Four-part Songs, Hauptmann; "Ständchen," Schubert; Motet, "Singet dem Herrn," S. Bach, etc.—The admirers of Herr Franz Lachner, have presented him with a service of plate and an address. In the latter they pay a tribute to the exertions made by him for the advancement of music in this capital, and express a hope that he will continue his efforts as a composer.

WAIFS.

We read in the *Sunday Times*, of 20th inst:—

"We have reason to believe that arrangements are contemplated, which will result in the opening of only one opera-house next season. Rumour points to Covent Garden as the future scene of combined operations."

Mr. John Barnett, of Cheltenham, has arrived in town to spend the Christmas holidays.

A subscription has been opened in Germany for a monument to Gluck, which will be erected in the composer's native town, Weidenwang.

A young artist, Madame Zarbini, committed suicide recently at Martinique. The act was supposed to have been caused by grief at the loss of her husband, the director of the Apollo Theatre.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has written a Christmas carol to words by Ben Jonson, and also a Christmas anthem, beginning "Sing, O Heavens." Both were sung for the first time on Friday at a West-end church, and gave general satisfaction.

The Milan *Gazette Musicale* denies, in a most authoritative tone, the report that Signor Verdi is writing an opera on the subject of *Romeo and Juliette*. It says:—"The illustrious master has never dreamed of putting the story to music."

M. Pasdeloup's programme last Sunday was as follows:—Ouverture de *Sémiramis*, Rossini; Symphonie en *re* mineur, Schumann; Air de ballet de *Promethée*, Beethoven; Fragment de *Romeo et Juliette*, Berlioz; *Largo et finale*, Haydn.

A new cantata by Mr. John Dunne, Mus. Bac., will be produced by the College Choral Society of Dublin on the 25th of next month, under the direction of Dr. Robert P. Stewart. Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria will sing the leading soprano and contralto parts.

Le Premier Jour de Bonheur was performed on Monday last at the Opéra Comique for the hundredth time. After the representation the orchestra took their instruments (and cabs), adjourned to M. Auber's residence, and, after waiting half-an-hour for the master's return, serenaded him with the overture.

Homage to an English Composer and his Works.—A grand concert will be given at Leeds Town Hall the first week in January. The programme will consist exclusively of the compositions of Mr. Henry Smart. Mr. Smart will preside at the organ, and the conductor will be Dr. Spark. A large and effective chorus is engaged.

According to a story now going about, Miss Minnie Hauck was once the chief performer in a scene now popular on the London stage. We are told that a certain M. Jerome fell among Indian thieves in the far West, and was laid across a railway track, where he was discovered by Miss Hauck, and rescued just as a locomotive came thundering up.

We read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"It is said that Rossini's widow has been offered 7,000,000 (seven million) francs for the posthumous works of her husband."

Why not have said 700,000,000 (seven hundred million) francs at once? One would be just as likely as the other.

We mentioned last week the sudden death of Mr. William Fish, late manager at the Hanover Square Rooms. We need hardly remind our readers that Mr. Fish was once hall-keeper at Her Majesty's Theatre, where he saw many changes long before M. Laporte took the management. It will be remembered, also, that he played a very prominent part in the controversy between Messrs. Lumley and Gye. Mr. Fish has left two sons to deplore his loss.

The programme of Mr. Aguilar's last performance of pianoforte music was as follows:—Sonata in G (Op. 29, No. 1), Beethoven; "Le Désir" (Transcription), Aguilar; Scherzo in D flat, Miss E. E. Wright (pupil of Mr. Aguilar), Chopin; Consolation (No. 2), Liszt; Romanza, Aguilar; Sonata in D, Aguilar; Six Christmas Pieces, Mendelssohn: Fantasia on *La Sonnambula*, Miss E. E. Wright, Thalberg; Gavotte in B minor, Bach; Love song, Henselt; Fantasia on *Faust*, Aguilar.

The Portland (U.S.) journals are full of high pressure enthusiasm about Miss Kellogg. Here is an extract:—

"Our beautiful and accomplished American *prima donna*, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, was in excellent voice and showed little signs of her late severe indisposition. Miss Kellogg was enthusiastically received, and with her first *aria* won all hearts. In response to the tumultuous encore she gave 'Home, sweet Home' with a depth of pathos and tender sweetness that moved all to the most gentle emotions. In 'Chanson de Rire,' she was honoured with a triple encore. Kellogg is great in that she never oversteps the bounds of nature, and so fills her circuit with winning graces and that easy self-possession that comes with conscious knowledge and ability, that to see her and to listen to her is to be enraptured. She is the brightest gem which America has yet contributed to the lyric art."

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The *New York Weekly Review* says:—

"We are happy to learn from an advertisement on the next page that Mr. Howard Glover will devote his leisure time to imparting instruction in singing. Mr. Glover is not only a thorough musician, as his many vocal and instrumental compositions testify, but he is also a gentleman of refinement and culture. As a teacher of music he has been very successful in the Old World, as may be seen from the various testimonials given on the other side. Mr. Glover is in every respect competent for his calling, and we have no doubt that he will be as successful here as he was in the Old World.

The competition for the Potter Exhibition and Westmoreland Scholarship took place on Saturday last, at the Royal Academy of Music, in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Sterndale Bennett), Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. F. R. Cox, and Mr. H. C. Lunn. The results were as follows:—Potter Exhibition: Miss Mary E. Christian, elected; Miss Pocklington, commended. Westmoreland Scholarship: Miss Rebecca Jewell, elected; Miss Fanny Lanham, highly commended; Misses Goode and Gill, commended.

The next national Eisteddfod for the whole of the Principality will be held the first week in August, in the ancient town of Brecon. A general meeting of the council has been held in Brecon, and Mr. Pedr. Mostyn Williams, of Manchester, has been elected secretary of the Eisteddfod, in the room of Mr. J. P. Williams, deceased. The following are some of the principal prizes to be competed for at the Brecon gathering in August:—A prize of £40, presented by Mr. John Jones, of Dolcanthy, Carmarthenshire, for the best account, historical and architectural, of the castles in the county of Carmarthen, to be written in English; a prize of £25 for the best treatise on the mineral springs of Breconshire and Llandrindod; a prize of £20 for the best poem on *Elijah*, and the bardic chair for Wales for 1869; a prize of £20 for the best Welsh "Pryddest" on any subject; together with a large number of other prizes, varying from two to fifteen guineas each. The musical subjects and prizes, to be arranged by Mr. Brinley Richards, are not yet published.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary wrote on Monday last:—

"Last night Mdlle. Patti took leave of Paris previous to going on her Russian campaign. It was a great field day at the Italiens. Men fought even for those 'Jack in the box' seats yclept *Strapontins*. Mdlle. Patti selected the first act of *La Traviata*, and the last act of *La Sonnambula*, for her *adieux*. She sang the whole act of *La Sonnambula* with very little ornament, and the audience was perfectly hushed; but when the *finale* was over there was one burst of applause which might have been heard almost at the Grand Opéra, and then the whole house rose, and stood while Adelina Patti came forward three times. A magnificent gold bouquet was cast at her feet, I believe by a *principe maestro*. All the fashionable and all the artistic world were present. It is very seldom now that the Salle Ventadour makes such a show. Mdlle. Hauck was in the boxes, and I hear she is to sing the *Sonnambula* in a few days. I am assured that, although the sun has set, yet no night will follow. A very great compliment has just been paid to M. Wartel. M. Auber came to him and requested that he would become the *maestro* of the Conservatoire. M. Wartel, however, could not give up his lessons, and has therefore been obliged to decline the honour. 'Pupils all day' is his excuse; and those pupils include Marie Rose, whose singing in a room is as nice as her appearance, Mdlle. Gaetana (*a nom de théâtre* taken by a most promising American singer), and Mr. Tom Hohler.

A writer in the *Daily News* gives some details of theatrical management. According to this writer the expenses of a large first-class West-end theatre are estimated at from £420 to £480 a week As a rule the receipts are below the expenses; the loss is made up by some lucky hit, when they are largely in excess. Christmas is the best theatrical season in the year; summer is the worst, except when it is wet. About £500 a year is spent on colours and canvass. The gas bill comes to £30 a week, but at Christmas the moon generally costs the manager at least £20 a week on its own account. One of the difficulties of a manager is getting actresses to play the parts of women—they all want to show their legs (usually padded) as fairy princes, and so on. Ballet girls get about 25s. a week, and the writer vouches for their morality. The tariff of dramatic authorship varies very much. "Three or five-act plays, when not paid for by a percentage on profits, usually cost from £200 to £300, or from £3 to £5 every night they are acted. The price of a good burlesque varies from £50 to £120. Farces are seldom worth more than £10," &c, &c. We fear that the writer in the *Daily News* is reckoning without his host—in other words, knows very little of what he talks about. Amateur views of professional matters, as now continually exhibited in some of our first-class papers, are becoming a positive nuisance. One of the greatest sinners in this line has been the *Spectator*, another the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Daily News*, judging from recent experience, promises to rival, if not outdo its contemporaries. Why not at once take to amateur criticism altogether? It would cost nothing, and would not be a greater absurdity than amateur acting, amateur singing, or amateur scraping and blowing on fiddles and wind instruments.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Novello, Ewer, & Co.—Fourteen part-songs. The words by Mrs. Thomas Dodds, the music by William J. Young. "The Rudiments of vocal music," by T. L. Southgate.

Darter & Sons (Cape Town).—"Platte Klip" (Reminiscences of the Cape), reverie by C. S. Darter.

Longmans & Co.—"Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," by Elise Polko, translated by Lady Wallace.

Duff & Stewart.—Gounod's "Village Curfew," for piano, by W. Kuhe; Fantaisie sur *Oberon*, par E. Sauerbrey; "Sewing and Reaping" (sacred song), and "'Tis the Sabbath reigns around" (vocal duet)—by Maria Tiddeman.

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